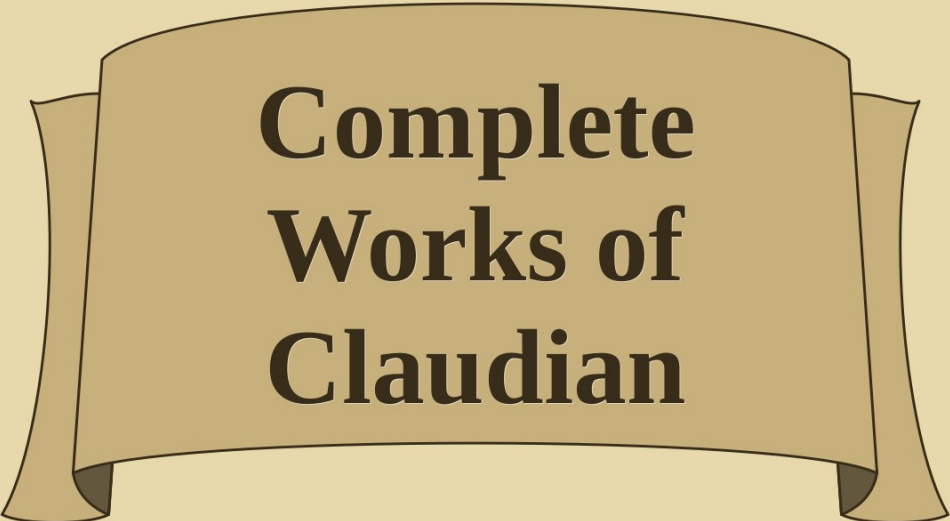




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Contents

The Translation

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY: CLAUDIAN
THE POEMS OF CLAUDIAN

The Latin Text

CONTENTS OF THE LATIN TEXT

The Dual Text

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT

The Biography

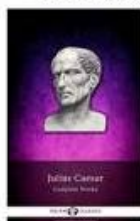
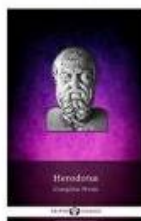
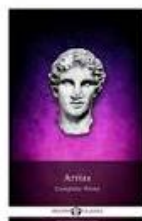
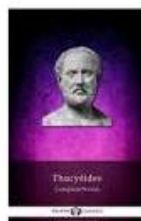
INTRODUCTION TO CLAUDIAN by Maurice Platnauer

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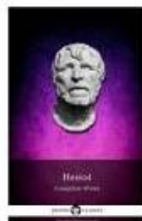


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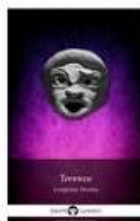
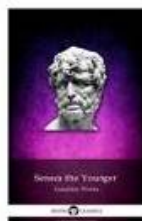
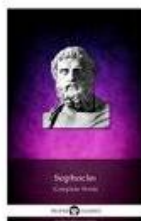
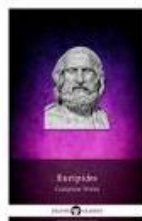
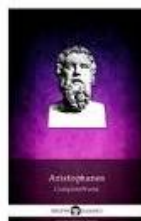
Historians



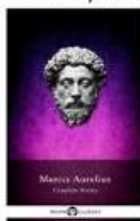
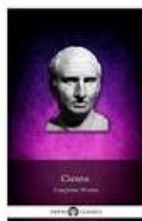
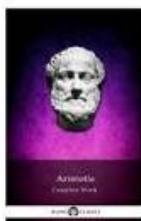
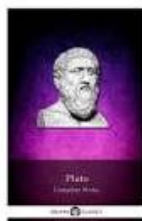
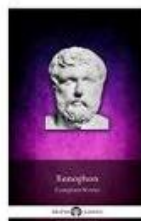
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The Translation



Alexandria, the capital of Roman Egypt — Claudian's birthplace



Roman ruins at Alexandria

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY: CLAUDIAN



1911 Encyclopædia Britannica, Volume 6

CLAUDIUS CLAUDIANUS, Latin epic poet and panegyrist, flourished during the reign of Arcadius and Honorius. He was an Egyptian by birth, probably an Alexandrian, but it may be conjectured from his name and his mastery of Latin that he was of Roman extraction. His own authority has been assumed for the assertion that his first poetical compositions were in Greek, and that he had written nothing in Latin before a.d. 395; but this seems improbable, and the passage (*Carm. Min.* xli. 13) which is taken to prove it does not necessarily bear this meaning. In that year he appears to have come to Rome, and made his début as a Latin poet by a panegyric on the consulship of Olybrius and Probinus, the first brothers not belonging to the imperial family who had ever simultaneously filled the office of consul. This piece proved the precursor of the series of panegyric poems which compose the bulk of his writings. In Birt's edition a complete chronological list of Claudian's poems is given, and also in J. B. Bury's edition of Gibbon (iii. app. i.), where the dates given differ slightly from those in the present article.

In 396 appeared the encomium on the third consulship of the emperor Honorius, and the epic on the downfall of Rufinus, the unworthy minister of Arcadius at Constantinople. This revolution was principally effected by the contrivance of Stilicho, the great general and minister of Honorius. Claudian's poem appears to have obtained his patronage, or rather perhaps that of his wife Serena, by whose interposition the poet was within a year or two enabled to contract a wealthy marriage in Africa (*Epist.* 2). Previously to this event he had produced (398) his panegyric on the fourth consulship of Honorius, his epithalamium on the marriage of Honorius to Stilicho's daughter, Maria, and his poem on the Gildonic war, celebrating the repression of a revolt in Africa. To these succeeded his piece on the consulship of Manlius Theodorus (399), the unfinished or mutilated invective against the Byzantine prime minister Eutropius in the same year, the epics on Stilicho's first consulship and on his repulse of Alaric (400 and 403), and the panegyric on the sixth consulship of Honorius (404). From this time all trace of Claudian is lost, and he is generally supposed to have perished with his patron Stilicho in 408. It may be conjectured that he must have died in 404, as he could hardly otherwise have omitted to celebrate the greatest of Stilicho's achievements, the destruction of the barbarian host led by Radagaisus in the following year. On the other hand, he may have survived Stilicho, as in the dedication to the second book of his epic on the *Rape of Proserpine* (which Birt, however, assigns to 395–397), he speaks of his disuse of poetry in terms hardly reconcilable with the fertility

which he displayed during his patron's lifetime. From the manner in which Augustine alludes to him in his *De civitate Dei*, it may be inferred that he was no longer living at the date of the composition of that work, between 415 and 428.

Besides Claudian's chief poems, his lively Fescennines on the emperor's marriage, his panegyric on Serena, and the *Gigantomachia*, a fragment of an unfinished Greek epic, may also be mentioned. Several poems expressing Christian sentiments are undoubtedly spurious. Claudian's paganism, however, neither prevented his celebrating Christian rulers and magistrates nor his enjoying the distinction of a court laureate. It is probable that he was nominally a Christian, like his patron Stilicho and Ausonius, although at heart attached to the old religion. The very decided statements of Orosius and Augustine as to his heathenism may be explained by the pagan style of Claudian's political poems. We have his own authority for his having been honoured by a bronze statue in the forum, and Pomponius Laetus discovered in the 15th century an inscription (*C.I.L.* vi. 1710) on the pedestal, which, formerly considered spurious, is now generally regarded as genuine.

The position of Claudian — the last of the Roman poets — is unique in literature. It is sufficiently remarkable that, after nearly three centuries of torpor, the Latin muse should have experienced any revival in the age of Honorius, nothing less than amazing that this revival should have been the work of a foreigner, most surprising of all that a just and enduring celebrity should have been gained by official panegyrics on the generally uninteresting transactions of an inglorious epoch. The first of these particulars bespeaks Claudian's taste, rising superior to the prevailing barbarism, the second his command of language, the third his rhetorical skill. As remarked by Gibbon, "he was endowed with the rare and precious talent of raising the meanest, of adorning the most barren, and of diversifying the most similar topics." This gift is especially displayed in his poem on the downfall of Rufinus, where the punishment of a public malefactor is exalted to the dignity of an epical subject by the magnificence of diction and the ostentation of supernatural machinery. The noble exordium, in which the fate of Rufinus is propounded as the vindication of divine justice, places the subject at once on a dignified level; and the council of the infernal powers has afforded a hint to Tasso, and through him to Milton. The inevitable monotony of the panegyrics on Honorius is relieved by just and brilliant expatiation on the duties of a sovereign. In his celebration of Stilicho's victories Claudian found a subject more worthy of his powers, and some passages, such as the description of the flight of Alaric, and of Stilicho's arrival at Rome, and the felicitous parallel between his triumphs and those of Marius, rank among the brightest ornaments of Latin poetry. Claudian's panegyric, however lavish and regardless of veracity, is in general far less offensive than usual in his age, a circumstance attributable partly to his more refined taste and partly to the genuine merit of his patron Stilicho. He is a valuable authority for the history

of his times, and is rarely to be convicted of serious inaccuracy in his facts, whatever may be thought of the colouring he chooses to impart to them. He was animated by true patriotic feeling, in the shape of a reverence for Rome as the source and symbol of law, order and civilization. Outside the sphere of actual life he is less successful; his *Rape of Proserpine*, though the beauties of detail are as great as usual, betrays his deficiency in the creative power requisite for dealing with a purely ideal subject. This denotes the rhetorician rather than the poet, and in general it may be said that his especial gifts of vivid natural description, and of copious illustration, derived from extensive but not cumbrous erudition, are fully as appropriate to eloquence as to poetry. In the general cast of his mind and character of his writings, and especially, in his faculty for bestowing enduring interest upon occasional themes, we may fitly compare him with Dryden, remembering that while Dryden exulted in the energy of a vigorous and fast-developing language, Claudian was cramped by an artificial diction, confined to the literary class.

The editio princeps of Claudian was printed at Vicenza in 1482; the editions of J. M. Gesner (1759) and P. Burmann (1760) are still valuable for their notes. The first critical edition was that of L. Jeep (1876–1879), now superseded by the exhaustive work of T. Birt, with bibliography, in *Monumenta Germaniae Historica* (x., 1892; smaller ed. founded on this by J. Koch, Teubner series, 1893). There is a separate edition with commentary and verse translation of *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, by L. Garces de Diez (1889); the satire *In Eutropium* is discussed by T. Birt in *Zwei politische Satiren des alten Rom* (1888). There is a complete English verse translation of little merit by A. Hawkins (1817). See the articles by Ramsay in Smith's *Classical Dictionary* and Vollmer in Pauly-Wissowa's *Realencyclopädie der classischen Altertumswissenschaft*, iii. 2 (1899); also J. H. E. Crees, *Claudian as an Historian* (1908), the "Cambridge Historical Essay" for 1906 (No. 17); T. Hodgkin, *Claudian, the last of the Roman Poets* (1875).

THE POEMS OF CLAUDIAN



Translated by Maurice Platnauer

CONTENTS

Panegyric on the Consuls Probinus and Olybrius

Trashing Rufinus, Part I

First Poem

Trashing Rufinus, Part II

Second Poem

The War Against Gildo

Trashing Eutropius, Part I

First Poem

Trashing Eutropius, Part II

Second Poem

PREFACE

BOOK II

Fescennine Verses in Honour of the Marriage of the Emperor Honorius

I (XI)

II (XII)

III (XIII)

IV (XIV)

Epithalamium of Honorius and Maria

PREFACE.

EPITHALAMIUM. (X)

Panegyric on the Third Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

PREFACE. (VI)

PANEGYRIC. (VII)

Panegyric on the Fourth Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

VIII

Panegyric on the Consulship of Flavius Manlius Theodorus

PREFACE. (XVI)

PANEGYRIC. (XVII)

On the Consulship of Stilicho

BOOK I

BOOK II

BOOK III

PREFACE.

BOOK III.

Panegyric on the Sixth Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

PREFACE.

PANEGYRIC.

The Gothic War

Shorter Poems

To Stilicho

Description of the harbour at Smyrna.

To Aeternalis

Description of a Herd

A Distant Scene

Anger affords a weapon to him who seeks one

Statue of a Chariot

Of Polycaste and Perdiccas

The Porcupine

Of Beaver's Overcoat

On the Tomb of a Beauty

Quintius' Baths

To a gouty Critic

To thank Maximus for a Gift of Honey

The Poor Lover

The Same.

On the Statues of Two Brothers at Catina

Of French Mules

Letter to Gennadius, ex-Proconsul

Of an Old Man of Verona who never left his home

On Theodore and Hadrian; Apology to Hadrian

Apology to Alethius, the Quaestor

The Lobster

Epithalamium of Palladius and Celerina

Aponus

The Phoenix

The Nile

The Magnet
In Praise of Serena
Letter to Serena
The Savior
On a Crystal Enclosing a Drop of Water
Letters to Olybrius and to Probinus
The Wild Boar and the Lion
Against Curetius
The Same
The Shell
On a Cloak and a Bridle
On a Gift to a Horse
On a Strap embroidered by Serena for Honorius' Horse
The Electric Ray
Against James Commander of the Cavalry
Archimedes' Sphere
The Battle of the Giants

The Rape of Proserpine

BOOK I. PREFACE.

BOOK I.

BOOK II. PREFACE.

BOOK II.

BOOK III.



Honorius on the consular diptych of Anicius Petronius Probus (406)



Solidus of Honorius



Stilicho and his wife Serena, with their son Eucherius, c. 400

Panegyric on the Consuls Probinus and Olybrius

I

Sun, that encirclest the world with reins of flame and rollest in ceaseless motion the revolving centuries, scatter thy light with kindlier beams and let thy coursers, their manes combed and they breathing forth a rosy flame from their foaming bits, climb the heavens more jocund in their loftier drawn chariot. Now let the year bend its new steps for the consul brothers and the glad months take their beginning.

Thou wottest of the Auchenian race nor are the powerful Anniadae unknown to thee, for thou oft hast started thy yearly journey with them as consuls and hast given their name to thy revolution. For them Fortune neither hangs on uncertain favour nor changes, but honours, firmly fixed, pass to all their kin. Select what man thou wilt from their family, 'tis certain he is a consul's son. Their ancestors are counted by the fasces (for each has held them), the same recurring honours crowd them, and a like destiny awaits their children in unbroken succession. No noble, though he boast of the brazen statues of his ancestors, though Rome be thronged with senators, no noble, I say, dare boast himself their equal. Give the first place to the Auchenii and let who will contest the second. It is as when the moon queens it in the calm northern sky and her orb gleams with brightness equal to that of her brother whose light she reflects; for then the starry hosts give place, Arcturus' beam grows dim and tawny Leo loses his angry glint, far-spaced shine the Bear's stars in the Wain, wroth at their eclipse, Orion's shafts grow dark as he looks in feeble amaze at his strengthless arm.

Which shall I speak of first? Who has not heard of the deeds of Probinus of ancient lineage, who knows not the endless praise of Olybrius?

The far-flung fame of Probus and his sire lives yet and fills all ears with widespread discourse: the years to come shall not silence it nor time o'ercloud or put an end to it. His great name carries him beyond the seas, beyond Ocean's distant windings and Atlas' mountain caverns. If any live beneath the frozen sky by Maeotis' banks, or any, near neighbours of the torrid zone, drink Nile's stripling stream, they, too, have heard. Fortune yielded to his virtues, but never was he puffed up with success that engenders pride. Though his life was surrounded with luxury he knew how to preserve his uprightness uncorrupted. He did not hide his wealth in dark cellars nor condemn his riches to the nether gloom, but in showers more abundant than rain would ever enrich countless numbers of men. The thick cloud of his generosity was ever big with gifts, full and overflowing with clients was his mansion, and thereinto there poured a stream of paupers to issue forth again rich men. His prodigal hand outdid Spain's rivers in scattering gifts of gold (scarce so much precious metal dazzles the gaze of the miner delving in the vexed bowels of

the earth), exceeding all the gold dust carried down by Tagus' water trickling from unsmelted lodes, the glittering ore that enriches Hermus' banks, the golden sand that rich Pactolus in flood deposits over the plains of Lydia.

Could my words issue from a hundred mouths, could Phoebus' manifold inspiration breathe through a hundred breasts, even so I could not tell of Probus's deeds, of all the people his ordered governance ruled, of the many times he rose to the highest honours, when he held the reins of broad-acred Italy, the Illyrian coast, and Africa's lands. But his sons o'ershadowed their sire and they alone deserve to be called Probus' vanquishers. No such honour befell Probus in his youth: he was never consul with his brother. Your ambition, ever o'ervaulting itself, pricks not; no anxious hopes afflict your minds or keep your hearts in long suspense. You have begun where most end: but few seniors have attained to your earliest office. You have finished your race e'er the full flower of youth has crowned your gentle cheeks or adolescence clothed your faces with its pleasant down. Do thou, my Muse, tell their ignorant poet what god it was granted such a boon to the twain.

When the warlike emperor had with the thunderbolt of his might put his enemy to flight and freed the Alps from fear, Rome, anxious worthily to thank her Probus, hastened to beg the Emperor's favour for that hero's sons. Her slaves, Shock and horrid Fear, yoked her winged chariot; 'tis they who ever attend Rome with loud-voiced roar, setting wars afoot, whether she battle against the Parthians or vex Hydaspes' stream with her spear. The one fastens the wheels to the hubs, the other drives the horses beneath the iron yoke and makes them obey the stubborn bit. Rome herself in the guise of the virgin goddess Minerva soars aloft on the road by which she takes possession of the sky after triumphing over the realms of earth. She will not have her hair bound with a comb nor her neck made effeminate with a twisted necklace. Her right side is bare; her snowy shoulder exposed; her brooch fastens her flowing garments but loosely and boldly shows her breast: the belt that supports her sword throws a strip of scarlet across her fair skin. She looks as good as she is fair, chaste beauty armed with awe; her threatening helm of blood-red plumes casts a dark shadow and her shield challenges the sun in its fearful brilliance, that shield which Vulcan forged with all the subtlety of his skill. In it are depicted the children Romulus and Remus, and their loving father Mars, Tiber's reverent stream, and the wolf that was their nurse; Tiber is embossed in electrum, the children in pure gold, brazen is the wolf, and Mars fashioned of flashing steel.

And now Rome, loosing both her steeds together, flies swifter than the fleet east wind; the Zephyrs shrill and the clouds, cleft with the track of the wheels, glow in separate furrows. What matchless speed! One pinion's stroke and they reach their goal: it is there where in their furthestmost parts the Alps narrow their approaches into tortuous valleys and extend their adamantine bars of piled-up rocks. No other hand could unlock that gate, as, to their cost, those two tyrants found; to the Emperor only they offer a way. The smoke of towers

o'erthrown and of ruined fortresses ascends to heaven. Slaughtered men are piled up on a heap and bring the lowest valley equal with the hills; corpses welter in their blood; the very shades are confounded with the inrush of the slain.

Close at hand the victor, Theodosius, happy that his warfare is accomplished, sits upon the green sward, his shoulders leaning against a tree. Triumphant earth crowned her lord and flowers sprang up from prouder banks. The sweat is still warm upon his body, his breath comes panting, but calm shines his countenance beneath his helmet. Such is Mars, when with deadly slaughter he has devastated the Geloni and thereafter rests, a dread figure, in the Getic plain, while Bellona, goddess of war, lightens him of his armour and unyokes his dust-stained coursers; an outstretched spear, a huge cornel trunk, arms his hand and flashes its tremulous splendour over Hebrus' stream.

When Rome had ended her airy journey and now stood before her lord, thrice thundered the conscious rocks and the black wood shuddered in awe. First to speak was the hero: "Goddess and friend, mother of laws, thou whose empire is conterminous with heaven, thou that art called the consort of the Thunderer, say what hath caused thy coming: why leavest thou the towns of Italy and thy native clime? Say, queen of the world. Were it thy wish I would not shrink from toiling neath a Libyan sun nor from the cold winds of a Russian midwinter. At thy behest I will traverse all lands and fearing no season of the year will hazard Meroë in summer and the Danube in winter."

Then the Queen answered: "Full well know I, far-famed ruler, that thy victorious armies toil for Italy, and that once again servitude and furious rebels have given way before thee, overthrown in one and the same battle. Yet I pray thee add to our late won liberty this further boon, if in very truth thou still reverest me. There are among my citizens two young brothers of noble lineage, the dearly loved sons of Probus, born on a festal day and reared in my own bosom. 'Twas I gave the little ones their cradles when the goddess of childbirth freed their mother's womb from its blessed burden and heaven brought to light her glorious offspring. To these I would not prefer the noble Decii nor the brave Metelli, no, nor the Scipios who overcame the warlike Carthaginians nor the Camilli, that family fraught with ruin for the Gauls. The Muses have endowed them with full measure of their skill; their eloquence knows no bounds. Theirs not to wanton in sloth and banquets spread; unbridled pleasure tempts them not, nor can the lure of youth undermine their characters. Gaining from weighty cares an old man's mind, their fiery youth is bridled by a greybeard's wisdom. That force to which their birth entitles them I beg thee assure them and appoint for them the path of the coming year. 'Tis no unreasonable request and will be no unheard-of boon. Their birth demands it should be so. Grant it; so may Scythian Araxes be our vassal and Rhine's either bank; so may the Mede be o'erthrown and the towers that Semiramis built yield to our standards, while amazed Ganges flows between Roman

cities.”

To this the king: “Goddess, thou biddest me do what I would fain do and askest a boon that I wish to grant: thy entreaties were not needed for this. Does forgetfulness so wholly cloud my mind that I will not remember Probus, beneath whose leadership I have seen all Italy and her war-weary peoples come again to prosperity? Winter shall cause Nile’s rising, hinds shall make rivers their element, dark-flowing Indus shall be ice-bound, terror-stricken once again by the banquet of Thyestes the sun shall stay his course and fly for refuge back into the east, all this ere Probus can fade before my memory.”

He spake, and now the speedy messenger hies him to Rome. Straightway the choirs chant and the seven hills re-echo their tuneful applause. Joy is in the heart of that aged mother whose skilled fingers now make ready gold-embroidered vestment and garments agleam with the thread which the Seres comb out from their delicate plants, gathering the leafy fleece of the wool-bearing trees. These long threads she draws out to an equal length with the threads of gold and by intertwining them makes one golden cord; as fair Latona gave scarlet garments to her divine offspring when they returned to the now firm-fixèd shrine of Delos their foster-island, her unerring bow wearied with much hunting, and Phoebus bearing the sword still dripping with black venom from the slaughtered Python. Then their dear island laved the feet of its acknowledged deities, the Aegean smiled more gently on its nurslings, the Aegean whose soft ripples bore witness to its joy.

So Proba adorns her children with vestment rare, Proba, the world’s glory, by whose increase the power of Rome, too, is increased. You would have thought her Modesty’s self fallen from heaven or Juno, summoned by sacred incense, turning her eyes on the shrines of Argos. No page in ancient story tells of such a mother, no Latin Muse nor old Grecian tale. Worthy is she of Probus for a husband, for he surpassed all husbands as she all wives. ’Twas as though in rivalry either sex had done its utmost and so brought about this marriage. Let Pelion vaunt no more that Nereid bride. Happy thou art the mother of consuls twain, blessed thy womb whose offspring have given the year their name for its own.

So soon as their hands held the sceptres and the jewel-studded togas had enfolded their limbs the almighty Sire vouchsafes a sign with riven cloud and the shaken heavens, projecting a welcoming flash through the void, thundered with prosperous omen. Father Tiber, seated in that low valley, heard the sound in his labyrinthine cave. He stays with ears pricked up wondering whence this sudden popular clamour comes. Straightway he leaves his couch of green leaves, his mossy bed, and entrusts his urn to his attendant nymphs. Grey eyes flecked with blue shine out from his shaggy countenance, recalling his father Oceanus; thick curlèd grasses cover his neck and lush sedge crowns head. This the Zephyrs may not break nor the summer scorch to withering; it lives and burgeons around those brows immortal as itself. From his temples sprout horns like those of a bull; from these pour babbling streamlets; water drips

upon his breast, showers pour down his hair-crowned forehead, flowing rivers from his parted beard. There clothes his massy shoulders a cloak woven by his wife Ilia, who threaded the crystalline loom beneath the flood.

There lies in Roman Tiber's stream an island where the central flood washes as 'twere two cities parted by the sundering waters: with equal threatening height the tower-clad banks rise in lofty buildings. Here stood Tiber and from this eminence beheld his prayer of a sudden fulfilled, saw the twin-souled brothers enter the Forum amid the press of thronging senators, the bared axes gleam afar and both sets of fasces brought forth from one threshold. He stood amazed at the sight and for a long time incredulous joy held his voice in check. Yet soon he thus began:

"Behold, Eurotas, river of Sparta, boastest thou that thy streams have ever nurtured such as these? Did that false swan beget a child to rival them, though 'tis true his sons could fight with the heavy glove and save ships from cruel tempests? Behold new offspring outshining the stars to which Leda gave birth, men of my city for whose coming the Zodiac is now awatch, making ready his hollow tract of sky for a constellation that is to be. Henceforth let Olybrius rule the nightly sky, shedding his ruddy light where Pollux once shone, and where glinted Castor's fires there let glitter Probinus' flame. These shall direct men's sails and vouchsafe those breezes whereby the sailor shall guide his bark o'er the calm ocean. Let us now pour libation to the new gods and ease our hearts with copious draughts of nectar. Naiads, now spread your snowy bands, wreath every spring with violets. Let the woods bring forth honey and the drunken river roll, its waters changed to wine; let the watering streams that vein the fields give off the scent of balsam spice. Let one run and invite to the feast and banquet-board all the rivers of our land, even all that wander beneath the mountains of Italy and drink as their portion the Alpine snows, swift Vulturnus and Nar infected with ill-smelling sulphur, Ufens whose meanderings delay his course and Eridanus into whose waters Phaëthon fell headlong; Liris who laves Marica's golden oak groves and Galaesus who tempers the fields of Sparta's colony Tarentum. This day shall always be held in honour and observed by our rivers and its anniversary ever celebrated with rich feastings."

So spake he, and the Nymphs, obeying their sire's behest, made ready the rooms for the banquet, and the watery palace, ablaze with gleaming purple, shone with jewelled tables.

O happy months to bear these brothers' name! O year blessed to own such a pair as overlords, begin thou to turn the laborious wheel of Phoebus' four-fold circle. First let thy winter course pursue its course, sans numbing cold, not clothed in white snow nor torn by rough blasts, but warmed with the south wind's breath: next, be thy spring calm from the outset and let the limpid west wind's gentler breeze flood thy meads with yellow flowers. May summer crown thee with harvest and autumn store thee with luscious grapes. An honour that no age has ever yet known, a privilege never yet heard of in times

gone by, this has been thine and thine alone — to have had brothers as thy consuls. The whole world shall tell of thee, the Hours shall inscribe thy name in various flowers, and age-long annals hand thy fame down through the long centuries.

Trashing Rufinus, Part I

First Poem

Preface . (II)

When Python had fallen, laid low by the arrow of Phoebus, his dying limbs outspread o'er Cirrha's heights — Python, whose coils covered whole mountains, whose maw swallowed rivers and whose bloody crest touched the stars — then Parnassus was free and the woods, their serpent fetters shaken off, began to grow tall with lofty trees. The mountain-ashes, long shaken by the dragon's sinuous coils, spread their leaves securely to the breeze, and Cephisus, who had so often foamed with his poisonous venom, now flowed a purer stream with limpid wave. The whole country echoed with the cry, "hail, Healer": every land sang Phoebus' praise. A fuller wind shakes the tripod, and the gods, hearing the Muses' sweet song from afar off, gather in the dread caverns of Themis.

A blessed band comes together to hear my song, now that a second Python has been slain by the weapons of that master of ours who made the rule of the brother Emperors hold the world steady, observing justice in peace and showing vigour in war.

BOOK I . (III)

My mind has often wavered between two opinions: have the gods a care for the world or is there no ruler therein and do mortal things drift as dubious chance dictates? For when I investigated the laws and the ordinances of heaven and observed the sea's appointed limits, the year's fixed cycle and the alternation of light and darkness, then methought everything was ordained according to the direction of a God who had bidden the stars move by fixed laws, plants grow at different seasons, the changing moon fulfil her circle with borrowed light and the sun shine by his own, who spread the shore before the waves and balanced the world in the centre of the firmament. But when I saw the impenetrable mist which surrounds human affairs, the wicked happy and long prosperous and the good discomforted, then in turn my belief in God was weakened and failed, and even against mine own will I embraced the tenets of that other philosophy which teaches that atoms drift in purposeless motion and that new forms throughout the vast void are shaped by chance and not design — that philosophy which believes in God in an ambiguous sense, or holds that there be no gods, or that they are careless of our doings. At last Rufinus' fate has dispelled this uncertainty and freed the gods from this imputation. No longer can I complain that the unrighteous man reaches the highest pinnacle of success. He is raised aloft that he may be hurled down in more headlong ruin. Muses, unfold to your poet whence sprang this grievous pest.

Dire Allecto once kindled with jealous wrath on seeing widespread peace

among the cities of men. Straightway she summons the hideous council of the nether-world sisters to her foul palace gates. Hell's numberless monsters are gathered together, Night's children of ill-omened birth. Discord, mother of war, imperious Hunger, Age, near neighbour to Death; Disease, whose life is a burden to himself; Envy that brooks not another's prosperity, woeful Sorrow with rent garments; Fear and foolhardy rashness with sightless eyes; Luxury, destroyer of wealth, to whose side ever clings unhappy Want with humble tread, and the long company of sleepless Cares, hanging round the foul neck of their mother Avarice. The iron seats are filled with all this rout and the grim chamber is thronged with the monstrous crowd. Allecto stood in their midst and called for silence, thrusting behind her back the snaky hair that swept her face and letting it play over her shoulders. Then with mad utterance she unlocked the anger deep hidden in her heart.

"Shall we allow the centuries to roll on in this even tenour, and man to live thus blessed? What novel kindness has corrupted our characters? Where is our inbred fury? Of what use the lash with none to suffer beneath it? Why this purposeless girdle of smoky torches? Sluggards, ye, whom Jove has excluded from heaven, Theodosius from earth. Lo! a golden age begins; lo! the old breed of men returns. Peace and Godliness, Love and Honour hold high their heads throughout the world and sing a proud song of triumph over our conquered folk. Justice herself (oh the pity of it!), down-gliding through the limpid air, exults over me and, now that crime has been cut down to the roots, frees law from the dark prison wherein she lay oppressed. Shall we, expelled from every land, lie this long age in shameful torpor? Ere it be too late recognize a Fury's duty: resume your wonted strength and decree a crime worthy of this august assembly. Fain would I shroud the stars in Stygian darkness, smirch the light of day with our breath, unbridle the ocean deeps, hurl rivers against their shattered banks, and break the bonds of the universe."

So spake she with cruel roar and uproused every gaping serpent mouth as she shook her snaky locks and scattered their baneful poison. Of two minds was the band of her sisters. The greater number was for declaring war upon heaven, yet some respected still the ordinances of Dis and the uproar grew by reason of their dissension, even as the sea's calm is not at once restored, but the deep still thunders when, for all the wind be dropped, the swelling tide yet flows, and the last weary winds of the departing storm play o'er the tossing waves.

Thereupon cruel Megaera rose from her funereal seat, mistress she of madness' howlings and impious ill and wrath bathed in fury's foam. No blood her drink but that flowing from kindred slaughter and forbidden crime, shed by a father's, by a brother's sword. 'Twas she made e'en Hercules afraid and brought shame upon that bow that had freed the world of monsters; she aimed the arrow in Athamas' hand: she took her pleasure in murder after murder, a mad fury in Agamemnon's palace; beneath her auspices wedlock mated Oedipus with his mother and Thyestes with his daughter. Thus then she

speaks with dread-sounding words:

“To raise our standards against the gods, my sisters, is neither right nor, methinks, possible; but hurt the world we may, if such our wish, and bring an universal destruction upon its inhabitants. I have a monster more savage than the hydra brood, swifter than the mother tigress, fiercer than the south wind’s blast, more treacherous than Euripus’ yellow flood — Rufinus. I was the first to gather him, a new-born babe, to my bosom. Often did the child nestle in mine embrace and seek my breast, his arms thrown about my neck in a flood of infant tears. My snakes shaped his soft limbs by licking them with their three-forked tongues. I taught him guile whereby he learnt the arts of injury and deceit, how to conceal the intended menace and cover his treachery with a smile, full-filled with savagery and hot with lust of gain. Him nor the sands of rich Tagus’ flood by Tartessus’ town could satisfy nor the golden waters of ruddy Pactolus; should he drink all Hermus’ stream he would parch with the greedier thirst. How skilled to deceive and wreck friendships with hate! Had that old generation of men produced such an one as he, Theseus had fled Pirithous, Pylades deserted Orestes in wrath, Pollux hated Castor. I confess myself his inferior: his quick genius has outstripped his preceptress: in a word (that I waste not your time further) all the wickedness that is ours in common is his alone. Him will I introduce, if the plan commend itself to you, to the kingly palace of the emperor of the world. Be he wiser than Numa, be he Minos’ self, needs must he yield and succumb to the treachery of my foster child.”

A shout followed her words: all stretched forth their impious hands and applauded the awful plot. When Megaera had gathered together her dress with the black serpent that girdled her, and bound her hair with combs of steel, she approached the sounding stream of Phlegethon, and seizing a tall pine-tree from the scorched summit of the flaming bank kindled it in the pitchy flood, then plied her swift wings o’er sluggish Tartarus.

There is a place where Gaul stretches her furthestmost shore spread out before the waves of Ocean: ’tis there that Ulysses is said to have called up the silent ghosts with a libation of blood. There is heard the mournful weeping of the spirits of the dead as they flit by with faint sound of wings, and the inhabitants see the pale ghosts pass and the shades of the dead. ’Twas from here the goddess leapt forth, dimmed the sun’s fair beams and clave the sky with horrid howlings. Britain felt the deadly sound, the noise shook the country of the Senones, Tethys stayed her tide, and Rhine let fall his urn and shrank his stream. Thereupon, in the guise of an old man, her serpent locks changed at her desire to snowy hair, her dread cheeks furrowed with many a wrinkle and feigning weariness in her gait she enters the walls of Elusa, in search of the house she had long known so well. Long she stood and gazed with jealous eyes, marvelling at a man worse than herself; then spake she thus: “Does ease content thee, Rufinus? Wastest thou in vain the flower of thy youth inglorious thus in thy father’s fields? Thou knowest not what fate and

the stars owe thee, what fortune makes ready. So thou wilt obey me thou shalt be lord of the whole world. Despise not an old man's feeble limbs: I have the gift of magic and the fire of prophecy is within me. I have learned the incantations wherewith Thessalian witches pull down the bright moon, I know the meaning of the wise Egyptians' runes, the art whereby the Chaldeans impose their will upon the subject gods, the various saps that flow within trees and the power of deadly herbs; all those that grow on Caucasus rich in poisonous plants, or, to man's bane, clothe the crags of Scythia; herbs such as cruel Medea gathered and curious Circe. Often in nocturnal rites have I sought to propitiate the dread ghosts and Hecate, and recalled the shades of buried men to live again by my magic: many, too, has my wizardry brought to destruction though the Fates had yet somewhat of their life's thread to spin. I have caused oaks to walk and the thunderbolt to stay his course, aye, and made rivers reverse their course and flow backwards to their fount. Lest thou perchance think these be but idle boasts behold the change of thine own house." At these words the white pillars, to his amazement, began to turn into gold and the beams of a sudden to shine with metal.

His senses are captured by the bait, and, thrilled beyond measure, he feasts his greedy eyes on the sight. So Midas, king of Lydia, swelled at first with pride when he found he could transform everything he touched to gold: but when he beheld his food grow rigid and his drink harden into golden ice then he understood that this gift was a bane and in his loathing for gold cursed his prayer. Thus Rufinus, overcome, cried out: "Whithersoever thou summonest I follow, be thou man or god." Then at the Fury's bidding he left his fatherland and approached the cities of the East, threading the once floating Symplegades and the seas renowned for the voyage of the Argo, ship of Thessaly, till he came to where, beneath its high-walled town, the gleaming Bosphorus separates Asia from the Thracian coast.

When he had completed this long journey and, led by the evil thread of the fates, had won his way into the far-famed palace, then did ambition straightway come to birth and right was no more. Everything had its price. He betrayed secrets, deceived dependents, and sold honours that had been wheedled from the emperor. He followed up one crime with another, heaping fuel on the inflamed mind and probing and embittering the erstwhile trivial wound. And yet, as Nereus knows no addition from the infinitude of rivers that flow into him and though here he drains Danube's wave and there Nile's summer flood with its sevenfold mouth, yet ever remains his same and constant self, so Rufinus' thirst knew no abatement for all the streams of gold that flowed in upon him. Had any a necklace studded with jewels or a fertile demesne he was sure prey for Rufinus: a rich property assured the ruin of its own possessor: fertility was the husbandman's bane. He drives them from their homes, expels them from the lands their sires had left them, either wresting them from the living owners or fastening upon them as an inheritor. Massed riches are piled up and a single house receives the plunder of a world;

whole peoples are forced into slavery, and thronging cities bow beneath the tyranny of a private man.

Madman, what shall be the end? Though thou possess either Ocean, though Lydia pour forth her golden waters, though thou join Croesus' throne to Cyrus' crown, yet shalt thou never be rich nor ever contented with thy booty. The greedy man is always poor. Fabricius, happy in his honourable poverty, despised the gifts of monarchs; the consul Serranus sweated at his heavy plough and a small cottage gave shelter to the warlike Curii. To my mind such poverty as this is richer than thy wealth, such a home greater than thy palaces. There pernicious luxury seeks for the food that satisfieth not; here the earth provides a banquet for which is nought to pay. With thee wool absorbs the dyes of Tyre; thy patterned clothes are stained with purple; here are bright flowers and the meadow's breathing charm which owes its varied hues but to itself. There are beds piled on glittering bedsteads; here stretches the soft grass, that breaks not sleep with anxious cares. There a crowd of clients dines through the spacious halls, here is song of birds and the murmur of the gliding stream. A frugal life is best. Nature has given the opportunity of happiness to all, knew they but how to use it. Had we realized this we should now have been enjoying a simple life, no trumpets would be sounding, no whistling spear would speed, no ship be buffeted by the wind, no siege-engine overthrow battlements.

Still grew Rufinus' wicked greed, and his impious passion for new-won wealth blazed yet fiercer; no feeling of shame kept him from demanding and extorting money. He combines perjury with ceaseless cajolery, ratifying with a hand-clasp the bond he purposes to break. Should any dare to refuse his demand for one thing out of so many, his fierce heart would be stirred with swelling wrath. Was ever lioness wounded with a Gaetulian's spear, or Hyrcan tiger pursuing the robber of her young, was ever bruised serpent so fierce? He swears by the majesty of the gods and tramples on his oath. He reverences not the laws of hospitality. To kill a wife and her husband with her and her children sates not his anger; 'tis not enough to slaughter relations and drive friends into exile; he strives to destroy every citizen of Rome and to blot out the very name of our race. Nor does he even slay with a swift death; ere that he enjoys the infliction of cruel torture; the rack, the chain, the lightless cell, these he sets before the final blow. Why, this remission is more savage, more madly cruel, than the sword — this grant of life that agony may accompany it! Is death not enough for him? With treacherous charges he attacks; dazed wretches find him at once accuser and judge. Slow to all else he is swift to crime and tireless to visit the ends of the earth in its pursuit. Neither the Dog-star's heat nor the wintry blasts of the Thracian north wind detain him. Feverish anxiety torments his cruel heart lest any escape his sword, or an emperor's pardon lose him an opportunity for injury. Neither age nor youth can move his pity: before their father's eyes his bloody axe severs boys' heads from their bodies; an aged man, once a consul, survived the murder of his son

but to be driven into exile. Who can bring himself to tell of so many murders, who can adequately mourn such impious slaughter? Do men tell that cruel Sinis of Corinth e'er wrought such wickedness with his pine-tree, or Sciron with his precipitous rock, or Phalaris with his brazen bull, or Sulla with his prison? O gentle horses of Diomedes! O pitiful altars of Busiris! Henceforth, compared with Rufinus thou, Cinna, shalt be loving, and thou, Spartacus, a sluggard.

All were a prey to terror, for men knew not where next his hidden hatred would break forth, they sob in silence for the tears they dare not shed and fear to show their indignation. Yet is not the spirit of great-hearted Stilicho broken by this same fear. Alone amid the general calamity he took arms against this monster of greed and his devouring maw, though not borne on the swift course of any winged steed nor aided by Pegasus' reins. In him all found the quiet they longed for, he was their one defence in danger, their shield out-held against the fierce foe, the exile's sanctuary, standard confronting the madness of Rufinus, fortress for the protection of the good.

Thus far Rufinus advanced his threats and stayed; then fell back in coward flight: even as a torrent swollen with winter rains rolls down great stones in its course, overwhelms woods, tears away bridges, yet is broken by a jutting rock, and, seeking a way through, foams and thunders about the cliff with shattered waves.

How can I praise thee worthily, thou who sustainedst with thy shoulders the tottering world in its threatened fall? The gods gave thee to us as they show a welcome star to frightened mariners whose weary bark is buffeted with storms of wind and wave and drifts with blind course now that her steersman is beaten. Perseus, descendant of Inachus, is said to have overcome Neptune's monsters in the Red Sea, but he was helped by his wings; no wing bore thee aloft: Perseus was armed with the Gorgons' head that turneth all to stone; the snaky locks of Medusa protected not thee. His motive was but the love of a chained girl, thine the salvation of Rome. The days of old are surpassed; let them keep silence and cease to compare Hercules' labours with thine. 'Twas but one wood that sheltered the lion of Cleonae, the savage boar's tusks laid waste a single Arcadian vale, and thou, rebel Antaeus, holding thy mother earth in thine embrace, didst no hurt beyond the borders of Africa. Crete alone re-echoed to the bellows of the fire-breathing bull, and the green hydra beleaguered no more than Lerna's lake. But this monster Rufinus terrified not one lake nor one island: whatsoever lives beneath the Roman rule, from distant Spain to Ganges' stream, was in fear of him. Neither triple Geryon nor Hell's fierce janitor can vie with him nor could the conjoined terrors of powerful Hydra, ravenous Scylla, and fiery Chimaera.

Long hung the contest in suspense, but the struggle betwixt vice and virtue was ill-matched in character. Rufinus threatens slaughter, thou stayest his hand; he robs the rich, thou givest back to the poor; he overthrows, thou restorest; he sets wars afoot, thou winnest them. As a pestilence, growing

from day to day by reason of the infected air, fastens first upon the bodies of animals but soon sweeps away peoples and cities, and when the winds blow hot spreads its hellish poison to the polluted streams, so the ambitious rebel marks down no private prey, but hurls his eager threats at kings, and seeks to destroy Rome's army and overthrow her might. Now he stirs up the Getae and the tribes on Danube's banks, allies himself with Scythia and exposes what few his cruelties have spared to the sword of the enemy. There march against us a mixed horde of Sarmatians and Dacians, the Massagetes who cruelly wound their horses that they may drink their blood, the Alans who break the ice and drink the waters of Maeotis' lake, and the Geloni who tattoo their limbs: these form Rufinus' army. And he brooks not their defeat; he frames delays and postpones the fitting season for battle. For when thy right hand, Stilicho, had scattered the Getic bands and avenged the death of thy brother general, when one section of Rufinus' army was thus weakened and made an easy prey, then that foul traitor, that conspirator with the Getae, tricked the emperor and put off the instant day of battle, meaning to ally himself with the Huns, who, as he knew, would fight and quickly join the enemies of Rome.

These Huns are a tribe who live on the extreme eastern borders of Scythia, beyond frozen Tanais; most infamous of all the children of the north. Hideous to look upon are their faces and loathsome their bodies, but indefatigable is their spirit. The chase supplies their food; bread they will not eat. They love to slash their faces and hold it a righteous act to swear by their murdered parents. Their double nature fitted not better the two-formed Centaurs to the horses that were parts of them. Disorderly, but of incredible swiftness, they often return to the fight when little expected.

Fearless, however, against such forces, thou, Stilicho, approachest the waters of foaming Hebrus and thus prayest ere the trumpets sound and the fight begins: "Mars, whether thou reclinest on cloud-capped Haemus, or frost-white Rhodope holdeth thee, or Athos, severed to give passage to the Persian fleet, or Pangaeus, gloomy with dark holm-oaks, gird thyself at my side and de thine own land of Thrace. If victory smile on us, thy meed shall be an oak stump adorned with spoils."

The Father heard his prayer and rose from the snowy peaks of Haemus shouting commands to his speedy servants: "Bellona, bring my helmet; fasten me, Panic, the wheels upon my chariot; harness my swift horses, Fear. Hasten: speed on your work. See, my Stilicho makes him ready for war; Stilicho whose habit it is to load me with rich trophies and hang upon the oak the plumed helmets of his enemies. For us together the trumpets ever sound the call to battle; yoking my chariot I follow wheresoever he pitches his camp." So spake he and leapt upon the plain, and on this side Stilicho scattered the enemy bands in broadcast flight and on that Mars; alike the twain in accoutrement and stature. The helmets of either tower with bristling crests, their breastplates flash as they speed along and their spears take their fill of widely dealt wounds.

Meanwhile Megaera, more eager now she has got her way, and revelling in this widespread calamity, comes upon Justice sad at heart in her palace, and thus provokes her with horrid utterance: "Is this that old reign of peace; this the return of that golden age thou fondly hopedst had come to pass? Is our power gone, and no place now left for the Furies? Turn thine eyes this way. See how many cities the barbarians' fires have laid low, how vast a slaughter, how much blood Rufinus hath procured for me, and on what widespread death my serpents gorge themselves. Leave thou the world of men; that lot is mine. Mount to the stars, return to that well-known tract of Autumn sky where the Standard-bearer dips towards the south. The space next to the summer constellation of the Lion, the neighbourhood of the winter Balance has long been empty. And would I could now follow thee through the dome of heaven."

The goddess made answer: "Thou shalt rage no further, mad that thou art. Now shall thy creature receive his due, the destined avenger hangs over him, and he who now wearies land and the very sky shall die, though no handful of dust shall cover his corpse. Soon shall come Honorius, promised of old to this fortunate age, brave as his father Theodosius, brilliant as his brother Arcadius; he shall subdue the Medes and overthrow the Indians with his spear. Kings shall pass under his yoke, frozen Phasis shall bear his horses' hooves, and Araxes submit perforce to be bridged by him. Then too shalt thou be bound with heavy chains of iron and cast out from the light of day and imprisoned in the nethermost pit, thy snaky locks overcome and shorn from thy head. Then the world shall be owned by all in common, no field marked off from another by any dividing boundary, no furrow cleft with bended ploughshare; for the husbandman shall rejoice in corn^o that springs untended. Oak groves shall drip with honey, streams of wine well up of every side, lakes of oil abound. No price shall be asked for fleeces dyed scarlet, but of themselves shall the flocks grow red to the astonishment of the shepherd, and in every sea the green seaweed with laugh with flashing jewels."

Trashing Rufinus, Part II

Second Poem

Preface . (IV)

Return, ye Muses, and throw open rescued Helicon; now again may your company gather there. Nowhere now in Italy does the hostile trumpet forbid song with its viler bray. Do thou too, Delian Apollo, now that Delphi is safe and fear has been dispelled, wreath thy avenger's head with flowers. No savage foes sets profane lips to Castalia's spring or those prophetic streams. Alpheus' flood ran all his length red with slaughter and the waves bore the bloody marks of war across the Sicilian sea; whereby Arethusa, though herself not present, recognized the triumphs freshly won and knew of the slaughter of the Getae, to which that blood bore witness.

Let peace, Stilicho, succeed these age-long labours and ease thine heart by graciously listening to my song. Think it no shame to interrupt thy long toil and to consecrate a few moments to the Muses. Even unwearying Mars is said to have stretched his tired limbs on the snowy Thracian plain when at last the battle was ended, and, unmindful of his wonted fierceness, to have laid aside his spear in gentler mood, soothing his ear with the Muses' melody.

BOOK II . (V)

After the subjugation of the Alpine tribes and the salvation of the kingdoms of Italy the heavens welcomed the Emperor Theodosius to the place of honour due to his worth, and so shone the brighter by the addition of another star. Then was the power of Rome entrusted to thy care, Stilicho; in thy hands was placed the governance of the world. The brothers' twin majesty and the armies of either royal court were given into thy charge. But Rufinus (for cruelty and crime brook not peace, and a tainted mouth will not forgo its draughts of blood), Rufinus, I say, began once more to inflame the world with wicked wars and to disturb peace with accursed sedition. Thus to himself: "How shall I assure my slender hopes for survival? By what means beat back the rising storm? On all sides are hate and the threat of arms. What am I to do? No help can I find in soldier's weapon or emperor's favour. Instant dangers ring me round and a gleaming sword hangs above my head. What is left but to plunge the world into fresh troubles and draw down innocent peoples in my ruin? Gladly will I perish if the world does too; general destruction shall console me for mine own death, nor will I die (for I am no coward) till I have accomplished this. I will not lay down my power before my life."

So spake he, and as if Aeolus unchained the winds so he, breaking their bonds, let loose the nations, clearing the way for war; and, that no land should be free therefrom, apportioned ruin throughout the world, parcelling out destruction. Some pour across the frozen surface of quick-flowing Danube

and break with the chariot wheel what erstwhile knew but the oar; others invade the wealthy East, led through the Caspian Gates and over the Armenian snows by a newly-discovered pass. The fields of Cappadocia reek with slaughter; Argæus, father of swift horses, is laid waste. Halys' deep waters run red and the Cilician cannot defend himself in his precipitous mountains. The pleasant plains of Syria are devastated, and the enemy's cavalry thunders along the banks of Orontes, home hitherto of the dance and of a happy people's song. Hence comes mourning to Asia, while Europe is left to be the sport and prey of Getic hordes even to the borders of fertile Dalmatia. All that tract of land lying between the stormy Euxine and the Adriatic is laid waste and plundered, no inhabitants dwell there; 'tis like torrid Africa whose sun-scorched plains never grow kindlier through human tillage. Thessaly is afire; Pelion silent, his shepherds put to flight; flames bring destruction on Macedonia's crops. For Pannonia's plain, the Thracians' helpless cities, the fields of Mysia were ruined but now none wept; year by year came the invader, unsheltered was the countryside from havoc and custom had robbed suffering of its sting. Alas, in how swift ruin perish even the greatest things! An empire won and kept at the expense of so much bloodshed, born from the toils of countless leaders, knit together through so many years by Roman hands, one coward traitor overthrew in the twinkling of an eye.

That city, too, called of men the rival of great Rome, that looks across to Chalcedon's strand, is stricken now with terror at no neighbouring war; nearer home it observes the flash of torches, the trumpet's call, and its own roofs the target for an enemy's artillery. Some guard the walls with watchful outposts, others hasten to fortify the harbour with a chain of ships. But fierce Rufinus is full of joy in the leaguered city and exults in its misfortunes, gazing at the awful spectacle of the surrounding country from the summit of a lofty tower. He watches the procession of women in chains, sees one poor half-dead wretch drowned in the water hard by, another, stricken as he fled, sink down beneath the sudden wound, another breathe out his life at the tower's very gates; he rejoices that no respect is shown to grey hairs and that mother's breasts are drenched with their children's blood. Great is his pleasure thereat; from time to time he laughs and knows but one regret — that it is not his own hand that strikes. He sees the whole countryside (except for his own lands) ablaze, and has joy of his great wickedness, making no secret of the fact that the city's foes are his friends. It is his boast, moreover, that to him alone the enemy camp opened its gates, and that there was allowed right of parley between them. Whene'er he issued forth to arrange some wondrous truce his companions thronged him round and an armed band of dependents danced attendance on a civilian's standards. Rufinus himself in their midst drapes tawny skins of beasts about his breast (thorough in his barbarity), and uses harness and huge quivers and twanging bows like those of the Getæ — his dress openly showing the temper of his mind. One who drives a consul's

chariot and enjoys a consul's powers has no shame to adopt the manners and dress of barbarians; Roman law, obliged to change her noble garment, mourns her slavery to a skin-clad judge.

What looks then on men's faces! What furtive murmurs! For, poor wretches, they could not even weep nor, without risk, ease their grief in converse. "How long shall we bear this deadly yoke? What end shall there ever be to our hard lot? Who will free us from this death-fraught anarchy, this day of tears? On this side the barbarian hems us in, on that Rufinus oppresses us; land and sea are alike denied us. A pestilence stalks through the country: yes, but a deadlier terror haunts our houses. Stilicho, delay no more but succour thy dying land; of a truth here are thy children, here thy home, here were taken those first auspices for thy marriage, so blessed with children, here the palace was illumined with the torches of happy wedlock. Nay, come even though alone, thou for whom we long; wars will perish at thy sight and the ravening monster's rage subside."

Such were the tempests that vexed the turbulent East. But so soon as ever winter had given place to the winds of spring and the hills began to lose their covering of snow, Stilicho, leaving the fields of Italy in peace and safety, set in motion his two armies and hastened to the lands of the sunrise, combining the so different squadrons of Gaul and of the East. Never before did there meet together under one command such numerous bands, never in one army such a babel of tongues. Here were curly-haired Armenian cavalry, their green cloaks fastened with a loose knot, fierce Gauls with golden locks accompanied them, some from the banks of the swift-flowing Rhone, or the more sluggish Saône, some whose infant bodies Rhine's flood had laved, or who had been washed by the waves of the Garonne that flow more rapidly towards, than from, their source, whenever they are driven back by Ocean's full tide. One common purpose inspires them all; grudges lately harboured are laid aside; the vanquished feels no hate, the victor shows no pride. And despite of present unrest, of the trumpet's late challenge to civil strife, and of warlike rage still aglow, yet were all at one in their support of their great leader. So it is said that the army that followed Xerxes, gathered into one from all quarters of the world, drank up whole rivers in their courses, obscured the sun with the rain of their arrows, passed through mountains on board ship, and walked the bridged sea with contemptuous foot.

Scarce had Stilicho crossed the Alps when the barbarian hordes began to restrict their forays and for fear of his approach gathered together in the plain and enclosed their pasture lands within a defensive ring. They then built an impregnable fortification with a double moat, planted stakes two deep at intervals along its summit and set wagons rigged with ox-hide all round like a wall.

Panic fear seized upon Rufinus as he saw this from afar, and his cheeks grew pale. He stood with ice-cold face, not knowing whether to fly, to own himself beaten and sue for mercy, or go over to an enemy whose good faith

his treachery had assured. Of what use now were his riches, his vast stores of golden ore, his halls upheld with red marble pillars, his sky-towering palace? He hears of Stilicho's march and counts the days, measuring his term of life according to the distance of his enemy from him. He is troubled with thoughts of coming peace and cannot sleep, often starts up distraught from his bed and suffers as punishment the fear of punishment. But his fury repossesses him and, regaining his genius for crime, he enters the sacred portal of the rich palace and addresses Arcadius with prayers and threats: "By thy brother's royal star, by the deeds of thy divine sire and the flower of thine own age, I beg thee deliver me from the edge of the sword; let me escape the cruel threatenings of Stilicho. All Gaul is sworn to my destruction. Tethys' extreme coasts, the wandering tribes beyond the farthest Britons are stirred up against me. Am I thought fit prey for all those armies? Are so many standards advanced against a solitary man? Whence comes this lust for blood? Stilicho lays claim to either hemisphere and will brook no equal. The world forsooth must lie at his feet. Italy is his kingdom, Libya his dominion, Spain and Gaul his empire. The sun's path circumscribes him not, no nor the whole universe. All the wealth collected here by Theodosius or received by him after the war is Stilicho's alone, and he has small mind to restore what he has once acquired. Is he to enjoy his gains in peace and quietness while 'tis mine to stand a siege? Why should he encroach on thy share? Let him leave Illyria, send back his Eastern troops, divide the hosts fairly between the two brothers, and do thou not be heir to the sceptre only but to thy forces. But if thou neglect to come to mine aid and make not ready to prevent my death, this head of mine shall not fall alone — by the dead and the stars I swear it. The blood of another shall be mingled with mine. I will not go unaccompanied to the waters of Styx nor shall the victor be free to exult in my death."

So saying he dictates a treasonable letter and sends therewith an emissary to bear the message extorted from the emperor's unwilling lips.

Meanwhile Stilicho, exulting in the thought of advancing upon the foe and of the narrow stretch of country that separated him from the fortifications, inflames with his words the hearts of his troops already thirsting for battle. On the left wing are posted the Armenians, farther to the right the Gauls. A beholder might have seen bits covered with warm foam, clouds of dust uprising, and on all sides waving banners bearing the device of a scarlet dragon; the very air seemed to teem with these fierce flying monsters. The glint of steel fills all Thessaly and the cave of the wise Centaur; the river whose banks supported Achilles' baby footsteps and the forests of Oeta are agleam with arms, snowy Ossa re-echoes to the sound and Olympus smitten therewith sends it back twofold. Neither precipice nor deep river could check their advance: their headlong speed would have overthrown all barriers.

If the two armies had then joined battle in this temper ruined Greece would not have witnessed such disaster as she did, the cities of the Peloponnese would still have been flourishing untouched by the hand of war, Arcadia and

Sparta's citadel would have remained unravaged. Burning Corinth would not have heated the waves of her two seas, nor would cruel chains have led in captivity the matrons of Athens. That day might have set an end to our disasters and destroyed the seeds of future calamities. For shame, envious Fortune, of what a triumph didst thou rob us! The kingly mandate came to Stilicho in arms amid the cavalry and the trumpets' din.

He stood amazed; anger and great grief o'erwhelm the hero and he wonders that such power for ill is allowed a coward. His wavering mind ponders the uncertain issue: shall he continue his advance or fail his brave beginnings? He longs to stem Illyria's ruin but fears to disobey orders. Loyalty annuls the prickings-on of valour. The public good urges him one way, fear of the emperor's displeasure another. At length in his distress he raises his hands to heaven and speaks from deep within his heart: "Ye gods not yet glutted with Rome's destruction, if ye will that our empire be utterly uprooted, if ye have resolved to blot out all the centuries with one blow, if ye repent you of the race of man, then let the sea's unrestrained fury burst forth upon the land or let Phaëthon, deviating from his ordained course, drive his straying chariot at random. Shall Rufinus be your tool? 'Twere shame that such an one should be the author of the world's destruction. O the grief of it! recalled in mid fight; forced to lay down the swords we have drawn! Cities marked out for the flames, walls doomed to destruction, I call you to witness: see, I retire; I leave the unhappy world to its fate. Turn your banners, captains; to your homes, soldiers of the east. Needs must we obey. Silence, ye clarions; men, forbear to shoot. The foe is at hand, spare him; 'tis Rufinus' command."

At these words an unanimous roar went up from all the companies. With less din are the cliffs of Ceraunia buffeted by the Italian sea or the thunders evoked from the western winds' wet storm-clouds. They will not separate, and demand the battle of which they have been defrauded. East and west claim the leadership of that illustrious chief. It is a contest of affection; insubordination that none can blame threatens to sap the loyalty of both armies who thus utter their common complaint: "Who is it robs us of our drawn swords? Who strikes the lance from our hand and bids us unstring the bent bow? Who dares dictate to an army under arms? Valour once roused knows no abatement. Spears thirsting for barbarian blood cast themselves from out our hands; our headlong blades force our vengeful arms to follow them; our very scabbards refuse to sheath an unblooded sword. I will not bear it. Shall the Getae ever profit by our dissension? Behold once more the shadow of civil war. Why dost thou seek to separate armies whose blood is one, standards of immemorial alliance? We are a body one and indivisible. Thee will we follow whithersoever thou goest; thee will we accompany even as far as Thule lying icebound beneath the pole-star, or to the burning sands of Libya. Should thy path be by the waters of Ind, or the bays of the Red Sea, I would go drink Hydaspes' golden stream. Shouldst thou bid me fare south and search out the hidden sources of the stripling Nile, I would leave behind me the world I

know. Wheresoever Stilicho plants his tent there is my fatherland.”

But Stilicho said them nay: “Cease, I beg you,” he cried, “stay your eager hands. Suffer to disperse the mountain of hatred that towers over me. I hold not victory so dear that I would fain seem to win it for myself. Loyal gentlemen, so long my fellow-soldiers, get you gone.” He said no more but turned away, as a lion loath to retire makes off with empty maw when the serried spears and the burning branches in the hands of the shepherd band drive him back and he droops his mane and closes his downcast eyes and with a disappointed roar pushes his way through the trembling forest.

When the armies saw that they had been parted and left, they groaned deeply and bedewed their helmets with a stream of tears. The sighs that refused egress to their smothered words shook the strong fastenings of their breastplates. “We are betrayed,” they cried, “and forbidden to follow him we love so well. Dost thou despise, matchless chief, thine own right hands which have so often won thee the victory? Are we thus vile? Is the Western sky to be the happier which has won the right to enjoy thy rule? What boots it to return to our country, to see once more our children dear after so long an absence, to live again in the home we love? Without thee is no joy. Now must I face the tyrant’s dread wrath; mayhap e’en now he is making ready against me some wicked snare and will make me a slave to the foul Huns or restless Alans. Yet is not my strength altogether perished nor so complete my powerlessness to wield the sword. Rest thou beneath the sun’s westering course, Stilicho, thou art still ever our general, and though we be not together thou shalt still know our loyalty. Long has a victim been owed thee; he shall be sacrificed and thou placated by an immolation promised of old.”

Sad at heart the army left Thessaly, reached the borders of Macedon, and arrived before the walls of Thessalonica. Indignation deep hid in their hearts prepares the silent wrath of revenge. They look for a place where they may wreak their vengeance and a moment propitious for the blow, and of all that vast army not one is found to divulge with incautious speech his heart’s intent. What succeeding age and time but will marvel that a plot so widespread could be kept hid, a deed of such vast import concealed; that the ardour of their minds was not rendered of no avail by the chance word of a soldier on the march or a drunkard’s babbling? But discretion ruled all alike and the people’s secret was kept. The army crossed the Hebrus, left Rhodope behind, and struck across the uplands of Thrace until it came to the city called after Hercules.

When Rufinus learned that Stilicho had retired and that his troops were approaching he held his head high in triumph, believing everything safe, and, anxious to seize the power, inflamed his traitorous minions with this speech: “We have conquered; have driven off our enemy; empire is within my grasp, nor have we anything to fear from the foe. Will one who dared not approach me when I stood alone defeat me now that I am strengthened by the addition of so great a force? Who could stand against him armed whom unarmed he

could not conquer? Plot my destruction in exile, friend Stilicho. What harm can that do so long as a vast stretch of country divide us and Nereus' waves thunder between? Thou shalt have no chance of crossing the rocky Alps while I live. Transfix me from thence with thine arrows, if thou canst. Seek in thy fury a sword that from Italy shall reach my city's walls. Does not the experience and the example of those who have tried before deter thee? Who that has dared approach can boast escape from my hands? I have driven thee from the centre of the civilized world and at the same time deprived thee of thy great army. Now, my friends, is come the time for feasting and making ready bountiful gifts and bestowing gold upon these new legions. Tomorrow's light dawns prosperously for my purpose. Needs must the emperor will what he would not and bid a portion of his empire to be given to me. Mine alone be the happy fortune to rise above a private estate and yet escape the charge of tyranny."

To such words they shout acclaim — that vile band of traitors, waxed fat on plunder, whom one principle makes fellows with Rufinus, the holding nothing unlawful, and whose bond of friendship is to guard guilt in silence. Straightway they joyfully promise themselves foreign wives and all to no purpose forecast the booty they will win and the cities they will sack.

Night had begun to soothe human toils in her deep bosom and sleep had spread his black wings when Rufinus, whose mind had long been a prey to anxiety, sank into a troubled slumber. Scarce had quiet fastened on his heart when, lo, he sees flit before his eyes the dread ghosts of those whom he had killed. Of them one, more distinct than the rest, seemed thus to address him: "Up from thy couch! why schemes thine anxious mind further? This coming day shall bring thee rest and end thy toils. High above the people shalt thou be raised, and happy crowds shall carry thee in their arms." Such was the ambiguous prophecy of the ghost, but Rufinus observed not the hidden omen and saw not it foretold the elevation of his severed head upon a spear.

Now Lucifer touched the peak of Haemus with his rays and Titan urged his hastening wheel quicker than his wont, so soon to see at last the death of Rufinus. Rufinus himself leapt from his bed and bade make ready the capacious palace with regal splendour in preparation for the feast; the gold to be given in largesse he ordered to be stamped with his own fateful image. Himself went to welcome the troops returning from the battle in kingly pride and arrogance above a prince's. Sure now of empire he wore a woman's raiment about his neck; as though the purple already clothed his limbs and the jewelled crown blazed upon his brow.

Hard by a crowded quarter of the city of Constantinople, towards the south, there lies a plain. The rest is surrounded by the sea which here allows itself to be parted by a narrow way. Here the avenging army, bright with the panoply of the war god, disposes its squadrons. On the left stands the infantry. Over against them the cavalry seek to restrain their eager steeds by holding tight the reins. Here nod the savage waving plumes whose wearers rejoice to shake the

flashing colours of their shoulder-armour; for steel clothes them on and gives them their shape; the limbs within give life to the armour's pliant scales so artfully conjoined, and strike terror into the beholder. 'Tis as though iron statues moved and men lived cast from that same metal. The horses are armed in the same way; their heads are encased in threatening iron, their forequarters move beneath steel plates protecting them from wounds; each stands alone, a pleasure yet a dread to behold, beautiful, yet terrible, and as the wind drops the parti-coloured dragons sink with relaxing coils into repose.

The emperor first salutes the hallowed standards; Rufinus follows him, speaking with that crafty voice wherewith he deceived all, praising their devoted arms and addressing each by name. He tells those who have returned that their sons and fathers are still alive. The soldiers, observing a feigned rivalry in asking questions, begin to extend their long lines behind his back and to join up the ends so as to form a circle unnoticed by Rufinus. The space in the centre grows smaller and the wings meeting with serried shields gradually form into one lessening circle. Even so the huntsman surrounds the grassy glades with his widespread snares: so the spoiler of the ocean drives to land the frightened fish, narrowing the circuit of his nets and closing up all possible ways of egress. All others they exclude. In his eagerness he notes not yet that he is being surrounded and, strongly seizing his robe, chides the hesitating emperor: let him mount the lofty platform and declare him sharer in his sceptre, partaker in his dignities — when suddenly they draw their swords and above the rest there rang out a mighty voice: "Basest of the base, didst thou hope to cast upon *us* the yoke of slavery? Knowest thou not whence I return? Shall I allow myself to be called another's servant, I who gave laws to others and restored the reign of liberty? Two civil wars have I quenched, twice forced the barrier of the Alps. These many battles have taught me to serve no tyrant."

Rufinus stood rooted to earth. There is no hope of escape, for a forest of flashing spears hems him in. Shut in on the right hand and on the left he stood and gazed in wonder on the drawn blades of the armed throng; as a beast who has lately left his native hills, driven in exile from the wooded mountains and condemned to the gladiatorial shows, rushes into the arena while over against him the gladiator, heartened by the crowd's applause kneels and holds out his spear. The beast, alarmed at the noise, gazes with head erect upon the rows of seats in the amphitheatre and hears with amazement the murmuring of the crowd.

Then one more daring than the rest drew his sword and leapt forward from the crowd and with fierce words and flashing eye rushed upon Rufinus crying: "It is the hand of Stilicho whom thou vauntest that thou didst expel that smites thee; his sword, which thou thoughtest far away, that pierces thy heart." So spake he and transfixing Rufinus' side with a well-deserved thrust.

Happy the hand that first spilt such vile blood and poured out vengeance for a world made weary. Straightway all pierce him with their spears and tear

quivering limb from limb; one single body warms all these weapons with its blood; shame to him whose sword returns unstained therewith. They stamp on that face of greed and while yet he lives pluck out his eyes; others seize and carry off his severed arms. One cuts off the foot, another wrenches a shoulder from the torn sinews; one lays bare the ribs of the cleft spine, another his liver, his heart, his still panting lungs. There is not space enough to satisfy their anger nor room to wreak their hate. Scarce when death had been accomplished do they leave him; his body is hacked in pieces and the fragments borne on the soldiers' spears. Thus red with blood ran the Boeotian mountain when the Maenads caused Pentheus' destruction or when Latona's daughter seen by Actaeon betrayed the huntsman, suddenly transformed into a stag, to the fury of her Molossian hounds. Dost thou hope, Fortune, thus to right thy wrongs? seekest thou to atone by this meting out of punishment for favour ill bestowed? Dost thou with one death make payment for ten thousand murders? Come, portion out Rufinus' corpse among the lands he has wronged. Give the Thracians his head; let Greece have as her due his body. What shall be given the rest? Give but a limb apiece, there are not enough for the peoples he has ruined.

The citizens leave the town and hasten exulting to the spot from every quarter, old men and girls among them whom nor age nor sex could keep at home. Widows whose husbands he had killed, mothers whose children he had murdered hurry to the joyful scene with eager steps. They are fain to trample the torn limbs and stain their deep pressed feet with the blood. So, too, they eagerly hurl a shower of stones at the monstrous head, nodding from the summit of the spear that transfixed it as it was carried back in merited splendour to the city. Nay his hand too, made over to their mockery, goes abegging for alms, and with its awful gains pays the penalty for his greedy soul, while forced, in mimicry of its living clutch, to draw up the fingers by their sinews.

Put not now your trust in prosperity; learn that the gods are inconstant and heaven untrustworthy. That hand which sought to wield a sceptre, which a humbled nobility stooped so often to kiss, now torn from its wretched trunk and left long unburied begs after death a baneful alms. Let him gaze on this whoso carries his head high in pride of prosperity, see trodden under foot at the cross-roads him who built pyramids for himself and a tomb, large as a temple, to the glory of his own ghost. He who trusted to be clothed in Tyrian purple is now a naked corpse and food for birds. See, he who owns the world lies denied six foot of earth, half covered with a sprinkling of dust, given no grave yet given so many.

Heaven knew of his death and earth is freed of her hated burden, now that the stars can breathe again. His shade oppresses the rivers of Hell. Old Aeacus shudders and Cerberus bays to stop, in this case, the *entry* of a ghost. Then those shades which he had sent to death beneath his cruel laws flock round him and hale him away with horrid shoutings to the tribunal of the gloomy

judge: even as bees whom a shepherd has disturbed swarm round his head when he would rob them of their sweet honey, and flutter their wings and put forth their stings, making them ready for battle in the fastnesses of their little rock, and seek to defend the crevices of their home, their beloved pumice-stone cave, swarming over the honeycombs therein.

There is a place where the unhallowed rivers of Cocytus and Phlegethon mingle their dread streams of tears and fire. Between the rivers yet nearer to that of Phlegethon there juts a tower stiff with solid adamant that bathes its left side in the flames; its right hand wall extends into Cocytus' stream and echoes the lamentation of the river of tears. Hither come all the children of men whose life is ended; here there abide no marks of earthly fortune; no reverence is shown; the common beggar ousts the king, now stripped of his empty tittle. Seen afar on his lofty throne the judge Minos examines the charges and separates the wicked from the righteous. Those whom he sees unwilling to confess their sins he remits to the lash of his stern brother; for he, Rhadamanthus, is busy close at hand. When he has closely examined the deeds of their earthly life and all that they did therein, he suits the punishment to their crimes and makes them undergo the bonds of dumb animals. The spirits of the cruel enter into bears, of the rapacious into wolves, of the treacherous into foxes. Those, on the other hand, who were ever sunk in sloth, sodden with wine, given to venery, sluggish from excesses, he compelled to enter the fat bodies of filthy swine. Was any above measure talkative, a betrayer of secrets, he was carried off, a fish, to live in the waters amid his kind, that in eternal silence he might atone for his garrulity. When for thrice a thousand years he had forced these through countless diverse shapes, he sends them back once more to the beginnings of human form purged at last with Lethe's stream.

So then while he settles these suits, dread business of that infernal court, while he examines in due order the criminals of old, he marks afar Rufinus, scans him with a stern scrutiny and speaks, shaking his throne to its foundation. "Hither, Rufinus, scourge of the world, bottomless sink of gold who wouldst dare aught for money; hither conscienceless seller of justice (that crime of crimes), faithless cause of that northern war whose thousand slaughtered victims now throng Hell's narrow entry and weigh down Charon's crowded barque. Madman, why deny what all know? The foul stains of wickedness are branded upon thy heart, thy crimes have made their impress on thy spirit and thy sins cannot be hid. Right glad I am to sentence thee to every kind of punishment. O'er thee shall hang the threatening rock the moment of whose fall thou knowest not. The circling wheel shall rack thee. Thy lips the stream's waves shall flee, thirst shall parch thee to whose chin its elusive waters mount. The vulture shall leave his former prey and feast for ever on thy heart. And yet all these, Rufinus, whom the like punishments torment, how paltry their wickedness compared with thine! Did bold Salmoneus' thunderbolt or Tantalus' tongue ever do like wrong or Tityos so

offend with his mad love? Join all their crimes together yet wilt thou surpass them. What sufficient atonement can be found for such wickedness? What to match thy sum of crimes whose single misdeeds outmatch all punishment? Shades, remove from this our ghostly company that presence that disgraces it. To have seen once is enough. Have mercy now on our eyes, and cleanse the realm of Dis. Drive him with whips beyond the Styx, beyond Erebus; thrust him down into the empty pit beneath the lightless prison of the Titans, below the depths of Tartarus and Chaos' own realm, where lie the foundations of thickest midnight; deep hidden there let him live while ever the vault of heaven carries round the stars and the winds beat upon the land."

The War Against Gildo

The kingdom of the south is restored to our empire, the sky of that other hemisphere is once more brought into subjection. East and West live in amity and concord beneath the sway of one ruler. We have joined Europe again to Africa, and unswerving singleness of purpose unites the brother emperors. The would-be third participant of empire has fallen before the prowess of Honorius the son — that one victory that failed to grace the arms of Theodosius, the father. Still is my mind troubled and admits not the universal joy for very amazement, nor can believe the fulfilment of its heartfelt prayers. Not yet had the army landed upon Africa's coasts when Gildo yielded to defeat. No difficulties delayed our victorious arms, neither length of march nor intervening ocean. One and the same word brings news of the conflict, the flight, the capture of Gildo. The news of victory outstripped the news of the war that occasioned it. What god wrought this for us? Could madness so strong, so deep-seated be overcome so soon? The enemy whom early winter brought upon us, spring destroyed.

Rome, the goddess, fearing for her city's destruction and weak with corn^o withheld, hastened to the threshold of revolving Olympus with looks unlike her own; not with such countenance does she assign laws to the Britons, or subject the frightened Indians to her rule. Feeble her voice, slow her step, her eyes deep buried. Her cheeks were sunken and hunger had wasted her limbs. Scarcely can her weak shoulders support her unpolished shield. Her ill-fitting helmet shows her grey hairs and the spear she carries is a mass of rust. At last she reaches heaven and falls at the Thunderer's feet and utters this mournful complaint: "If prophecy rightly foretold the permanence of the rising walls of Rome; if the Sibyl's verse is unalterable; if thou art not yet wearied of our city and the Capitol, I come to thee as a suppliant. My prayer is not that a consul may march in triumph along Araxes' banks, nor that Rome's power may crush the archer Persians and Susa their capital, nor yet that we may plant our standards on the Red Sea's strand. All this thou grantedst us of old. 'Tis but food I, Rome, ask for now; father, take pity on thy chosen race and ease us of this hunger unto death. Whatever thy displeasure, we have surely sated it. The very Getae would shudder at my disasters. What need have I to mention the pestilence, the heaps of corpses, the numberless deaths wherewith the very air is corrupted? Why tell of Tiber's flooded stream, sweeping betwixt roofs and threatening the very hills? My submerged city has borne mighty ships, echoed the sound of oars, and experienced Pyrrha's flood.

"Woe is me, whither are fled the power of Latium and the might of Rome? To what a shadow of our former glory are we by gradual decline arrived! Time was when my men bore arms and my greybeards met in council; mistress of the world was I and lawgiver to mankind. From rising to setting sun I sped in triumph. When proud Caesar had transferred my people's power

to himself, when manners became corrupt and forgetful of war's old discipline I declined into the servile lap of peace, the emperors rewarded me with Africa and Egypt that they might nourish the sovereign people and the Senate, arbiter of peace and war, by means of summer-spiced fleets, and that the winds, blowing alternately from either shore, should fill our granaries with corn. Our provisioning was secure. Should Memphis perchance have denied us food, I would make up for the failure of Egypt's harvest by the African supply. I saw competition between grain-bearing vessels, and where'er I looked I beheld the fleet of Carthage strive in rivalry with that of the Nile. When a second Rome arose and the Eastern Empire assumed the toga of the West, Egypt fell beneath that new sway. Africa remained our only hope and scarcely did she suffice to feed us, whose corn-ships none but the south wind wafted across. Her promise for the future was insecure, as, ever helpless, she demanded the loyalty of the wind and of the season. This province, too, Gildo seized towards the close of autumn. Anxiously and prayerfully we scan the blue sea to glance a coming sail in the fond hope that perchance a sense of shame has extorted somewhat from the powerful tyrant, or the conqueror left some corner unconquered. We are fed at the pleasure of the Moor, who boasts that he does not repay a debt but that he gives us of his own, and rejoices to apportion out my daily food to me, as though I were his slave; with a barbarian's pride he weighs me life or death by hunger, triumphs in a people's tears, and holds above our heads an universal destruction. He sells Rome's crops and possesses land won by my wounds. Was it for this that I waged lamentable war with proud Carthage for so many years? For this that Regulus reckoned his life as naught and would fain return to his captors? Is this my reward, father, for my losses on Cannae's field? Have the Spanish and Sicilian seas resounded so often to our navies' clarion for naught? For naught my lands been laid waste, so many of my generals slain, the Carthaginian invader broken his way through the Alps, Hannibal approached my affrighted capital? Have I kept the foe at bay with my walls and spent nights of slaughter before the Colline gate to enable a barbarian to reap the fruits of conquered Africa? Has thrice-conquered Carthage fallen for Gildo's benefit? Was this the object of mourning Italy's thousand disasters, of centuries spent in war, of Fabius' and Marcellus' deeds of daring — that Gildo should heap him up riches? We forced cruel Syphax to drink poison, drove fierce Iugurtha, whose power Metellus had broken, beneath Marius' yoke — and shall Africa be Gildo's? Alas for our toil and those many deaths: the two Scipios have laboured, it seems, to further Bocchus' native rule; Roman blood has given victory to the Moors. That long warlike race, lord of the world, that appointed consuls and kings, whom foreign nations found ever formidable in war, though gentle once they had been subdued, dishonoured now and poverty-stricken, bends beneath the cruel lash of peace, and though not openly beleaguered by any foe yet has all the hazard of a siege. Destruction threatens me hourly; a few days will set a limit to my uncertain food-supply. Out upon thee, prosperity! Why

hast thou given me seven hills and such a population as a small supply cannot nourish? Happier I, had my power been less. Better to have put up with the Sabines and Veii; in narrower bonds I passed securer days. My very magnitude undoes me; would that I could return to my former boundaries and the walls of poor Ancus. Enough for me then would be the ploughlands of Etruria and Campania, the farms of Cincinnatus and Curius, and at his country's prayer the rustic dictator would bring his home-grown wheat.

"What am I to do now? Gildo holds Libya, another Egypt; while I, who subdued land and sea with my strong arm, am left to perish. Veteran of so many wars, can I claim no reward in mine old age? Ye gods in whose respite, it seems, I increased, now aid me at the last; pray Jove for me. And thou, Cybele, if ever of thine own free will thou wert carried over the sea and in exchange for Mount Ida tookest the hills of Rome and didst bathe thy Phrygian lions in Almo's more favoured stream, move now thy son with a mother's entreaties. But if the fates forbid and our first founder was misled by augury untrue, o'erwhelm me at least in some different ruin, and change the nature of my punishment. Let Porsenna bring back the Tarquins; let Allia renew her bloody battle. Let me fall rather into the hands of cruel Pyrrhus; abandon me to the fury of the Senones or the flames of Brennus. Welcome all this rather than to starve!

So spake she, and upwelling tears choked her voice. Venus, mother of Aeneas, wept, and Mars, father of Romulus and Minerva, mindful of Vesta's sacred charge. Nor Cybele nor Juno stood with dry eyes. The heroes mourn and all the gods whose worship Rome received from without or herself inaugurated. And now began the heart of Jove to soften. With hand outstretched he was checking the murmurings of the gods when, shaking heaven with distraught cries, Africa, her cheeks torn, appeared in the distance advancing amid the stars. Torn was her raiment, scattered her crown of corn. Her head was wounded and the ivory comb that secured her hair hung loose and broken. She rushed into Heaven's halls shouting thus: "Great Jove, why delayest thou to loose the bonds of sea, to break its decree and hurl thy brother in wrath against the land? May I be the first to be overwhelmed. Welcome the broken waters from Pachynus' cape; sink my cities in the freed Syrtes. If so be fate cannot rid me of Gildo, rid Gildo of me. Happier that region of Libya that defends itself by means of its own excessive heat and thus knows not the irksome rule of so savage a tyrant. Let the torrid zone spread. Let the midmost path of the scorching sky burn me also. Better I lay a desert nor ever suffered the plough. Let the dust-snake lord it in a cornless land and the thirsty earth give birth to nought but vipers. What avails me a healthy climate, a milder air? My fruitfulness is but for Gildo. Twelve courses has the sun's chariot run since first I wore this sorry yoke. He has now grown old amid our miseries and these many years have set their seal upon his rule. Rule — would it were rule: a private owner possesses me, as it had been some pelting farm. From Nile to Atlas' mount, from scorched Barce to western Gades, from Tingi to

Egypt's coast Gildo has appropriated the land as his own. A third of the world belongs to one robber-chief.

"He is a prey to the most diverse vices: whatsoever his bottomless greed has stolen, a yet more insatiable profligacy squanders. He is the terror of the living, the heir of the dead, the violator of the unwed, and the foul corrupter of the marriage-bed. He is never quiet; when greed is sated lust is rampant; day is a misery to the rich, night to the married. Is any wealthy or known to possess a beautiful wife, he is overwhelmed by some trumped-up charge. If no charge be brought against him, he is asked to a banquet and there murdered. No form of death but is known to this artist in crime. He investigates the properties of different poisons and serpents' livid venom and knows of deadly herbs unknown even to stepmothers. If any condemns what he sees by a look or sighs with too much freedom, at the very festal board out darts some henchman with drawn sword at a nod from his master. Each glued to his seat tastes in silent fear of the deadly banquet; drains, pale of face, the treacherous cup, and looks around at the weapons that threaten his life. The deadly board is decked in infernal splendour, wet with slaughter, dreadful with fear of sword and suspected poison. When wine has inflamed the passions, his lust rages more savagely; 'midst the mingled smell of scents and flowers, 'midst curled minions and youthful choirs he bids go sport the widowed wives whose husbands he but a moment ago has murdered. Better Phalaris and the torments of his furnace, better to listen to the bellowings of the Sicilian bull than to such songs as these. Nor is the base sacrifice of their good name enough. When tired of each noblest matron Gildo hands her over to the Moors. Married in Carthage city these Sidonian mothers needs must mate with barbarians. He thrusts upon me an Ethiopian as a son-in-law, a Berber as a husband. The hideous half-breed child affrights its cradle. Thanks to those base allies his state is more regal than that of the emperor himself. Before him goes a body of foot-soldiers, squadrons of cavalry surround him and client kings whom he enriches with our spoils. He drives one and all from their ancestral houses and expels husbandmen from farms so long theirs. My people are scattered in exile. Are my citizens never to return from their wanderings to their native soil?"

She would have spoken further in her grief had not Jove begun from his lofty throne — Atropos wrote down his words in adamant and Lachesis spun them in with her thread— "Neither thou, Rome, nor yet thou, Africa, will we suffer to go long unavenged. Honorius shall disperse your common foe. Go in peace. No violence shall part your companionship; Africa shall serve Rome, and Rome alone."

He spake and breathed into Rome a youth renewed. Straightway her former strength returned, and her hair put off its grey of eld; her helmet grew solid, upright stood the plumes, the round shield shone once more, and gone was every trace of rust from her wingèd, gleaming spear.

Sleep was now driving the dew-drenched steeds of night, guiding them

with the reins of Lethe and carrying round the stars in her silent course, when the elder and the younger Theodosius, chief among the heroes divine, came to bring peace to men. They bore Jove's secret message and mandate to the two brothers and ratified the treaty between the two empires. So when at dead of night the driving tempest has brought the helmsman's skill to nought and the sinking ship groans and shudders at the waves' ceaseless shock, Leda's Spartan-born sons sustain the foundering bark in answer to the sailors' prayers. At the rise of the full moon the twain parted. The elder directed his steps towards the coasts of Italy, the younger visited the couch of Arcadius, gliding down to that Eastern city where Bosphorus narrows the entrance to the Euxine. As soon as the son saw his father (for the moon was shining brightly), he wept, yet trembled for joy, and embracing that form he had little hoped ever to embrace again, said: "O thou restored now to me for the first time since thy triumphs in the Alps, whence comest thou to thy loving son? Let me touch that hand that had conquered so many barbarian races! Who hath robbed the world of such a defender? How long a while has mankind prayed thine aid, and missed thy goodness and thy might!"

Sighing, the father made answer "Was it for this? Is a Moor become a cause of discord between two brothers? Does the empire and court of the East quarrel with those of the West? Can Gildo's salvation be fit guerdon for this mad rivalry? Great no doubt are his virtues, great should be the price paid to preserve them and such his merits as to banish affection in a brother. Look you, though I, thy sire, willed it not, civil war raged; the fortunes of Rome stood on a razor's edge. Was there a distant king of Armenia, an unknown monarch by Maeotis' shore but sent aid to mine enterprises? The Getae gave me succour, the Geloni came to my assistance. Gildo alone sent not a man, not a ship, but waited the issue in wavering loyalty. Had he sought the confronting host as an open foe my wrath had been less bitter. He stood apart on Fortune's watch-tower and, withdrawn from the throng, weighed this side against that, meaning to let the event decide him, dependent upon the turn things might take and ready to embrace the side of the victor. His fortune hung in the balance as well as his intention. Had I not been hurried to heaven by the impatient stars I would have followed the example of Tullus Hostilius and dragged the impious wretch limb from limb fastened to chariots driven different ways through thorn bushes. Up to this time he has owed obedience to thy brother, now behold he spurns his commands. After thy father's and thy brother's fate art thou ready to trust thyself to such a villain? Is thine answer that he maketh great return and hath brought over many cities to thine allegiance? Shall honour, then, give place to utility? Can gain render treachery welcome? I make no mention of his cruel betrayal of thy brother; of his fickle nature; were a traitor to bring safety even when at peril's height death threatened, never shall he win gratitude. When our life is saved we condemn the treachery nor brook to entrust ourselves to such protection. 'Tis this sort that offers for purchase cities and their inhabitants, that sells its fatherland.

Most make use of such for the moment but soon learn to hate them. 'Twas thus that Philip held the cities of Greece; liberty fell before the attack of the Macedonian gold. Rome has ever despised the ministers of guilt. Fabricius, discovering the plot, sent back to King Pyrrhus the slave who had promised to mingle deadly poison for his lord; fierce war raged between them, but Fabricius refused to end it by means of the treachery of a slave. Camillus, too, gave back to the beleaguered city the boys brought to his camp from out the walls.

"These were consigned to punishment for seeking to put an end to wars. Is Gildo to live that he may kindle them? Takest thou such measures against thy brother as another would disdain to take against an enemy? O shame for unending ages! Gildo entrusts the governance of the south to whom he will; the great province of Africa obeys a tyrant's whim. To whichever side his fickle mind inclines, he carries Libya over with him and malignantly subjects it to a rule shifting as the tide. Africa was the gift of the Moor. Away with the trickery of the Massyli, their treacherous wives and their words that breathe forth the poison of their land. Let not brother wage war on brother, I pray. That were worthy of cruel Thebes and Mycenae; let that accusation be levelled against the Moors.

"What wrong is Stilicho devising? when did he fail in his obedience? than him what more loyal supporter have we? I will not mention the various brave deeds he did while yet with me; of those only I will tell which I saw after my death. When I was raised to heaven disorder — I admit it — and tumult did I leave behind me. The army was still drawing the forbidden sword in that Alpine war, and conquerors and conquered gave alternate cause for dissension. Scarce could this madness have been calmed by my vigilance, much less by a boy's rule. Ah, how I feared for you what the uncontrolled might of such vast armies might dare, when, your sire removed, there came the fevered delight in change! Dangerous was discord, more dangerous still unanimity. 'Twas then that Stilicho took my place in paternal love for thee, tended thine immature youth, and brought thee to the years and estate of an emperor. 'Twas he drove back Rufinus whom thou didst confess thou fearedst. Gratitude and loyalty I find in him alone. Did I want or seem to want aught, while yet I lived he accomplished it. Now I am dead he worships me as worthy of veneration and an ever present helper. If the thought of his goodness move thee not, at least show respect to thy brother's father-in-law: bethink thee of Honorius' marriage, the royal espousal of my niece Serena. Thou oughtest to face thy brother's foes, he thine. Could any nation, could the combined forces of Rhine and Danube have stood against you twain allied? Enough! bring about but the defeat of Gildo: I ask nought else. Though he entrench himself behind the protecting Syrtes and rely for safety on the intervening ocean; though he think to be defended by reason of his serpent-infested country and the fierce sun's mid-day heat, yet well I know Stilicho's ingenuity — that mind of his equal to any emergency. He will force his way

through the desert, his own greatness will lead him.”

Thus spake the dead emperor, whereon thus the son answered: “Right willingly, father, will I fulfill thy commands: ever ready am I to welcome thy behests. None is dearer to me than my kinsman Stilicho. Let the impious Gildo atone for his wrongs, and Africa be restored to my brother still safer than before.”

While father and son thus debated in long converse, Theodosius the grandfather made his way to Italy and entered the chaste bedchamber where on his couch of Tyrian purple Honorius lay in sweet sleep by the side of his wife Maria. At his head he stood and thus spake to him in a dream. “What rash confidence is this, dear grandson, that fills the conquered Moors? Does the mad race descended from Juba, the people whom I subdued, once more conspire to oppose Rome’s power and recommence the war with its conqueror’s grandson? Have they forgotten the defeat of Firmus? Do they think to repossess Libya won back by the sweat of battle? Dares Gildo strive with Rome? Does he not fear his brother’s fate? Fain would I go myself, old though I be, and show him the face he knows but too well. Will not the Moor flee my very shade, should he behold it? Why delayest thou? Up from thy bed; attack the rebel; give me back my prisoner; waste no more time. ’Tis Fate’s gift to thy family. While yet the race of Theodosius treads the earth the palace of Bocchus shall go in fear. Let the spoils of Gildo be added to those of Firmus; let the bays of Mauretania deck chariots twain and one house triumph thus many times over one race. Thanks be to the gods who have interposed so many years between the sacrifice of Firmus to my arms and that of Firmus’ brother to those of my grandson.” He spake, then fled, as he felt the breath of the approaching dawn.

Then emulous courage roused the emperor with insistent goad. He burns to set sail, to cleave the main, to assail with the spear the distant Moors. So he summons his father-in-law and clasping his hand asks what course of action he advises. “Full often, reverend sire, is the future revealed to me in dreams; many a night brings prophecy. Methought I surrounded in hunting the distant glades of Africa and scoured the Gaetulian mountains with my hounds. The district was distressed by reason of the incursions of a ravaging lion. On all sides were slaughtered beasts and mangled heifers, and still their homesteads ran red with blood, and corpses of many a shepherd lay weltering in the bloody fields. I approached the beast’s cave and saw a sight wonderful to relate. Gone was that noble form, drooping on the neck the threatening mane; there he crouched, defeated, humbled, with slavish moans; fetters were upon his paws and a chain clanked of a sudden on his neck. Now, too, my grandsire eagerly urges me to rival his triumphs with my own. Why, he asked, did I delay and hesitate so long? Already my ships should have been manned and the sea’s threatened opposition overcome. I myself am ready to cross in the first vessel. Let every foreign nation that is bound beneath my rule come to our aid. Let all Germany be transported and the Sygambri come with allied

fleet. Let trembling Africa now have experience of the dwellers on Rhine's banks. Or shall I sit here and submit to such disgrace? Shall I relinquish, now that I am a man, what I ruled and governed as a boy? Twice my father hurried to the Alps to defend another's realm. Am I to be an easy prey, an object of scorn?

He ended and Stilicho thus made answer: "Wilt thou, an emperor, deign to challenge a Moor to fight? Is that coward to have the consolation of death in battle at thy hand? Shall Honorius fight on our side and Gildo on the other? Ere that, chaos shall plunge the stars into Hell. 'Tis enough to command his punishment. Thy name shall strike greater terror into him than thy sword. Presence will minish awe; he who stands in the lists admits equality, and struggling hosts regard not majesty. Listen and I will tell thee something at once more profitable for thyself and of more effect against the enemy. 389Gildo has a brother of like descent but unlike in character, Mascezel, who, avoiding the evil courses of his brother, has entrusted his hopes and his life to thy keeping. When Gildo, after many vain attempts, found no means to kill Mascezel, he turned his anger from the father to the children and slew those whom he himself had nursed as infants in his arms; then cast aside their unburied bodies and refused sepulchre to the shades of those that had been his kin. The bloody tyrant stifled all natural feelings, forgot he was a brother, forgot he was a man, and begrudged the slain a handful of dust. 'Twas a like deed brought its ill repute upon Mycenae, that put the sun to rout and turned back the day. But while Atreus paid back crime for crime and had excuse for the bloody banquet in the unfaithfulness of his wife, Gildo's motive was hatred, not vengeance. Violated rights, the sorrowing father, the unburied dead, the unnatural crime all call upon thee as avenger. If thou, Athens, didst dedicate an altar to the sorrowing and ordain to those that mourn a special deity, if the women of Argos won to their aid the Athenian phalanx by their tears and bought burial for their slain lords at the price of war; if Adherbal, driven from his throne, roused the Senate against the Numidians by the sad appeal of unkempt locks and by his tears, then let Gildo be sorry that now this man also whom he has crushed by so many murders is come into the field against him, and let him learn that he must bow before thy suppliants. Let Gildo flee headlong before him whom he put to flight and fear him whom he o'erwhelmed with the murder of his children. As he is being dragged off to the slaughter let him recognize his brother's hand."

When this advice had been accepted by his son-in-law, Stilicho made ready for war the most famous regiments in the army, selecting therefrom special companies of picked men; he further prepared the fleet in the harbours of Etruria. Alcides himself commands the Herculean cohort; the king of the gods leads the Jovian. No standard-bearer feels the weight of his eagle, so readily do the very standards press forward. The Nervian cohort follows and the Felix, well deserving its name, the legion, too, named after Augustus, that well called The Unconquered, and the brave regiment of the Lion to whose

name their shields bear witness.

But before they start the emperor, standing upon a platform of earth, heartens them with his words: leaning upon their spears the soldiers throng around him and attune their ready ears to his inspiring voice. "My men, so soon to bring defeat upon Gildo, now is the time to fulfil your promises and make good your threats. If you felt indignation on my behalf, now take up arms and prove it. Wash out the stain of civil war by means of a great and deserved triumph. Let the empire of the East know, let it be plain to all the world, that Gaul can only owe defeat to the badness of a cause, not to her enemies' strength. Let not Gildo affright you though he have all barbarity at his back. Shall Moors stand up against the shock of your clashing shields and the near threat your swords? You shall not oppose men armed with shields or shining blades. These savages put their trust in javelins hurled from afar. Once he has discharged his missile the enemy will be disarmed. With his right hand he hurls his spear, with his left he holds his cloak before him; no other armour has the horseman. His steed knows not the rein; a whip controls it. Obedience and discipline are unknown in their ranks. Their arms are a burden to them, their salvation lies in flight. Though each has many wives, ties of family bind them not, nor have they any love for their children whose very number causes affection to fail. Such are the troops. The chief will come to battle crowned with roses, drenched with scents, his last feast still undigested; drunken with wine, foredone with eld, enervated with disease and venery. Let the war trumpet rouse him from a bed of incest, let him beg aid of lutes and choirs, for he likes not the clarion's note, and let him learn (all unwilling) to spend in war nights that he now dedicates to love.

"Is not death preferable to a life disgraced? If, in addition to the loss of Illyria, Africa is to be surrendered to Moorish kings, what lands still remain to us? The empire of Italy, once bounded by the Nile and the Red Sea, is limited to-day by the sea of Tuscany; shall Sicily now be the most distant province of Roman rule, to which in days of old neither Egypt nor India set an end? Go: win back that southern realm a rebel has reft from me. It depends on your arms whether Rome, the unconquerable mistress of the world, stands or falls. You owe me so many peoples, countries, cities lost. Fight but one battle in defence of Libya. Let empire restored attend on your oars and sails. Give back to Africa the laws of Rome she now disregards. Let history repeat itself, and the sword smite from its trunk the head of this third tyrant and so end at last the series of bloody usurpers."

An omen confirms his word and before the eyes of all, the tawny bird, armour-bearer of Jove, swoops down from the open sky and seizes a snake in his curved talons; and while the eagle tears his struggling prey with his hooked beak, his claws are embedded in its head. The severed body falls to earth. Straightway the soldiers come hurrying up, crossing rock and streams in their eagerness at the call of this portent. Neither mountains nor woods delay them. Even as the cranes leave their summer home of Thrace clamorously to

join issue in doubtful war with the Pygmies, when they desert the Strymon for the warm-watered Nile, the letter traced by the speeding line stands out against the clouds and the heaven is stamped with the figure of their flight.

When they reached the coast still fiercer blazed their enthusiasm. They seize upon the ships and themselves make ready the hawsers; furl the sails and fix the yards to the masts. Etruria's shore is shaken with their uproar and Arcadian-founded Pisa cannot contain so great a number of ships. So Aulis rang with countless voices what time avenging Greece loosed the cables of Agamemnon's fleet. No storm-blast deterred them nor threat of coming tempest nor the presence of the treacherous south wind. "Seize the rope, fellow-soldiers," they cry, "seize the rope: let us sail against Gildo though the very seas be against us. Let the storm drive us to battle by how crooked so ever a course. Fain would I seize upon that shore though my ships' beaks be shattered. Cowards ye, who cautiously observe whether or no the sea-gulls fly back or the crow pace the beach. What if clouds fleck the face of the setting sun or a stormy moon wear the halo that betokens hurricane? What if comets wave their spreading tails, or the constellation of the Kids threatens rain, or the cloudy Hyades lead forth the Bull and all Orion sink 'neath the waves? Put your trust in the sky, but put more in Honorius. Beneath his auspices I, his soldier, range the boundless seas nor look to the Plough or the Bear to guide me. Make no account of Boötes, sailor; launch your bark in mid tempest. If winds and storms deny me Libya, my emperor's fortune will grant it."

The fleet is launched. They pass Liguria on their right hand, Etruria on their left, avoiding the sunken reefs of Corsica. There lies an island formed like a human foot (Sardinia its former inhabitants called it), an island rich in the produce of its fields, and conveniently situated for them who sail either to Africa or Italy. The part that faces Africa is flat and affords good anchorage for ships; the northern shore is inhospitable, rock-bound, stormy, and loud with sudden gales. The sailor curses these wild cliffs. Here the pestilence falls on men and beasts, so plague-ridden and deadly is the air, so omnipotent the South wind and the North winds banished.

When their much buffeted vessels had given a wide berth to these dangers, they came to land at different places on the broken coast-line. Some are beached at Sulci, a city founded by Carthage of old. The sea-wall of Olbia shelters others. The city of Caralis over against the coast of Libya, a colony of great Phoenician Carthage, juts out into the sea and extends into the waves, a little promontory that breaks the force of the opposing winds. Thus in the midst a harbour is found and in a huge bay the quiet waters lie safe from every wind. For this harbour they make with every effort, and reversing their vessels they await the favouring breezes of the west wind with fleet at anchor.

Trashing Eutropius, Part I

First Poem

Let the world cease to wonder at the births of creatures half human, half bestial, at monstrous babes that affright their own mothers, at the howling of wolves heard by night in the cities, at beasts that speak to their astonished herds, at stones falling like rain, at the blood-red threatening storm clouds, at wells of water changed to gore, at moons that clash in mid heaven and at twin suns. All portents pale before our eunuch consul. O shame to heaven and earth! Our cities behold an old woman decked in a consul's robe who gives a woman's name to the year. Open the pages of the Cumaean Sibyl, ye pontiffs; let wise Etrurian seers consult the lightning's flash, and the soothsayer search out the awful portent hidden in the entrails. What new dread warning is this the gods give? Does Nile desert his bed and leaving Roman soil seek to mix his waters with those of the Red Sea? Does cleft Niphates once more let through a host of eastern barbarians to ravage our lands? Does a pestilence threaten us? Or shall no harvest repay the farmer? What victim can expiate divine anger such as this? What offering appease the cruel altars? The consul's own blood must cleanse the consular insignia, the monster itself must be sacrificed. Whatever it be that fate prepares for us and shows forth by such an omen, let Eutropius's death, I pray, avert it all.

Fortune, is thy power so all-embracing? What is this savage humour of thine? To what lengths wilt thou sport with us poor mortals? If it was thy will to disgrace the consul's chair with a servile occupant let some "consul" come forward with broken chains, let an escaped jail-bird don the robes of Quirinus — but at least give us a man. There are grades even among slaves and a certain dignity; that slave who has served but one master holds a position of less infamy. Canst thou count the waves of the sea, the grains of Africa's sands, if so thou canst number Eutropius' masters. How many owners has he had, in how many sale-catalogues has he appeared, how often has he changed his name! How often has he been stripped while buyer consulted doctor whether there lurked any flaw by reason of some hidden disease! All repented having bought him and he always returned to the slave-market while he could yet fetch a price. When he became but a foul corpse-like body, a mass of senile pendulous flesh, his masters were anxious to rid their houses of him by giving him away as a present and made haste to foist the loathsome gift on an unsuspecting friend. To so many different yokes did he submit his neck, this slave, old in years but ever new to the house; there was no end to his servitude though many beginnings.

He is destined from his very cradle to bloody tortures; straight from his mother's womb he is hurried away to be made a eunuch; no sooner born than he becomes a prey to suffering. Up hastens the Armenian, skilled by operating with unerring knife to make males womanish and to increase their loathly value by such loss. He drains the body's life-giving fluid from its double source and with one blow deprives his victim of a father's function and the

name of husband. Eutropius lay doubtful of life, and the severed sinews drew a numbness deep down into his furthest brain.

Are we to praise the hand that robbed an enemy of his strength? Or shall we rather blame the fates? It would have been better had he remained a man; his very disgrace has proved a blessing to him. Had he had his full manly vigour he would still have been a slave.

After this he is dragged from one Assyrian mart to another; next in the train of a Galatian slave-merchant he stands for sale in many a market and knows many diverse houses. Who could tell the names of all his buyers? Among these Ptolemy, servant of the post-house, was one of the better-known. Then Ptolemy, tired of Eutropius' long service to his lusts, gives him to Arinthæus; — gives, for he is no longer worth keeping nor old enough to be bought. How the scorned minion wept at his departure, with what grief did he lament that divorce! "Was this thy fidelity, Ptolemy? Is this my reward for a youth lived in thine arms, for the bed of marriage and those many nights spent together in those motels? Must I lose my promised liberty? Leav'st thou Eutropius a widow, cruel wretch, forgetful of such wonderful nights of love? How hard is the lot of my kind! When a woman grows old her children cement the marriage tie and a mother's dignity compensates for the lost charms of a wife. Me Lucina, goddess of childbirth, will not come near; I have no children on whom to rely. Love perishes with my beauty; the roses of my cheeks are faded. What wits can save my wretched back from blows? How can I, an old man, please?"

So saying he entered upon the skilled profession of a pander. His whole heart was in his work; he knew his business well and was master of every stratagem for the undoing of chastity. No amount of vigilance could protect the marriage-bed from his attack; no bars could shut him out. He would have haled even Danaë from her refuge in the brazen tower. He would represent his patron as dying of love. Was the lady stubborn, he would win her by his patience; was she greedy, by a gift; flighty, he would corrupt her with a jest. None could arrest the attention of a maidservant with so neat a touch as he, none twitch aside a dress so lightly and whisper his shameful message in her ear. Never was any so skilled to choose a scene for the criminal meeting, or so clever at avoiding the wrath of the cuckold husband should the plot be discovered. One thought of Lais of Corinth, to whom the enamoured youth of that city brought wealth from its twin seas, who, when her grey hair could no longer go crowned with roses, when the emulous crowd of her admirers ceased nightly to haunt her doors and but few were left to knock thereat, when before the mirror's verdict age shrank back in horror from itself, yet stood, still faithful to her calling, and as a pander dressed others for the part, haunting still the brothel she had loved so well and so long and still pandering to the tastes old age forbade her.

Hence sprang Eutropius' fame; for, though a eunuch's one virtue be to guard the chastity of the marriage-chamber, here was one (and one only) who

grew great through adulteries. But the lash fell as before on his back whenever his master's criminal passion was through him frustrated. Then it was in vain that he prayed for forgiveness and reminded his lord of all those years of faithful service; he would find himself handed over to a son-in-law as part of the bride's dowry. Thus he would become a lady's-maid, and so the future consul and governor of the East would comb his mistress' locks or stand naked holding a silver vessel of water wherein his charge could wash herself. And when overcome by the heat she threw herself upon her couch, there would stand this patrician fanning her with bright peacock feathers.

And now his skin had grown loose with age; his face, more wrinkled than a raisin, had fallen in by reason of the lines in his cheeks. Less deep the furrows cloven in the cornfield^o by the plough, the folds wrought in the sails by the wind. Loathsome grubs ate away his head and bare patches appeared amid his hair. It was as though clumps of dry barren corn dotted a sun-parched field, or as if a swallow were dying in winter sitting on a branch, moulting in the frosty weather. Truly, that the outrage to the consul's office might one day be the greater, Fortune added to her gift of wealth this brand upon his brow, this deformity of face. When his pallor and fleshless bones had roused feelings of revulsion in his masters' hearts, and his foul complexion and lean body offended all who came in contact with him, scaring children, disgusting those that sat at meat, disgracing his fellow-slaves, or terrifying as with an evil omen those that met him; when his masters ceased to derive any advantage from that withered trunk (for his wasted limbs refused even to make the beds or cut wood for the kitchen fire, while his faithless nature forbade their entrusting him with the charge of gold or vesture or the secrets of the house — who could bring him to entrust his marriage-chamber to a pander?), then at last they thrust him from their houses like a troublesome corpse or an ill-omened ghost. He was now free — for everyone despised him. So a shepherd chains up a dog and fattens him with milk while yet his strength avails to guard the flock and, ever watchful, to scare away wolves with his barking. But when later this same dog grows old and dirty and droops his mangy ears he looses him, and, taking off his collar, at least saves that.

Universal contempt is sometimes a boon. Driven out by all, he could freely range amid every sort of crime, and open a way for destiny. Oh thou, whosoe'er thou art, that holdest sway in Olympus, was it thy humour to make such mockery of mankind? He who was not suffered to perform the duties of a slave is admitted to the administration of an empire; him whom a private house scorned as a servant, a palace tolerates as its lord. When first the consular residence received this old vixen, who did not lament? Who grieved not to see an oft-sold corpse worm itself into the sacred service of the emperor? Nay, the very palace-servants, holding a prouder rank in slavery, murmured at such a colleague and long haughtily scorned his company.

See what manner of man they seek to connect with the annals of Rome: the very eunuchs were ashamed of him. At first of no account, he lay hid, the

most unknown unit of an unregarded throng, till thanks to the mad folly of Abundantius (who brought ruin on the empire of the East and, ere that, upon himself) he was advanced from the most menial office to the highest honours. What a happy dispensation of providence it is that in this world the results of ill counsel fall first upon its instigators! Thus the seer who advised Busiris to placate the Thunderer's wrath, what time Nile's flood had long run dry, with a stranger's blood himself first stained that tyrant's altar with his own and fell a victim of the horrid sacrifice he had advised. Thus he who made the brazen bull and devised that new form of torture, casting the deadly bronze as an instrument of torment, was (at the bidding of the Sicilian tyrant) the first to make trial of the unhanselled image, and to teach his own bull to roar. So with Eutropius: on no man's goods did he sooner seize than on those of him by whom he had been raised to power; none did he drive sooner into exile and thus, by the condemnation of his patron, was to thank for one righteous action.

When this half-man, worn out with age, had been raised to that pinnacle of glory for which he never would have dared to pray, of which never to dream; when he had seen law at his feet, the heads of the nobility inclined before him, and fortune heaping such gifts upon one whose only hope and prayer had been to gain his freedom, he straightway forgot his former masters, and his slave's mind swelled high within him. The prisons were filled with degraded nobles, Meroë and the plains of Ethiopia re-echoed to the weeping of exiles; the desert rang with the punishment of men; the temple of Jupiter Ammon in Africa was stained with gentle blood.

Nothing is so cruel as a man raised from lowly station to prosperity; he strikes everything, for he fears everything; he vents his rage on all, that all may deem he has the power. No beast so fearful as the rage of a slave let loose on free-born backs; their groans are familiar to him, and he cannot be sparing of punishment that he himself has undergone; remembering his own master he hates the man he lashes. Being a eunuch also he is moved by no natural affection and has no care for family or children. All are moved to pity by those whose circumstances are like their own; similitude of ills is a close bond. Yet he is kind not even to eunuchs.

His passion for gold increases — the only passion his mutilated body can indulge. Of what use was emasculation? The knife is powerless against reckless avarice. That hand so well practised in petty thefts, accustomed to rifle a cupboard or remove the bolt from the unwatched coffer, now finds richer spoils and the whole world to rob. All the country between the Tigris and Mount Haemus he exposes for sale at a fixed price, this huckster of empire, this infamous dealer in honours. This man governs Asia for the which his villa has paid. That man buys Syria with his wife's jewels. Another repents of having taken Bithynia in exchange for his paternal mansion. Fixed above the open doors of his hall is a list giving the provinces and their prices: so much for Galatia, for Pontus so much, so much will buy one Lydia. Would you govern Lycia? Then lay down so many thousands. Phrygia? A little more.

He wishes everything to be marked with its price to console him for his own fortune and, himself so often sold, he wants to sell everything. When two are rivals he suspends in the balance their opposed payment; along with the weight the judge inclines, and a province hangs wavering in a pair of scales.

Ye gods, are ye not ashamed that whole peoples are sold beneath the hammer? At least let it shame you of the seller, when a slave, a chattel the law counts dead, possesses so many kingdoms and retails so many cities. Did Cyrus' victory oust mighty Croesus from his throne that Pactolus and Hermus should roll their waves for a eunuch? Did Attalus make you, Rome, his heir, was Antiochus confined within the appointed bounds of Taurus, did Servilius enjoy a triumph over the hitherto unconquered Isaurians, did Egypt fall before Augustus, and Crete before Metellus, to ensure Eutropius a sufficient income? Cilicia, Judaea, Sophene, all Rome's labours and Pompey's triumphs, are there to sell.

Why heap up these riches? Hast thou children to succeed to them? Marry or be married, thou canst never be a mother or a father: the former nature hath denied thee, the latter the surgeon's knife. India may enrich thee with enormous jewels, Arabia with her spices, China with her silks; none so needy, none so poverty-stricken as to wish to have Eutropius' fortune and therewith Eutropius' body.

And now his mind, forgetful of its true nature and drunken with riches, makes sport of wretched law and the affairs of men. A eunuch is judge. Why now wonder that he is consul? Whatever he does is a prodigy. Can the annals of the law show cases so mishandled? What age or what country has ever witnessed a eunuch's jurisdiction? That nought might remain undisgraced, nought unattempted, he even makes him ready to outrage arms, heaps portent upon portent and wanton folly seeks to outdo itself. Mars blushed, Bellona scoffed and turned her from the disgrace of the East when'er with arrows strung and flashing quiver the aged Amazon practises battle or hurries back as arbiter of peace and war to hold parley with the Getae. Our enemies rejoiced at the sight and felt that at last we were lacking in *men*. Towns were set ablaze; walls offered no security. The countryside was ravaged and brought to ruin. Mid-ocean alone gave hope. Women of Cappadocia were driven into captivity across the river Phasis; stolen from the stalls of their homesteads, the captive herds drink the snowy streams of Caucasus, and the flocks exchange the pastures of Mount Argaeus for the woods of Scythia. Beyond the Cimmerian marshes, defence of the Tauric tribes, the youth of Syria are slaves. Too vast for the fierce barbarians are the spoils; gluttled with booty they turn to slaughter.

Yet Eutropius (can a slave, an effeminate, feel shame? Could a blush grace such a countenance?) Eutropius returns in triumph. There follow companies of foot, squadrons like their general, maniples of eunuchs, an army worthy Priapus' standards. His creatures meet him and embrace their saviour on his return. Great is his self-esteem; he struggles to swell out his pendulous cheeks

and feigns a heavy panting; his lousy head dust-sprinkled and his face bleached whiter by the sun, he sobs out some pitiful complaint with voice more effeminate than effeminacy's self and tells of battles. In tremulous tones he calls his sister to witness that he has spent his strength for his country's need; that he yields to envy and cannot stand up against the storms of jealousy and prays to be drowned in the foaming seas. Would God his prayer had been granted! Thus speaking, he wipes away the silly tears, sighing and sobbing between each word; like a withered old dame travelled far to visit her son's daughter — scarce seated aweary and already she asks for wine.

Why busy thy foul self with wars? Why attempt battle on the bloody field? 'Tis to the arts of that other Minerva thou shouldst apply thyself. The distaff, not the dart should be thine; thine to spin the thread, and, cunning craftsman that thou art, to urge on the spinning-maids when lazy; thine to wind the snowy wool for thy mistress' weaving. Or, wouldst thou be a devotee, let Cybele, not Mars, be the object of thy worship. Learn to imitate the madness of the Corybantes to the accompaniment of rolling drums. Thou mayest carry cymbals, pierce thy breast with the sacred pine, and with Phrygian knife destroy what yet is left of thy virility. Leave arms to men. Why seek to divide the two empires and embroil loving brothers in strife? Madman, remember thy former trade; 'twere more fitting thou shouldst endeavour to reconcile them.

It is for deeds like this that Eutropius demands this year of office, to ensure that by his efforts alone he leaves nothing not dishonoured, ruining the army as its general, the courts as their judge, the imperial fasti as a consul.

No portent so monstrous but time past has given it birth and the labour of bygone centuries produced it. Legend tells us that Oedipus married his mother and Thyestes his daughter; Jocasta bare brothers to her husband, Thyestes's daughter gave birth to her own brother. Athenian tragedy tells the sad tale of Thebes and the baneful war of Troy. Tereus was changed into a bird, Cadmus into a snake; Scylla looked in amaze on the dogs that girt her waist. Ancient story relates how one was transformed into a tree and thus attached to earth, how another grew wings and flew, how a third was clothed with scales and yet another melted into a river. But no country has ever had a eunuch for a consul or judge or general. What in a man is honour is disgraceful in an emasculate. Here is an example to surpass all that is most laughable in comedy, most lamentable in tragedy.

A pleasant sight in truth to see him strain his sapless limbs beneath the weight of the toga, borne down by the wearing of his consular dress; the gold of his raiment rendered his decrepitude even more hideous. 'Twas as though an ape, man's imitator, had been decked out in sport with precious silken garments by a boy who had left his back and quarters uncovered to amuse the guests at supper. Thus richly dressed he walks upright and seems the more loathsome by reason of his brilliant trappings. Dressed in white the senate, perhaps even his master, accompanies the dishonoured fasces. Behold a portent! A lictor more noble than the consul, and a man about to grant to

others a liberty which he has not yet himself won. He mounts the lofty platform and amid a torrent of self-laudation boasts of a prophetic dream he had in Egypt and of the defeat of tyrants which he foretold. No doubt the goddess of war stayed her avenging hand and waited till that emasculate Tiresias, that unmanned Melampus, could crawl back with oracles culled from farthest Nile.

Loud sang the prophetic birds in warning. The year shuddered at the thought of bearing Eutropius' name, and Janus proclaimed the madness of the choice from his two mouths, forbidding a eunuch to have access to his annals. Had a woman assumed the fasces, though this were illegal it were nevertheless less disgraceful. Women bear sway among the Medes and swift Sabaeans; half barbary is governed by martial queens. We know of no people who endure a eunuch's rule. Worship is paid to Pallas, Phoebe, Vesta, Ceres, Cybele, Juno, and Latona; have we ever seen a temple built or altars raised to a eunuch god? From among women are priestesses chosen; Phoebus enters their hearts; through their voices the Delphian oracle speaks; none but the Vestal Virgins approach the shrine of Trojan Minerva and tend her flame; eunuchs have never deserved the fillet and are always unholy. A woman is born that she may bear children and perpetuate the human race; the tribe of eunuchs was made for servitude. Hippolyte fell but by the arrow of Hercules; the Greeks fled before Penthesilea's axe; Carthage, far-famed citadel, proud Babylon with her hundred gates, are both said to have been built by a woman's hand. What noble deed did a eunuch ever do? What wars did such an one fight, what cities did he found? Moreover, nature created the former, the hand of man the latter, whether it was from fear of being betrayed by her shrill woman's voice and her hairless cheeks that clever Semiramis, to disguise her sex from the Assyrians, first surrounded herself with beings like her, or the Parthians employed the knife to stop the growth of the first down of manhood and forced their boys, kept boys by artifice, to serve their lusts by thus lengthening the years of youthful charm.

At first the rumour of Eutropius' consulship seemed false and invented as a jest. A vague story spread from city to city; the crime was laughed at as one would laugh to hear of a swan with black wings or a crow as white as privet. Thus spake one of weighty character: "If such things are believed and swollen lies tell of unheard of monsters, then the tortoise can fly, the vulture grow horns, rivers flow back and mount the hills whence they spring, the sun rise behind Gades and set amid the Carmanians of India; I shall soon see ocean fit nursery for plants and the dolphin a denizen of the woods; beings half-men, half-snails and all the vain imaginings of India depicted on Jewish curtains."

Then another adds, jesting with a more wanton wit: "Dost thou wonder? Nothing great is there that Eutropius does not conceive in his heart. He ever loves novelty, ever size, and is quick to taste everything in turn. He fears no assault from the rear; night and day he is ready with watchful care; soft, easily moved by entreaty, and, even in the midst of his passion, tenderest of men, he

never says 'no,' and is ever at the disposal even of those that solicit him not. Whatever the senses desire he cultivates and offers for another's enjoyment. That hand will give whatever thou wouldest have. He performs the functions of all alike; his dignity loves to unbend. His meetings and his deserving labours have won him this reward, and he receives the consul's robe in recompense for the work of his skilful hand."

When the rumour concerning this disgrace of the eastern empire was known to be true and had impressed belief on Roman ears, Rome's goddess thus spake: "Is Eutropius worthy of mine ire? Is such an one fit cause for Roman grief?" So saying the mighty goddess winged her way through the heavens and with one stroke of her pinions passed beyond the Po and approached the camp of her emperor. It happened that even then the august Honorius, assisted by his father-in-law Stilicho, was making answer to the Germans who had come of their own accord to sue for peace. From his lofty throne he was dictating laws to the Cauci and giving a Constitution to the flaxen-haired Suebi. Over these he sets a king, with those he signs a treaty now that hostages have been demanded; others he enters on the list as serviceable allies in war, so that in future the Sygambrians will cut off their flowing locks and serve beneath our banners. Joy and love so fill the goddess' heart that she well nigh weeps, so great is her happy pride in her illustrious foster-child. So when a bullock fights in defence of the herd his mother lifts her own horns more proudly; so the African lioness gazes with admiration on her cub as he grows to be the terror of the farmsteads and the future king of beasts. Rome lays aside her veil of cloud and towers above the youthful warrior, then thus begins.

"Examples near at hand testify to the extent of my power now thou art emperor. The Saxon is conquered and the seas safe; the Picts have been defeated and Britain is secure. I love to see at my feet the humbled Franks and broken Suebi, and I behold the Rhine mine own, Germanicus. Yet what am I to do? The discordant East envies our prosperity, and beneath that other sky, lo! wickedness flourishes to prevent our empire's breathing in harmony with one body. I make no mention of Gildo's treason, detected so gloriously in spite of the power of the East on which the rebel Moor relied. For what extremes of famine did we not then look? How dire a danger overhung our city, had not thy valour or the ever-provident diligence of thy father-in-law supplied corn from the north in place of that from the south! Up Tiber's estuary there sailed ships from the Rhine, and the Saône's fertile banks made good the lost harvests of Africa. For me the Germans ploughed and the Spaniards' oxen sweated; my granaries marvel at Iberian corn, nor did my citizens, now satisfied with harvests from beyond the Alps, feel the defection of revolted Africa. Gildo, however, paid the penalty for his treason as Tabraca can witness. So perish all who take up arms against thee!

"Lo! on a sudden from that same clime comes another scourge, less terrible indeed but even more shameful, the consulship of Eutropius. I admit I have

long learned to tolerate this unmanned tribe, ever since the court exalted itself with Arsacid pomp and the example of Parthia corrupted our morals. But till now they were but set to guard jewels and raiment, and to secure silence for the imperial slumber. Never beyond the sleeping-chamber did the eunuch's service pass; not their lives gave guarantee of loyalty but their dull wits were a sure pledge. Let them guard hidden store of pearls and Tyrian-dyed vestments; they must quit high offices of state. The majesty of Rome cannot devolve upon an effeminate. Never have we seen so much as a ship at sea obey the helm in the hands of a eunuch-captain. Are we then so despicable? Is the whole world of less account than a ship? Let eunuchs govern the East by all means, for the East rejoices in such rulers, let them lord it over cities accustomed to a woman's sway: why disfigure warlike Italy with the general brand and defile her austere peoples with their deadly profligacy? Drive this foreign pollution from out the boundaries of manly Latium; suffer not this thing of shame to cross the Alps; let it remain fixed in the country of its birth. Let the river Halys or Orontes, careless of its reputation, add such a name to its annals: I, Rome, beg thee by thy life and triumphs, let not Tiber suffer this disgrace — Tiber whose way was to give the consulship to such men as Dentatus and Fabius though they asked not for it. Shall the Field of Mars witness the canvassing of an eunuch? Is Eutropius to stand with Aemilii and Camilli, saviours of their country? Is thy office, Brutus, now to be given to a Chrysogonus or a Narcissus? Is this the reward for giving up thy sons to punishment and setting the citizen's duty before the father's grief? Was it for this that the Tuscans made their camp on the Janiculum and Porsenna was but the river's span from our gates? For this that Horatius kept the bridge and Mucius braved the flames? Was it all to no purpose that chaste Lucretia plunged the dagger into her bosom and Cloelia swam the astonished Tiber? Were the fasces reft from Tarquin to be given to Eutropius? Let Hell ope her jaws and all who have sat in my curule chair come and turn their backs upon their colleague. Decii, self-sacrificed for your country's good, come forth from your graves; and you, fierce Torquati; and thou, too, great-hearted shade of poor Fabricius. Serranus, come thou thither, if now thou plougest the acres of the holy dead and cleavest the fallow lands of Elysium. Come Scipios, Lutatius, famed for your victories over Carthage, Marcellus, conqueror of Sicily, rise from the dead, thou Claudian race, you progeny of Curius. Cato, thou who wouldst not live beneath Caesar's rule, come thou forth from thy simple tomb and brave the sight of Eutropius. Immortal bands of Bruti and Corvini, return to earth. Eunuchs don your robes of office, sexless beings assume the insignia of Rome. They have laid hands on the toga that inspired Hannibal and Pyrrhus with terror. They now despise the fan and aspire to the consul's cloak. No longer do they carry the maidenly parasol for they have dared to wield the axes of Latium.

“Unhappy band, leave your womanly fastnesses, you whom the male sex has discarded and the female sex will not adopt. The knife has cut out the

stings of love and by that wounding you are pure. A mixture are you of two ages — child and greybeard and nought between. Take your seats, fathers in name alone. Come new lords, come sterile senate, throng your leader Eutropius. Fill the judgment-seat, not the bedchamber. Change your habits and learn to follow the consul's chair, not the woman's litter.

"I would not cite examples from remote antiquity nor count the countless magistrates of past history whom he thus outrages. But think how the reverence due to all past ages will be impaired, on how many centuries one man's shame will set its mark. Amid the annals that record the name of Arinthaëus, his master, will be found the slave, and he will enter his own honours as equal to those of his owner. The slaves of Egypt's kings have ever been a curse to the world; behold I suffer from a worse than Pothinus and bear a wrong more flagrant than that of which Egypt was once the scene. Pothinus' sword at Alexandria spilled the blood of a single consul; Eutropius brings dishonour on all.

"If the fate of subjects cannot move thee, yet have thou regard for princes, for your common cause, and remove this stain on royalty. The consulship is the sole office the emperor deigns to accept; alternately the honour passes to Court and Senate. Thou who hast thyself been four times consul spare succeeding consuls this infamy. I pray thee, protect the fasces, so often thine, from the pollution of a eunuch's hand; let not the omens handed down in our sacred books, let not those robes of mine wherewith I have subdued everything within Ocean's stream, be plunged in so great darkness and trodden under foot. What kind of wars can we wage now that a eunuch takes the auspices? What marriage, what harvest be fruitful? What fertility, what abundance is possible beneath a consul stricken with sterility? If eunuchs shall give judgment and determine laws, then let men card wool and live like the Amazons, confusion and licence dispossessing the order of nature.

"What need of further words? Why, Stilicho, dost thou delay to conquer because ashamed to fight? Knowest thou not that the viler a foe the greater the rejoicing at his overthrow? His defeat of the pirates extended the fame of great Pompey; his victory in the Servile War gave an added glory to Crassus. Thou acceptest my charge: I recognize the clamour that terrified the East and drove Gildo and his Moors to their destruction. Why sound the trump of war? No need to attack him with javelin or spear. At the crack of the whip will be bowed the back that has felt its blows. Even so when after so many years the Scythian army came back from the wars and was met on the confines of its native land by the usurping crowd of slaves who sought to keep their returning masters from their country; with displayed whips they routed the armed ranks; back from its enterprise the familiar terror drove the servile mob, and at threat of the lash the bondsman's sword grew dull."

Trashing Eutropius, Part II

Second Poem

PREFACE

The nobly born Eutropius who but lately wielded the reins of supreme power once more fears the familiar blows; and, soon to feel the wonted shackles about his halting feet, he laments that his threats against his masters have idly vanished. Fortune, having had enough of her mad freak, has thrust him forth from his high office and restored him to his old way of life. He now prepares to hew wood with axe other than the consular and is at last scourged with the rods he once proudly carried. To the punishment set in motion by him when consul he himself as consul succumbed; the year that brought him his robe of office brought him his exile. That omen of evil augury for the people turns against itself, the portent of that consulship brings ruin to the consul. That name erased, our annals breathe once more, and better health is restored to the palace now that it has at last vomited forth its poison. His friends deny him, his accomplices abandon him; in his fall is involved all the eunuch band, overcome not in battle, subdued not by strife — they may not die a man's death. A mere stroke of the pen has wrought their undoing, a simple letter has fulfilled Mars' savage work.

The unsexed tyrant has been routed from out his fastness in the women's quarters and, driven from the bedchamber, has lost his power. Thus sadly, when her lover's fidelity wavers and a former favourite has been recalled, does a mistress leave his house. With handfuls of dust he sprinkles his scanty hairs and floods his wrinkles with senile tears; as he lies in humble supplication before the altars of the gods his trembling voice seeks to soften the anger of the women. His countless masters gather around, each demanding back his slave, useless except for chastisement. For loathsome though he is and fouler in mind even than in face, yet the very anger they feel against him will make them pay; he is worth buying simply to punish.

What land or country wilt thou now visit, eunuch? Here hate surrounds thee, there thy popularity is fled; both courts have uttered thy condemnation in either half of the world; never wert thou of the West, now the East repudiates thee too. I marvel that thou, blind Sibyl, who foretold'st the fates of others, art silent about thine own. No longer does fallacious Nile interpret thy dreams; no longer, poor wretch, do thy prophets see visions. What doth thy sister? Will she dare to embark with thee and bear thee faithful company over the distant seas? Mayhap she scorns the couch of an impoverished eunuch, and now that she herself is rich will not love thee who now art poor. Thou dost confess thou wert the first to cut a eunuch's throat, but the example will not secure thine own death. Live on that destiny may blush. Lo! this is he whom so many cities have held in awe, whose yoke so many peoples have borne. Why lament the loss of that wealth thy son shall inherit? In no other way couldst thou have been father to an emperor. Why insatiably weary heaven with a woman's complaints? A haven of refuge is prepared for thee on the shores of Cyprus. Thou hast plunged the world in war with barbarity; the sea, believe me, is safer than

the land.

No longer wilt thou strike terror into the Armenians with javelin and bow, no more scour the plain on thy fleet charger. The senate of Byzantium has been deprived of thy loved voice; uncertainty holds the august assembly that is now deprived of thy counsels. Hang up thy toga, retired consul; hang up thy quiver, veteran soldier; return to Venus' service; that is thy true calling. The pander's hand knows not to serve Mars featly; Cytherea will right gladly take back her slave. Dancing fills the island of Cyprus, home of the happy loves; there purity commands no respect. Paphian maidens gaze forth from the high cliffs, anxious till the wave has brought thy bark safe to land. Yet fear I lest the Tritons detain thee in the deep to teach them how they may seduce the sportive Nereids, or that those same winds which hindered Gildo's flight may seek to drown thee in the sea. Tabraca owes its fame to the overthrow of the Moor; may Cyprus win prestige from thy shipwreck. In vain will thy last breath be spent in calling on the dolphin to carry thee to shore: his back bears only men. Hereafter should any eunuch attempt to emulate thine actions let him turn his eye towards Cyprus and abate his pride.

BOOK II

Ashes of Phrygia and you last remnants of the ruined East (if any such remain), the augury was but too true, too clear the threats of heaven: now that the blow has fallen what use to learn the presagings of this year of portents? The sailor is more cautious; he foresees the violence of the North wind and hauls in his canvas before the swelling storm. Of what avail to acknowledge a mistake when his vessel is already sunk? Can tears extenuate a crime? The sinister auspices of your consul live on; the atonement due to unmoved fate remains fixed. Ere the deed was done you should have realized its horror; you should have erased the blot ere it had dried. When the body is overwhelmed by long-standing disease 'tis all in vain that thou makest use of healing medicines. When an ulcer has penetrated to the marrow of the bones the touch of a hand is useless, steel and fire must sane the place that the wound heal not on the surface, like any moment to re-open. The flame must penetrate to the quick to make a way for the foul humours to escape; in order that, once the veins are emptied of corrupted blood, the fountain-head of the evil may be dried up. Nay, even limbs are amputated to assure the healthy life of the rest of the body. Think you the Court fitly cleansed by Eutropius' exile in Cyprus? The world avenged by the banishment of a eunuch? Can any ocean wash away that stain? any age bring forgetfulness of so great a crime?

Ere yet he had donned the consul's robe there came a rumbling from the bowels of the earth; a hidden madness shook the subterranean caverns and buildings crashed one on another. Chalcedon, shaken to the foundations, tottered like a drunken man, and Bosporus, straying from his course, flooded the cities on his either bank. The shores of the strait came together and the sailors once more had to avoid the Clashing Rocks, torn from their foundation and errant. Surely such presages were sent by the sister deities of Styx, rejoicing that under this consul at last all peoples were delivered into their hands. Soon arose divers forms of ruin: here the fire-god spread his flames; there Nereus, god of the sea, brake his bounds. Here men's homes were burned, there flooded. Ye gods, what punishment do ye hold in store for the scoundrel whose rise to power was marked by such portents? O'ercome us, Neptune, with thy trident and overwhelm our defiled soil along with all the guilt. One city we yield to the Furies, a scapegoat for the sins of the world.

Once the way was open for portents, prodigies of every sort hastened to disclose themselves. Rain of blood fell, children of weird form were born and offspring discordant with their breed. Statues wept, not seldom the herds dared to speak, and wild beasts braved an entrance into the city. Then seers raved strangely and frenzied hearts were everywhere ablaze, stirred by the fires of the dread god Phoebus. Yet even had no god warned us, whose mind shall be so dull as to doubt that the year of an emasculate consul must be fatal to those lands? Blind folly ever accompanies crime; of the future no account

is taken; sufficient for the day is its short-lived pleasure; heedless of loss passion plunges into forbidden joys, counting the postponement of punishment a gain and believing distant the retribution that even now o'erhangs. In face of such portents I would not have entrusted Camillus' self with the fasces, let alone a sexless slave (oh! the shame of it!), to yield it to whom were, for men, a disgrace, even though every oracle decreed it, and the insistent deities gave pledges of prosperity.

Look back in the annals of crime, read o'er all past history, unroll the volumes of Rome's story. What can the Capri of Tiberius' old age, what can Nero's theatre offer like to this? A eunuch, clad in the cloak of Romulus, sat within the house of the emperors; the staled palace lay open to the eager throng of visitors; hither hasten senators, mingling with the populace, anxious generals and magistrates of every degree; all are fain to be the first to fall at his feet and to touch his hand; the prayer of all is to set kisses on those hideous wrinkles. He is called defender of the laws, father of the emperor, and the court deigns to acknowledge a slave as its overlord. Ye who come after, acknowledge that it is true! Men must needs erect monuments to celebrate this infamy; on many an anvil groans the bronze that is to take upon it the form of this monster. Here gleams his statue as a judge, there as a consul, there as a warrior. On every side one sees that figure of his mounted on his horse; before the very doors of the senate-house behold a eunuch's countenance. As though to rob virtue of any place where she might sojourn undefiled, men labour to befoul every street with this vile image. May they rest for ever undisturbed, indisputable proofs of our eternal shame; such is my prayer. Beneath the statues one reads flattering titles and praises too great even for *men*. Do they tell of his noble race and lineage while his owners are still alive? What soldier brooks to read that single-handed he, Eutropius, won great battles? Are Byzas and Constantine to be told that he is the third founder of Rome? Meanwhile the arrogant pander prolongs his revels till the dawn, stinking of wine and scattering money amid the crowd to buy their applause. He spends whole days of amusement in the theatres, prodigal of another's money. But his sister and spouse (if such a prodigy can be conceived) wins the favour of Rome's matrons by entertainments, and, like a chaste wife, sings the praises of her eunuch husband. 'Tis her he loves, her he consults on all matters of importance, be it of peace or war, to her care he entrusts the keys of the palace, as one would of a stable or empty house. Is the guardianship of a mighty empire thus naught? Is it thus he makes a mockery of a world's obedience?

Winter, passing into spring, had now felt the returning warmth of Zephyrus' breezes and the earliest flowers had oped their buds when, in the lap of peace, they were preparing the annual journey to thy walls, Ancyra. 'Twas Eutropius device that weariness of the sea might not come upon him, but a roaming summer might slide away in pleasure journeys. But so magnificent was their return, you would have imagined they brought

conquered Persia in their train and had drunk of the waters of Indus. Look you! Mars, returning from the distant lands of the yellow-haired Geloni, was re-seeking the lands of Thrace in his bloody chariot. Pangaeus subsided beneath his wheels, the mountain snows cried out under his sounding axle. Scarce had the father stayed on Haemus' summit and, reining in his coursers, looked upon the toga-clad woman, when he smiled a cruel smile and shook his gleaming crested helm; then he addressed Bellona, implacable goddess, who, her raiment all stained with blood, was combing her snake-hair, fattened on the slaughter of Illyrians.

"Sister, shall we never succeed in curing the East of effeminacy? Will this corrupt age never learn true manliness? Argaeus yet reeks with those heaps of dead Cappadocians not yet cold; Orontes is still pale from misery. But they only remember evil while they suffer it; give them a moment's respite and all their slaughter fades from their minds unfelt; little they reckon of bloodshed that is past.

"Seest thou this foul deed? Why veil thy face with thine hair? See what crimes a short spell of peace has wrought! what a curse has the sheathed sword proved! The year that has known no war has had a eunuch for its consul. The consulship would have been at an end had a like spirit animated Italy; this age-long office had fallen amid mockery and no traces been left of its trampled rights, had not Stilicho, heedful of the empire and of the character and morals of a past age, banished from Tiber's city this shameful name and kept Rome unsullied by an unheard of crime. He has given us a harbour to which the exiled majesty of Latium and the disgraced fasces might retire; he has given us annals wherein, abandoning the East, an age polluted with servile stains might find a refuge.

"How like to its lord the inhabitants of the palace! Turn your eyes to the city walls. Surely they at least mutter disapprobation, though fear forbids them speak out? Do they not condemn him in their hearts? No: list the plaudits of the senate, of the lords of Byzantium, of the Grecian citizens of Rome. O people worthy of such a senate, senate worthy of such a consul! To think that all these bear arms and use them not, that manly indignation reminds not of their sex those many whose thighs bear a sword! Has my descendants' robe of office sunk so low? Is Brutus' renown thus brought to scorn?

"Romulus, forgive thy sire for coming so tardy an avenger of those outraged fasces. Right soon will I make them pay for this joy with liberal tears. Why delayest thou, Bellona, to sound the trumpet of hell and to arm thyself with the scythe wherewith thou mowest the people to the ground? Foment discord, banish pleasures. I am weary of the devastation of Thrace and Macedon, of vengeance twice wreaked on races already buried. Arouse less accustomed destruction; spread fire and sword beyond the seas, make a beginning of new devastation. Seek not now thy foe on Rhiphaeus' heights; what boots it to rouse the storm of war amid Caucasia's ravines? Ostrogoths

and Gruthungi together inhabit the land of Phrygia; 'twill need but a touch to precipitate them into revolt; readily does nature return to her old ways. So be it. Since our soldiers' valour is numbed and they have learned to obey an unmanned master, let a stranger from the north avenge our outraged laws and barbarian arms bring relief to disgraced Rome."

So spake he and thundered with his shield nigh as loud as the ruler of the gods when he shakes his aegis from out the lowering cloud. Athos replies, Haemus re-echoes; again and again shaken Rhodope repeats the hoarse uproar. Hebrus raised from out the wondering waters his horns hoary with frost, and bloodless Ister froze in fear. Then the god cast his javelin, heavy with steel, and stiff with knotted shaft, a mighty weapon such as none other god could wield. The clouds part before its onset and give it free passage; through the air it speeds o'er seas and mountains by one mighty cast and comes to earth amid the plains of Phrygia. The ground felt the shock; Hermus blessed with Dionysus' vines groaned thereat, Pactolus' golden urn shuddered, all Dindymus bent his forest fleece and wept.

Bellona, too, hastens forth with speed no less than that of Mars' whistling spear; a hundred ways of hurt she pondered and at last approached Tarbigilus, fierce leader of the Getic squadron. It chanced he had but late returned with empty hands from a visit to Eutropius; disappointment and indignation aggravated his ferocity, and poverty, that can incite the gentlest heart to crime, inflamed his savage breast. Taking upon her the similitude of his wife she comes to meet him; proudly she steps forth like the barbarian queen, clothed in linen raiment. Close to her breast a brooch fastened her dress that trailed behind her; she had bound her locks into a coil that a polished circlet confined, and bidden her green snakes turn to gold. She hastens to greet him on his return and throws her snowy arms about his neck, instilling the poison of the furies into his soul by her kisses. Guilefully to stir his rage she asks if the great man has been generous to him; if he brings back rich presents. With tears he recounts his profitless journey, his useless toil, the pride and insults, moreover, which he had to bear at the eunuch's hands. At once she seized the favourable moment, and tearing her cheek with her nails, discloses her complaints.

"Go then, busy thyself with the plough, cleave the soil, bid thy followers lay aside their swords and sweat o'er the harrow. The Gruthungi will make good farmers and will plant their vines in due season. Happy those other women whose glory is seen in the towns their husbands have conquered, they whose adornment is the spoils so hardly won from an enemy, whose servants are fair captives of Argos or Thessaly, and who have won them slaves from Sparta. Fate has mated me with too timid, too indolent a husband, a degenerate who has forgotten the valour of Ister's tribes, who deserts his country's ways, whom a vain reputation for justice attracts, while he longs to live as a husbandman by favour rather than as a prince by plunder. Why give fair names to shameful weakness? Cowardice is called loyalty; fear, a sense of

justice. Wilt thou submit to humiliating poverty though thou bearest arms? Wilt thou weep unavenged, though so many cities open to thee their undefended gates?

“Dost thou fear the consequences? Rome’s old way was to reward merit and vent on rebels a hate that knew no bound. Now he who breaks a treaty wins riches, while he who observes one lives in want. The ravager of Achaea and recent devastator of defenceless Epirus is lord of Illyria; he now enters as a friend within the walls to which he was laying siege, and administers justice to those whose wives he has seduced and whose children he has murdered. Such is the punishment meted out to an enemy, such the vengeance exacted for wholesale slaughter — and dost thou still hesitate? Hast thou regard to the small numbers of thy followers? Nay, have done with peace: war will give thee allies. Nor would I urge thee so instantly hadst thou to face men. It is another sex that is in arms against thee; the world has entrusted itself to the protection of eunuchs; ’tis such leaders the eagles and standards of Rome follow. Time it is thou didst return to a barbarian life; be thou in thy turn an object of terror, and let men marvel at thy crimes who despised thy virtues. Laden with booty and plunder thou shalt be a Roman when it pleases thee.”

So saying she suddenly changed into an ill-omened bird, a loathsome sight with its hooked beak and plumage blacker than Hell’s darkness, and perched, a sinister augury, on an old tomb.

So soon as repose from terror came to his freed heart, and his stiffened hair sank down again, he made all haste to carry out the commands of the goddess. He told his followers all that he had seen and urged them to follow him. Rebellious Barbary had found a champion and openly threw off the Latin yoke.

That part of Phrygia which lies towards the north beneath the cold constellation of the Wain borders on Bithynia; that towards the sunset on Ionia, and that towards the sunrise on Galatia. On two sides runs the transverse boundary of Lydia while the fierce Pisidians hem it in to the south. All these peoples once formed one nation and had one name: they were of old called the Phrygians, but (what changes does time not bring about?) after the reign of a king Maeon, were known as Maeones. Then the Greeks settled on the shores of the Aegean, and the Thyni from Thrace cultivated the region now called Bithynia. Not long since a vast army of Gauls, nomad hitherto, came at last to rest in the district; these laid by their spears, clothed them in the civilized robe of Greece and drank no longer from Rhine’s, but from Halys’, waters. All antiquity gives priority to the Phrygian, even Egypt’s king had perforce to recognize it when the babe, nourished at no human breast, first opened his lips to lisp the Phrygian tongue.

Here fell the pipe once hurled into the marshes of Libya, what time the stream reflected Minerva’s disfigured countenance. Here, too, there perished, conquered by Apollo’s lyre, the shepherd Marsyas whose flayed skin brought renown to the city of Celaenae. Hence flow four broad auriferous rivers. Small

wonder that the waters in which King Midas bathed so often glitter with the rare metal. Two flow north, two southwards. Dindymus gives birth to the river Sangarius, which, swollen by the clear stream of the Gallus, hastens on to the Euxine, the sea of the Amazon. The conjoined streams of Marsyas and Meander make for the Icarian main and Mycale's strand. Marsyas flows fast and straight while his course is his own; mingled with thy waters, Meander, he goes slowly — unlike the Saône whose waters are hastened by the Rhone's inflowing. Between these rivers is a sun-kissed plain; kindly is it to the corn,^o thick-set with vines and displaying the front of the grey-green olive; rich, too, in horses, fertile in flocks, and wealthy with the purple-veined marble that Synnada quarries.

Such was Phrygia then when the gods allowed it to be ravaged by Getic brigands. The barbarian burst in upon those cities so peaceful, so easy of capture. There was no hope of safety, no chance of escape. Long and peaceful ages had made the crumbling stones of their battlements to fall.

Meanwhile Cybele was seated amid the hallowed rocks of cold Ida, watching, as is her wont, the dance, and inciting the joyous Curetes to brandish their swords at the sound of the drum, when, lo, the golden-turreted crown, the eternal glory of her blessed hair, fell from off her head and, rolling from her brow, the castellated diadem is profaned in the dust. The Corybantes stopped in amazement at this omen; general alarm checked their orgies and silenced their pipes. The mother of the gods wept; then spake thus in sorrow.

“This is the portent that agèd Lachesis foretold long years ago. My fallen crown assures me that Phrygia's final crisis is upon her. Alas for the blood that shall redden Sangarius' waves; for all the corpses that shall retard Meander's slow stream. The hour is fixed irrevocably; such, long since, was my son's, the Thunderer's, will. A like disaster awaits the neighbouring peoples; in vain does Lydia invoke the thyrsus of Bacchus in her defence. Now fare thee well, land of Phrygia, farewell, walls doomed to the flames, walls that now rear aloft proud towers but will soon be levelled to the ground and the bare earth. Farewell, dear rivers: never more shall I hold my inspired revels in your grottoes; no more shall my chariot leave the traces of its wheels on Berecynthus' heights.” So spake she, and turned her drums to strains of mourning. Attis filled his devoted country with holy lamentations and Cybele's tawny lions burst into tears.

Eutropius, although this terrible revolt could not be hid and although rumour had spread everywhere the dread news, none the less affects to ignore it and shuts his eyes to the empire's peril. 'Twas some poor troop of wandering brigands; such wretches call for punishment not war; a judge — so he brags — not a general should crush their strength. Even so the great Libyan bird, hard pressed by the cries of its pursuers, runs o'er the burning sands and flies through the dust, curving its wings like sails to catch the breeze; but when it clearly hears the footsteps close behind it, it forgets its flight, standing with closed eyes and hiding its head, believing, poor fool, it cannot be seen by

those whom itself cannot see. None the less Eutropius sends towering promises with new gifts, if haply his foe may pause at his entreaty. But the barbarian, in whose heart was once waked the old love of plunder, refuses to submit to a slave; for him the gifts of fear have no charm; haughtily he disdains any rank, even the highest, for under such a consul what honour would not be disgrace?

When Eutropius saw that no prayers could move him nor any gold win him over; when messenger after messenger returned, his mission unfulfilled, and all hopes of an alliance were at an end, he at last recognized the necessity for war and summoned the council to his palace. Thither they came — wanton lads and debauched greybeards whose greatest glory was gluttony, and whose pride it was to diversify the outraged banquet. Their hunger is only aroused by costly meats, and they tickle their palates with foods imported from overseas, the flesh of the many-eyed fowl of Juno, or of that coloured bird brought from farthest Ind that knows how to speak. Not the Aegean, not deep Propontis, not Maeotis' lake afar can sate their appetites with fish. Perfumed garments are their care, their pride to move foolish laughter with their silly jests. On their adornment and toilette they bestow a woman's care and find even the silk they wear too heavy a burden. Should the Hun, the Sarmatian, strike at the city's gates yet trouble they for nought but the theatre. Rome they despise and reserve their admiration for their own houses — may Bosphorus' waters overwhelm them! Skilful dancers they and clever judges of charioteers.

Some sprung from the dregs of the people are generals; some magistrates — though their legs and ankles are still scarred and livid with their wearing of the fetters of servitude and though their branded foreheads deny their owners' right to office and disclose their true title. Among them Eutropius holds the first place; Hosius, on whom he relies, comes next. He of a truth is more popular, a cunning artificer of justice who knows well how to steam his cases; at times boiling with anger, yet well able to render down that anger when aroused. These sit enthroned, joint rulers of the eastern empire, the one a cook the other a pander. The backs of both are scarred with the whip, each was a slave though of a different kind. The one had been bought and sold a hundred times, the other brought up a dependant^o in a Spanish household.

When, therefore, the chief men were gathered together for consultation in this strait and to comfort the sickness of the state, forthwith they forget Phrygia and, setting aside the question of war, start their accustomed fooling and engage in disputes about the Circus. With heat as fierce as it is pointless they wrangle what boy can best whirl quivering limbs in an easy somersault or sweep the marble floor with his drooping locks; who can most twist his flanks into a boneless arch; who can best suit his gestures to his words and his eyes to his character. Some recite speeches from tragedy, others chant the play of Tereus, others again that of Agave, never before staged.

Eutropius chides them; the present moment, says he, demands other spectacles than these; it is war which now should claim all their care. For his

part (for he is an old man and a weary) it is enough to defend the frontiers of Armenia; single-handed he cannot cope with all these perils. They must pardon his age and send younger men to the war: — it is as though a hated forewoman were sitting among a crowd of poor working-girls and bidding them in her raucous voice ply the loom and gain their livelihood, while they beg to be allowed the enjoyment of a holiday, to lay aside their tasks and visit their friends; angered at her refusal and wearied of their work they crush the threads in their hands and wipe away their gentle tears with the cloth.

Sudden from out that trembling throng upheaps bold Leo with his vast bulk, he whose single prowess Cyclopean hunger could scarce match, whom starving Celaeno could not outvie. 'Tis to this fact that he is said to have owed his name. Bold (when his foe was absent), brave (as a speaker), great in bulk but small of heart, once a highly skilled spinner of thread and cunning carder, none other could so well cleanse the dirt from out the fleece and fill the baskets, none other pull the thick wool over the iron teeth of the comb as could he. He was then Eutropius' Ajax and far and near he raged, shaking not a huge shield compact of seven layers of ox-hide, but that belly of his, laden with continuous feastings, as he sat lazily among old dames and distaffs. At length he arose and, panting, said: "What unwonted sluggishness is this, my friends? How long must we sit closeted in the women's apartments and suffer our perils to increase by reason of our sloth? Fate weaves for us a network of ill while we waste our time in useless vows. This different task demands my action; never was my hand slow to use iron. Let but Minerva favour mine attempts and the work begun will be the work completed. Now will I render proud Tarbigilus, whose madness has caused all this turmoil, of less weight than a ball of wool, the faithless Gruthungi I will drive before me like a flock of wretched sheep; and when I have restored peace I will set the women of Phrygia once more beside their ancient spinning."

So saying he sat down again. Great clamour and applause filled the council-chamber, applause such as rises from the rows of spectators in the theatre when some curled youth impersonates Niobe turned to stone, or Hecuba in tears. Straightway Leo unfolds his banners and starts on the journey whence there is to be no return. To the accompaniment of the screech-owl's ill-omened cry he bids march the host destined so soon to feed the vultures of Mygdonia.

'Tis a well-favoured army, enamoured of the city's shade, ever present at the games, anxious to shine in the baths, not to bear sun-scorch and rain, and oh! how different to that former army who, 'neath the leadership of Stilicho, endured under arms the frosts of Thrace and were wont to winter in the open air and break with their axes the frozen waters of Hebrus for a draught. Changed is the leader and changed their character. Byzantium's luxury and Ancyra's pomp have destroyed their vigour. No longer does the cavalry ride ahead of the foot; suitable ground is not chosen for camps; no constant change of sentries safeguards the ramparts, no scouts are sent forward to discover

which roads to take or which to avoid; their evolutions are performed without drill or discipline, in confusion they stray hither and thither amid dark forests, along narrow paths in unexplored valleys. So goes a horse that has lost its rider, thus a ship whose helmsman has been drowned is swept to the abyss, chance guiding her and not the stars. So too the sea monster is dashed to pieces against the rocks when it has lost the comrade fish that swam before it and guided its course through the waves, piloting the great beast with the motion of its tiny tail according to the compact which is between it and its huge companion. Aimlessly the monster swims all unguided through the deep; then, surprised in the shallow water and knowing not how to return to the sea, pants and to no purpose dashes its gaping jaws against the rocks.

Tarbigilus feigns retreat and raises the presumptuous hopes of Leo, then suddenly he bursts all unexpected upon the wine-sodden army, as, overcome by the heavy feast, they brag over their cups of leading the foe in chains. Some are slain as they lift their sluggish limbs from the couch, others know not any break between sleep and death. Others rush pell-mell into a neighbouring swamp and heap the marsh high with their dead bodies. Leo himself, swifter than deer or antelope, fled trembling on his foam-flecked horse, and it falling under his weight Leo sank in the mire and on all fours fought his way through the clinging slime. Held up at first by the thick mud, his fat body gradually settles down panting like a common pig, which, destined to grace the coming feast, squeals when Hosius arms him with flashing knife, and gathers up his garments, pondering the while what portions he will transfix with spits, which pieces of the flesh he will boil and how much sea-urchin stuffing will be needed to fill the empty skin. The work of preparation goes on apace, Bosphorus echoes to many a blow and the savoury smell envelops Chalcedon.

Suddenly a gentle breeze stirs the foliage behind Leo's back. He thinks it an arrow, and terror, taking a missile's place, does duty for a wound. Untouched and stricken only by fear he breathes his last. Degenerate Roman, by whose advice didst thou exchange the comb for the sword, thine ancestral calling for the field of battle? How much better to praise in safety the work of the weavers at their looms and keep out the cold by means of morning feasts. Here thou hast suffered a wretched death; here, while thou soughtest to shirk thy spinning, the Fates have at last spun for thee the final thread.

Now spreading rumour shakes the palace, pale with terror upon terror. It told how that the army was destroyed, the troops butchered, the plain of Maeonia red with slaughter, Pamphylia and Pisidia o'errun by the enemy. On all sides rings the dread name of Tarbigilus. He is now said to be bearing down upon Galatia, now to be meditating an attack on Bithynia. Some say he has crossed the Taurus and is descending upon Cilicia, others that he has possessed himself of a fleet and is advancing both by land and sea. Truth is doubled by panic's fancy; they say that from the ships far cities are seen ablaze, that the straits are aglow and that ashes driven by the wind catch in the

sails of every ship at sea.

Amid all this confusion comes a yet more terrible rumour — that Babylon is again in arms and, under a new monarch, threatens our Empire; the Parthians, long inactive, and now scorning slothful ease, seek to put an end to the peace imposed by Rome. Rare among the Medes is the murder of a king, for punishment falls on the regicide's whole family. Thus equal obedience is offered to their overlords, cruel as well as kind. But what would not the year of Eutropius' consulship dare? 'Tis that has stricken down our faithful ally Sapor and roused the Persians' swords against their own king; that has cast the torch of the Furies across the Euphrates, there to kindle rebellion, that no quarter of the globe may escape carnage.

Then indeed men's hearts failed them, their courage ebbed away amid all these storms; surrounded as they were on every side by the din of war, at last they recognized the wrath of heaven and their consul's evil omen, learning too late — schooled by the stubborn issue — their now irrevocable doom. They say that the twin sons of Iapetus formed our first parents of the same materials but with unequal skill. Those whom Prometheus fashioned, and with whose clay he mingled abundant ether, foresee the distant future and, thanks to their more careful making by a better workman, are thus prepared to meet what fate has in store for them. Those framed of baser clay by the sorry artificer the Greek poets so well call Epimetheus, men through whose limbs no ethereal vigour spreads — the sea, like sheep, cannot avoid the dangers that o'erhang them, nor foresee aught. Not till the blow has fallen do they protest and weep too late the accomplished deed.

There now shone forth but one hope of salvation — Stilicho. Him the expectation of whose visits the consciousness of deeds ill-done had ever rendered bitter and unpleasant, him whose approach even as far as the Alps afflicted the Byzantines with fear of death and punishment, all now wish to come, repentant of their former wrongdoing. To him they look as to a star amid this universal shipwreck of war; to him innocent and guilty alike address their prayers. So children whose sire carries merchandise across the sea, wrapt up in their amusements and heedless of their studies, wander afield more joyfully now that their guardian is absent, yet, should a dangerous neighbour invade their defenceless home and seek to drive them forth unprotected as they are from their fireside, *then* they beg their father's help, call upon his name with useless cries and all to no purpose direct their gaze towards the shore.

All admit that they deserve punishment and death for deserting Stilicho and entrusting themselves to the governance of slaves. Long they stood dazed with altered thoughts, and as their senses slowly return they marvel at the results of their own madness and turn away their eyes; flinging down his rods the lictor shudders, and the dishonoured axes fall of their own accord. Even so the Maenads returning to Thebes from the Aonian mount, their thyrses dripping with Pentheus' blood, learning the true character of their dreadful hunting and

seeing the head cast by the mother herself, hide them in the darkness and lament the end of their madness. Thereupon suppliant Aurora turned her flight towards powerful Italy, her hair no longer aureole-crowned and she no more bright of countenance nor clothed with the saffron of the dawn. She stands wan with woe, even as when she buried Memnon in his Phrygian grave. Stilicho recognized her and stayed, well knowing the reason of her visit. Long time she clasped his victorious hand and at length amid tears and sighs addressed him.

“Why art thou so wearied of the world whereon I shine? Leavest thou me thus to be the sport and laughing-stock of slaves and carest only for Italy, thou that wert once my guide and my leader? Since thy victory over the tyrant Eugenius I have not seen thee. Has victory thus robbed me of thee and given thee to Gaul? Rufinus was the prime cause of the trouble; 'twas he who wrought disunion between the two empires. But when he aimed at more there met him an army returning in righteous wrath, an army still strong, still mindful of its former prowess. For a moment I was dazzled by the mirage of liberty: I hoped that Stilicho would once more hold the reins of our empire. Alas for my short-sighted happiness! The world had begun to form one single empire under the rule of the two brothers (for who, with the awful example so fresh in his mind, would dare embark upon a like venture?) when suddenly (it is a monstrous story which scarce bears the telling) a eunuch came forward as Rufinus' heir. Thus fortune brought back my former miseries with this one difference — that of changing my master's sex.

At first he kept his crimes hidden behind the doors of his chamber, an unseen and timid ruler; power was his that all envied, yet only a eunuch's, nor dared he yet arrogate to himself the right of governing the state or of trampling on the laws. But when he had banished the good and, retaining the dregs of the people, had chosen therefrom advisers of no worth; when his creature Hosius stood on his one side and Leo on the other, then indeed his self-confidence waxed and his lust for power broke into open flame. Patrician and consul he brought defilement on the honours he sold; even greater defilement on those he carried himself. The very standards and trumpets of war grew feeble; a palsy seized upon our swords. What wonder the nations rejoiced and we became the easy prey of any who would subdue us? Gone are ploughs and ploughmen; the East is more a desert than Thrace and snowy Haemus. Alas! How many cities, how long unused to war's alarms, have perished in a single invasion! Not long since a mounted band coming from Araxes' farthest banks threatened the walls of Antioch and all but set fire to the chief city of the fair province of Syria. Laden with spoil and rejoicing in the vast carnage it had wrought the band returned with none to bar its passage; now it pursues its victorious career inflicting on me wound upon wound. 'Tis not now Caucasus nor cold Phasis that sends forces against me; wars arise in the very centre of my empire. Time was when the Gruthungi formed a Roman legion; conquered we gave them laws; fields and dwelling-places were

apportioned them. Now they lay waste with fire Lydia and the richest cities of Asia, ay, and everything that escaped the earlier storm. 'Tis neither on their own valour or numbers that they rely; it is our cowardice urges them on, cowardice and the treason of generals, through whose guilt our soldiers now flee before their own captives, whom, as Danube's stream well knows, they once subdued; and those now fear a handful who once could drive back all.

Meanwhile the palace devotes its attention to dances and feasting, and cares not what be lost so something remain. But lest our salesman lose aught by this dismemberment of the empire he has divided each remaining province into two, and forces the two halves, each under its own governor, to compensate him for the loss of other provinces. 'Tis thus they give me back my lost peoples: by this ingenious device they increase the number of my rulers while the lands they should rule are lost.

In thee is now my only hope; in place of Minerva's supplicating branch I offer thee my tears. Help me in my distress. Save me from this tyranny of a slave master; do not condemn all for the fault of a few, and let not a recent offence cancel former merits. Grant me now my request; extreme danger ever exonerates from blame. Camillus, though justly angered at his banishment, forebore not to succour his country when in flames. I seek not to draw thee away from Italy; thou art enough defence for both empires. Let both have the benefit of thine illustrious arms; let the same shield defend us and one hero work the salvation of a twofold world."

Fescennine Verses in Honour of the Marriage of the Emperor Honorius

I (XI)

Prince, fairer than the day-star, who shootest thine arrows with an aim more sure than the Parthian's, rider more daring than the Geloni, what praise shall match thy lofty mind, what praise thy brilliant beauty? Leda would rather have thee her son than Castor; Thetis counts thee dearer than her own Achilles; Delos' isle admits thee Apollo's victor; Lydia puts Bacchus second to thee. When in the heat of the chase thou guidest thy coursing steed amid the towering holm-oaks and thy tossing locks stream out upon the wind, the beasts of their own accord will fall before thine arrows and the lion, right gladly wounded by a prince's sacred hand, will welcome thy spear and be proud to die. Venus scorns Adonis returned from the dead, Diana disapproves Hippolytus recalled to life.

When after thy toils thou seekest the shade of a green plane-tree or shunnest Sirius' extreme heat in some cool grot and freest thy wearied limbs in sleep, what a passion of love will inflame the Dryads' hearts! how many a Naiad will steal up with trembling foot and snatch an unmarked kiss! Who, though he be more uncivilized than the wild Scythians and more cruel even than the beasts, but will, when he has seen near at hand thy transcendent loveliness, offer thee a ready servitude? Who will not willingly seize the chains of slavery and demand the toke for a neck as yet free? Hadst thou o'er the heights of snowy Caucasus gone against the cruel Amazons in all thy beauty, that warrior band had fled the fight and called to mind again their proper sex; Hippolyte, amid the trumpets' din, forgetful of her sire, had weakly laid aside her drawn battle-axe, and with half-bared breast loosed the girdle all Hercules' strength availed not to loose. Thy beauty alone would have ended the war.

Blessed is she who will soon call thee husband and unite herself to thee with the bonds of first love.

II (XII)

Come, earth, wreathed about with nuptial spring, do honour to thy master's marriage-feast. Sing, woods and rivers all, sing, deep of ocean. Give your blessing, too, Ligurian plains and yours, Venetian hills. Let Alpine heights on a sudden clothe themselves with rose-bushes and the fields of ice grow red. Let the Adige re-echo the sound of choric lays and meandering Mincius whisper gently through his reeds and Padus make answer with his amber-dripping alders. Let Tiber's banks now ring with the voices of Rome's full-fed citizens and the golden city, rejoicing in her lord's marriage, crown her seven hills with flowers.

Let Spain hear afar, Spain the cradle of the imperial race, where is a house that is mother of emperors, rich in crowns of laurel, whose triumphs can scarce be numbered. Hence came the bridegroom's sire, hence the bride's mother; from either branch flows the blood of the Caesars, like twin streams reunited. Let rich herbage clothe Baetis' banks and Tagus swell his golden flood; may Ocean, ancestor of the imperial race, make merry in his crystal caves. Let East and West, the two brothers' realms, join in their applause, and peace and joy fill the cities illumined by the sun at his rising and at his setting. Be still, ye storms of the north and ye mad blasts of Caurus; sounding Auster, sink to rest. Let Zephyrus have sole rule over this year of triumph.

III (XIII)

Twine with a soft garland, Stilicho, the locks whereon a helmet is wont to shine. Let the trumpets of war cease and the propitious torch of marriage banish savage Mars afar. Let regal blood unite once more with regal blood. Perform a father's office and unite these children with thine illustrious hand. Thou didst marry an emperor's daughter, now, in turn, thy daughter shall marry an emperor. What room is here for the madness of jealousy? What excuse for envy? Stilicho is father both of bride and bridegroom.

IV (XIV)

Hesperus, loved of Venus, rises and shines for the marriage with his Idalian rays. Maiden shame now overcomes the anxious bride; her veil now shows traces of innocent tears. Hesitate not to be close in thine attacks, young lover, e'en though she oppose thee savagely with cruel finger-nail. None can enjoy the scents of spring nor steal the honey of Hyla from its fastnesses if he fears that thorns may scratch his face. Thorns arm the rose and bees find a defence for their honey. The refusals of coyness do but increase the joy; the desire for that which flies us is the more inflamed; sweeter is the kiss snatched through tears. How oft wilt thou say: "Better this than ten victories over the yellow-haired Sarmatae"!

Breathe a new loyalty into your breasts and let your sense kindle a flame that shall never be extinguished. May your clasped hands form a bond more close than that betwixt ivy and leafy oak tree or poplar and pliant vine. Be the frequent kisses that ye give and receive breathed more softly than those of plaintive doves, and when lips have united soul to soul let sleep still your throbbing breath. Be the purple couch warm with your princely wooing, and a new stain ennoble coverlets ruddy with Tyrian dye. Then leap victorious from the marriage-bed, scarred with the night's encounter.

All night long let the music of the flute resound and the crowd, set free from law's harsh restraints, with larger licence indulge the permitted jest. Soldiers, make merry with your leaders, girls with boys. Be this the cry that re-echoes from pole to pole, among the peoples, over the seas: "Fair Honorius weds with Maria."

Epithalamium of Honorius and Maria

PREFACE.

(IX)

When Pelion reared his height to form a bridal chamber with long-drawn arches, and his hospitable land could not contain so many gods; when Nereus, sire of the bride, and all the throng of her sisters strove to link day to day with feastings; when Chiron, lying at ease with his horse-flanks curled under him, offered the loving-cup to Jove; when Peneus turned his cold waters to nectar and frothing wine flowed down from Oeta's summit, Terpsichore struck her ready lyre with festive hand and led the girlish bands into the caves. The gods, the Thunderer himself, disdained not these songs, for they knew that lovers' vows ever harmonized with tender strains. Centaurs and Fauns would have none of it: what lyre could touch Rhoetus or move inhuman Pholus?

The seventh day had flamed in heaven, seven times had Hesperus relumed his lamp and seen the dances completed; then Phoebus touched his lyre with that nobler quill, wherewith he leads captive rocks and mountain-ashes, and sang to his sacred strings now the promised birth of Achilles, now the slaughter of the Trojans and the river Simois. The happy marriage-cry re-echoed o'er leafy Olympus, and Othrys and Ossa gave back their mistress Thetis' name.

EPITHALAMIUM. (X)

Unfelt before was the fire the Emperor Honorius had conceived for his promised bride, and he burned, all unexperienced, with passion's first fever, nor knew whence came the heat, what meant the sighs — a tyro and as yet ignorant of love. Hunting, horses, javelins — for none of these he now cares nor yet to fling the spear; how often a blush, mantling to his cheeks, betrayed his secret; how often, unbidden of himself, his hand would write the loved one's name. Already he prepares gifts for his betrothed and selects to adorn her (though their beauty is less than hers) the jewels once worn by noble Livia of old and all the proud women of the imperial house. The impatient lover chafes at the delay; the long days seem as though they stood still and the moon as though she moved not her slow wheel. Thus Deidamia, girl of Scyros, e'er yet she sees through his disguise, inflamed with love the young Achilles, and taught his warrior hand to draw the slender thread and passed her rosy fingers through the locks of that Thessalian of whom all Ida was soon to stand in awe.

Thus too he communed with himself: "How long will honoured Stilicho forbear to grant my prayers? Why postpones he the union of those whose love he has approved? Why should he refuse to fulfil my chaste desires? I follow not the example of luxurious princes in seeking the beauties of a pictured countenance, whereby the pander canvass may pass from house to house to make known the charms demanded; nor yet have I sought to choose the uncertain object of my love from this house or from that, and thus entrusted to deceptive wax the difficult selection of a bride. I sever not in violence the bonds that unite a wedded woman to her lord; her I seek who hath long been betrothed to me, who by a father's orders was left my affianced bride and who through her mother shares with me a common grandsire. A suppliant I have laid aside my rank and acted the suitor. Princes, second only to myself in rank, have I sent from my imperial palace to present my petition. 'Tis no small thing I ask, Stilicho; that I admit; yet surely to me, an emperor, son of that other emperor who, by giving thee his brother's adopted daughter to wife, made thee his son-in-law, — to me thou dost owe Maria. Pay back to the son the interest due to his sire; restore to the palace those who are its own. Mayhap her mother will be less inexorable. Daughter of mine uncle Honorius, whence I derive my name, chief glory of the land of swift-flowing Ebro, cousin by birth, by mother's love a mother, to thy care was mine infancy entrusted, in thine arms I grew to boyhood; save for my birth thou, rather than Flacilla, art my mother. Why dost thou separate thy two children? Why not bestow a daughter born upon an adopted son? Will the longed-for day ever come? the marriage-night ever be sanctioned?

With such complaint he assuages the wounds of love. Cupid laughed and speeding across the deep bore the news to his gentle mother, proudly

spreading his wings to their full extent.

Where Cyprus looks out over the Ionian main a craggy mountain overshadows it; unapproachable by human foot it faces the isle of Pharos, the home of Proteus and the seven mouths of the Nile. The hoar frost dares not clothe its sides, nor the rude winds buffet it nor clouds obscure. It is consecrate to pleasure and to Venus. The year's less clement seasons are strangers to it, whereover ever brood the blessings of eternal spring. The mountain's height slopes down into a plain; that a golden hedge encircles, guarding its meadows with yellow metal. This demesne, men say, was the price paid by Mulciber for the kisses of his wife, these towers were the gift of a loving husband. Fair is the enclosed country, ever bright with flowers though touched with no labouring hand, for Zephyr is husbandman enough therefor. Into its shady groves no bird may enter save such as has first won the goddess' approval for its song. Those which please her may flit among the branches; they must quit who cannot pass the test. The very leaves live for love and in his season every happy tree experiences love's power: palm bends down to mate with palm, poplar sighs its passion for poplar, plane whispers to plane, alder to alder.

Here spring two fountains, the one of sweet water, the other of bitter, honey is mingled with the first, poison with the second, and in these streams 'tis said that Cupid dips his arrows. A thousand brother Loves with quivers play all around upon the banks, a tender company like to Cupid himself in face and of equal age. The nymphs are their mothers; Cupid is the only child of golden Venus. He with his bow subdues the stars and the gods and heaven, and disdains not to wound mighty kings; of the others the common people is the prey. Other deities, too, are here: Licence bound by no fetters, easily moved Anger, Wakes dripping with wine, inexperienced Tears, Pallor that lovers ever prize, Boldness trembling at his first thefts, happy Fears, unstable Pleasure, and lovers' Oaths, the sport of every lightest breeze. Amid them all wanton Youth with haughty neck shuts out Age from the grove.

Afar shines and glitters the goddess' many-coloured palace, green gleaming by reason of the encircling grove. Vulcan built this too of precious stones and gold, wedding their costliness to art. Columns cut from rock of hyacinth support emerald beams; the walls are of beryl, the high-built thresholds of polished jasper,^o the floor of agate trodden as dirt beneath the foot. In the midst is a courtyard rich with fragrant turf that yields a harvest of perfume; there grows sweet spikenard and ripe cassia, Panchaeian cinnamon-flowers and sprays of oozy balm, while balsam creeps forth slowly in an exuding stream.

Hither Love glided down, winging his way o'er the long journey. Joyfully and with prouder gait than e'er his wont he enters. Venus was seated on her glittering throne, tiring her hair. On her right hand and on her left stood the Idalian sisters. Of these one pours a rich stream of nectar over Venus' head, another parts her hair with a fine ivory comb. A third, standing behind the

goddess, braids her tresses and orders her ringlets in due array, yet carefully leaving a part untended; such negligence becomes her more. Nor did her face lack the mirror's verdict; her image is reflected all over the palace and she is charmed wheresoever she looks. While she surveys each detail and approves her beauty she notes the shadow of her son as he approaches and catches the fierce boy to her fragrant bosom. "Whence comes thy joy?" she asks; "cruel child, what battles hast thou fought? What victim has thine arrow pierced? Hast thou once more compelled the Thunderer to low among the heifers of Sidon? Hast thou overcome Apollo, or again summoned Diana to a shepherd's cave? Methinks thou hast triumphed over some fierce and potent god."

Hanging upon his mother's kisses he answered: "Mother, be thou glad; a great victory is ours. Now has Honorius felt our arrows. Thou knowest Maria and her sire, the general whose spear protects Gaul and Italy; the fame of noble Serena is not hidden from thee. Haste thee, assent to their princely prayers and seal this royal union."

Cytherea freed her from her son's embrace, hastily bound up her hair, gathered up her flowing dress and girt herself about with the divine girdle whose all-compelling charm can stay the rain-swollen torrent and appease the sea, the winds and angry thunderbolts. Soon as she stood on the shore she thus addressed her small foster-children. "Come, children, which of you will plunge beneath the glassy wave and summon me hither fleet Triton to bear me quickly o'er the deep? Never will he have come to do us better service. Sacred is the marriage that I seek. Make all speed in your search; may be the Libyan sea rings to his conch, may be he cleaves the Aegean main. Whoso shall find and bring him hither shall have a golden quiver as a reward."

She spake and, dividing into various bands, the scouts set out. Triton was swimming beneath the waves of the Carpathian sea, pursuing reluctant Cymothoë. She feared her rough lover and eluded his pursuit, her wet form gliding through the embraces of his strong arms. One of the Loves espied him and cried, "Stay! the deeps cannot hide your amours. Make ready to carry our mistress; as a reward for thy services (and 'tis no meagre one) thou shalt have Cymothoë, a complaisant mistress shall she be though she flout thee now. Come and win thy recompense."

The dread monster uprose from the abyss; his billowing hair swept his shoulders; hoofs of cloven horn grown round with bristles sprang from where his fishy tail joined his man's body. He swam three strokes and at the fourth stranded upon the shore of Cyprus. To shade the goddess the monster arched back his tail; then his back, rough with living purple, was bedded with scarlet coverlets; resting in such a retreat does Venus voyage, her snowy feet just dipping in the sea. A great company of wingèd Loves fly after her, troubling the calm surface of Ocean. Neptune's palace is all adorned with flowers. Leucothoë, daughter of Cadmus, sports on the water, and Palaemon drives his dolphin with a bridle of roses. Nereus set violets here and there among the seaweed and Glaucus wreathes his grey hair with deathless flowers. Hearing

the tale the Nereids, too, came mounted on various beasts: one (maiden above but fish below) rides the dread sea-tiger of Tartessus; another is carried by that fierce ram, the terror of the Aegean, who shatters ships with his forehead; a third bestrides the neck of a sea-lion; another is borne by the sea-calf to whom she clings. They vie with one another in bringing gifts to the newly-wedded pair. Cymothoë presents a girdle, Galatea a precious necklace, Psamathe a diadem heavily encrusted with pearls gathered by herself from the depths of the Red Sea. Doto suddenly dives to gather coral, a plant so long as it is beneath the water, a jewel once it is brought forth from the waves.

The nude crowd of Nereids throng around Venus, following her and singing praises after this manner: "We beg thee, Venus, our queen, to bear these our gifts, these adornments, to queen Maria. Tell her that never did Thetis receive their like nor even our sister Amphitrite when she espoused our Jupiter. Let the daughter of Stilicho hereby realize the devotion of the sea and know that Ocean is her slave. 'Tis we who bore up her father's fleet, the hope of his victorious land, what time he set out to avenge the ruined Greeks."

And now Triton's foam-flecked breast had touched the Ligurian shore and his wearied coils were extended over the surface of the water. Straightway Venus flew high in the air to the city founded by the Gauls, the city that shows as its device the fleece-covered pelt of a sow. At the coming of the goddess the routed clouds retire; bright shine the Alps beneath the clear North wind. The soldier rejoices though he cannot tell why. The standards of war burgeon with red flowers and the spears on a sudden sprout with living leaves. Then Venus thus addresses her attendant throng. "Comrades mine, keep away for a while the god of war that the palace may be mine and mine alone. Banish afar the terror of the flashing breastplate; let its scabbard sheath the threatening sword. Advance not the standards of war, the eagles and savage dragons. This day the camp shall yield to my standards; the flute shall sound instead of the bugle, the soft strains of the happy lyre take the place of the trumpets' blare. Let the soldiers feast even when on guard and the beakers foam in the midst of arms. Let regal majesty lay by its awful pride and power, disdaining not to associate with the people, make one the nobles with the crowd. Let joy be unrestrained and sober Law herself be not ashamed to laugh.

"Hymen, choose thou the festal torches, and ye Graces gather flowers for the feast. Thou, Concord, weave two garlands. You, winged band, divide and hasten whithersoever you can be of use: let none be slothful or lazy. You others hang numberless lamps in order from their brackets against the coming of night. Let these haste to entwine the gleaming door-posts with my sacred myrtle. Do you sprinkle the palace with drops of nectar and kindle a whole grove of Sabaeen incense. Let others unfold yellow-dyed silks from China and spread tapestries of Sidon on the ground. Do you employ all your arts in decorating the marriage-bed. Woven with jewels and upborne on carved columns be its canopy, such as rich Lydia ne'er built for Pelops nor yet the Bacchae for Lyaeus, decked as his was with the spoils of Ind and the mantling

vine. Heap up there all the gathered wealth of the family, all the spoil that Honorius the elder, our emperor's grandsire, won from Moor and Saxon, all that his dread father with Stilicho at his side gained from numberless wars, all that the Geloni and Armenians have contributed or Meroë added — Meroë encircled by furthest Nile whose people decorate their hair with arrows; whatever the Medes sent from the banks of Persian Tigris when suppliant Persia bought peace of Rome. Let the lofty couch be adorned with the barbaric splendour of kings' treasuries; be all the wealth of all our triumphs gathered in that marriage-chamber."

So spake she and all unannounced sought the bride's home. But Maria, with no thoughts of wedlock nor knowing that the torches were being got ready, was listening with rapt attention to the discourse of her saintly mother, drinking in that mother's nature and learning to follow the example of old-world chastity; nor does she cease under that mother's guidance to unroll the writers of Rome and Greece, all that old Homer sang, or Thracian Orpheus, or that Sappho set to music with Lesbian quill; (even so Latona taught Diana; so gentle Mnemosyne in her cave gave instruction to meek Thalia) — when the sky from afar grows more bright, a sweeter air breathes through the astonished palace and there is spread the happy fragrance of scented locks. Soon came the proof; in all her beauty the goddess bursts upon them. Yet Venus stands amazed, admiring now the day's loveliness, now the snowy neck and golden hair of the mother. The one is like upon the crescent moon, the other to the full. So grows a young laurel beneath the shadow of its parent tree and, small as it now is, gives promise of great branches and thick foliage to come. Or as 'twere two roses of Paestum on one stalk; the one day's fulness has brought to maturity; steeped in the dews of spring it spreads abroad its petals; the other yet nestles in its bud nor dares receive the sun's warmth within its tender heart.

Venus stood and addressed Maria with these gentle words: "All hail! revered daughter of divine Serena, scion of great kings and destined to be the mother of kings. For thy sake have I left my home in Paphos' isle and Cyprus; for thy sake was I pleased to face so many labours and cross so many seas lest thou shouldst continue to live a private life little befitting thy true worth and lest young Honorius should still feed in his heart the flame of unrequited love. Take the rank thy birth demands, resume the crown to bequeath it to thy children and re-enter the palace whence thy mother sprang. E'en though no ties of blood united thee to the royal house, though thou wert in no way related thereto, yet would thy beauty render thee worthy of a kingdom. What face could rather win a sceptre? What countenance better adorn a palace? Redder than roses thy lips, whiter than the hoar-frost thy neck, cowslips are not more yellow than thine hair, fire not more bright than thine eyes. With how fine an interspace do the delicate eyebrows meet upon thy forehead! How just the blend that makes thy blush, thy fairness not o'ermantled with too much red! Pinker thy fingers than Aurora's, firmer thy shoulders than Diana's;

even thy mother dost thou surpass. If Bacchus, Ariadne's lover, could transform his mistress' garland into a constellation how comes it that a more beauteous maid has no crown of stars? Even now Boötes is weaving for thee a starry crown, even now heaven brings new stars to birth to do thee honour. Go, mate with one who is worthy of thee and share with him an empire co-extensive with the world. Ister now shall do thee homage; all nations shall adore thy name. Now Rhine and Elbe shall be thy slaves; thou shalt be queen among the Sygambri. Why should I number the peoples and the Atlantic's distant shores? The whole world alike shall be thy dowry."

She spake and fitted to Maria's neck and shining limbs the rich gear which the happy Nereids had just given her. She parted her hair with the spear's point, girded up her dress, and with her own hands set the veil over the maiden's hair. The procession is halted singing at the door; brightly gleams the holy chariot in which the new bride is to fare. The prince burns to run and meet her and longs for the sun's tardy setting. Even so the noble steed when first the smell that stirs his passions smites upon him proudly shakes his thick, disordered mane and courses over Pharsalia's plains. His nostrils are aflame and with a neighing he greets the streams that saw his birth. His masters smile at the hope of their stud's increase, and the mares take pleasure in their handsome mate.

Meanwhile the army has laid aside its swords: the soldiers are dressed in white and throng around Stilicho, the bride's father. No standard-bearer nor common soldier fails to scatter flowers like rain and to drench their leader in a mist of purple blossoms. Crowned with laurel and myrtle they sing: "Blessed father, whether the vault of heaven is thy home, or thou walkest in Elysium, the mansion of the blest, behold Stilicho hath now fulfilled the promises he made thee. A happy interchange has now been made: he compensates thee for his upbringing, and renders marriage in return for marriage, giving back to a son what thou, that son's father, gave to him. Never needst thou repent of thy choice; a dying father's love misled thee not. Worthy is he to be thine heir, worthy to be entrusted with the child of so powerful a prince and to hold the reins of government. Now could I tell of the battles fought beneath the slopes of Mount Haemus, the contests wherefrom Strymon reeked red with blood; I could sing the fame of his arms and how, like a thunderbolt, he falls upon his foes, but the marriage-god says me nay. Our song must be such as now befits the singing. Who can surpass Stilicho in counsel? who in knowledge of law and equity? In thee are two opposèd qualities reconciled, wisdom and strength, prudence and fortitude. Was e'er so noble a brow? Whom would Rome's highest place more befit? What heart but thine is strong enough to bear so many troubles? Shouldst thou stand amid the crowd whoe'er shall see thee would exclaim, 'That is Stilicho.' It is thus that the aspect of supreme majesty brings its own witness — not with arrogant voice, or pompous walk, or haughty gesture. The graces which others affect and strive to seem to possess are thine by nature's gift. Modesty shines forth together with a noble

sternness, and white hairs come hastening to increase the reverence of thy face. Though dignity be the crown of age and strength, by a far different lot, of youth, yet either season decks thee with its own peculiar honours. Thou art the ornament of fortune. Never tookst thou up the sword for hurt nor ever didst steep its blade in citizens' blood. No cruelties on thy part aroused men's hatred; favouritism never slacks the reins of justice. We love thee, yet we fear thee. Our very fear testifies to our love, O thou most righteous interpreter of Law, guardian most sure of peace with honour, greatest of our generals, most blessed among the fathers of our country. We all confess that now we owe our emperor an even firmer allegiance for that thou, hero invincible, art the father of his bride. Crown thy head with a garland, lay aside thy rank for a moment and join our dances. An thou dost this, so may thy son Eucherius surpass the virtues of his sire; so may the fair Thermantia, thy daughter, live to see a marriage such as this; so may Maria's womb grow big and a little Honorius, born in the purple, rest on his grandsire's lap.

Panegyric on the Third Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

PREFACE. (VI)

Eagles may not rear their young without the sun's permission and the goodwill of heaven. So soon as the chicks have shattered their shells and issued forth, after that the warmth of their mother's body has cracked the opening egg, the father bird makes haste to carry the unfledged nestlings aloft and bids them gaze at the sun's fires with unblinking eye. He takes counsel of those bright beams and under light's schooling makes trial of the strength and temper of his sons. The angry father strikes with pitiless talons the degenerate who turns away his glance, but he whose eye can bear the scorching flame, who with bolder sight can outstare the noonday sun, is brought up a king of birds, heir to the thunderbolt, destined to carry Jove's three-forked weapon. So mighty Rome fears not to send me, oft tested e'er now in the Muses' caverns, to face the emperor, her god. Now have I won an emperor's ear, the entrance to an emperor's palace and the emperor himself as judge of my lyre's song.

PANEGYRIC. (VII)

Let the consular fasces of Romulus open a third year, and for the third time let the warlike procession accompany thy curule litter. More festal in array be the coming year, and let purple, folded in Gabine guise, be proudly enriched with gems of Hydaspes; let the cloak of peace succeed the arms of war; let the lictor guard the consul's tent and the Latin axes return to the standards. And do thou, Honorius, who with thy brother, lord of the East, governest with equal care a world that was once thy sire's, go thy way with favourable omens and order the sun's new course, thyself heaven's hope and desire, palace-nurtured even from life's threshold, to whom the camp, gleaming with drawn swords, gave schooling among the laurels of victory. Thy towering fortune has never known the condition of a private citizen; when thou wast born thou wast born a king. Power which was thine by birth received thee, a precious pledge, amid the purple; soldiers bearing victorious standards inaugurated thy birth and set thy cradle in the midst of arms. When thou wast born fierce Germany trembled along the Rhine's full course, Caucasus shook his forests in fear, and the people of Meroë, confessing thy divinity, laid aside their quivers and drew the useless arrows from their hair. As a child thou didst crawl among shields, fresh-won spoils of monarchs were thy playthings, and thou wert ever the first to embrace thy stern father on his return from rude battles, when that, reeking with the blood of northern savages, he came home victorious from his conquest over the tribes of the Danube. Then wouldst thou demand thy share of the spoils, a Scythian bow or a belt won from the Geloni, a Dacian spear or a Suabian bridle. Often would he smile on thee and uplift thee, eager for the honour, on his shining shield, and clasp thee to his still panting bosom. Thou fearedst not his coat of mail nor the dread gleam of his helmet but stretchedst out thy hands to grasp its lofty plumes. Then in his joy thy father cried: "King of starry Olympus, may this my son return in like manner from the lands of conquered foes, rich with the spoils of Hyrcania or proud with the slaughter of the Assyrians; his sword thus red with blood, his countenance thus roughened by the constant blasts and stained with the welcome dust of heroic combat, may he bring back to his happy father the arms of his conquered foes."

Soon when thou couldst stand upright and walk with firm step thy sire forbade thee enervating sloth, luxurious ease, time-wasting slumbers. He strengthened thy young limbs with hard toils and rude was the training wherewith he exercised thy tender powers. Thou wert taught to bear winter's cruel cold, to shrink not before storm and tempest, to face the heat of summer, to swim across loud-roaring torrents, to climb mountains, to run o'er the plain, to leap ravines and hollows, to spend sleepless nights of watching under arms, to drink melted snow from thy casque, to shoot the arrow from the bow or hurl the acorn-missiles with a Balearic sling. And the more to inflame thy

heart with love of battle he would recount to thee the deeds of thy grandsire, object of dread to Libya's sun-scorched shores and Thule whither no ship can sail. He conquered the fleet Moors and the well-named Picts; his roaming sword pursued the flying Scot; his adventurous oars broke the surface of the northern seas. Crowned with the spoils of triumphs won beneath the northern and the southern sky he trod the wave-swept strand of either Ocean. Thus did he spur thy courage, thus sow the seeds of fame; these were the examples he gave. Not more avidly did Achilles himself drink in the Centaur's precepts when he learnt of him how to wield the spear or play the lyre or discern healing plants.

Meanwhile the world forgot its loyalty: the thunder of civil war sounded afresh and discord shook the tottering earth. O ye guilty gods! O shame everlasting! — a barbarian exile had possessed himself of the cities of Italy and had entrusted the government most Rome to some low-born dependent. But Theodosius was already afoot, rallying to his standard the distant nations of the East, the dwellers on the banks of flooding Euphrates, clear Halys, and rich Orontes. The Arabs left their spicy groves, the Medes the waters of the Caspian Sea, the Armenians the river Phasis, the Parthians the Niphates.

What lust of battle then filled thy heart, what longing to accompany thy father! What would not thine eager spirit have given to hear the beloved clarion's note and to revel in the bloody storm of battle, trampling upon the slaughtered bodies of thy foes! Like a young lion in a cave, accustomed to look for nourishment to the teats of its tawny mother, who, so soon as he finds talons beginning to grow from out his paws and a mane sprout from his neck and teeth arm his jaws, will have none of this inglorious food but burns to leave his cavern home and accompany his Gaetulian sire, to bring death upon the herds and steep him in the gore of some tall steer. But Theodosius said thee nay, and put the reins of government into thy hands, crowning thy head with the sacred diadem it wore so meetly. And so did thy virtue show in earliest years, so did thy soul out-range thy youth that all complained that to thee empire was granted late.

Swiftly beneath thy auspices was victory achieved. Both fought for us — thou with thy happy influence, thy father with his strong right arm. Thanks to thee the Alps lay open to our armies, nor did it avail the careful foe to cling to fortified posts. Their ramparts, and the trust they put therein, fell; the rocks were torn away and their hiding-places exposed. Thanks to thine influence the wind of the frozen North overwhelmed the enemy's line with his mountain storms, hurled back their weapons upon the throwers and with the violence of his tempest drove back their spears. Verily God is with thee, when at thy behest Aeolus frees the armed tempests from his cave, when the very elements fight for thee and the allied winds come at the call of thy trumpets. The Alpine snows grew red with slaughter, the cold Frigidus, its waters turned to blood, ran hot and steaming, and would have been choked with the heaps of corpses had not their own fast-flowing gore helped on its course.

Meanwhile Arbogast, the cause of this wicked war, had pierced his side deep not with a single blade: two swords reeked with his blood, and his own hand, learning justice at last, had turned his savage fury against himself. Thus was liberty restored; but though Nature demanded the return to heaven of divine Theodosius whose work was now accomplished, though the sky threw open the golden palaces of its starry vault and Atlas staggered knowing the burden he was to bear, yet did the emperor forbear to entrust him to expectant Olympus until he could in thy presence hand over to thee a world at peace. Straightway didst thou, Honorius, leave the coasts of Thrace, and, braving the dangers of the journey, pass without a tremor through the hordes of barbarians. Thou leavest the rocks of Rhodope to which Orpheus' lyre gave life; thou quittest the heights of Oeta, scene of Hercules' ill-omened funeral pyre; next thou climbest Pelion, famed for the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. Fair Enipeus and lofty Dodona look upon thee in amaze, and the oaks of Chaonia, finding tongues once more, utter oracles in thine honour. Thou skirtest the extreme coasts of Illyria and, passing over Dalmatia's fields, dost cross in turn the nine sources of Trojan Timavus. The high-walled cities of Italy rejoice in the blessings of thy presence. Eridanus bows his head and worships, bidding his waves flow gently to the sea; and Phaëthon's leafy sisters, that ever weep their brother's death, check the flow of their dewy amber.

How many youths, how many matrons set modesty aside in eagerness to behold thee! Austere greybeards struggle with boys for places whence to see thee in the tender embraces of thy sire, borne through the midst of Rome on a triumphal chariot decked but with the shade of a simple laurel branch. Who did not then think that he beheld the morning-star together with the rosy sun, or the Thunderer shine in concert with Bacchus? On every side stretches the host of plumed warriors, each hymning thy praises in his own tongue; the brightness of bronze dazzles the eye and the martial glint of a forest of unsheathed swords redoubles the light of day. Some are decked with bows, others bristle with far-flung javelins or pikes for fighting at close quarters. These raise standards adorned with flying eagles, or with embroidered dragons or writhing serpents, that in their thousands seem to be roused to angry life by the breath of the wind which, as it blows them this way and that, causes them to rustle with a sound like the hiss of a living snake.

When they reached the palace the emperor bade all depart and thus unbidden addressed his son-in-law: "Victorious Stilicho, of whose courage in war, of whose loyalty in peace I have made proof — what warlike feat have I performed without thine aid? What triumph have I won that thou helpedst me not in the winning? Together we caused Thracian Hebrus to run red with Getic blood, together overthrew the squadrons of the Sarmatae, together rested our weary limbs on the frozen Danube with our chariot's wheel — come, therefore, since heaven's halls claim me, do thou take up my task; be thou sole guardian of my children, let thy hand protect my two sons. I adjure

thee by that marriage that makes thee kin with me, by the night that saw its consummation, by the torch which at thy wedding-feast the queen carried in her own hand when she led thy bride-elect from out the imperial palace, take on thee a father's spirit, guard the years of their childhood. Was not their sire thy master and thy wife's father? Now, now I shall mount untroubled to the stars for thou wilt watch over them. Even should Typhoeus rend away the rocks and leap forth, should Tityus free his captive limbs, should Enceladus, hurling Etna from him, roar in rage — each and all will fall before Stilicho's attack."

He spake no more but still in human form clove a furrow of light through the clouds; he passes to Luna's globe, leaves Mercury's threshold and hastens to the gentle airs of Venus. Hence he traverses Phoebus' path, Mars' baleful fires and Jupiter's quiet quarters, and stands upon the very crown of the sky, cold Saturn's frozen zone. Heaven's fabric opens, unbidden the shining doors swing back. Boötes prepares a place in the vault of the northern sky, sword-girt Orion unbars the portals of the south; they offer welcome to the new star, uncertain each in turn to what region he will betake himself, what constellation he will grace with his presence, or in what quarter he will elect to shine alone. O glory of heaven as once thou wert of earth, the ocean that laves the shores of the land of thy birth receives thee wearied with thy nightly course, Spain bathes thee in thy natal waves. Happy father, when first thou risest above the horizon thou lookest upon Arcadius, when thou dippest to thy setting the sight of Honorius delays thy westering fires. Through whichever hemisphere thou takest thy wandering journey, thou passest over the domains of sons who with tranquil mind and ripe control rule over allied peoples, who once again fashion the ages from a nobler ore. Avarice is left to weep in Stygian chains, mad Ambition and his gold banished afar. Wealth does not hold sway; sense-corrupting gifts are of no avail; virtue alone can purchase power.

Brothers twain, with the heart of one, brothers to whose rule fate has entrusted sea and land, if there is aught that has escaped your grandsire's conquering hand, aught your father has left unsubdued, even now Vulcan prepares the arms for their subjection and Cyclops labours on the Sicilian anvil. Brontes carves countless figures on the shield, Steropes hastes to bend the lofty peak of the flashing helmet, Pyragmon knits the coat of mail, smoky Lipare roars throughout its fire-belching caves. 'Tis for you that Neptune pastures in the sea-weed meadows of the Ionian main green sea-horses who can fly o'er the surface of the blue waters with so light a step that their hoofs are unflecked with foam, and course o'er fields of corn so delicately that the ears do not bend beneath their weight. E'en now I see the sack of Babylon and the Parthian driven to flight that is not feigned, Bactria subjected to the Law, the fearful pallor of the Ganges' servile banks, the humbled Persian throwing off his gem-encrusted robes. Mount to Tanais' source, explore the frozen North, traverse sun-scorched Libya, o'ercome the fires of Titan and surprise

Nile's hidden spring; pass the pillars of Hercules, the bourne, too, whence Bacchus returned; whatever heaven enfolds shall own your dominion. To you the Red Sea shall give precious shells, India her ivory, Panchaia perfumes, and China silk.

Panegyric on the Fourth Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

VIII

Once more the year opens under royal auspices and enjoys in fuller pride its famous prince; not brooking to linger around private thresholds the returning fasces rejoice in Caesar's consulship. Seest thou how the armed chiefs and mighty judges don the raiment of senators? and the soldiers step forth in garb of peaceful hue worn Sabine wise, and laying aside for a season the standards of war follow the banner of Quirinus. The eagles give way to the lictors, the smiling soldier wears the toga of peace and the senate-house casts its brilliance in the midst of the camp. Bellona herself, surrounded by a noble band of senators, put on the consul's gown and lays by her shield and helmet in order to harness the sacred curule chair to her shoulders. Think it no shame, Gradivus, to bear the laurel-crowned axes in a hand of peace and to exchange thy shining breastplate for the Latin toga while thine iron chariot remains unused and thy steeds disport them in the pastures of Eridanus.

Not unworthy of reverence nor but newly acquainted with war is the family of Trajan and that Spanish house which has showered diadems upon the world. No common stream was held worthy to water the homeland of so illustrious a race; Ocean laved their cradle, for it befitted the future lords of earth and sea to have their origin in the great father of all things. Hence came Theodosius, grandfather of Honorius, for whom, exultant after his northern victories, Africa twined fresh laurels won from the Massylae. 'Twas he who pitched his camp amid the snows of Caledonia, who never doffed his helmet for all the heat of a Libyan summer, who struck terror with the Moors, brought into subjection the coasts of Britain and with equal success laid waste the north and the south. What avail against him the eternal snows, the frozen air, the uncharted sea? The Orcades ran red with Saxon slaughter; Thule was warm with the blood of Picts; ice-bound Hibernia wept for the heaps of slain Scots. Could heat stay the advance of a courageous general? No; he overran the deserts of Ethiopia, invested Atlas with troops strange to him, drank of lake Triton where was born the virgin goddess Minerva, beheld the Gorgon's empoisoned lair, and laughed to see the common verdure of those gardens of the Hesperides which story had clothed with gold. Juba's fortress was burned down, the frenzied valour of the Moor yielded to the sword and the palace of ancient Bocchus was razed to the ground.

But thy father's fame far surpassed that of thy grandsire: he subdued Ocean to his governance and set the sky for border to his kingdom, ruling from Gades to the Tigris, and all that lies 'twixt Tanais and Nile; yet all these lands won by countless triumphs of his own, he gained them not by gift of birth or from lust of power. It was his own merit secured his election. Unsought the purple begged his acceptance of itself; he alone when asked to rule was worthy to do so. For when unrest at home drove barbarian hordes over unhappy Rhodope the now deserted north had poured its tribes in wild confusion across our borders, when all the banks of Danube poured forth

battles and broad Mysia rang beneath the chariots of the Getae, when flaxen-haired hordes covered the plains of Thrace and amid this universal ruin all was either prostrate or tottering to its fall, one man alone withstood the tide of disaster, quenched the flames, restored to the husbandmen their fields and snatched the cities from the very jaws of destruction. No shadow of Rome's name had survived had not thy sire borne up the tottering mass, succoured the storm-tossed bark and with sure hand averted universal shipwreck. As when the maddened coursers broke from their path and carried Phaëthon far astray, when day's heat grew fierce and the sun's rays, brought near to earth, dried up both land and sea, Phoebus checked his fierce horses with his wonted voice; for they knew once more their master's tones, and with a happier guide heaven's harmonious order was restored; for now the chariot again accepted government and its fires control.

Thus was the East entrusted to him and thus was its salvation assured; but the other half of the world was not so entrusted: twice was the West gained by valour, twice won by dangers. In those lands of the sunset by manifold crime there arose to power tyrants twain: wild Britain produced one (Maximus), the other (Eugenius) was chosen as a tool by a Frankish outlaw (Arbogast). Both dared monstrous guilt; both stained their hands with an innocent emperor's blood. Sudden elevation inspired Maximus with audacity, his failure taught his successor caution. Maximus was quick to arm rebellion, Eugenius careful to attempt only what was safe. The one o'erran the country, spreading his forces in all directions, the other kept his troops together and himself secure behind a rampart. Different were they, but in their deaths alike. To neither was it granted to escape an ignominious end and to fall in the thick of night. Gone was their glory, their weapons were reft from them and they were reduced to their former state; their arms were bound behind their backs and they stretched forth their necks to the sword's imminent stroke, begging for pardon and for life. What a fall did pride there suffer! They who but lately had moved such countless cohorts with but a nod, into whose palm a wavering world had hung ready to drop, fall not as warriors at a victor's hand but as malefactors before a judge; he sentences with his voice as criminals those whom he assailed in war as tyrants. With both perished their lieutenants: Andragathius hurled himself from his ship into the waves, Arbogast took his life with his own sword; the Alps mark the tomb of the one, the sea of the other. This solace at least the avenger afforded to those murdered brothers that both the authors of their deaths themselves were slain; two victims went to appease those royal ghosts. Such was Theodosius' oblation at their tomb and with the blood of the guilty he appeased the shades of the two young emperors.

Those triumphs stablished Justice on her throne and taught that heaven gives help. From them let the ages learn that righteousness need fear no foe and guilt expect no safety. Himself his own messenger, outstripping the rumour of his approach, Theodosius traversed those long journeys undetected by his enemies. Suddenly he fell on both, passing over entrenched mountains

as if they were a plain. Build up monstrous rocks, raise towers, surround yourselves with rivers, set limitless forests to protect you, put Garganus and the snowy Apennines upon the summits of the Alps that all form one vast mountain barrier, plant Haemus on the crags of Caucasus, roll Pelion on Ossa, yet will ye not gain security for guilt. The avenger will come; for the better cause all things shall sink to make a path.

Yet never did Theodosius forget that he and the vanquished were fellow-citizens, nor was his anger implacable against those who yielded. Not his the choice to exult over the fallen. His ears were open to prayers, his clemency unbounded, his vengeance restrained. His anger did not survive the war to darken the days of peace; the day that set an end to the combat set an end to his wrath. Capture by such a victor was a gain; and many a conquered foe did their chains commend to future fortune. As liberal of money as of honours he was ever bent to redress the injuries of fate. Hence the love, the fortitude, the devotion of his troops; hence their abiding loyalty to his sons.

Child of so noble a sire, thy kingly state was coëval with thy birth nor ever knewest thou the soilure of a private lot. To thee all things came unsought; thee only did a palace rear; thy happy growth was in ancestral purple, and thy limbs, never outraged by garb profane, were laid upon a hallowed lap. Spain with its rivers of gold gave birth to thy sire; Bosphorus boasts thee among its children. The West is the cradle of thy race but the East was thine own nurse rivals are they for so dear a pledge, either hemisphere claims thee as its citizen. The fame of Hercules and Bacchus has immortalized Thebes; when Latona gave birth to Apollo in Delos that island stayed its errant course; it is Crete's boast that over its fields the infant Thunderer crawled. But the land that brought divine Honorius the birth is a greater than Delos, a more famous than Crete. Such narrow shores would not suffice our god. Nor did the bleak rocks of Cynthus hurt thy body with their rough bed; on couch of gold, clothed in jewelled raiment, thy mother gave birth to thee among Tyrian purples; a palace rang with joy at that royal deliverance. What presages were there not then of future prosperity? what songs of birds, what flights of good omen in the heavens? What was the hurrying to and from of seers? Horned Ammon and Delphi so long dumb at length broke their silence; Persian magi prophesied thy triumphs; Tuscan augurs felt thine influence; seers of Babylon beheld the stars and trembled; amazement seized the Chaldaean priests; the rock of Cumae, shrine of raging Sibyl, thundered once again. Cybele's corybants surrounded not thy cradle with the clatter of their brazen shields; a shining host stood by thee on every side. Standards of war hedged in the royal babe who marked the bowed helmets of the worshipping soldiery while the trumpet's blare answered his warlike cries.

The day that gave thee birth gave thee a kingdom; in thy cradle thou wast raised to the consulship. With the name so recently bestowed upon thee thou dowerest the fasti and the year wherein thou wert born is consecrated to thee. Thy mother herself wrapped thy small form in the consular robe and directed

thy first steps to the curule chair. Nourished at a goddess's breasts, honoured with the embraces of immortal arms thou grewest to maturity. Oft to grace thy boyish form Diana hung upon thy shoulders her Maenalian bow and huntress' quiver; oft thou didst sport with Minerva's shield and, crawling unharmed over her glittering aegis, didst caress its friendly serpents with fearless hand. Often even in those early days thy mother beneath thy sire's happy gaze crowned thy tender locks and, anticipating the answer to her prayers, gave thee the diadem that was to be thine hereafter; then raising thee in her gentle arms she held thee up to receive thy mighty father's kiss. Nor was that honour long in coming; thou, then Caesar, didst become emperor and wert straightway made equal with thy brother.

Never was the encouragement of the gods more sure, never did heaven attend with more favouring omens. Black tempest had shrouded the light in darkness and the south wind gathered thick rain-clouds, when of a sudden, so soon as the soldiers had borne thee aloft with customary shout, Phoebus scattered the clouds and at the same moment was given to thee the sceptre, to the world light. Bosphorus, freed from clouds, permits a sight of Chalcedon on the farther shore; nor is it only the vicinity of Byzantium that is bathed in brightness; the clouds are driven back and all Thrace is cleared; Pangaeus shows afar and lake Maeotis makes quiver the rays he rarely sees. 'Tis not Boreas nor yet Phoebus' warmer breath that has put the mists to flight. That light was an emperor's star. A prophetic radiance was over all things, and with thy brightness Nature laughed. Even at midday did a wondering people gaze upon a bold star ('twas clear to behold) — no dulled nor stunted beams but bright as Boötes' nightly lamp. At a strange hour its brilliance lit up the sky and its fires could be clearly seen though the moon lay hid. May be it was the Queen mother's star or the return of thy grandsire's now become a god, or may be the generous sun agreed to share the heavens with all the stars that hastened to behold thee. The meaning of those signs is now unmistakable. Clear was the prophecy of Ascanius' coming power when an aureole crowned his locks, yet harmed them not, and when the fires of fate encircled his head and played about his temples. Thy future the very fires of heaven foretell. So the young Jove, issuing from the caves of Ida, stood upon the summit of the conquered sky and received the homage of the gods whom Nature handed to his charge. The bloom of youth had not yet clothed his cheeks nor flowed there o'er his neck the curls whose stirrings were to shake the world. He was yet learning how to cleave the clouds and hurl the thunderbolt with unpractised hand.

Gladdened by that augury and proud of his now equal sons the sire returned, upstayed on the two princes and lovingly embracing his children in glittering car. Even so the Spartan twins, the sons of Leda, sit with highest Jove; in each his brother is mirrored, in each his sister; round each alike flows a golden dress, and star-crowned are the locks of both. The Thunderer rejoices in his very uncertainty, and to their hesitating mother her ignorance brings

delight; Eurotas cannot make distinction between his own nurslings.

When all had returned to the palace, Theodosius, anxious for the world's just governance, is said to have addressed thee in these terms:

"Had fortune, my dear son, given thee the throne of Parthia, hadst thou been a descendant of the Arsacid house and did the tiara, adored by Eastern lands afar, tower upon thy forehead, thy long lineage would be enough, and thy birth alone would protect thee, though wantoning in idle luxury. Very different is the state of Rome's emperor. 'Tis merit, not blood, must be his support. Virtue hidden hath no value, united with power 'tis both more effective and more useful. Nay, o'erwhelmed in darkness it will no more advantage its obscure possessor than a vessel with no oars, a silent lyre, an unstrung bow.

"Yet virtue none shall find that has not first learned to know himself and stilled the uncertain waves of passion within him. Long and winding is the path that leads thereto. What each man learns in his own interests learn thou in the interests of the world. When Prometheus mixed earthly and heavenly elements and so formed human kind, he stole man's spirit pure from his own heavenly home, held it imprisoned and bound despite its outcries, and since humanity could be formed in no other way he added two more souls. These fail and perish with the body; the first alone remains, survives the pyre and flies away. This soul he stationed in the lofty fastness of the brain to control and oversee the work and labours of the body. The other two he set below the neck in a place befitting their functions, where it is their part to obey the commands of the directing soul. Doubtless our creator, fearing to mix the heavenly with the mortal, placed the different souls in different parts and kept their dwelling-places distinct. Near to the heart whence springs our blood there is within the breast a place where fiery anger lurks, eager to hurt and uncontrolled. This cavity swells when heated by rage and contracts when cooled by fear. Then, since anger swept everything away with it and in its fury gave the limbs no rest, Prometheus invented the lungs to aid the body and applied their humidity to the raging of anger to soothe our wrath-swollen flesh. Lust, that asks for everything and gives nought, was driven down into the liver and of necessity occupied the lowest room. Like a beast, opening its capacious jaws, lust can never be full fed nor satisfied; it is a prey now to the cruel lash of sleepless avarice, now to the fiery goads of love; is swayed now by joy, now by misery, and is no sooner fed than fain to be fed again, returning with more insistence than the oft-beheaded hydra.

"Can any assuage this tumult he will assure an inviolable sanctuary for a spotless soul. Thou mayest hold sway o'er farthest India, be obeyed by Mede, unwarlike Arab or Chinese, yet, if thou fearest, hast evil desires, art swayed by anger, thou wilt bear the yoke of slavery; within thyself thou wilt be a slave to tyrannical rule. When thou canst be king over thyself then shalt thou hold rightful rule over the world. The easier way often trod leads to worse; liberty begets licence and, when uncontrolled, leads to vice. Then is a chaste

life harder when love is at call; then it is a sterner task to govern anger when vengeance is to hand. Yet master thine emotions and ponder not what thou mightest do but what thou oughtest to do, and let regard for duty control thy mind.

“Of this too I cannot warn thee too often: remember that thou livest in the sight of the whole world, to all peoples are thy deeds known; the vices of monarchs cannot anywhere remain hid. The splendour of their lofty station allows nought to be concealed; fame penetrates every hiding-place and discovers the inmost secrets of the heart.

“Above all fail not in loving-kindness; for though we be surpassed in every virtue yet mercy alone makes us equal with the gods. Let thine actions be open and give no grounds for suspicion, be loyal to thy friends nor lend an ear to rumours. He who attends to such will quake at every idle whisper and know no moment’s peace. Neither watch nor guard nor yet hedge of spears can secure thee safety; only thy people’s love can do that. Love thou canst not extort; it is the gift of mutual faith and honest goodwill. Seest thou not how the fair frame of the very universe binds itself together by love, and how the elements, not united by violence, are for ever at harmony among themselves? Dost thou not mark how that Phoebus is content not to outstep the limits of his path, nor the sea those of his kingdom, and how the air, which in its eternal embrace encircles and upholds the world, presses not upon us with too heavy a weight nor yet yields to the burden which itself sustains? Whoso causes terror is himself more fearful; such doom befits tyrants. Let them be jealous of another’s fame, murder the brave, live hedged about with swords and fenced with poisons, dwelling in a citadel that is ever exposed to danger, and threaten to conceal their fears. Do thou, my son, be at once a citizen and a father, consider not thyself but all men, nor let thine own desires stir thee but thy people’s.

“If thou make any law or establish any custom for the general good, be the first to submit thyself thereto; then does a people show more regard for justice nor refuse submission when it has seen their author obedient to his own laws. The world shapes itself after its ruler’s pattern, nor can edicts sway men’s minds so much as their monarch’s life; the unstable crowd ever changes along with the prince.

“Nor is this all: show no scorn of thine inferiors nor seek to overstep the limits established for mankind. Pride joined thereto defaces the fairest character. They are not submissive Sabaeans whom I have handed over to thy rule, nor have I made thee lord of Armenia; I give thee not Assyria, accustomed to a woman’s rule. Thou must govern Romans who have long governed the world, Romans who brooked not Tarquin’s pride nor Caesar’s tyranny. History still tells of our ancestors’ ill deeds; the stain will never be wiped away. So long as the world lasts the monstrous excesses of the Julian house will stand condemned. Will any not have heard of Nero’s murders or how Capri’s foul cliffs were owned by an agèd lecher? The fame of Trajan

will never die, not so much because, thanks to his victories on the Tigris, conquered Parthia became a Roman province, not because he brake the might of Dacia and led their chiefs in triumph up the slope of the Capitol, but because he was kindly to his country. Fail not to make such as he thine example, my son.

“Should war threaten, see first that thy soldiers are exercised in the practices of war and prepare them for the rigours of service. The ease of winter months spent in winter quarters must not weaken nor unnerve their hands. Establish thy camps in healthy places and see that watchful sentries guard the ramparts. Learn how to know when to mass your troops and when it is better to extend them or face them round; study the formations suitable for mountain warfare and those for fighting on the plain. Learn to recognize what valleys may conceal an ambush and what routes will prove difficult. If thine enemy trusts in his walls to defend him then let thy catapults hurl stones at his battlements; fling rocks thereat and let the swinging ram and shield-protected testudo shake his gates. Your troops should undermine the walls and issuing from this tunnel should rush into the town. Should a long siege delay thee, then take care thou unbend not thy purpose in security or count thine enemy thy prisoner. Many ere this have found premature triumph their undoing, scattered or asleep they have been cut to pieces; indeed victory itself has not seldom been the ruin of careless troops. Not for thee let spacious tents o’erflow with princely delights nor luxury don arms and drag to the standards her unwarlike train. Though the storm winds blow and the rain descends yield not to them and use not cloth of gold to guard thee from the sun’s fierce rays. Eat such food as thou canst find. It will be a solace to thy soldiers that thy toil is as heavy as theirs; be the first to mount the arduous hill and, should necessity demand the felling of a forest, be not ashamed to grasp the axe and hew down the oak. If a stagnant marsh must be crossed let thy horse be the first to test the depth of it. Boldly tread the frozen river; swim the flood. Mounted thyself, ride amid thy squadrons of horse or again stand foot to foot with the infantry. They will advance the bolder for thy presence, and with thee to witness glorious and glad shall be the fulfilment of their task.”

More would he have spoken but Honorius broke in and said: “All this will I do, so God favour my attempts. The peoples and kingdoms committed to my care shall find me not unworthy of thee nor of my brother. But why should I not experience in action what thou hast^o taught in words? Thou goest to the wintry Alps: take me with thee. Let mine arrows pierce the tyrant’s body, and the barbarians pale at my bow. Shall I allow Italy to become the prey of a ruthless bandit? Rome to serve one who is himself but a servant? Am I still such a child that neither power profaned nor just revenge for an uncle’s blood shall move me? Fain would I ride through blood. Quick, give me arms. Why castest thou my youth in my teeth? Why thinkest me unequal to the combat? I am as old as was Pyrrhus when alone he o’erthrew Troy and proved himself no degenerate from his father Achilles. If I may not remain in thy camp as a

prince I will come even as a soldier.”

Theodosius kissed his son's sweet lips and answered him wondering: “Nought have I but praise for thy petition, but this love of glory has bloomed too early. Thy strength will increase with years; till then be patient. Though thou hast not yet completed ten summers thou wouldst hance dangers that a man might fear: I mark the tokens of a noble nature. It is said that Alexander, conqueror of eastern Porus, wept at the constant news of Philip's fortune, telling his companions who rejoice thereat that his sire's valour left him nought to conquer. In thee I see like spirit. May a father be allowed this prophecy— “thou shalt be as great”! It is not to my goodwill thou owest the kingdom, for nature has already made it thine. So even from his birth bees reverence the king who is to lead their buzzing swarms through the soft meadows, ask his public laws for the gathering of the honey and entrust to him their combs. So the spirited young bull-calf claims sovereignty over the grazing-grounds and, though as yet his horns are not grown strong, lords it over the herd. Nay: postpone thy campaigns till thou art a man and while I do battle patiently help thy brother to fulfil my office. Be you two the terror of untamed Araxes and of swift Euphrates; may Nile throughout all his length belong to you and all the lands upon which the morning sun lets fall his beam. Should I force a passage over the Alps, should success crown the juster cause, thou shalt come and govern the recovered provinces, whereby fierce Gaul shall obey thy laws and my native Spain be guided by thy just rule. Then, careless of doom and rejoicing in my labours, I shall quit this mortal life, while you, my sons, rule either hemisphere.

“Meanwhile cultivate the Muses whilst thou art yet young; read of deeds thou soon mayest rival; never may Greece's story, never may Rome's, cease to speak with thee. Study the lives of the heroes of old to accustom thee for wars that are to be. Go back to the Latin age. Admirest thou a fight for liberty? Thou wilt admire Brutus. Does treachery rouse thine indignation? The punishment of Mettius will fill thee with satisfaction. Dost thou hate undue severity? Abominate Torquatus' savagery. Is it a virtue to die for one's country? Honour the self-devotion of the Decii. Horatius Cocles, facing the foe on the broken bridge, Mucius holding his arm in the flames, these shall show thee what, single-handed,^o brave men can do. Fabius will show thee what overthrow delay can cause; Camillus and his slaughter of the Gauls what in face of odds a leader can effect. From history thou mayest learn that no ill fortune can master worth; Punic savagery extends thy fame, Regulus, to eternity; the failure of Cato outdoes success. From history thou mayest learn the power of frugal poverty; Curius was a poor man when he conquered kings in battle; Fabricius was poor when he spurned the gold of Pyrrhus; Serranus, for all he was dictator, drove the muddy plough. In those days the lictors kept watch at a cottage door, the fasces were hung upon a gateway of wood; consuls helped to gather in the harvest, and for long years the fields were ploughed by husbandmen who wore the consular robe.”

Such were the precepts of the sire. Even so an aged helmsman oft proved by winter's various storms, aweary now of the sea and his weight of years, commends to his son the rudder of his bark, tells him of dangers and devices — by what art the helmsman's hand is guided; what steerage may elude the wave; what is a sign of storms; what the treachery of a cloudless sky, the promise of the setting sun; what storm-wind frets the Moon so that discoloured she uplifts an angry face. Behold now, great father, in whatsoever part of heaven thou shinest, be it the southern arch or the cold constellation of the Plough that has won the honour of thy presence; see, thy prayer has been answered; thy son now equals thee in merit, nay, a consummation still more to be desired, he surpasseth thee, thanks to the support of thy dear Stilicho whom thou thyself at thy death didst leave to guard and defend the brothers twain. For us there is nought that Stilicho is not ready to suffer, no danger to himself he is not willing to face, neither hardships of the land nor hazards of the sea. His courage will carry him on foot across the deserts of Libya, at the setting of the rainy Pleiads his ship will penetrate the Gaetulian Syrtes.

To him, however, thy first command is to calm fierce nations and bring peace to the Rhine. On wind-swift steed, no escort clinging to his side, he crosses the cloud-capped summits of the Raetian Alps, and, so great is his trust in himself, approaches the river unattended. Then mightest thou have seen from source to mouth come hastening up Rhine's princes, bending their heads in fearful submission. Before our general the Sygambri abased their flaxen locks and the Franks cast themselves upon the ground and sued with trembling voice for pardon. Germany swears allegiance to the absent Honorius and addresses her suppliant prayers to him. Fierce Bastarnae were there and the Bructeri who dwell in the Hercynian forest. The Cimbrians left their broad marsh-lands, the tall Cherusci came from the river Elbe. Stilicho listens to their various prayers, gives tardy assent to their entreaties and of his great bounty bestows upon them peace. A covenant with Germany gave glory to the Drusi of old, but purposed by what uncertain warfare, by how many disasters! Who can recall the Rhine conquered by terror alone? That which others were enabled to win by long wars — this, Honorius, Stilicho's mere march gives thee.

Thou biddest Stilicho after restoring peace in Gaul save Greece from ruin. Vessels cover the Ionian sea; scarce can the wind fill out so many sails. Neptune with favouring currents attends the fleet that is to save Corinth, and young Palaemon, so long an exile from the shores of his isthmus, returns in safety with his mother to the harbour. The blood of barbarians washes their wagons; the ranks of skin-clad warriors are mowed down, some by disease, some by the sword. The glades of Lycaeus, the dark and boundless forests of Erymanthus, are not enough to furnish such countless funeral pyres; Maenalus rejoices that the axe has stripped her of her woods to provide fuel for such a holocaust. Let Ephyre rise from her ashes while Spartan and Arcadian, now safe, tread under foot the heaps of slain; let Greece's sufferings be made good

and her weary land be allowed to breathe once more. That nation, wider spread than any that dwells in northern Scythia, that found Athos too small and Thrace too narrow when it crossed them, that nation, I say, was conquered by thee and thy captains, and now, in the persons of the few that survive, laments its own overthrow. One hill now shelters a people whose hordes scarce the whole world could once contain. Athirst and hemmed within their rampart they sought in vain for the stolen waters, that, once within our foemen's reach, Stilicho had turned aside in another course, and commanded the stream, that marvelled at its strange channel amid unknown ways, to shift its altered track.

What wonder that the nations barring thy path should fall before thee, since the barbarian of his own choice now seeks to serve thee? The Sarmatae, ever a prey to internal strife, beg to swear allegiance to thee; you, O Alans, have adopted the customs of Latium. As thou choosest for war men that are brave and eager for the fray, so thou choosest for the offices of peace men that are just, and once chosen keepest them long in their charge, not ousting them by ever new successors. We know the magistrates who govern us, and we enjoy the blessings of peace while we reap the advantages of war, as though we lived at one and the same time in the reign of warlike Romulus and peace-loving Numa. A sword is no longer hung over our heads; there are no massacres of the great; gone is the mob of false accusers; no melancholy exiles are driven from their fatherland. Unholy increase of perpetual taxes is at an end; there are no accursed lists, no auctions of plundered wealth; the voice of greed summons not the salesman, nor is thy treasury increased by private losses. Thou art liberal with thy money, yet not wasteful of it. The loyalty of thy soldiers is a lasting loyalty, for it is not bought, nor is it gifts that win their love; the army is anxious for the success of its own child and loves thee who wast its nursling.

And how deep is thy devotion to Rome herself! How fixed abides thy reverence for the Senate! Old customs are preserved, law has recovered its ancient sanctity in the amendment of former statutes and by the addition of new ones. Such an one as thee Pandion's city found in Solon; even so did warrior Lacedaemon disdain walls, for unyielding Lycurgus gave it defence. What case so petty, what judicial error so slight that it escapes thy notice? Who with truer justice put an end to dishonest suits and brought forth lurking truth from her hiding-place? What mercy, yet what firmness; thine is the quiet strength of a great soul, too firm to be stirred by fear, too stable to be swayed by the attraction of novelty. How stored with learning thy ready wit, how controlled thy speech; ambassadors are awe-stricken at thine answers, and thy grave manners make them forget thy years.

How thy father's nobility shines in thy face! How awful is thy winning brow, how charming the majesty of a blushing emperor! Boy though thou art, thou canst wear thy sire's helmet and brandish thy grandsire's spear. These exercises of thy youth foreshadow vast strength in manhood and convince

Rome that the ruler of her prayers is come. How fair art thou in shield and golden armour girt, with waving plumes and taller by the altitude of a helmet! So looked the youthful Mars when after the toil and sweat of his first battle he bathed him in Thracian Rhodope's mountain stream. With what vigour thou hurlest the javelin, and, when thou stretchest the Cretan bow, what success attends thy shaft! Sure is the wound it seeks; it knows not how to fail the appointed stroke. Thou knowest in what fashion the Cretan, with what skill the Armenian, directs his arrows; in what the retreating Parthian puts his trust. Thus was Alcides, graced with the sweat of the wrestling-ground at Thebes, wont to try his bow and Boeotian arrows on the beasts of the forest ere he turned them against the Giants and so secured peace for heaven. Stains of blood were ever upon him and proud was his mother Alcmena of the spoils he brought back home. Such was Apollo when he slew the livid serpent that enfolded and brake down forests in his dying coils.

When mounted on thy horse thou playest the mimicry of war, who is quicker smoothly to wheel in flight, who to hurl the spear, or more skilled to sweep round in swift return? There the Massagetæ are not thy peers nor the tribes of Thessaly, well versed though they be in riding, no, nor the very Centaurs themselves. Scarce can the squadrons and flying bands that accompany thee keep pace, while the wind behind thee bellies the fierce dragons on the flags. So soon as the touch of thy spur has fired thy steed, flames start from his swelling nostrils; his hoof scarce touches the ground and his mane is outspread over his shoulders. His harness rattles and the golden bit grows warm in his foam-flecked mouth. The jewels that stud his quivering bridle are red with blood. The signs of toil, the dust stains, the disorder of thy hair all do but increase thy beauty. Thy brilliant scarlet cloak drinks in the sunlight as the wind blows its gay surface into folds. Could horses choose their riders then surely would Arion, full fed in the stables of the Nereids, have prayed for the very whip of such a master, Cyllarus would have had none of Castor, but would have looked to thy reins for guidance and Xanthus have scorned to bear golden-haired Achilles. Pegasus himself had lent thee his subject wings and been glad to carry thee and, now that a mightier rider bestrode him, had turned in proud disdain from Bellerophon's bridle. Nay, Aethon, swift messenger of dawn, who routs the stars with his neigh and is driven by rosy Lucifer, seeing thee from heaven as thou ridest by, is filled with envy and would choose rather to hold thy bit in his foaming mouth.

What raiment, too, have we not seen, what miracles of splendour, when, girt with the robe of Italy, thou didst go, still more glorious than thou art wont, through the peoples of Liguria, borne aloft amid thy troops clad in triumphal white and carried upon the shoulders of chosen warriors who so proudly upheld their godlike burden! 'Tis thus that Egypt brings forth her gods to the public gaze. The image issues from its shrine; small it is, indeed, yet many a linen-clad priest pants beneath the pole, and by his sweat testifies that he bears a god; Nile's banks resound to the holy rattles, and Egypt's pipe drones its

native measure; Apis abases his horns and lows in reply. All the nobles, all whom Tiber and Latium rear, throng thy festival; gathered in one are all the great ones of the earth that owe their rank either to thee or to thy sire. Many a consular surrounds thee, the consul whose good pleasure it is to associate the senate in thy triumph. The nobles of Spain, the wise men of Gaul, and the senators of Rome all throng round thee. On young men's necks is borne thy golden throne, and new adorning adds weight to deity. Jewels of India stud thy vestment, rows of green emeralds enrich the seams; there gleams the amethyst and the glint of Spanish gold makes the dark-blue sapphire show duller with its hidden fires. Nor in the weaving of such a robe was unadorned beauty enough; the work of the needle increases its value, thread of sold and silver glows therefrom; many an agate adorns the embroidered robes, and pearls of Ocean breathe in varied pattern. What bold hand, what distaff had skill enough to make thus supple elements so hard? What loom so cunning as to weave jewels into close-textured cloth? Who, searching out the uncharted pools of hot Eastern skies, despoiled the bosom of Tethys? Who dared seek o'er burning sands rich growth of coral? Who could broider precious stones on scarlet and so mingle the shining glories of the Red Sea and of Phoenicia's waters? Tyre lent her dyes, China her silks, Hydaspes his jewels. Shouldst thou traverse Maeonian cities in such a garb, to thee would Lydia hand over her vine-wreathed thyrsus, to thee Nysa her dances; the revels of Bacchus would have doubted whence came their madness; tigers would pass fawning beneath thy yoke. Even such, his fawn-skin enwoven with orient gems, doth the Wine-god drive his car, guiding the necks of Hyrcanian tigers with ivory yoke; around him satyrs and wild-haired Maenads fetter Indians with triumphant ivy, while drunken Ganges twines his hair with the vine tendril.

Already shouts of joy and of good omen resound about the consul's throne to welcome this thy fourth opening of Rome's year. Liberty enacts her wonted ceremonies; Law observes the custom dating back to Vindex whereby a slave freed from his master's service is introduced into thy presence and thence dismissed — a freeman thanks to that envied stroke. A blow upon the brow and his base condition is gone; reddened cheeks have made him a citizen, and with the granting of his prayer a happy insult has given his back freedom from the lash.

Prosperity awaits our empire; thy name is earnest for the fulfilment of our hopes. The past guarantees the future; each time that thy sire made thee chief magistrate of the year the laurels of victory crowned his arms. Once the Gruthungi, hewing down a forest to make them boats, dared to pass beyond the Danube. Three thousand vessels, each crowded with a barbarous crew, made a dash across the river. Odothaeus was their leader. Thy youth, nay, the first year of thy life, crushed the attempt of that formidable fleet. Its boats filled and sank; never did the fish of that northern river feed more lavishly on the bodies of men. The island of Peuce was heaped high with corpses. Scarce even through five mouths could the river rid itself of barbarian blood, and thy

sire, owning thine influence, gave thanks to thee for the spoils won in person from King Odothaeus. Consul a second time thou didst end civil war by thine auspices. Let the world thank thee for the overthrow of the Gruthungi and the defeat of their king; thou wast consul when the Danube ran red with their blood, thou wast consul, too, when thy sire crossed the Alps to victory.

But thou, once author of thy father's successes, shalt now be author of thine own. Triumph has ever attended thy consulship and victory thy fasces. Heaven grant thou mayest be our perpetual consul and outnumber Marius and old Augustus. Happy universe that shall see the first dawn creep over thy cheeks, and the wedding-night that shall lead forth for thee the festal torches. Who shall be consecrated to such a couch; who, glorious in purple, shall pass, a queen, to the embraces of such a husband? What bride shall come to be the daughter of so many gods, dowered with every land and the whole sea? How gloriously shall the nuptial song be borne at once to farthest East and West! O may it be mine to sing thy marriage-hymn, mine presently to hail thee father! The time will come when, thou victorious beyond the mouths of the Rhine, and thy brother Arcadius laden with the spoil of captured Babylon, ye shall endow the year with yet more glorious majesty; when the long-haired Suebian shall bear the arms of Rome and the distant Bactrian tremble beneath the rule of thyself and thy brother.

Panegyric on the Consulship of Flavius Manlius Theodorus

PREFACE. (XVI)

Wilt dare to sing, my Muse, when so great, so august an assembly shall be thy critic? Does not thine own renown forbid thee? 'Tis greater now than thou deservest; how hard then to enhance, how disgraceful to diminish it! Or has thine assurance grown through ever dwelling in the camp, and does the soldier now wholly possess the poet's breast? Behold the flower of the Roman senate, the majesty, the pride, the heroes of Gaul. The whole earth is my audience, my song shall sound in the ears of all the world. Alack! Love for our consul constrains too strongly. Jove, 'tis said, when he would fain learn its extent (for he knew not the bounds of his own empire) sent forth two eagles of equal flight from the East and from the West. On Parnassus, as they tell, their twin flights met; the Delphic heaven brought together the one bird and the other. Our Emperor needs no eagles to teach him the magnitude of his domains; yourselves are preceptors more convincing. 'Tis this assembly that gives to me the measure of the universe; here I see gathered all the brilliance of the world.

PANEGYRIC. (XVII)

Virtue is its own reward; alone with its far-flung splendour it mocks at Fortune; no honours raise it higher nor does it seek glory from the mob's applause. External wealth cannot arouse its desires, it asks no praise but makes its boast of self-contained riches, and unmoved by all chances it looks down upon the world from a lofty citadel. Yet in its own despite importunate honours pursue it, and offer themselves unsought; that the licitor coming from the farm hath oftentimes proved and a consul were sought for even at the plough. Thou, too, who wert at leisure to study the mysteries of nature and the heavens, thou who hadst served thy time and retired from the law courts where thou hadst toiled so long, art once more enfolded by a like dignity, which, raising thee aloft, sets in thy returning hands the familiar rein. The consulship now is thine, Theodorus, nor is there now aught left to add to thy virtues or to the glory of thy name. Thou art now at the summit of both; from thine earliest years thy character was thus formed, the whole course of thy life was worthy of the curule chair; thy earliest youth outrivalled age. Even then thy mind was hoar, thy pleasant talk weighty, thy converse the admiration and delight of all that heard it. The wealth of thy triumphant eloquence soon overflowed the forum and brought safety to the accused. Yea, this most august assembly was astonished at thy pleading, as it was twice to applaud thy governance. Next, a part of Libya approved the administration which it now in its entirety enjoys; but thy brief stay won for thee a pledge of perpetual love, and public statues bear witness with enduring eloquence that thou wert a nation's guardian. Macedonia was next committed to thy care and the walls of Pella, enriched once by conquered Hydaspes. The mildness of thy rule brought to the country entrusted to thee such joy as it once knew under warlike Philip or when the empire of Indian Porus fell to Alexander's arms.

But Rome could not spare thy services longer to the provinces; she chose rather to have thee for her own; thou comest to give edicts to the world, to make reply to suppliants. A monarch's utterance has won dignity from thine eloquence, never can the majesty of Rome recall when she spoke more worthily. After this the offerings and wealth of the world, the tribute of the empire, is entrusted to thy care; the gold washed down by the rivers and that dug out of deep Thracian mines by the skill of pale-faced Bessi who track the hidden seams — all is thine.

As a sailor skilled in wielding the oar is at first set in charge of but a side of the vessel, then, when he can manage the lofty prow and is able, thanks to his long experience of the sea, to know beforehand what storms and tempests the vessel is like to encounter, he has charge of the helm and is entrusted with the direction of the entire ship; so when thou hadst long given illustrious proofs of thy character, the empire of Rome summoned thee to govern not a part but the whole of itself, and set thee as ruler over all the rulers of the world. The seas

of Spain, the German ocean obeyed thee and Britain, so far removed from our continent. Rivers of all lands observed thy statutes, slow-flowing Saône, swift Rhone, and Ebro rich in gold. How often did the Rhine, in those districts where the barbarians dwell, lament that the blessings of thy rule extended not to both banks! All the lands the setting sun bathes in its rays, all that its last brilliance illumines are entrusted to the charge of one man.

So swiftly did thy career fill office after office; a single period of life was enough for the round of dignities and gave to thy youthful years every step on fortune's ladder.

When repose was earned and now, after reaching the highest place, glory, laying care aside, seeks refuge in a private life, genius again wins reward from other tasks. No part of life is lost: all that is withdrawn from the law courts is devoted to the study, and thy mind in turn either bestows its efforts on the State or its leisure on the Muses. Once more thou readest the secrets of ancient Athens, examining the discoveries with which each sage has enriched posterity and noting what hosts of disciples the varying schools produce.

For some hold that air is the first beginning of all things, others that water is, others again derive the sum of things from fire. Another, destined to fall self-immolated into Etna's fiery crater, reduces God to principles of dispersion and re-collection and binds again in resumed friendship all that discord separates. This philosopher allows no authority to the senses and denies that the truth can be perceived. Another seeks to explain the suspension of the world in space by the rapid revolution of the sky (whence else the world would fall) and kindles day's fires by the whirl of a rushing rock. That fearless spirit, not content with the covering of but one sky, flies through the limitless void and, scorning a limit, conceives in one small brain a thousand worlds. Others make wandering atoms clash with blind blows, while others again set up deities and banish chance.

Thou dost adorn the obscure learning of Greece with Roman flowers, skilled to shape speech in happy interchange and weave truth's garland with alternate knots. All the lore of Socrates' school, the learning that echoed in Cleanthes' lecture-room, the thoughts of the stoic Chrysippus in his retreat, all the laughter of Democritus, all that Pythagoras spoke by silence — all the wisdom of the ancients is stored in that one brain whence it issues forth the stronger for its concentration. The ancients gain fresh lustre and, scorning Athens, the Academy migrates to Latium under a nobler master, the more exactly at last to learn by what end happiness guides its path, what is the rule of the good, the goal of the right; what division of virtue should be set to combat and overthrow each separate vice, and what part of virtue it is that curbs injustice, that causes reason to triumph over fear, that holds lust in check. How often hast thou taught us the nature of the elements and the causes of matter's ceaseless change; what influence has given life to the stars, moving them in their courses; what quickens with movement the universal frame. Thou tellest why the seven planets strive backward towards the East,

doing battle with the firmament; whether there is one lawgiver to different movements or two minds govern heaven's revolution; whether colour is a property of matter or whether objects deceive our sight and owe their colours to reflected light; how the moon causes the ebb and flow of the tide; which wind brings about the thunder's crash, which collects the rain clouds and by which the hail-stones are formed; what causes the coldness of snow and what is that flame that ploughs its shining furrow through the sky, hurls the swift thunderbolt, or sets in heaven's dome the tail of the baleful comet.

Already had the anchor stayed thy restful bark, already thou wert minded to go ashore; fruitful leisure charmed and books were being born for immortality, when, of a sudden, Justice looked down from the shining heaven and saw thee at thine ease, saw Law, too, deprived of her great interpreter. She stayed not but, wreathing her chaste forehead with a band, left the gates of Autumn where the Standard-bearer dips towards the south and the Scorpion makes good the losses of the night. Where'er she flies a peace fell upon the birds and howling beasts laid aside their rage. Earth rejoices in the return of a deity lost to her since the waning of the age of gold. Secretly Justice enters the walls of Milan, Liguria's city, and penetrating with light step the holy palace finds Theodorus marking in the sand those heavenly movements which reverent Memphis discovered by anxious reckoning. He sought the forces that move the heavens, the fixed (though errant) path of the planets, the calculation which predicts the overshadowing of the sun and its surely-fixed eclipse, and the line that sentences the moon to be left in darkness by shutting out her brother. Soon as from afar he beheld the shining face of the Maiden and recognized the goddess, reverencing that dear countenance, he hurries to meet her, effacing from the sand the diagrams he had drawn.

The goddess was the first to speak. "Manlius, in whom are gathered all the virtues unalloyed, in whom I see traces of ancient justice and manners moulded of a purer metal, thou hast devoted time enough now to study; all these years have the Muses reft from me my pupil. Long has Law demanded thy return to her allegiance. Come, devote thyself once more to my service, and be not content with the glory of thy past. To the service of mankind what boundary ever set the limits? Wisdom accepts no ends for herself. Then, too, to many has this office fallen, as well it might, but only the worthy return thereto; reappointment to office is the best commendation of office well held, and virtue brings back him whom chance elects. Deemst thou it a better and a worthier aim to spend thy days in exploring Nature's secret laws? Dost thou think it was thy Plato's precepts raised his country to glory rather than he who, in obedience to the oracle, sank the Persian fleet, put his city on shipboard and saved from the Medes Athens destined from the flames? Lycurgus could dower the mothers of Sparta with a man's courage and by his austere laws correct the weakness of their sex; by forbidding his fellow-citizens to put a coward's trust in walls, he set Lacedemon to face wars more securely in her nakedness; but all the teaching of Pythagoras and his years of

silence never crushed the infamous licentiousness of Sparta's colony Tarentum.

"Besides, beneath such an emperor, who could refuse office? Was ever merit more richly rewarded? Who is so insensate as not to wish to meet Stilicho in council? Has ever any age produced his equal in prudence or in bravery? Now would Brutus love to live under a king; to such a court Fabricius would yield, the Catos themselves long to give service. Seest thou not how my sister Mercy blunts the cruel sword of war; how Piety rises to embrace the two noble brothers; how Treason laments her broken weapons and the snakes, writhing in death upon the Furies' wounded heads, lick their chains with enfeebled venom? Peace and loyalty are triumphant. All the host of heaven leaves the stars and wanders from peaceful city to peaceful city. Return thou with us, Theodorus."

Then Theodorus made answer: 'From my long accustomed fields, goddess, thou urgest me to return, summoning to thy standard one grown rusty in the distant countryside. What else has been my care all these years but to break up the stubborn fallow-land into furrows, to know the nature of the soil, the rocky land suitable to the growth of trees, the country where the olive will flourish, the fields that will yield rich harvests of grain or the hills which my vineyards may clothe? I have served my time; am I to hearken once more to the dreadful trumpet? Is the old helmsman again to brave the seas whose lore he has forgotten? My fame has long been gathered in and where it is 'tis in safe custody; am I to suffer its being put to the hazard? Full well do I realize that habit is a stronger force than nature, nor am I ignorant of the rapidity with which we forget an art that we have ceased to exercise. The whip of an unpractised charioteer is powerless to urge on his horses; the hand that is unaccustomed thereto cannot bend the bow. And yet it were unjust, I admit, to refuse aught to Justice. Thou first didst draw man from his woodland cave and free the human race from its foul manner of life. Thanks to thee we practise law and have put off the temper of wild beasts. Whosoever has drunk of thee with pure heart will rush fearless through flames, will sail the wintry seas, and overcome unarmed the densest company of foemen. Justice is to the just as rain to temper even the heat of Ethiopia, a breath of spring to journey with him across the deserts of Scythia."

So spake he and took from the goddess' hand the four reins that lay stretched along the huge pole of Justice's car. The first harnesses the rivers Po and Tiber and Italy with all her glittering towns; the second guides Numidia and Carthage; the third runs out across the land of Illyria; the last holds Sardinia, Corsica, three-cornered Sicily and the coasts beaten by the Tyrrhenian wave or that echo to the Ionian. The splendour and magnitude of the undertaking troubled thee not one whit; but as the lofty summit of Olympus, far removed from the winds and tempests of the lower air, its eternal bright serene untroubled by any cloud, is lifted above the rain storms and hears the hurricane rushing beneath its feet while it treads upon the

thunder's roar; so thy patient mind, unfettered by cares so manifold, rises high above them; thou art ever the same, no hatred can compel thee, no affection induce thee, to swerve from the path of justice. For why should any speak of riches scorned and a heart unallured by gain? These might perhaps be virtues in others: absence of vice is no praise to bestow on thee. The calm of a god banishes anger from thy voice; the spirit of moderation shines from thine eyes; passion never inflames that glance or fills with blood the angry veins; never is a tempest heralded on thy changed countenance. Nay, thou punishest the very criminals without show of anger and checkest their evil-doing with unruffled calm. Never dost thou gnash with thy teeth upon them nor shout orders for them to be chastised.

He is a savage who delights in punishment and seems to make the vengeance of the laws his own; when his heart is inflamed with the poison of wrath he is goaded by fury and rushes on knowing nothing of the cause and eager only to do hurt. But he whom reason, not anger, animates is a peer of the gods, he who, weighing the guilt, can with deliberation balance the punishment. Let others boast them of their bloody swords and wish to be feared for their ferocity, while they fill their treasuries with the goods of the condemned. Gently flows the Nile, yet it is more beneficent than all rivers for all that no sound reveals its power. More swiftly the broad Danube glides between its quiet banks. Huge Ganges flows down to its mouths with gently moving current. Let torrents roar horribly, threaten weary bridges, and sweep down forests in their foaming whirl; 'tis repose befits the greater; quiet authority accomplishes what violence cannot, and that mandate compels more which comes from a commanding calm.

"Thou art as deaf to the prayers of injustice as thou art generous and attentive where the demand is just. Pride, that ever accompanies office, has not so much as dared to touch thy mind. Thy look is a private citizen's nor allows that it has deserved what it thinks to have but grown; but full of stately modesty shines forth a gravity that charms because pride is banished. What sedition, what madness of the crowd could see thee and not sink down appeased? What country so barbarous, so foreign in its customs, as not to bow in reverence before thy mediation? Who that desires the honied charm of polished eloquence would not desert the lyre-accompanied song of tuneful Olympus? In every activity we see thee as we see thee in thy books, describing the creation of the newly-fashioned earth or the parts of the soul; we recognize thy character in thy pages.

The Emperor has not been slow in rewarding thy merit. The robe that links Senate-house and palace, that unites nobles with their prince — the robe that he himself has four times worn, he hath at the year's end handed on to thee, and left his own curule chair that thou mightest follow him. Grow, ye virtues; be this an age of prosperity! The path of glory lies open to the wise; merit is sure of its reward; industry dowered with the gifts it deserves. Arts, rise from the slumber into which depraved ambition had forced you! Envy cannot hold

up her head while Stilicho and his godlike son-in-law direct the state. Here is no pollution of the consul's office, no shameful names disgrace Latin fasti; here the consulship is an honour reserved for the brave, given only to senators, never a source of scandal to Rome's city.

Now had Fame, announcing our good fortune, winged her way to Aonia whose groves she stirred with the tidings of the new consul. Helicon raised a hymn of praise, Aganippe flowed with waters more abundant, the streams of song laughed with flowers. Then Urania, her hair wreath-crowned, Urania whose hand had oft directed Manlius' compass in marking out the starry spheres, thus addressed the other Muses: "Sisters, can we bear to be absent this longed-for day? Shall we not visit our consul's door and the house we have always loved? Better known to us is it than Helicon; gladly we draw the curule chair and bear the fasces. Bring marvels for the people's delight and make known his name in the famed theatres.

"Do thou, Erato, go visit the palace of Neptune beneath the sea and beg for four swift coursers such that even Arion could not snatch the prize from them. Let the Circus be graced by every steed to whose proud neighing Baetis re-echoes, who drinks of Tagus' shining pools and sprinkles his mane with its liquid gold.

"Calliope, ask thou of Alcides the oil of the wrestling-ground. Let all the company proved in the games at Elis follow thee and the athletes who have won fame with Olympian Jove.

"Fly, Clio, to Taygetus' heights and leafy Maenalus and beg Diana not to spurn thy petition but help the amphitheatre's pomp. Let the goddess herself choose out brave hunters cunningly to lasso the necks of wild animals and to drive home the hunting-spear with unfailing stroke. With her own hand let her lead forth from their caverns fierce beasts and captive monsters, laying aside her bloodthirsty bow. Let bears be gathered together, whereat, as they charge with mighty bulk, Helice may gaze in wonder from Lycaon's stars. Let smitten lions roar till the people turn pale, lions such as Cybele would be fain to harness to her Mygdonian chariot or Hercules strangle in his mighty arms. May leopards, lightning-swift, hasten to meet the spear's wound, beasts that are born of an adulterous union what time the spotted sire did violence to the nobler lion's mate: of such beasts their markings recall the sire, their courage the dam. Whatsoever is nourished by the fields of Gaetulia rich in monsters, whatsoever lurks beneath Alpine snows or in Gallic woods, let it fall before the spear. Let large streams of blood enrich the arena and the spectacle leave whole mountains desolate.

"Nor let gentle games lack the delights we bring: let the clown be there to move the people's laughter with his happy wit, the mime whose language is in his nod and in the movements of his hands, the musician whose breath rouses the flute and whose finger stirs the lyre, the slippered comedian to whose voice the theatre re-echoes, the tragedian towering on his loftier buskin; him too whose light touch can elicit loud music from those pipes of bronze that

sound a thousand diverse notes beneath his wandering fingers and who by means of a lever stirs to song the labouring water. Let us see acrobats who hurl themselves through the air like birds and build pyramids that grow with swift entwinings of their bodies, to the summit of which pyramid rushes a boy fastened by a thong, a boy who, attached there by the foot or leg, executes a step-dance suspended in the air. Let the counterweights be removed and the mobile crane descend, lowering on to the lofty stage men who, wheeling chorus-wise, scatter flames; let Vulcan forge balls of fire to roll innocuously across the boards, let the flames appear to play about the sham beams of the scenery and a tame conflagration, never allowed to rest, wander among untouched towers. Let ships meet in mimic warfare on an improvised ocean and the flooded waters be lashed to foam by singing oarsmen.

“As consul at once and stateliest master, upborne by a twofold fame, let Manlius go forth among the peoples, read in his own books and in our calendars. May the sire’s example be followed by the son and handed on to a grandson, nor these first fasces ever lack succession. May his race pass on purple-clad, may the generations, each to each, hand on the axes, and obedient to the ordinance of fate, Manlius after Manlius add one more consul to the tale.

On the Consulship of Stilicho

Ceaseless are the blessings the gods shower with full bounty upon Rome, crowning success with new successes. Scarce had the happy songs of marriage ceased to echo in the palace when the defeat of Gildo brought material for a hymn of triumph. Hard upon the garlands of passionate love followed the crown of laurel, so that the emperor won alike the name of husband and the fame of conqueror. After the war in Africa eastern sedition waned; the Orient once more was laid low and, guarded by the consul Stilicho the axes rose in triumph. In due order are vows fulfilled. Should I hope to roll into one poem all my lofty themes, more easily should I pile Pelion on frozen Ossa. Were I silent anent a part, what I leave unsung will prove the greater. Am I to recall his deeds of old and earliest manhood? His present deeds lure away my mind. Am I to tell of his justice? His military glory outshines it. Shall I mention his prowess in war? He has done more in peace. Shall I relate how Latium flourishes, how Africa has returned to her allegiance and service, how Spain knows no more the Moor as her neighbour, how Gaul has now nought to fear from a disarmed Germany? Or shall I sing of wintry Thrace and those fierce struggles whereof Hebrus was witness? Limitless is the expanse that opens before me and even on the slopes of Helicon this weight of praise retards my muse's chariot.

For truly since man inhabited this globe never has one mortal been granted all earth's blessings without alloy. This man's face is fair but his character is evil; another has a beauteous soul but an ugly body. One is renowned in war but makes peace hideous with his vices. This man is happy in his public but unhappy in his private life. Each takes a part; each owes his fame to some one gift, to bodily beauty, to martial prowess, to strength, to uprightness of life, to knowledge of law, to his offspring and a virtuous wife. To all men else blessings come scattered, to thee they flow commingled, and gifts that separately make happy are all together thine.

I will not unfold the tale of thy sire's warlike deeds. Had he done nothing of note, had he in loyalty to Valens never led to battle those yellow-haired companies, yet to be the father of Stilicho would have spread abroad his fame. Ever from thy cradle did thy soul aspire, and in the tender years of childhood shone forth the signs of loftier estate. Lofty in spirit and eager, nothing paltry didst thou essay; never didst thou haunt any rich man's doorstep; thy speech was such as to befit thy future dignities. A mark wert thou even then for all eyes, even then an object of reverence; the fiery brightness of thy noble countenance, the very mould of thy limbs, greater even than poets feign of demi-gods, marked thee out for a leader of men. Whithersoever thy proud form went in the city thou didst see men rise and give place to thee; yet thou wast then but a soldier. The silent suffrage of the people had already offered

thee all the honours the court was soon to owe.

Scarce hadst thou reached man's estate when thou wast sent to negotiate peace with Assyria; to make a treaty with so great a people was the charge entrusted to thy youth. Crossing the Tigris and the deep Euphrates thou cam'st to Babylon. The grave lords of Parthia looked at thee in amaze and the quiver-bearing mob burned with desire to behold, while the daughters of Persia gazing on their beauteous guest sighed out their hidden love. The peace is sworn at altars sweet with the fragrance of incense and the harvests of Saba. Fire is brought forth from the innermost sanctuary and the Magi sacrifice heifers according to the Chaldean ritual. The king himself dips the jewelled bowl of sacrifice and swears by the mysteries of Bel and by Mithras who guides the errant stars of heaven. Whenever they made thee sharer of their hunting, whose sword struck down the lion in close combat before that of Stilicho, whose arrow pierced the striped tiger afar before thine? When thou didst guide the easy rein the Mede gave way to thee, and the Parthian marvelled at the bow thou didst discharge in flight.

Meanwhile a maiden of years full ripe for marriage troubled a father's heart, and the emperor doubted whom to select as her husband and as future ruler of the world; right anxiously did he search east and west for a son-in-law worthy of being wedded to Serena. Merit alone had to decide; through camps, through cities, through nations roamed his poised and hesitating thoughts. But thou wast chosen, thus in the opinion and judgement of him who selected thee surpassing all the candidates of the whole world and becoming a son-in-law in the imperial family where thou wast shortly to become a father-in-law. The marriage-bed was ablaze with flashing gold and regal purple. The maiden steps forth accompanied by her parents clad in scarlet. On one side stood her sire, famed for his triumphs, on the other was the queen, fulfilling a mother's loving office and ordering the bridal veil beneath a weight of jewels. Then, so men say, the horses of the sun and the stars of heaven danced for joy, pools of honey and rivers of milk welled forth from the earth. Bosphorus decked his banks with vernal flowers, and Europe, entwined with rose garlands, uplifted the torches in rivalry with Asia.

Happy our emperor in his choice; he judges and the world agrees; he is the first to value what we all see. Ay, for he has allied to his children and to his palace one who never preferred ease to war nor the pleasures of peace to danger, nor yet his life to his honour. Who but he could have driven back the savage Visigoths to their wagons or overwhelmed in one huge slaughter the Bastarnae puffed up with the slaying of Promotus? Aeneas avenged the slaughter of Pallas with the death of Turnus, Hector, dragged behind the chariot-wheels, was to wrathful Achilles either revenge or gain; thou dost not carry off in mad chariot dead bodies for ransom nor plot idle savagery against a single corpse; thou slayest at thy friend's tomb whole squadrons of horse, companies of foot, and hordes of enemies. To his ghost a whole nation is offered up. Neither Vulcan's fabulous shield nor such armour as that of which

poets sing the forging assisted thine efforts. Single-handed thou didst succeed in penning within the narrow confines of a single valley the vast army of barbarians that were long since ravaging the land of Thrace. For thee the fearful shriek of the onrushing Alan had no terrors nor the fierceness of the nomad Hun nor the scimitar of the Geloni, nor the Getae's bow or Sarmatian's club. These nations would have been destroyed root and branch had not a traitor by a perfidious trick abused the emperor's ear and caused him to withhold his hand; hence the sheathing of the sword, the raising of the siege, and the granting of a treaty to the prisoners.

He was always with the army, seldom in Rome, and then only when the young emperor's anxious love summoned him thither. Scarce had he greeted the gods of his home, scarce seen his wife when, still stained with the blood of his enemies, he hastened back to the battle. He did not stay to catch at least a kiss from Eucherius through his vizor; the anxieties of a general o'ercame a father's yearning and a husband's love. How often has he bivouacked through the Thracian winter and endured beneath the open sky the blasts that slow Boötes sends from mount Rhiphaeus. When others, huddled over the fire, could scarce brook the cold, he would ride his horse across the frozen Danube and climb Athos deep in snow, his helmet on his head, thrusting aside the frozen branches of the ice-laden trees with his far gleaming targe. Now he pitched his tent by the shores of Cimmerian Pontus, now misty Rhodope afforded him a winter's bed. I call you to witness, cold valleys of Haemus, that Stilicho has often filled with bloody slaughter; and you, rivers of Thrace, your waters turned to blood; say, ye Bisaltæ, or you whose oxen plough Pangæus' slopes, how many a rotting helm has not your share shattered neath the soil, how oft have not your mattocks rung against the giant bones of slaughtered kings.

Fain would I embrace each separate one; but thine exploits press on in too close array, and I am overwhelmed by the pursuing flood of glorious deeds. When Theodosius had warred against, and slain, the tyrant he ascended into heaven, leaving the governance of the world to thee. With a strength equal to his thou dost bear up the tottering structure of the empire that threatens each moment to collapse. Thus, when once Hercules upheld the world, the universal frame hung more surely poised, the Standard-bearer did not reel with tottering stars, and old Atlas, relieved for a moment of the eternal load, was confounded as he gazed upon his own burden.

Barbary was quiet, no revolution troubled the empire's peace and though so great a prince was dead the world knew not that the reins had passed into another's hands. No company in the two armies dared aught as though set loose from control. Yet surely never had such diversities of language and arms met together to form one united people. Theodosius had unified the whole East beneath his rule. Here were mingled Colchian and Iberian, mitred Arab, beautifully coifed Armenian; here the Sacian had pitched his painted tent, the Mede his stained tent, the dusky Indian his embroidered tent: here were the tall company of warriors from the Rhone and the warlike children of

Ocean. Stilicho and Stilicho alone commanded all the nations looked on by the rising and the setting sun. Amid this company so diverse in blood and speech such peace reigned beneath thy rule, so did fear of justice secure right, that not a single vineyard was robbed, nor did a single field cheat the husbandman of its plundered crop; rage incited to no violence, passion to no deeds of shame; the peaceful sword was obedient to law. Of a truth their leaders' pattern passes to the crowd, and the soldier follows not only the standards but also the example of his general.

Whithersoever thou didst lead thy victorious eagles there rivers grew dry, drunk up by so many thousands of men. Didst thou march towards Illyria, plain and mountain were hidden; didst thou give the signal to thy fleet, the Ionian main was lost beneath thy ships. Cloud-girt Ceraunia, the storms that dash the waves in foam on Leucas' promontory — these could not affright any. Shouldst thou bid them explore some frozen sea, thy untroubled soldiers would shatter the congealed waters with countervailing oar; had they to seek the deserts of the south, to search out the sources of the Nile, their sails would penetrate into Ethiopia's midmost heat.

Thee mindful Eurotas, thee Lycaeus' rustic muse, thee Maenalus celebrates in pastoral song, and therewith the woods of Parthenius, where, thanks to thy victorious arms, weary Greece has raised once more her head from amid the flames. Then did Ladon, river of Arcadia, stay his course amid the countless bodies, and Alphaeus, choked with heaps of slaughtered Getae, won his way more slowly to his Sicilian love.

Do we wonder that the foe so swiftly yields in battle when they fall before the sole terror of his name? We did not declare war on the Franks; yet they were overthrown. We did not crush in battle the Suebi on whom we now impose our laws. Who could believe it? Fierce Germany was our slave or ever the trumpets rang out. Where are now thy wars, Drusus, or thine, Trajan? All that your hands wrought after doubtful conflict that Stilicho did as he passed along, and o'ercame the Rhine in as many days as you could do in years; you conquered with the sword, he with a word; you with an army; he single-handed. Descending from the river's source to where it splits in twain and to the marshes that connect its mouths he flashed his lightning way. The speed of the general outstripped the river's swift course, grew as grew Rhine's waters. Chieftains whose names were once so well known, flaxen-haired warrior-kings whom neither gifts nor prayers could win over to obedience to Rome's emperors, hasten at his command and fear to offend by dull delay. Crossing the river in boats they meet him wheresoever he will. The fame of his justice did not play them false: they found him merciful, they found him trustworthy. Him whom at his coming the German feared, at his departure he loved. Those dread tribes whose wont it was ever to set their price on peace and let us purchase repose by shameful tribute, offered their children as hostages and begged for peace with such suppliant looks that one would have thought them captives, their hands bound behind their backs, and they mounting the

Tarpeian rock with the chain of slavery upon their necks. All those lands that lie between Ocean and the Danube trembled at the approach of one man. Boreas was brought into servitude without a blow; the Great Bear was disarmed.

In so short a time didst thou win so many battles without loss of blood, and, setting out with the moon yet new, thou didst return or ever it was full; so didst thou compel the threatening Rhine to learn gentleness with shattered horns, that the Salian now tills his fields, the Sygambrian beats his straight sword into a curved sickle, and the traveller, as he looks at the two banks, asks over which Rome rules. The Belgian, too, pastures his flock across the river and the Chauci heed it not; Gallic herds cross the mid Elbe and wander over the hills of the Franks. Safe it is to hunt amid the vast silence of the distant Hercynian forest, and in the woods that old-established superstition has rendered awful our axes fell the trees the barbarian once worshipped and nought is said.

Nay more, devoted to their conqueror this people offers its arms in his defence. How oft has Germany begged to add her troops to thine and to join her forces with those of Rome! Nor yet was she angered when her offer was rejected, for though her aid was refused her loyalty came off with praise. Provence will sooner drive out the governor thou sendest than will the land of the Franks expel the ruler thou hast given them. Not to rout rebels in the field but to punish them with chains is now the law; under our judge a Roman prison holds inquest on the crimes of kings. Marcomeres and Sunno give proof: the one underwent exile in Etruria, the other, proclaiming himself the exile's avenger, fell beneath the swords of his own soldiers. Both were eager to arouse rebellion, both hated peace — true brothers in character and in a common love of crime.

After the conquest of the north arose a fresh storm in another quarter. The trumpets of war rang out in the south that there might be no part of the world untouched by thy victories. Gildo stirred up all the Moorish tribes living beneath mount Atlas and those whom the excessive heat of the sun cuts off from us in the interior of Africa, those too whom Cinyps' wandering stream waters, and Triton, neighbour of the garden of the Hesperides; those who dwell beside the waters of Gir, most famous of the rivers of Ethiopia, that overflows its banks as it had been another Nile. There came at his summons the Nubian with his head-dress of short arrows, the fleet Garamantian, the Nasamonian whose impetuous ardour not even the sinister predictions of Ammon could restrain. The plain of Numidia was overrun, their dust covered the Gaetulian Syrtes; the sky of Carthage was darkened with their arrows. Some, mounted, guide their horses with sticks, others are clad in tawny lion-skins and pelts of the nameless animals that range the vast deserts of Meroë. Severed heads of serpents with gaping jaws serve them for helmets, the bright sealy skin of the viper fashions their quivers. Simois trembled not so violently when swart Memnon led his dusky troops o'er Ida's summit. Not so fearful

was Ganges when Porus approached, mounted on his towering elephant and surrounded with his far-shooting Indian soldiery. Yet Porus was defeated by Alexander, Memnon by Achilles, and Gildo by thee.

It was not, however, only the South that fierce Mars aroused but also the East. Though loyalty cried out against it Gildo had transferred the nominal rule of Libya to the Eastern empire, cloaking his base treason under the name of legitimate government. Thus with diverse terror a twofold war arose; here were arms, there were wiles. Africa supported the one with her savage tribes, the other the conspiring East nurtured with treachery. From Byzantium came edicts to subvert the loyalty of governors; from Africa that refused her crops black famine pressed and had beleaguered trembling Rome. Libya openly meditated our destruction; over the civic strife shame had laid her veil of silence.

Though such storms raged on either hand, though the twofold tempest buffeted the torn empire on this side and on that, no whit did our consul's courage yield to weariness, but ever watchful against threatening doom and soon to win prosperous issue, shone greater amid dangers: as the ship's pilot, tossed in mid Aegean by the storms of rainy Orion, eludes the waves' buffeting by the least turn of the tiller, skilfully guiding his vessel now on straight, now on slanting course, and struggles successfully against the conjoint fury of sea and sky.

At what, Stilicho, shall I first marvel? At the providence that resisted all intrigues, whereby no treacherous missive, no bribe-fraught hand escaped thy notice? Or because that^o amid the general terror thou spakest no word unworthy of Latium? Or because thou didst ever give haughty answer to the East and later made that answer good? They held thy goods, thy lands, thy houses, yet wast thou unmoved. This thou didst account a trifling loss nor ever preferred private to public interest. Thy mighty task thou dost parcel out, yet dost thou face it all alone, debating the problems that must needs be thought out, acting where deeds are called for, ever ready to dictate where aught is to be accomplished by writing. What hundred-handed monster, what Briareus, whose arms ever grew more numerous as they were lopped off, could cope with all these things at once? To avoid the snares of treachery, to strengthen existing regiments and enroll new ones, to equip two fleets, one of corn^o-ships, one of men-of-war, to quell the tumult of the court and alleviate the hunger of the Roman populace — what eyes, never visited by the veil of sleep, have had the strength to turn their gaze in so many directions and over so many lands or to pierce so far? Fame tells how Argus girt with a hundred eyes could guard but one heifer with his body's watch.

Whence comes this mass of corn? What forest fashioned all those vessels? Whence has sprung this untutored army with all its young recruits? Whence has Gaul, its age once more at the spring, won back the strength that Alpine blows twice shattered? Methinks 'tis no levy but the ploughshare of the Phoenician Cadmus that has raised up thus suddenly a host sprung from the

sowing of the dragon's teeth; 'tis like the crop that in the fields of Thebes drew the sword of kin in threatened battle with its own sower when, the seed once sown, the earth-born giants clave the earth, their mother's womb, with their springing helms and a harvest of young soldiery burgeoned along the armèd furrows. This too must not be passed over without full meed of praise, that the avenging expedition did not embark until the senate had, in accordance with antique usage, declared war. Stilicho re-established this custom, neglected for so many ages, that the Fathers should give generals charge to fight, and by decree of the toga-clad Senate the battle-token pass auspiciously among the legions. We acknowledge that the laws of Romulus have now returned when we see arms obedient to our ministers.

Thou couldst have filled the Tyrrhene sea with all thy standards, the Syrtes with thy fleet and Libya with thy battalions, but wrath was stayed o'ercome by prudent fear lest Gildo, terrified at the thought that thou wast in arms against him and suspecting that thy forces were of overwhelming strength, might retire into the hot desert and the torrid zone, or travel east in flight or, to console him for the certainty of death, might destroy his cities with fire. Marvellous it is to tell: thou wast fearful of being feared and forbade him to despair whom thy vengeance awaited. How greatly was his confidence our gain! Safe are the towers of hostile Carthage, and the Phoenician fields rejoice in their unharmed husbandmen, fields he might have laid waste in his flight. Deluded by a vain hope he spared what was ours without escaping chastisement for himself. Madman, to measure Rome by the numbers instead of the valour of her soldiers! He advanced as though he would ride them all down by means of his fleet cavalry and, as he often boasted, would overwhelm in the dust the Gauls enervated by the sun's heat. But he soon learned that neither wounds made more deadly by the poisoned arrow of Ethiopia nor thick hail of javelins nor clouds of horsemen can withstand Latin spears. The cowardly Nasamonian troops are scattered, the Garamantian hurls not his spears but begs for mercy, the swift-footed Autololes fly to the desert, the terror-stricken Mazacian flings away his arms, in vain the Moor urges on his flagging steed. The brigand flees in a small boat and driven back by the winds met with his just fate in the harbour of Tabraca, discovering that no element offered refuge, Stilicho, to thine enemies. There he was destined to undergo the insults of the overjoyed populace and to bow his guilty head before a lowly judgement-seat.

Let not Fortune claim aught for herself. Let her ever be favourable; but we trusted not the issue to a single fight, nor was the hazard set with all our force to be lost at a single throw. Had hard chance at all prevailed, a second fleet pressed on behind, a greater leader was yet to come.

Never was a more famous victory nor one that was the object of more heart-felt prayers. Will anyone compare with this the defeat of Tigranes, of the king of Pontus, the flight of Pyrrhus or Antiochus, the capture of Jugurtha, the overthrow of Perses or Philip? Their fall meant but the enlargement of the

empire's bounds; on Gildo's depended the very existence of Rome. In those cases delay entailed no ill; in this a late-won victory was all but a defeat. On this supreme issue, while leanness racked her people, hung the fate of Rome; and to win back Libya was a greater gain than its first conquest, even as to lose a possession stirs a heavier pain than never to have had it. Who would now be telling of the Punic wars, of you, ye Scipios, or of thee, Regulus; who would sing of cautious Fabius, if, destroying right, the fierce Moor were trampling on an enslaved Carthage? This victory, Rome, has revived the laurels of thy heroes of old; Stilicho has restored to thee all thy triumphs.

BOOK II

(XXI)

Thus far the warrior's praise! Now let my gentler Muse relax the strings and tell by what virtues he governs the world, tempering fear with love, say what counsel moved him at last to assume those consular robes that cried out to him, and bestowed on our annals a year named after himself.

In the beginning Love was the guardian of this vast universe, she who dwelt in the sphere of Jove, who attempts the sky 'twixt cold and heat, who is eldest of the immortals. For Love, pitying the elemental confusion, first disentangled Chaos; with a smile she scattered the darkness and bathed the world in light. She dwelleth now not in temples nor by altars warm with incense but in thy heart wherein she has made her home. Taught by her thou accountest it cruel and barbarous to batten on suffering and human slaughter; the sword that drips blood in war thou wearest unstained in peace; though angered thou feedest with no fuel the flame of hatred; thou forgivest the guilty even before they ask, thou layest aside thy wrath more readily than thou art moved to wrath, thou never turnest a deaf ear to prayers, all who oppose thee thou overthrowest, but deignest not to touch them when overthrown, like a lion who lusts to rend in pieces the fierce bull, but passes by the cowering prey. At her bidding thou extendest pardon to the conquered; at her prayer thou refrainest the dread fires of thine anger and those threats, not the less terrible for being unfulfilled; it is enough for thee to inspire awe, even as the heavenly Father who, shaking the world with his loud thunder, hurls the bolts of the Cyclopes upon rocks and sea-monsters and, sparing the blood of man, expends his lightnings on the forests of Oeta.

Good Faith too, Love's sister, has made her shrine in thy heart and joins herself to all thine actions. She has taught thee to practise no hypocrisy, never to speak falsehood, never to postpone the fulfilment of thy promises; to hate openly those thou hatest, and not to hide the poison of resentment in thy heart nor let a false smile mask treachery but to make thy countenance the sure mirror of thy mind. She gainsayeth secret vengeance but encourageth secret benefits. She strengthens friendships also, that grow more firm by lapse of time and binds them with chains of lasting adamant; not hers is the fickle change of mood, nor does she permit close ties to be broken by the rumour of some petty injury, nor is she lured to scorn the old friend when a new one comes. Mindful of past benefits, quick to forget wrongs, she remembers services alike small or great and strives to outdo them, overcoming friends with devotion as an enemy with arms. She safeguards the absent and is the sole protector of those far away; she opens not a greedy ear to rumours, so that never does the stealthy whisper that would injure some unsuspecting client estrange thy sympathies.

Nor does the love that clings to the living forget the dead, and the gratitude a father earned is paid to his children. This kept thee loyal to Theodosius while yet he wielded the sceptre, loyal, too, after his death; nor carest thou more for thine own offspring than for the sons he entrusted to thy guidance and protection. Just and most faithful does Fame account those, who, though they might deny a trust, have chosen rather to fulfil it, unpolluted by greed of gain; but it is not riches, not a huge heritage of gold that Stilicho holds in trust for the young heirs, but two hemispheres and all that is embraced within the sun's fiery orbit. What wouldst thou not fearlessly entrust to him to whom a kingdom is entrusted safely?

Defended by this buckler Honorius did not mourn his noble sire, and on life's very threshold, ne'er scorned by any, he dictates laws to conquered races and sees his triumphs increase with his years. Him thou dost seek to shape as with kindly so with severe mind; neither to sloth dost thou deliver him by a ready yielding to all his wishes, nor by opposing dost thou crush his eager spirit: as a youth thou teachest him in secret a king's lesson — his duty to his people; as a reverend senior thou payest him honour and governest the empire at a father's bidding; to thy lord thou givest humble worship; thou guidest thy master with obedience, thy sire with over. Hence it was that he knew not passion before matrimony and preferred to vindicate his manhood not in a youth of debauchery, but in the chaste bonds of legal wedlock. Blessed art thou in having an emperor for a son-in-law; more blessed he with thee for father.

Care no less tender watched over Honorius' brother, Arcadius. Rightly thou ascribest not to that youth the outrages of the feeble, vicious mob that seeks to screen its own mad folly behind the name of a king. Nay, even when discord raged never did Stilicho so burn with anger, though oft assailed by insult, oft attacked with the sword, that he sought to avenge the frenzy he endured by unholy war and give a handle to strife; stayed on his loyalty, mid all the factions of a court, the hallowed friendship of those brothers stood inviolate. Nay more, thou dividedst equally with him Sidonian cloaks, belts studded with pearls, jewelled togas, breastplates thick with green emeralds, helmets flashing with sapphires, swords with gleaming handles thy sire had wielded, crowns bright with the glint of manifold jewels, that both might be equal heirs of their imperial sire's rich furniture and apparel. Thou didst send soldiers to Byzantium also, though civil strife was already raising its head. Rather wouldst thou reinforce a foe than fail thy pledge; all that he fairly asks thou grantest and refusest only that the withholding of which he himself will shortly approve, and that to obtain which were shameful.

Moreover, all the virtues whose pure aspect puts all wickedness to flight live conjoined in thee and, dwelling within thine heart, aid thee in the manifold businesses of life. Justice teaches thee to prefer the right to the useful, to obey the general laws of mankind and never to enrich thy friends at others' cost. Patience strengthens thy body so that it seeks never to yield to

toil. Temperance guides thee to chaste desires. Prudence will have thee do nought without forethought, Constancy nought without decision and firm purpose. The deadly vices which Tartarus sends up from his monstrous abyss fly far from thee; but first and foremost thou banishest Avarice, mother of crimes, greedy for more the more she possesses, searching ever open-mouthed for gold; with her thou drivest out her most foul nurse, Ambition, who watches at the gate of the powerful and haunts their dwelling-places, cherishing the sale of honours for gold. This age's more turbid stream of corruption has not drawn thee to follow its examples — corruption which had with lapse of time established crime and turned the custom of rapine into a law. Beneath thy rule the rich tremble not for the safety of ancestral lands or houses; no informer stalks the world set on making no matter whom his victim. Virtue suffers no eclipse by poverty. Thou exaltest men of all countries, asking what are their merits not their place of birth, what their character not whence their origin. A generous prince takes note of our life; rewards allure into the ways of virtue. Hence it comes that the arts of old flourish once more; the path to fortune is open to genius, while poesy again raises her despised head. Rich and poor strive with equal zeal towards their ends, for both see that, as poverty cannot depress merit, so riches cannot elevate incapacity.

Fair-fronted wantonness deceives thee not, wantonness, that sweet curse, which surrendering to the arbitrament of the body dulls the wits with darkness, enervating the limbs with bane more deadly than that of Circe. Fair, indeed, is her face but none is fouler within; dyed are her cheeks; clothed about is she with treacherous lures, and deadly vipers hide them in her golden hair. Many hath she caught with the bait of pleasure, thee, though often she has tried, she has never ensnared. No lust bids thee wake for adultery's sake, nor does sleep cheat the hours of toil. Neither the strains of the lyre nor the wanton song of boys accompany thy repast. Has any seen thee free from care, thy mind entirely at rest, or indulging in the banquet unless some public rejoicing commanded? No shameful expenditure strains the resources of the treasury, no pitiless missive in a tiny roll disposes of the property of the absent. Though thrifty thou art beloved of the army, for thou neglectest not thy soldiers in peace, and dost not only enrich them when war is toward. Thou knowest that belated gifts, offered in fear to those hitherto scorned, earn no gratitude: 'tis but a useless flinging away of gold as uselessly hoarded. Thou preventest thy soldiers' needs and art generous over and above their expectations; thou callest them to thy board and addressest each by his name, mindful of all the brave deeds ever done by each beneath thy banners. To thy gifts thou addest praises that will ever be remembered, whereby the grace of your close bond is doubled.

When bountiful though dost not also turn the bounty into a reproach, nor dost thou address those whom thou hast advanced with the language of disdainful patronage; nor yet does prosperity make thee puffed up. Nay, pride

itself is far removed from thee, pride, a vice so familiar in success, ungracious attendant on the virtues. All, no matter when or where, may meet and address thee. Talk over the wine is not watched, but each guest, at liberty to say just what he pleases, mingles grave converse with gay and fears not his words. Each marvels to find an equal in the emperor's father-in-law and the father of his country, when one so powerful acts the citizen so graciously. With the learned thou discourest of antiquity, with the aged of experience, with the soldier of valiant deeds, and dost mingle thy talk with such pleasant wit that none would rather hear the strains whereby Amphion built the walls of Thebes or Orpheus' lute drew the woods to follow him.

Hence all love thee, all anxiously pray heaven for thee with no feigned intercession, all shout applause at the mention of thy name and reproduce thy form in gilded statues. What anvil should not ring, what forge be idle, from what vast furnaces should bronze not flow that is to shape thine image? What corner of the world, what region so remote but should worship thy beloved countenance as divine, — hadst thou not always refused such honour? Nay, let him snatch at such glory whom hollow gifts inspired by fear can beguile and who despairs of a people's love. He who in truth deserves can alone afford to despise them.

Embassies arrive from every quarter and in the presence of thy son-in-law pray for a hundred voices to herald thy renown. The Gallic envoys give thee thanks for that, safe from attack though no legion guards his frontier, and fearing no hostile incursion, he builds new dwelling-places along the banks of the Rhine and fringes the river, famed once for the savagery of its tribes, with houses as pleasant as those by Tiber's stream. Here Carthaginians crown thy praise, because they possess their lands delivered from the tyrant's rule; there the Pannonian, freed from the blockade, and he who drinks the Save, grateful because he now dare throw open the gates of cities closed for so many years. Such sharpen once more upon the whetstone their sickles dark with rust and cause their mattocks, foul with want of use, to shine as of old. Each sees again his well-remembered cottage, kisses his native hills, and can scarce believe real the furrows cut by his heavy plough. He hews down the forests and renders again fit for cultivation fields which generations had let run wild. Once more he covers the banks of the Danube with vineyards and rejoices to pay the taxes his forefathers paid, for it was bloodshed that brought immunity. While thou art safe, heaven allows the harassed body of our distracted empire to regain its youthful vigour. Thou dost restore all that we have lost of old under so many princes. Only when Stilicho's hand brings remedy can grow a scar to hide Roman wounds, and when at last the husbandman of Illyria returns to his farms the treasury will again be enriched with Illyrian tribute.

But heaven's judgement is not a whit behind man's favour. The gods unite for thine especial protection and deliver thine enemy into thy hands upon the sea shore or hinder his flight by the ocean's immense barrier or make him turn his arms madly against himself; and so, a second Pentheus, he is hewn in

pieces by his own soldiers' frenzied blades. The gods discover for thee plots against thy life and lead thee to the very lair of treason, even as Molossan hounds guide the huntsman with their subtle scent. They show forth the future by omens or by birds or they deign to give thee clear warning in dreams.

For which things' sake countless lands in rivalry have sought for thee the consul's robe, but thou thyself didst oppose their desire, and thy mind, so ready to grant favour to another, so rigorous a critic of itself, kindling with the torch of modesty, with bashful pleading deprecates that late reward. And so, anxious to see accomplished the hopes, vainly conceived through so many years, of seeing in thee their new consul, they hasten to the gates of royal Rome, determined, should she not listen to their entreaties, to constrain her hesitation, and prepared to sweep away all hindrances that delay their prayer. They meet at the temple of the goddess that shines bright upon the Palatine. First to speak was Spain, her head crowned with a grey-leaved garland from Minerva's olive and golden Tagus woven into her shining robe: "Everything that I have ever asked of Stilicho he has granted me, and has begrudged only honour for himself. Once he found it in his heart to refuse the consulship at the hands of an emperor, his father-in-law; he now refuses it also from his son-in-law. If not as a guardian from the world he rules, at least let him receive it as a kinsman from his emperor. Counts he it a small thing that, taking my offspring to his arms, he so upholds my grandsons in their undisturbed rule, that the purple ennobles their native Baetis? That by means of fair Maria he dowers Rome with a dynasty? That he is looked to as the ancestor of kings?"

Then warlike Gaul, her hair combed back, a rich necklace about her neck, and javelins twain in her hands, thus spake with kindling heart: "Why is his title not yet read in the annals of Rome, who by his own might o'ercame for me the Germans and the Franks? Why is the page of history still ignorant of a name that by now should have been inscribed therein so often? Is, then, bringing peace to the Rhine so light a title to fame?"

Next spake Britain clothed in the skin of some Caledonian beast, her cheeks tattooed, and an azure cloak, rivalling the swell of ocean, sweeping to her feet: "Stilicho gave aid to me also when at the mercy of neighbouring tribes, what time the Scots roused all Hibernia against me and the sea foamed to the beat of hostile oars. Thanks to his care I had no need to fear the Scottish arms or tremble at the Pict, or keep watch along all my coasts for the Saxon who would come whatever wind might blow."

Then up spake Africa, her hair gay with wheat ears and an ivory comb and her face all sun-burned: "I hoped that after Gildo's death no obstacle could prevent Stilicho's acceptance of the consulship. Does he even yet refuse and hesitate to honour with the fasces so great a triumph — he who has enabled me utterly to forget the tearful name of Moor?"

After these came Italy, pliant vine and ivy interlacing on her head, pressing the wine from plentiful ripe grapes. Said she: "If you are thus eager that

Stilicho should augment the dignity of the curule chair, you to whom the mere report can bring delight, how much more rightly does a longing inspire me to enjoy his presence, to attend him as he mounts his seat and to salute his opening of the new year's course?"

One after another they pour forth these entreaties and beg Rome to approach Stilicho in the name of them all. Right swiftly she obeyed their behest and seizing at once her arms winged her way quicker than a shooting star through the clouds of heaven. Over Etruria she flew, grazed the Apennines in her flight, and lit Eridanus' wave with the reflexion of her shield. She stood before the general, imposing as mighty Pallas, terrible as Mars. The palace trembled at the glitter of her aegis and her helmet plumes brushed the pannelled ceiling. Then as he stood astonished she first addressed him flattering reproaches: "I acknowledge, revered Stilicho, that thou hast saved but not yet brought honour to the curule chair. Of what avail to have rid the year of the brand of slavery? Dost thou defend a dignity thou shunnest? Scorn what with all thy might thou madest? reject when offered what thou didst save when falling? Why dost thou hold back? Why disappoint my prayers? No danger threatens from the north, the south is quiet; the Moors have been subdued, Germany has yielded, profound peace holds fast the doors of Janus' temple. Am I not yet worthy to have thee for my consul? Can we believe that office unimportant and of slender dignity to hold which emperors think themselves honoured, that office by means of which I have caused conquered peoples and captive kings to pass beneath the yoke?

"If nature by her portents foreshadow coming ills I am not besmirched therewith. Nay, that thou countest ill omen was for the East. Yet no facts confirm the tale I have heard; Rumour's self scarce smiled at such a tale of guilt. The disgrace has no proof; no letter came to divulge the wicked secret. In this lies thine especial virtue, that, while consulting the senate on every question, thou hast not mentioned this portent. No decree for the suppression of this scandal has impaired the dignity of this august assembly, nor has that ill-omened name been heard in my senate. To have hesitated would have been to share his guilt. All letters telling of this profanation that came from the far East were destroyed e'er they could cross the sea, that fortune's shameful turn should not offend the chaste ears of Italy. That infatuation of a people was best rewarded with silence — and how strenuous were thine endeavours that it should so be! Joy should be his who needs no longer pen the annals of the East. Our Latin story knows no such blot: let others take pains to conceal their own disgrace. Why should I applaud the downfall of one of whose elevation I never heard nor knew? 'Tis for the guilty to repent; we have never even believed.

"Yet had the good of all been one and this pollution stained *our* axes, all the more shouldst thou have taken the high office thou dost shun lest that ancient dignity — ever the goal of all dignities — should be destroyed. No consul, save Stilicho alone, can repair that ruin. With what foreknowledge had

thy soul led the hour: once it would have added lustre unto thee, now thou dost add lustre unto it. Do thou as consul wipe out the insult offered to all consuls that have been and yet shall be. Give thy name to the year that posterity may dwell thereafter securely, and that antiquity, thus vindicated, may cease from her complaints. Brutus was the founder of the office, let Stilicho be its avenger. Brutus, the first consul, won liberty for the Roman people by means of the consular fasces: Stilicho banished the taint of slavery from those fasces. Brutus instituted this supreme dignity; Stilicho saved it; and it is greater to preserve what already is than to create that which is not. Why do thy blushes grant so tardy an acceptance of our prayers? Why does the accustomed flush o'erspread thy brow? World-conqueror, conquer now thine own diffidence.

"Full well I know that no gift can seduce thee, yet be pleased to admire and receive this cloak, woven for thee on no mortal loom by Minerva and myself. Twice together have we dipped the thread that goes to make the cloth in purple dye and interwoven therewith that same gold of which Lachesis has woven the golden centuries that are to be mine beneath thy rule. See here I have prefigured thy destined progeny, those thy children for whom the world prays; soon shalt thou confess me a true prophet and coming fate prove that my embroidery is true."

She spake and drew from her bosom the gift, a consul's cloak, stiff and heavy with gold. The glorious woof breathes Minerva's skill. Here is depicted a palace with columns of red marble and Maria's sacred travail. Lucina eases her labour. On a splendid couch lies the young mother, by her side sits her own mother, pale with anxiety yet happy withal. The flower-crowned Nymphs take up the babe and wash him in a golden basin. Almost could one hear rising from the embroidery the little child's mingled laughter and wailing. And now the babe had grown up, recalling his father in countenance; Stilicho, riper in years, teaches his grandson, the emperor that is to be, the science of war. In another part Eucherius, the down of early manhood on his cheeks, rode his horse that flecked its silken reins with bloody foam. Woven himself of gold he smites with javelin or arrow the purple stags that raise their golden horn. Here Venus, borne in her dove-drawn chariot, unites for the third time the hero's family with princely house and the winged Loves throng the affianced bride, daughter and sister of an emperor. Eucherius now lifts the veil from the bashful maiden's face; Thermania smiles upon her brother's joy. This house now seeks the crown in the person of either sex, it gives birth to queens and the husbands of queens.

Such are the gifts wherewith the goddess sought to win Stilicho, handing to him at the same time the ivory staff. She shook the urn to obtain the customary signs and confirmed the beginning of his task by favourable auspices. Then she clothed with the vesture of Romulus those shoulders better accustomed to armour. The garb of Latium covers his breast and the toga graces what erstwhile the cuirass protected. Thus Mars, returning victorious

from the Danube or the Scythian clime, a god of peace now his shield is laid aside, enters the city wearing the consul's cloak and in a chariot drawn by white horses; Quirinus directs the ample reins and Bellona marches before her father's car holding aloft the bloody oak-branch decked with the spoils won in single combat; Fear and his brother Terror are the lictors and cast chains of iron on the necks of captive barbarians, their helmets wreathed with laurel, while Panic, her robe up-girt, walks by the yoke-horses, brandishing a mighty battle-axe.

When Rome saw herself possessed of the consul for whom she had prayed, "Now," she said, "fain would I hasten to the fields and woods of Elysium to bear the news of this wondrous answer to our universal prayer to the Curii and Fabricii who have wept for the dignity of the consul's toga so lately outraged. Let them now tread the meads in joyous dance and the austere Catos not blush to join their sport. Let the elder Brutus hear the news and the Scipios, terror of Carthage, learn that by one man's help I have been rescued from a double danger and have recovered both Libya and the fasces. One thing only is left, and do thou, brave consul, add it to my prayers — bestow awhile that presence she entreats upon the city which thou hast rescued from war and famine, and restored to the overlordship of the world. Let our famous rostrum welcome a second Camillus and our citizens look upon their avenger and saviour, ay, and the common people whom thou, their leader, lovest, the people to whom Africa, because of thee, offers her harvests and the Rhone her crops till now unheard of, whereby Libyan fields and Gallic abundance are at my service and now the rainy south-wind and now the north wafts grain to my shores and my granaries are full whatever breeze may blow.

"What thousands will then throng the Flaminian Way! How often will the deceptive dust disappoint the loving expectation of those who trust to see thee arrive every minute! Anxiously our mothers watch for thee; every road will be strewn with flowers while the consul, true image of Rome's ancient senate, climbs the steep summit of the Pincian hill. What applause from the theatre of Pompey! How often will the Murcian valley raise to heaven thy name re-echoed by Aventine and Palatine! Leave the camp and let me behold thee now, soon to see thee, consul for a second time, along with thy son-in-law."

While Rome so spake, Fame, on wings of rumour, flies over the sea and with thousand tongues bids the chiefs speed to the capital. Not one can age hold back, nor the long journey, nor the Alps' wintry blasts; Love wins the victory. Veterans whom the fasces ennobled long since hasten to greet the year of their colleague and avenger. So when by that birth in death the Phoenix renews its youth and gathers its father's ashes and carries them lovingly in its talons, winging its way, sole of its kind, from the extreme east to Nile's coasts, the eagles gather together and all the fowls from every quarter to marvel at the bird of the sun; afar its living plumage shines, itself redolent of the spices of its father's fragrant pyre.

There is like joy in heaven: the two Theodosii and thine own protecting

deities are glad; the Sun himself, decking his chariot with spring flowers, prepares a year worthy of thee.

Far away, all unknown, beyond the range of mortal minds, scarce to be approached by the gods, is a cavern of immense age, hoary mother of the years, her vast breast at once the cradle and the tomb of time. A serpent surrounds this cave, engulfing everything with slow but all-devouring jaws; never ceases the glint of his green scales. His mouth devours the back-bending tail as with silent movement he traces his own beginning. Before the entrance sits Nature, guardian of the threshold, of age immense yet ever lovely, around whom throng and flit spirits on every side. A venerable old man writes down immutable laws: he fixes the number of stars in each constellation and causes these to move and those to be at rest, whereby everything lives or dies by pre-ordained laws. 'Tis he decides Mars' uncertain orbit, Jupiter's fixed course through the heaven, the swift path of the moon, and the slow march of Saturn; he limits the wanderings of Venus' bright chariot and of Mercury, Phoebus' companion.

When the Sun rested upon the spacious threshold of this cavern dame Nature ran to meet him and the old man bent a hoary head before his proud rays. The adamantine door swung open of its own accord and revealed the vast interior, displaying the house and the secrets of Time. Here in their appointed places dwell the ages, their aspect marked by varying metals: there are piled those of brass; here those of iron stand stiff; there the silver ones gleam bright. In a fairer part of the cave, shy of contact with the earth, stood the group of golden years; of these Phoebus chooses the one of richest substance to be marked with the name of Stilicho. Then, bidding the rest follow behind him, he addresses them thus as they pass. "Lo! the consul is at hand for whom we have delayed an age of nobler ore. Go ye, years long prayed for by man, bring back virtue; let genius flourish once more; may Bacchus give you joy and fruitful Ceres bless you. Let not the constellation of the Serpent breathe forth too icy an air from between the two Ploughing Oxen nor the Bear vent his excessive cold; let not the Lion rage with his gaping maw nor pitiless summer inflame the claws of Cancer. Let not Aquarius, too prodigal of his rainy urn, flood the young seedlings with sudden storms. Let Phrixus' ram, his horns twined with roses, extend the fertile spring and let not the Scorpion beat down the ripe olives with his hail. Let the Virgin mature the fruits of Autumn and the Dog-star, more gentle than his wont, refrain from barking at the heavy grape-clusters."

So saying he entered his garden starred with fiery dew, the valley round which runs a river of flame feeding with its bounteous rays the dripping weeds whereon the horses of the sun do pasture. Here he gathers flaming flowers wherewith he decks the heads, the golden reins, and manes of his steeds. With leaves from hence Lucifer and Aurora entwine their oozy locks. Hard by the golden year, displaying the consul's name, smiles upon his chariot, and the stars, recommencing their courses, inscribe the name of Stilicho in the annals

of the sky.

BOOK III

PREFACE.

(XXIII)

The elder Scipio, who single-handed turned the Punic wars back from Italy's coasts to their own home, fought not his battles unmindful of the Muse's art; poets were ever the hero's special care. For valour is always fain to seek alliance with the Muses that they may bear witness to her deeds; he loves song whose exploits deserve the meed of song. Therefore, whether to avenge his sire's death the young warrior brought into subjection the Spanish seas or embarked upon the Libyan wave his dreadful standards, resolved to break with sure spear the strength of Carthage, the poet Ennius was ever at his side and in all his campaigns followed the trumpet's call into the midst of the fray. Him after the battle the soldiers loved to hear sing, and the trooper, still dripping with blood, would applaud his verses. When Scipio had triumphed over either Carthage — over the one to avenge his sire, over the other his fatherland — and when at last, after the disasters of a long war, he drove weeping Libya a captive before his chariot wheel, Victory brought back the Muses in her train and Mars' laurel crowned the poet's brow.

Thee, Stilicho, our new Scipio, conqueror of a second Hannibal more terrible than the first, — thee after five long years Rome has given back to me and bidden me celebrate the completion of her vows.

BOOK III.

(XXIV)

Behold, O Rome, the hero whose presence the cries of thy people and the voice of thy nobles has long demanded. Cease now to count the stages of his long journey and to rise as though to greet him at the sight of every storm of dust; no further shall uncertainty torment thee. Full before thine eye is he who was long before thy mind, greater than thy hopes, more glorious than his fame. Honour thou the consul who has restored its dignity to the consulship; grasp the hand which has made the Carthaginians pass once more under the Roman yoke. Welcome the noble heart that directs the reins of empire and secures by its providence the equipoise of the world. Look with joy upon the sacred face thou worshipping cast in bronze and adorest in gold. Behold the warrior successful in every field, the defender of Africa, the conqueror of Rhine and Danube.

Should he wish in accordance with ancient custom to display the picture of his labours and show to the people the tribes he has subdued, crowns of laurel from north and south would contend in equally matched rivalry. Here is a triumph rich with the spoils of the Germans, there with those of the South; here would pass the Sygambri with their yellow locks, there the black-haired Moors. He himself would be drawn in a laurel-decked chariot by white horses, and followed by his soldiers chanting their festive songs. Some would lead captive kings, others carry conquered towns wrought in bronze or mountains or rivers. Here would opening in sad procession the river-gods of Libya, their horns broken, there Germany and the Rhine god in chains. Yet is not thy consul, O Rome, an unbridled boaster of his own prowess. 'Tis not the rewards of toil but the toil itself that he loves. He scorns empty applause and celebrates a happier triumph in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.

Of a surety the citadel of Rome has never welcomed home any of her generals with greater magnificence, no, not even Fabricius when he returned after the surrender of Pyrrhus, nor Aemilius Paulus, conqueror of Pella's king, when he ascended the Capitol in his chariot. No such triumph as this threw open the gates of Rome to Marius after his conquest of Numidia or to Pompey after his victories in the East. Each of these suffered from a rival faction that murmured uneasily against their success, and envy pursued their actions, no matter how noble, with spiteful stings. Stilicho alone was raised above the range of envy and the measure of mankind. For who could be jealous of the stars' eternity, of Jove's ancient rule in heaven, of Phoebus' omniscience? There are some merits so transcendent that furious envy's bounds cannot contain them. Moreover, those other heroes owed a divided allegiance: one gained the favour of the nobles, but was hated of the people, one, supported by the suffrage of the commons, enjoyed but faintly the favour of the senate.

In Stilicho's case alone class rivalry has not raised its head: the knights welcome him with joy, the senate with enthusiasm, while the people's prayers rival the goodwill of the nobles.

Blessed mortal, whom the Rome that thou hast saved calls her father; darling of the world to whose banner flocks the whole of Gaul, whom Spain connects by marriage with the imperial house, for whose advent the citizens cried with ceaseless prayer, and whose presence the senate owed to thine illustrious son-in-law. Not such a girl's delight in flowers, not such the desire of the crops for rain, or of weary sailors for a prosperous breeze as is the longing of thy people for the sight of thee. Under no such influence as this do the prophetic laurels wave on Delos' coast when the brightness of Apollo's bow announces the deity's approach. Never did Pactolus' golden wave so swell in pride when Bacchus from conquered Ind visited his banks. Markest thou not how the roads cannot be seen for the people, the roofs for the matrons? Thanks to thy victories, Stilicho, salvation has dawned on all beyond their hopes. Look round on Rome's seven hills whose sheen of gold rivals the very sun's rays; see the arches decked with spoil, the temples towering to the sky, and all the buildings that celebrate this signal triumph. Let thine astonished glance measure the magnitude of the city thou hast saved and the immensity of thy services. All this would live but in the memory were the African still master of the south.

It was the custom in campaigns of olden time to crown with oak the brow of him who by his valour had put the enemy to flight and succeeded in rescuing a fellow-citizen from imminent death. But to thee what civic crown can we give for the salvation of so many cities? Or what honours can recompense thy deeds? Nor is it only for her people's life that Rome owns herself a debtor to thine arms, but that so she might have sweeter enjoyment of this glorious dawn she has won back her ancient burden of renown, her lost strength and her conquered kingdoms. No longer do her ambassadors kneel suppliant before the proud East and beg that Libya may be given back to her; gone the shameful spectacle of our city a suitor to her own slaves. No, relying now on her native Latin vigour, Rome under thy leadership fights her own battles with Roman spirit. She herself bids the standards advance; the toga-clad consul directs the future conqueror, and the eagles wait upon the orders of the senate. Of her own free choice hath Rome bestowed on thee the consul's robe, offered thee, her avenger, the curule chair and compelled thee to adorn her annals.

Nothing of her ancient dignity has she lost, no regret has she for the age of republican freedom, since it is she who bestows the consular honour, she who gives the order for battle. Nay, she sees the growth of her power. Whose memory can recall a time when the fields of Gaul and the hoes of the Senones were at our service? Has it ever happened before that Tiber's wave has carried grain from the fertile north over the ploughing of whose fields the Lingones have toiled? Such a harvest not only fulfilled Rome's needs but also

demonstrated the greatness of her power; it reminded the peoples who was their mistress and brought in triumph from those chill climes a tribute never before paid.

This, too, augments the majesty of Rome that the chiefs of Libya tremble before the judgement-throne of our people, and that, his office ended, each governor must account under pain of death for all the corn^o the Carthaginian farmer has brought in, all that the rainy south-wind has dispatched to Rome. Those who of late uttered their proud judgements to broad domains here are cowed and tremble; those whom Africa held in dread Rome's forum sees accused.

Stilicho gives hope for the virtues of a bygone age and rouses a people, forgetful of their former glory, to resume their accustomed sovereignty, to make themselves feared, to tread powerful magistrates beneath their heel, to mete out to crime its due reward, to show mercy toward the erring, favour to the innocent, punishment to the guilty, and to exercise once more their native virtue of clemency.

He errs who thinks that submission to a noble prince is slavery; never does liberty show more fair than beneath a good king. Those he himself appoints to rule he in turn brings before the judgement-seat of people and senate, and gladly yields whether they claim reward for merit or seek for punishment. Now the purple lays aside its pride and disdains not to have judgement passed upon itself. Such were the principles of rule taught by Stilicho to his son-in-law, Honorius; 'twas thus he guided his youth with the reins of prudence, and with precepts such as these directed his tender years, a truer father to the emperor than Theodosius, his stay in war, his adviser in peace. Thanks to him dishonour is banished and our age blossoms with Rome's ancient virtues; thanks to him power, long degraded and all but transferred, no longer, forgetful of itself, is exiled in lands of servitude but, returned to its rightful home, restores to Italy its victorious destiny, enjoys the promised auspices of its foundation and gives back its scattered limbs to the head of the empire.

Consul, all but peer of the gods, protector of a city greater than any that upon earth the air encompasseth, whose amplitude no eye can measure, whose beauty no imagination can picture, whose praise no voice can sound, who raises a golden head amid the neighbouring stars and with her seven hills imitates the seven regions of heaven, mother of arms and law, who extends her sway o'er all the earth and was the earliest cradle of justice, this is the city which, sprung from humble beginnings, has stretched to either pole, and from one small place extended its power so as to be co-terminous with the sun's light. Open to the blows of fate while at one and the same time she fought a thousand battles, conquered Spain, laid siege to the cities of Sicily, subdued Gaul by land and Carthage by sea, never did she yield to her losses nor show fear at any blow, but rose to greater heights of courage after the disasters of Cannae and Trebia, and, while the enemy's fire threatened her, and her foe smote upon her walls, sent an army against the furthest Iberians. Nor did

Ocean bar her way; launching upon the deep, she sought in another world for Britons to be vanquished. 'Tis she alone who has received the conquered into her bosom and like a mother, not an empress, protected the human race with a common name, summoning those whom she has defeated to share her citizenship and drawing together distant races with bonds of affection. To her rule of peace we owe it that the world is our home, that we can live where we please, and that to visit Thule and explore its once dread wilds is but a sport; thanks to her all and sundry may drink the waters of the Rhone and quaff Orontes' stream, thanks to her we are all one people. Nor will there ever be a limit to the empire of Rome, for luxury and its attendant vices, and pride with sequent hate have brought ruin all kingdoms else. 'Twas thus that Sparta laid low the foolish pride of Athens but to fall herself a victim to Thebes; thus that the Mede deprived the Assyrian of either and the Persian the Mede. Macedonia subdued Persia and was herself to yield to Rome. But Rome found her strength in the oracles of the Sibyl, her vigour in the hallowed laws of Numa. For her Jove brandishes his thunderbolts; 'tis she to whom Minerva offers the full protection of her shield; to her Vesta brought her sacred flame, Bacchus his rites, and the turret-crowned mother of the gods her Phrygian lions. Hither to keep disease at bay came, gliding with steady motion, the snake whose home was Epidaurus, and Tiber's isle gave shelter to the Paeonian serpent from beyond the sea.

This is the city whom thou, Stilicho, and heaven guard, her thou protectest, mother of kings and generals, mother, above all, of thee. Here Eucherius first beheld the light, here the queen his mother showed the babe to his imperial grandsire who rejoiced to lift a grandson upon his knee and to let him crawl upon his purple robes. Rome had foreknowledge of his destined glory and was glad, for so dear a pledge would keep thee ever her faithful citizen.

But think not this people ungrateful nor such as knows not how to repay benefits. Turn but the pages of history and thou wilt find how often it has faced war for an ally's sake, how often bestowed as a gift on friendly monarchs lands won at the expense of Italian blood. Yet never were public thanks poured forth with such consent. For what prince has not sought with every blandishment to be called lord and father — titles which the amphitheatres echo back to thee day after day? Hail, consul, to thy new titles! Mars' people calls thee lord and Brutus gainsays them not; what till now no terror could compel Rome's free citizens to endure, they freely offered to their love for Stilicho. Wheresoever thy shining form is seen they haste to greet thee and raise to heaven thy name; nor is their wandering gaze ever sated with looking upon thee whom they love when thou enterest the Circus in thy shining robes of gold or art present at the games or, seated on thine ivory throne, dispensest justice in the forum or, with thine attendant lictors, mountest the rostrum thronged with the dense and surging crowd.

But what were the acclamations of the great, how unfeigned their rejoicings when Victory, soaring aloft with outspread wings, herself threw

open her holy temple to the hero? Maiden that rejoicest in the green bay and lovest the tokens of triumphant fight, guardian of our empire, sole healer of our wounds, that makest our toils as though they were not, whether it pleaseth thee to dwell amid the stars of Ariadne's crown or nearer to the fervid Lion, whether thou art seated on the lofty sceptre of Jove or Pallas' shield or calmest the sighs of weary Mars, be ever present to Latium and grant, goddess, the prayers of thy senate. May Stilicho often crown thy portals and bear thee back with him to his armies. Accompany and bless him in war and give him back in robes of peace to our council-chambers. Always has he brought thee home in a spirit of mercy and kept thee kindly to the vanquished nor ever stained thy laurels with cruelty. He neither looks with disdain on his fellow-citizens nor harries the anxious city with his legionaries; but true consul now that the war is ended he comes accompanied only by his lictors nor seeks the useless protection of the sword, guarded only by a people's love.

Handling his great wealth in no niggard spirit he does not hesitate to double his lavish expenses and after giving wondrous games in honour of his soldiery and of Honorius reserves yet greater for Rome. They say that Jove at Minerva's birth showed gold upon lucky Rhodes; that while Bacchus forced an egress from his father's thigh Hermus grew pale and turned to that same metal; that Midas, fated to suffer hunger as a punishment for his greed, converted to shining gold everything that he touched. Be these stories true or false thy liberality exceeds the waters of Hermus, the touch of Midas, the Thunderer's shower. Thy hands, as prodigal of gifts as of daring deeds, o'ershadow the past and will o'ershadow the future. Should fire have melted the countless mass of silver thou bestowest as though it were the cheapest of metals, lakes and rivers of silver might have been formed.

Thou too, Latonia, queen alike of the woods and of the stars, art moved by no small care for Stilicho; thou toilest to distinguish our spectacles with the forest's noblest denizens, and on the dizzy summits of Alpine rocks layest aside thy bow and summonest thy virgin companions and the chaste band of thy quiver-bearing followers. Thither they come, their shoulders and arms bare, spears in their hands and arrows slung across their backs, beautiful though unadorned; red their cheeks, dusty and suffused with sweat; their fierce virginity betrays not their sex; disordered their hair; girdles twain prevent their dresses from flowing down below their knees. Golden-haired Leontodame precedes her comrades, Nebrophone, foster child of Mount Lycaeus, follows her, and Thero whose arrows hold Maenalus in subjection. Fiery Britomartis hastens from Cretan Ida and Lycaste, peer of the western winds in flight. There join them the twin sisters Hecaërge, terror of beasts, and Opis, deity beloved of hunters, Scythian maids; their preference for Delos over the frosts of the north made them goddesses and queens of the woods. These were the seven chiefs who came; there followed them a second band of Nymphs, Diana's lovely company, a hundred from Taygetus, a hundred from Cynthus' summit, a hundred more whose first home was beside the chaste

waters of Ladon. When she saw these gathered together Delia thus began:

“Friends who hate the rites of wedlock even as I hate them, who scour the snowy mountains in virgin companies, mark you how the gods with unanimous favour glorify this year for Latium? How many herds of horses Neptune provides from every quarter of the world? How that none of my brother Apollo’s lyres can refrain from sounding the praises of Stilicho? From us too let Stilicho receive the favour we justly owe him; the task needs no javelin; let our arrows remain bloodless in our unopened quivers. Let every blow refrain from its wonted hunting and the blood of our prey be spilled but in the arena. Not for now their death; close the glades with net and cages and lead the beasts captive; withhold your impatient arrows; spare the monsters of the forest whose death shall win applause for our consul. Divide and haste in every direction; my breathless course is towards the Syrtes; do you, Cretan Lycaste and Opis, bear me company. My purpose is to traverse the unfruitful desert; Mauretania has given ere now her animals to other consuls as a gift, to this consul alone she owes them as a conquered land owes tribute. While we track out the dread progeny of Libya do you hunt the glades and rocks of Europe. Let joy banish fear from the shepherd’s breast and his pipe hymn Stilicho in the dreadless forests. As his laws have given peace to the cities so let his shows give peace to the mountains.”

She spake and straightway is borne from the leafy Alps across the sea. Hinds bow their necks to her chariot’s yoke, hinds whom the dewy moon conceived in her fertile caverns beneath the threshold of the morning sky to be the glory of the goddess. White their skins as driven snow; gold marks their foreheads whence spring branching golden horns lofty as the tallest beech-trees. Opis holds the reins. Lycaste carries the fine-wrought nets and golden snares, and deathless Molossian hounds run barking about the chariot amid the clouds. Five others thus equipped (such were Diana’s orders) hasten this way and that, each at the head of her own company; there follow them dogs of various shape, breed and character; some whose heavy jowls fit them for big game, some swift of foot, some keen of scent; shaggy Cretans bay, splendid Spartans, and Britons that can break the backs of mighty bulls. Britomartis scours the woods of Dalmatia and the precipitous ridges of Pindus, her hair flying in the wind. Thou, Leontodame, surroundest the glades of Gaul and huntest the marshes of Germany, tracking out any huge boar, his tusks flexed with age, that may have taken shelter among the sedges that flank the Rhine. Swift Hecaërge tires the cloud-capped Alps, the valleys of the Apennines, and the snows of Garganus. Thero with her dogs explores the caves of Spain and from their recesses ousts the horrid bears of whose bloody jaws full oft Tagus’ flood has failed to quench the thirst, and whose bodies, numbed with cold, the holm-oak of the Pyrenees o’ershadows with its leaves. The manlike maiden Nebrophone hunts the mountains of Corsica and Sicily and captures deer and other harmless beasts, beasts that are the joy of the rich amphitheatre and the glory of the woods.

Whatsoever inspires fear with its teeth, wonder with its mane, awe with its horns and bristling coat — all the beauty, all the terror of the forest is taken. Guile protects them not; neither strength nor weight avails them; their speed saves not the fleet of foot. Some roar enmeshed in snares; some are thrust into wooden cages and carried off. There are not carpenters enough to fashion the wood; leafy prisons are constructed of unhewn beech and ash. Boats laden with some of the animals traverse seas and rivers; bloodless from terror the rower's hand is stayed, for the sailor fears the merchandise he carries. Others are transported over land in wagons that block the roads with the long procession, bearing the spoils of the mountains. The wild beast is borne a captive by those troubled cattle on whom in times past he sated his hunger, and each time that the oxen turned and looked at their burden they pull away in terror from the pole.

By now Phoebus' sister had wandered o'er the torrid plains of Libya and chosen out superb lions who had often put the Hesperides to flight, filled Atlas with alarm at their wind-tossed manes, and plundered far and wide the flocks of Ethiopia, lions whose terrible cries had never struck upon the herdsmen's ears but as heralding their destruction. To catch them had been used no blazing torches, no twigs strewn over turf undermined; the voice of a tethered kid had not allured their hunger nor had a diggèd pit ensnared them: of their own free will they gave themselves up to capture and rejoiced at being seen the prey of so great a goddess. At length the countryside breathes again and the Moorish farmers unbar their now safe huts. Then Latonia collected grey-spotted leopards and other marvels of the south and huge ivory tusks which, carved with iron into plaques and inlaid with gold to form the glistening inscription of the consul's name, should pass in procession among lords and commons. All India stood in speechless amaze to see many an elephant go shorn of the glory of his tusks. Seated upon their black necks despite their cries the goddess shook the fixèd ivory and tearing it up from its bloody roots disarmed the monstrous mouths. Nay, she fain would have brought the elephants themselves as a spectacle but feared that their vast weight would retard the ships.

Fiercely o'er the Tyrrhene wave echoes the fleet that holds the Libyan breed, and, as he coils his tail upon the stern, a lion stretches to the prow; that single beast the labouring bark can scarce uplift; deep down below the waters is heard the roaring. Out rushes the leviathan. Neptune compares these land prodigies to his and admits that his are not their equal. So whene'er victorious Bacchus ploughs the Red Sea's waves, Silenus sways the helm, the urgent Satyrs sweat upon their oars and the oxhide drums, smitten by the Bacchants, summon the rowers of Bromius to toil at the thwarts; ivy-wreaths deck the benches, the pliant vine entwines the mast; a drunken snake glides out upon the yardarms; lynxes run and leap along the sheets that drip with wine, and unaccustomed tigers stare in amaze at the canvas.

Panegyric on the Sixth Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

PREFACE.

(XXVII)

All things that with waking sense desire ponders kindly repose brings back to the slumbering mind. The huntsman stretches his weary limbs upon the couch, yet his mind ever returns to the woods where his quarry lurks. The judge dreams of law-suits, the charioteer of his chariot the nightly steeds of which he guides past a shadowy turning-point. The lover repeats love's mysteries, the merchant makes exchange of goods, the miser still watchfully grasps at elusive riches, and to thirsty sufferers all-pervading sleep offers from a cooling spring idly alluring draughts.

I am a lover of the Muses and in the silent night I too am haunted by that my accustomed task. For meseemed I stood upon the very summit of the starry sky and laid my songs at Jove's feet, and, in the flattery of sleep, the gods and all the sacred band gathered around Jove's throne gave applause to my words. I sang of Enceladus and conquered Typhoeus, the first a prisoner beneath Inarime, the second oppressed by the weight of Etna. How joyous was that Jove whom, after the war with the giants, heaven welcomed, enriched with the spoils from Phlegra's field!

My dream has come true; 'twas no vain imagining; nor did the false ivory gate send forth an unaccomplished dream. Behold our lord, behold earth towering to heaven's height! Here before me are gods such as I then saw, gods worthy of all reverence. Nought greater could dreams have fancied; this noble assembly offers the poet an audience like to that of heaven.

PANEGYRIC.

(XXVIII)

If our ancestors vowed temples to “Home-bringing Fortune” in honour of the return of their generals, never would this god more worthily claim for her services a noble temple than when their proper majesty is restored alike to the consulship and to Rome. The annual election in the Campus Martius is not the accustomed farce, nor see we a consul of other race than his electors nor a foreigner claiming pretended rights. The palace now our own wears a native dress, and while Quirinus associates the people with the armies of Italy, Mars gives back to his own Field its imperial suffrage. What will the year be like for mortals that is ushered in by omens on the Palatine Hill so favourable to true sons of Rome and inaugurated on the banks of the Tiber? 'Tis true that years marked by thy name have ever been rich in omens of success and that victory has always accompanied thy consulship, yet by its wondrous dawn is this year set before all years, blessed by the twofold deity of Rome and of her Emperor. For as Babylonian lore gives assurance that propitious stars do then promise the best fortune to mortals when they hold the summit of the sky and their course is at the zenith, not dimming their light by a low position in the sky; so the Standard-bearer of the Latin palace at *his* zenith gives hope of a brighter future for Italy in placing the star of our empire in its true position. Omens that have their origin in Rome's victorious soil are the more sure of fulfilment.

When fair Apollo leaves Delphi's shrine and visits the altars of the north, Castalia's waters differ in no wise from those of any common stream, nor the laurel from any common tree; sad and silent is the cave and the shrine without a worshipper. But if Phoebus is there, Phoebus returned from Scythian climes to his Delphic tripod, guiding thither his yoked griffins, the woods, the caves regain their voice, the streams their life; the sacred ripple revisits the face of the waters, a clearer echo resounds from the shrine and the now inspired rocks tremble to the voice of prophecy. Now the Palatine Mount is exalted with honour and rejoices in the return of its native deity; far and wide among the suppliant peoples it spreads oracles surer even than those of Delphi and bids its laurels grow green again to deck the standards of Rome.

Of a truth no other city could fitly be the home of the world's rulers; on this hill is majesty most herself, and knows the height of her supreme sway; the palace, raising its head above the forum that lies at its feet, sees around it so many temples and is surrounded by so many protecting deities. See below the Thunderer's temple the Giants suspended from the Tarpeian rock, behold the sculptured doors, the cloud-capped statues, the sky-towering temples, the brazen prows of many a vessel welded on to lofty columns, the temples built on massy crags where the hand of man has added to the work of nature, the

countless triumphal arches glittering with spoils. The eyes are dazed by the blaze of metal and blink outwearied by the surrounding gold.

Adored Prince, dost thou recognize thy house? 'Tis the same that thy loving sire showed to thy wondering eyes while yet thou wert a boy of tender years. Never in all his life did Theodosius, best of all the gods, better deserve our love than when, triumphant over all his foes, he came with thee to Rome to sojourn within its walls, and there, following the example of the noblest emperors, lived as a simple citizen, not seeking to inspire terror by his name but condescending to exchange banter and harmless raillery with the people and as ready to lay aside his rank and visit the homes of the poor as to enter the palaces of the noble. 'Tis thus the public love is kindled when with just humanity modesty bids royal state stoop to the people. And thee, while still but a boy, though the crown had not yet encircled thy head, thy father took to share his honours, cherishing thee in his royal bosom, giving thy youth its first taste of triumphs and teaching it the prelude of its mighty destiny. Peoples of every tongue and Persian chiefs sent to solicit alliance in Rome once saw thee seated with thy father in this very palace and bowing the knee laid their crowns at thy feet. Thou wert at his side when he summoned the tribes to receive a bounteous largess: with thee he entered the hallowed portals of the assembled senate clad in the consul's robe, right glad to introduce his son to the good-will of the Roman Fathers, that so his youthful heir might grow familiar with empire.

Hence taking firmer root the love of Rome clung to thee more closely and grew strong, deep-planted in all thy heart. As thou grewest the affection which thou hadst found in childhood for the city grew too; nor was Bosphorus, whose cherished town was thy nurse, able on thy return to seduce thee from that love. Every time that thy sire in sport gave thee thy choice of whatsoever cities thou didst prefer to govern as thy share of empire, thou didst leave to thy brother Arcadius the throne and riches of the East and the lands which by inheritance should be his. "Let him rule over the servile Assyrians," thou saidst, "let Nile, the river of Egypt, and the Tigris be his; let me have my beloved Rome." Thy wishes have been fulfilled. Fortune set up a new tyrant only to ensure for thee the governance of Latium. So soon as ever the war was brought to a successful conclusion thou wert summoned from the court of Byzantium to undertake the rule of Italy twice conquered by thy father's arms. Serena herself left the East and accompanied thee in thy journey across Illyria: fearless in face of danger she bestowed a mother's care on thee who wert to be lord of Latium and her own son-in-law after Theodosius' translation to the sky. She kept careful guard over the child entrusted to her protection through the dangers of that critical time and brought thee safe to her uncle's throne and her husband's army. Stilicho and Serena vied in love toward thee and what Serena's care had brought safe home Stilicho's affection welcomed there.

Happy father to enter heaven with no fears for the future; he knew that

thou wert to succeed him. With what joy he looks down from above and sees his glory enhanced by thine exploits! Europe and Africa were alike threatened by foes: from Mount Atlas came fierce Gildo; Alaric from Peuce's savage isle. Often had both with impious daring set at nought the commands of thy sire. When he came from the lands of Thrace Alaric closed against him the waters of the Danube; Gildo scorned his command and, refusing assistance for a neighbouring war, had seized on the fields of Libya he had long forsworn. Theodosius recalls the anger he then justly felt and rejoices to witness their discomfiture, proud to have his son for his avenger. Orestes' sword took vengeance on the son of Thyestes; but guilt was blent with piety, and the sword-stroke brings doubtful glory when honour is balanced by a mother's murder; Augustus sated the shade of Caesar with his enemies' blood, but he made a false advertisement of piety when, to the grief of his fatherland, he offered the blood of citizens to his father's ghost. But for thee thy sire's cause, linked as it is with the general safety, doubles thy warlike fame; the same victory that has avenged thy sire has restored peace to the world.

My lyre inspired by the Muses of Pieria has long since sung of the defeat and capture of the Moor; but of late, too, in Stilicho's presence I have celebrated in verse the wars against the Getae. To-day I would fain sing the glories of thy home-coming and, ceasing to tell of wars, would prelude a theme of thankfulness.

Alaric, his hopes ruined by his bloody defeat at Pollentia, though policy dictated that his life should be spared, was nevertheless deserted by all his allies and bereft of all his resources. He was forced to leave Latium and to retrace his steps in ruin and disgrace; such was the complete reversal of his fortune. As when a pirate ship, the terror of every sea, laden with the spoils of violence and the booty taken from many a captured merchantman, falls in with a great man-of-war and hopes to secure it for its prey as vessels heretofore, then indeed crippled by the slaughter of its oarsmen and the rending of its sails, deprived of its rudder and all but destroyed by the breaking of its yard-arms, it is driven this way and that at the mercy of wind and wave and at last pays the penalty for its piracy; even so Alaric turned backwards his vain threatenings, fleeing from Italy that, once so easy for his advance, was now so difficult for his retreat. His fear makes him believe every road barred, and rivers, erstwhile left behind in scorn, fill him with alarm on his return.

Meanwhile, as it fell out, father Eridanus in his watery home beneath the crystal caverns, ignorant as yet of what had happened, was pondering weighty cares. What, he wondered, would be the outcome of the war: would Jove approve empire and law and Rome's days of peace, or would he, abhorring order, condemn future ages to the primal ways of brute beasts? As he anxiously ponders such things one of the Naiads with hair unbound came and embraced her sire and said, "Alaric is other now than once we saw him in his hour of triumph: thou wilt wonder at the pallor of his countenance. Joy it will

be to reckon up his army and number the remains of so great a host. Frown no more nor complain; let my sister nymphs once more enjoy their dances.”

So spake she and he lifted his gracious head above the gliding stream and on his dripping forehead gleamed the golden horns that cast their brilliance along the banks. No common crowd of reeds adorned his oozy locks. The green branches of the daughters of the sun shadowed his head and amber dripped from all his hair. A cloak was flung over his broad shoulders, a cloak whose grey texture was set aflame with an embroidery of Phaëthon and his father’s chariot. Resting beneath his breast an urn glorious with engraved stars makes clear its heaven-sent beauty. For there Phoebus had set in the sky all the sad stories of his woe: Cynus changed into a swan, Phaëthon’s sisters transformed into trees, and the river that washed the wounds of his dying son; the charioteer is there in his icy zone, the Hyades follow on their brother’s traces, while the Milky Way sprinkles the outstretched wings of Cynus who bears him company; the constellation of Eridanus himself wets the clear southern sky in its tortuous course and with starry stream flows beneath Orion’s dread sword.

Glorious in such guise the god looked forth and saw the Getae advancing with bowed necks. Then he spake: “What, Alaric, hast thou then changed thy plans? Why hastenest thou back? Art wearied so soon of the coasts of Italy? Feedest thou not thy horses on Tiber’s grassy bank as though thou thoughtest to do? Drivest not the plough on Etruria’s hills? Fit object of all the punishments of Hell, thinkest thou to attack the city of the gods with a Giant’s rage? If none other, was not my Phaëthon a warning to thee, Phaëthon fall’n from heaven to quench his flames in my waters, what time he sought with mortal hand to hold the fiery reins of the sky and hoped to spread the day’s brilliance from a mortal countenance? ’Tis the same mad crime, I tell thee, whosoever aspires to spoil Rome or drive the sun’s chariot.”

So spake he, and rising yet farther out of the stream he loudly summoned the rivers of Liguria and Venetia. These raise their dripping heads from among their leafy banks, fair Ticinus, blue Addua, swift Athesis, slow Mincius, and Timavus with his nine mouths. All mock at the fugitive and recall the happy flocks to the now peaceful meadows; Lycaean Pan is bidden to return and the Dryads and Fauns, gods of the countryside.

Thou too, Verona, didst add no small makeweight to Rome’s victory over the Getae; not even Pollentia nor the walls of avenging Hasta did more for the salvation of Italy. Here, as once again he breaks his bond, and driven by his losses risks all in the attempt to change his present fortune, Alaric learned that his mad treachery availed him nothing and that change of place changes not destiny. The vultures fed on the countless bodies of his slain^o and Athesis, carrying down the corpses of Rome’s enemies in its stream, turned the waters of the Ionian sea into blood.

The treaty violated, Stilicho with all eagerness grasped at the conflict proffered where Rome was now far away from danger and Padus flowed

between witnessing the strife. He rejoices that now opportune treachery has broken out in rebellious risings and, setting an example of endurance, he shirks neither fiery sun nor scorching dust. Himself he is everywhere with dreadful arm; he stations troops at every point, even where the enemy little expected them, and hastens in any and every direction to the succour of him who needs it. If the soldiers flag with wearied ranks he throws the auxiliaries into the line heedless of their loss; thus he cunningly weakens the savage tribes of the Danube by opposing one tribe to another and with twofold gain joins battle that turns barbarians against themselves to perish in either army for our sake. Thee too, Alaric, he had captured and delivered over to death had not the hasty zeal of the rash Alan chief upset his carefully laid scheme. All but a prisoner thou dost lash thy panting steed, nor do we regret that escape. Rather get thee gone, thou last remnant of thy race, sole survivor of so many Danubian tribes; get thee gone, the living witness of Rome's triumph.

Yet was his fierce spirit not cast down by these great reverses; he still attempted to discover an unknown path across the mountains, hoping that over their rocky summits he might fall suddenly on the peoples of Raetia and Gaul. But Stilicho's more soldierly vigilance put a stop to his projects. Who indeed could hope to deceive that unsleeping brain, those godlike eyes that watched o'er Italy? Never did an enemy succeed in discovering Stilicho's plans or had power to conceal his own. Before they knew them themselves the secrets of the Getae were known to Stilicho, whose generalship was quick to meet their every ruse.

Baulked in every attempt Alaric camped panic-stricken on a single hill. Though the horses, feeding on bitter leaves, gnawed even the tree-bark, though pestilence raged, brought on by foul food and aggravated by the season's heat, though the soldiers arrogantly heaped abuse on their beleaguered leader and reminded him of their captured children; yet neither the ravages of disease nor famine that teaches men to face all dangers, nor grief for spoils lost, nor the voice of shame nor anger at bitter gibes could tempt him to brave the perils of a hand-to-hand fight, tried so often before and with such ill success. What triumph more complete than that of extorting from a conquered foe the admission that he is conquered? And now numbers of deserters began to weaken his already reduced strength and day by day his forces were diminished. Surrender was not now the hidden work of a few but meant the open defection of whole sections and squadrons. Their general rides after them and with angry curses and vain clamour seeks to hold them back, waging war now on his own troops. He weeps, calls the men by name, recalls them with prayers and supplications; he reminds them of past campaigns and all to no purpose offers his throat to their reluctant hands. His mind a prey to melancholy he sees his forces desert him, his army melt away, even as an old bee-master of Hybla, beating Cybele's gong, tries, by means of that noise, to recall his scattered bees who have wantonly left their combs and fled the hive, till, himself wearied of the useless sound, he weeps the loss of his store of

honey and cries out upon the faithless swarm that has forgotten its accustomed home and left its cells empty.

And so when grief loosed the string of his tongue that had long been mute he looked with tear-dimmed eyes upon the well-known Alps and pondered upon his present retreat, attended by a fate so different from that which had prospered his advance. Then with a single whisper he made war, with an outstretched spear lightly overthrew walls, making a mock of precipices; now deserted and in despair he offered a just spectacle to the mountains he had so scornfully crossed. Then looking up at the sky of Italy he said: "Land of death for the Getae, trod by me with such omens of disaster, let thy wrath be now appeased by the sacrifice of so many of the guilty; let my sufferings at last excite thy compassion. Behold me, once lord of the world, the friend of fortune till I invaded thee; now, like an exile or an adjudged criminal, I feel upon my back the nearer breath of my pursuers. Alas! which of my disasters shall I lament first, which last? Not thou, Pollentia, nor ye, my captured treasures, have thus tortured me; be that destiny's harsh lot or the chance of war. I had not then lost all my forces; with troops still at my back, with my cavalry intact, I retire with the remnant of my army to the hills they call the Apennines. Its inhabitants told me that this mountain stretched from the confines of Liguria as far as the promontory of Pelorus in Sicily and embraced all the peoples of Italy, dividing with its unbroken chain the two seas that wash their country's two coasts. If I had pursued the plan that anger first dictated to me and had in my desperation continued my march along its crest, what lay beyond? Giving everything to the flames I might have died with loftier fame. Ay, and my dying eyes had beheld thee, Rome, from not so far away, and my very death would have cost the victor dear as he pursued me over the well-tilled cornfields.^o But Rome held my children captive, my wives, my wealth — yet, freed from such hindrances, my advance had been the more rapid.

"With what cunning, with what skill, did Stilicho, that ever fatal enemy, ensnare me! His pretended mercy did but blunt my warlike spirit, and availed him to shift the war backwards across the Po. A curse on that armistice, more damaging than the yoke of slavery. 'Twas then the cause of the Getae was undone, then that I signed my own death-warrant. More rudely than any weapon did mercy destroy our people, beneath that semblance of peace lay the deadliest form of war, and I myself fell into the snare I had laid for others. I am weary of it all; where shall I find comfort or counsel? I fear my friends more than my foes.

"Would God I had lost them all on that field. He is ever mine that has fallen in hard conflict. Better all had perished by the sword; less bitter had been my grief for losses inflicted by a victorious foe than for those brought upon me by treachery. Is there not left one faithful follower? My comrades have turned against me, my friends hate me. My life is a burden; why prolong it? Where hide the remnants of my shipwrecked fortunes? To what land shall I

flee where the names of Stilicho and all too powerful Italy shall not sound for ever in mine ears?"

So spake he, and with Stilicho pressing hard upon him fled in terror before our eagles. With him goes Pallor, black Hunger, Despair with bloodless, wounded countenance and a hellish company of shrieking Diseases. Then the learned priest whirls around the sick body the torch of purification with its smoky, odorous flame of blue sulphur and black bitumen; he sprinkles the limbs with holy water and with herbs that banish evil influences and, praying to Jove the Purifier and to Diana, with back-turned hands throws over his head towards the South the torches which are to carry off with them the spells cast over the sick.

Meanwhile the ardent desire of both senate and people to behold their emperor demands his often denied return. Not with such consent, our grandsires report, were public vows eagerly offered throughout the city when warlike Trajan had broken the power of Dacia and reduced the indignant north once more to subjection, what time the Scythian river Hypanis beheld the Roman axes and Lake Maeotis looked in amaze on a Roman court administering Roman law. It was a lesser enthusiasm which recalled the gentle Marcus Aurelius to give thanks in Rome's temples for Fortune's deliverance of Italy from a similar pressure of surrounding nations. Then 'twas no thanks to the generals; for a fiery shower fell on the enemy; one man his scorched courser bore trembling on its smoking back; another sank down beneath his fire-wasted helmet; spears glowed molten by lightning and swords vanished suddenly into smoke. Heaven it was that fought that battle with no mortal weapons, whether it was that Chaldean seers had by their magic spells won over the gods to our side or, as I rather think, that Marcus' blameless life had power to win the Thunderer's homage. To-day, also, assuredly Heaven's favour would not be wanting to Latium should our own hand fail, but a beneficent providence has shown itself unwilling to rob human endeavour of its honour or to let the lightning win the well merited crown of laurel which the efforts of thy father-in-law, Stilicho, have secured for thy brows.

Full often had the nobles, sent to urge thy return, brought back the answer that as yet thou couldst not come, until Rome herself, unable to bear any longer the frustration of her citizens' common prayer, came forth from the depths of her sanctuary and, openly displaying her radiant face, urged the hesitating emperor with complaints of her own. "Too long, my emperor, have I, thy mother, borne in silence the hurt thy refusal to return hath done me. How long shall favoured Liguria possess that for which I desire? How long shall the Rubicon, separating me from the object of my prayers by so narrow a space, torture the Tiber by the all-but-presence of that divine being whose nearer sojourn it is not allowed to enjoy? Was it not enough to have scorned me once when Africa, again at war, mocked the city with hopes of its emperor's coming, nor could we move thine obstinate ears with all our prayers? Yet did I harness for thee two steeds whiter than snow to draw the

chariot wherein thou shouldst ride; already had I builded in thy name a triumphal arch through the which thou shouldst pass clad in the garb of victory, and I was dedicating it as a memorial of the war with an inscription to be the undying witness of the salvation of Libya. Even then were being prepared for Jove to see from the Tarpeian rock models for the coming triumph: a fleet of ships was cast in metal, ships whose oar-blades smote the golden sea; the cities of Africa were made to go before thy chariot and Triton, with his conquered waters and his head crowned with Minerva's sacred reeds; crowds of slaves with upgirt dresses bore a figure of trembling Atlas cast in bronze; Gildo himself, destined to undergo in prison the punishment once meted out to Jugurtha, offered his stubborn neck to the yoke, Gildo fallen a captive to the arms of Rome, not to the treachery of a Bocchus and a Sulla.

"But I pass over what has been. Can the present triumph, too, of the Getic war escape me? Does any spot give ampler room to so great renown? The very blessings thou hast bestowed beg thee not to delay, and thy generosity, constrained by its own fair deeds, must needs love those whom it has saved. Now for a hundred summers the reaper's sickle has gathered the yellow harvest of Gargarus; already the consul has introduced the games that occur but once in a century and upon which no man looks twice. During these years which number twice ten lustres, I have but thrice seen an emperor enter my walls in triumph; all at different times but for the same reason — civil war. Did they come in their pride that I should see their chariots stained with Italy's blood? Can any think a mother finds joy in the tears of her offspring? The tyrants were slain, but even they were my children. Caesar boasted him of his victories over the Gauls; he said nothing about Pharsalia. Where the two sides bear the same standards and are of one blood, as defeat is ever shameful so victory brings no honour. See thou to it that now a truer glory crown our arms; give me back the joy, long a stranger to me, of honest fame won from the enemy, and make good guilty triumphs by the lawful spoils of foreign madness.

"How long shall our emperor's rule be a stranger to its true home and his governance stray from its rightful seat? Why does my palace which has given its name to all palaces mourn in neglected decay? Cannot the world be ruled therefrom? Phoebus never deserts his centre path though his beams are shed upon all. Was the hand of those old emperors who made their home any lighter laid upon the tribes of Danube and Rhine? Was the awe felt by those of Tigris and Euphrates any less real when Mede and Indian came to this my capital of Rome to beg for alliance or sue for peace? Here dwelt those emperors whom merit chose for merit, and so, adopting them as consuls for the Roman state, made judgement not blood continue a noble line. Here lived the Aelian family that traced its descent from Nerva, the peaceful Antonines, the warlike Severi. Thou art a citizen; disdain not such a band; give us back the countenance we beheld long since, that Father Tiber, remembering the glory that was, may with thy father-in-law welcome thee as a man whom as a

boy he saw leave my city at his father's side."

While yet she entreated the emperor reassured her with these words: "Never shalt thou complain that I have been deaf to thine entreaties; I could not thwart thee, goddess, who art the mother of our laws. Bring no railing accusation against thy sons. Did I disregard my country's call after the African war? Nay, I sent Stilicho to sit in the curule chair to take my place, a consul instead of an emperor, a father- instead of a son-in-law. In him thy citizens saw also myself; so my love believes, for it has found that not blood alone but rather glorious deeds can show a parent. Had I a hundred tongues I could not touch on all the benefits he has bestowed upon me and upon the empire; one deed alone of them all will I recount to thee, goddess, if so be it is as yet unknown to thee, a deed of which I was the spectator or the cause.

"Alaric had laid waste Greece and the coasts of Thrace and in the mad pride of his many victories and the arrogance inspired by his crossing of the Alps had laid siege to the trembling cities of Liguria with winter as his ally — a season that favours a race accustomed to inclement skies; he then threatened to break down my defences and to lay strait siege to me also, bolstering up his hopes with the thought that, at the terror of his name and in fear of having none to aid me, I should come to terms with him on any conditions he chose. But I felt no fear, for I relied on the advance of Stilicho, and was mindful, O goddess, of those thy leaders who, even in face of death, never through base love of life made terms at the cost of honour. It was night; where'er I looked I saw the watchfires of the enemy shining like stars. The bugle had already summoned the soldiers to the first watch when glorious Stilicho arrived from the frozen north. But the enemy held the road between my father-in-law and myself, and the bridge whose obstructing piers churn turbid Addua to yet fuller foam. What was Stilicho to do? Halt? My danger forbade the least delay. Break through the enemy's line? His force was too small. In hastening to my aid he had left behind him many auxiliaries and legionary troops. Placed in this dilemma he thought it long and tedious to wait for reinforcements and, putting aside his own peril, was eager only to deliver me from mine; inspired by the courage that is born of love, heedless of his own danger, he broke through the enemy's midst and, sword in hand, cutting down all who sought to bar his passage, he passed like lightning through the barbarians' camp.

"Now let poets' songs praise me the son of Tydeus because, relying on Odysseus' help when the way was opened by Dolon's wiles and all was sunk in feasting and slumber, he broke into the Thracian camp of Rhesus and brought back to the Greek lines his captured steeds, which — if we may trust the too generous Muses — surpassed the winds in speed, the snows in whiteness. Here was a man who, with no treachery 'mid silent slumber, clave a path for himself with his sword in the open light of day and arrived within our lines covered with blood, thus surpassing the brave deeds of Diomedes by as much as day surpasses night and open battle ambush. Alaric's position,

moreover, on the river bank was a stronger one, and he himself a warrior with whom Rhesus, even when awake, could not be compared. Rhesus was king, Alaric the conqueror, of Thrace. Neither weapons nor the river's bar could stop Stilicho. So Horatius, standing on the falling bridge, drove back the threatening hosts of Etruria and then swam the Tiber, still carrying the shield wherewith to the amazement of Tarquin he had defended Rome, and from mid stream looked back with scornful gaze upon Porsenna. 'Twas the swift Addua my father breasted; but, as he swam the flood, Horatius turned his back upon the Etruscans, Stilicho faced the barbarian foe.

"Now, O Rome, lead forth the chorus that shall hymn a contest of such high renown and let thy best genius with all its eloquence voice the well-merited praises of my foster parent."

So spake he and, issuing from the walls of old Ravenna, advanced his standards. He crossed the mouths of the Po and left behind him that river harbour where, in fixed succession, in flows the foaming main and bears up the vessels that ride there at anchor on forward and backward flowing stream, and again deserts the waveless shore, like moon-led tides upon the marge of Ocean. Next he comes to the old city of Fortune's Temple that bids him glad welcome and from its height looks down upon Metaurus threading its rocky valley where an arch, tunnelled through the living rock, affords a path through the mountain's very heart, rising above the temple of Jove and dizzy altars set up by the shepherds of the Apennines. 'Twas thy good pleasure, too, to visit Clitumnus' wave, beloved of them that triumph, for thence do victors get them white-coated animals for sacrifice at Rome. Thou markest well also the stream's strange property, flowing gently on when one approaches with silent step, but swirling and eddying should one hasten with louder utterance; and while it is the common nature of water to mirror the exact image of the body it alone boasts the strange power that it mimics not human form but human character. Next thy royal charger treads the streets of Narnia, looking out from its eminence upon the plain below: not far therefrom flows the strange-coloured stream which give the town its name, its sulphureous waters flowing in tortuous course between opposed mountains through dense forests of holm-oak. Then when in greeting to Father Tiber thou hast poured a libation of his waters thou art welcomed by Rome's arches and all the magnificent buildings which line the roads of that noble city's suburbs.

And as a careful mother at the approach of her daughter's lover does all that trembling hand can do to enhance the charms that are to win a husband, oft readjusts dress and girdle, confines her breast with bands of green jasper, gathers up her hair with jewels, sets a necklace about her neck, and hangs glistening pearls from her ears, so Rome, in order to be pleasing in thy sight, offers herself to thy admiring gaze more glorious and with hills made higher and herself greater than thou hadst known her. Still fairer than of old she seemed by reason of those new walls that the rumour of the Getae's approach had just caused to be built; fear was the architect of that beauteous work and,

by a strange freak of fortune, war put an end to the decay that peace had brought. For fear it was that caused the sudden upspringing of all those towers and renewed the youth of Rome's seven hills by enclosing them all within one long wall. Even the weather listened favourably to our prayers and was finer than its wont, although continuous rain had spoiled the preceding night; but the clouds melted away before the glory of the sun and the emperor. All the days before had the south wind troubled with rain and dimmed the moon's young disc that heaven might know it was for thee that the sunshine waited.

One huge crowd filled all the slope between the Palatine hill and the Mulvian bridge and as far up as it was possible to go on the house roofs; the ground seethed with men, the lofty buildings were aglow with women. Those who are young rejoice in an emperor of their own age, the old cease to belaud the past and count their destiny happy that they have lived to see such a day, blessing the kindly times when a prince so easy of access, so singular in courtesy, forbade the senators of Rome to march before his chariot, even though Eucherius, in whose veins ran regal blood on father's and on mother's side, and his own sister did honour to his triumph like simple soldiers. Such has been the teaching of that stern but loving parent who showed no more favour to his children than to himself, and refused a son honours he granted to nobles. Bent age and upstanding youth alike are loud in his praises and, comparing the new with the ancient rule, recognize in Honorius a true citizen, in his predecessors tyrants.

The women of Rome never tire of gazing at those blooming cheeks, those crownèd locks, those limbs clothed in the consul's jasper-studded robes, those mighty shoulders, and that neck, beauteous as Bacchus' own, with its necklace of Red Sea emeralds. Many an innocent maid, while simple modesty blushes in her cheek, would bend her gaze o'er all and inquire of her aged nurse the meaning of the dragons on the colours. "Do they," she would ask, "but wave in the air or is theirs a veritable hiss, uttered as they are about to seize an enemy in their jaws?" When she sees the mail-clad knights and brazen-armoured horses she would fain know whence that iron race of men is sprung and what land it is gives birth to steeds of bronze. "Has the god of Lemnos," she would ask, "bestowed on metal the power to neigh, and forged living statues for the fight?" Joy and fear fill her mind; she points with her finger how Juno's bird decks the gay crests upon their helmets, or how, beneath the golden armour on their horses' backs, the red silk waves and ripples over the strong shoulders.

Then it was, Stilicho, that Fortune repaid thee for the labour of so many years when, mounted in the same chariot, thou sawest thy son-in-law in his prime pass in triumph through the streets of Rome, and didst recall that day when in troubled terror mid uncertain fortune the dying father entrusted his son to thy care. Now thy many virtues have found their meet reward: loyalty that has kept safe that which was confided to it, singleness of purpose that have made a boy the master of the world, affection that has bestowed such

loving care on an adopted son. This is the boy who to-day summons Rome's citizens to the place of meeting and from his father's ivory throne tells to the fathers the causes and the issues of his acts, and, following ancient precedent, directs the deeds of empire at the judgement-seat of the Senate. He piles up no words, for confidence has nothing to conceal; his mind, conscious of true worth, refuses the aid of artificial speech. The senators learn to know him; their chief wears the Gabine garb, and thronged with generals in the rôle of peace the Senate-house prepares for service under the auspices of the warlike court. Winged victory herself, Rome's faithful guardian, was in her temple; her golden pinions stretched in protection over the holy sanctuary where the fathers meet together, and she herself, a tireless attendant on thine armies, now at last has had her wish granted and is able to promise that for all time to come thou shalt be Rome's guardian and she thine.

Hence the Sacred Way (now truly named) brings thee back to thy home. Eagerly breaks out the world's one-hearted welcome, that thou dost not woo with lure of scattered gold; nor for thee does the treasury, seeking to corrupt good faith, court venal applause; to worth unpurchased love is offered by a pure heart. For life that is dearer than any gift makes all thy debtors. Away with wooing of applause! He can ask no payment who owes his life to love.

Oh what mysterious power over the people does the Empire's guardian-genius bring! What majesty bows to majesty as the prince, clad in imperial scarlet, returns the salutations of the people that crowd the tiers of the Circus! The shouts of the adoring populace rising from that immense circle thunder to the sky, while the echoes of Rome's seven hills repeat as with one voice the name of Honorius. Nor does the Circus display only horse-races; its floor, whereon chariots were wont to drive, is surrounded by a palisade, and in this new amphitheatre, so far, so different, from their native valleys, Libyan lions shed their blood. This is the scene, too, of a military display; here we often see armed bands advancing and retiring in mazed movements that are nevertheless executed according to a fixed plan; we watch them wheel in perfect order, extend with disciplined precision, affording us the pleasing spectacle of mimic warfare. The leader cracks his whip and a thousand bodies execute in unison their new movements; now they clap their bucklers to their sides, now they brandish them above their heads; deeply sound the clashing shields, sharply ring the engaging swords, and, to the rhythm of beaten targets, the echoing song of steel is punctuated by the interclash of weapons. Suddenly the whole phalanx falls on its knees before thee and a thousand helmets bow down in reverence. Then the companies separate, wheeling and counter-wheeling with ordered skill, following a course more tortuous than the corridors of the Minotaur's Cretan palace or the reaches of Meander's wandering stream. Then wheeling apart they form with circular masses, and Janus, imprisoning war behind his every unopening doors, after a happy mimicry of battle bestows on peace the innocent rewards of combat.

And now, his double head crowned with laurel, Janus opens the new year

with auspicious calendar; now Tiber sees united in Honorius Brutus's consular robe and Romulus' kingly sceptre. The Palatine hill rejoices after many generations again to look upon a consul; the rostra learn to know the curule chair famed of old among our forefathers, and royal lictors, a long unwonted sight, encircle with their golden fasces the Forum of Trajan; while Honorius, wreathing with Getic laurels the axes borne for the sixth time before him, places a conqueror's foot upon the neck of subdued Danube. Let this year springing from its true source go forth among the nations more glorious than any — a year the consul inaugurated, not a stranger in a strange land, whose cradle the Senate-house guarded, that Roman citizens first beheld, that Victory, all wars o'ercome, auspiciously brought to birth. Years in which mere commoners held the consulship, and ye years when Theodosius and his predecessors graced that office in Rome or elsewhere, count your honours as nought and worship this present year. Ay, you five previous consulships of Honorius, even you that our emperor shall hold in Rome in the days to come, give place to this one. Wert thou, Honorius, to be consul every year, yet is this thy sixth to be magnified above all thy consulships, excelling all that are past and model of all that are to come.

The Gothic War

XXV

After years of sloth my Muse, as if startled from long slumber, rejoices to sing a Roman song to Roman ears. Once more the same halls bring the gathering I longed for, and Apollo's temple echoes to the voice of a familiar bard. 'Twas here I sang of the consular fasces and of the winning back of Libya and here must I sing of the war that overthrew the Getae.

But my former success won for me a brazen statue and the Fathers set up my likeness in my honour; at the Senate's prayer the Emperor allowed the claim — bethink thee, Muse, how strict a judgement thou dost face! Wit wins less favour when too soon rewarded, and so great a gift refuses indulgence for my song. Now that my name is read and my features are known in the forum my Muse labours for a sterner critic than before.

Yet my theme itself brings cheer and, as I begin to speak, eagerly lightens much of my accustomed fear. A gracious and more devoted hearing is secured for me, be it by the war's deserving or be it by Stilicho's love.

XXVI

When the intrepid Argo, passing between the clashing rocks that guarded its entrance, burst through the portals where Aeëtes ruled, it is said that, when all were panic-stricken by the nearing danger, Tiphys alone — with heaven's help — kept safe the almost uninjured bark. 'Twas thanks to him that the Argo escaped the cliffs threatening ruin and came out victorious into the open sea, cunningly eluding the meeting shock of the floating rocks. Amazed were the proud Symplegades thus subdued by the hero's skill, and, submitting to the novel laws of the fixed earth, offer unmoved an easy passage to all ships since once they have learned defeat. But if the merit of saving a single vessel from ruin won, and rightly won, for Tiphys such meed of honour, what praises shall suffice for thee, Stilicho, who hast freed so great an empire from destruction? Poets may exaggerate the story; they may boast that Minerva toiled with her own hands to hew the Argo's beams, and that she fitted together no senseless timber from a dumb forest, but felled the augural grove of Tomarian Jove and with those prophetic trees quickened its planks to speech. But though they burden their recital with the story of countless prodigies to captivate the mind of the unlettered young, though they tell of fierce Harpies, of the dragon whose unsleeping length lay curled in protecting folds about the golden fleece, of a springing crop of helmets, a field from out whose furrows grew a Martian race, of seeds of war whose increase yielded a harvest, too, of war, yet do these fictions fall short of the truth. Is it a nobler title to fame to have driven off the greedy Harpies and banished them from the table of a single man than to have had the strength to beat back those

countless Getic maws that thirsted for the spoil of Latium? Am I to look with more admiration upon those earth-born warriors than upon the slaughtered ranks of Getae whom the goddess of war reared on so many spoils and whose martial life came to grey hairs, passed ever beneath helmets?

Thou and thou alone, Stilicho, hast dispersed the darkness that enshrouded our empire and hast restored its glory; thanks to thee civilization, all but vanished, has been freed from the gloomy prison and can again advance. The old order of justice now makes distinction between magistracies which fear had made equal in a common gloom. Thy right hand has snatched us from impending death and restored to their homes and lands peoples whom fate sentenced and thy valour saved. No longer, herded together like sheep by a scare-crow, do we watch from the ramparts our fields ablaze with the enemy's fire, no longer measure the depth of rivers which we feebly hope will retard our destruction nor ask the streams and flying clouds to keep the promise of their waters or complain that the sunshine conspires against us with its splendour.

Thou, too, Rome, so long vexed with internal discord, lift up thy hills at last more peacefully in safety. Arise, honoured mother, be sure that God's favour is with thee; banish the lowly timorousness of age. City that art coëval with the world, inexorable Lachesis shall not exercise against thee her rights of destruction until Nature has so changed the immutable laws of the universe that Tanais turn his course and water Egypt, Nile flow into Lake Maeotis, Eurus blow from the west, Zephyr from India, and the south wind rage in tempest o'er the summit of Caucasus, while that of the north binds the deserts of Africa with its frost.

Thus far came the fatal hordes; now their threats, whereof so many omens warned us, have vanished away. Heaven's self was not always at peace: they tell how even Jove trembled (if one may dare to say so) when Typhoeus attacked him, arming his hundred hands with a hundred mountains and touching the astonished constellation of the Bear with his towering snaky coils. What wonder if trouble harasses mortal realms when cruel Aloeus' two sons cast Mars in chains and attempted to build that forbidden road to the stars so that the universe almost ceased to move, what time the three rocks were uprooted in the war of heaven? But their blind fury was of no effect; wicked hopes never exult for long. Aloeus' children never reached man's estate; Otus, attempting to uproot Pelion, was stricken down by Phoebus, and Ephialtes as he died wearily let Ossa fall athwart his side.

Lift up thy head, Rome, and behold thine enemy; see how, leading back in dishonour a shattered host, he is cast forth from Italy. How different is he from what he was when he swore that everything should yield to his onset and took an oath by Danube whom he and his fathers worshipped that he would never unbuckle his breastplate until he had marched in triumph through the Forum. How strange are the changes Fate brings about! He who destined the women of Rome as victims of his lust has seen his own wives and children led

away captive; he who in imagination had drained the countless wealth of our city became himself his victor's easy prey; he who once sought to corrupt the loyalty of our troops has been deserted by his own people and has returned to his country beggared of men and arms.

Then too if, laying hatred aside, thou shouldest weigh the cause that won them pardon from their doom, surely to spare a fallen foe is itself a triumph and to see him on his knees punishment enough. What vengeance so satisfying as when terror makes pride stoop, and want bows down him who before bore spoils? But our clemency was in part due to another cause, for we thought of thee, O Rome. Concern for thee constrained us to offer a way of escape to the beleaguered foe lest, with the fear of death before their eyes, their rage should grow the more terrible for being confined. An enemy before thy very walls would have been too heavy a price to pay for the destruction of the race and name of the Getae. May Jove from on high forbid that the barbarian should outrage even with a glance Numa's shrine or Romulus' temple, or discover aught of the secrets of our empire.

And yet — if duly I recall ancient conflicts — then also when, fair liberty lending vigour, the senate was everywhere successful with native troops, they sought trophies from such wars as were waged far away across the sea where our soldiers could exercise their courage without danger to their homes; chariots and fettered kings were accounted but the shows that overflowing fortune gave. But whenever a dread storm burst upon Italy or hung threateningly over her head their thought was not how to give vent to profitless fury but how best at such a crisis to secure the safety of the state. The leader of their choice was not he who hazarded all on one rash throw but one who gave careful thought to each eventuality, were it fortune or the reverse, one who could bear adversity with fortitude and success with moderation, and by slackening or tightening the reins of government knew how to make use of victory and to temporize after a setback. The physician's skill deals more carefully with grave diseases and ulcers that are near the heart: here he is more sparing of the knife for fear lest the blade, driven too deep, should slip and sever beyond healing some vital organ.

Proud assuredly is the strain in which bards of old sing of Curius who drove Pyrrhus, son of Aeacus, from the shores of Italy; not more resplendent were the triumphs of Paulus and of Marius who dragged captive kings behind their white-horsed chariots. The expulsion of Pyrrhus is more praised than the capture of Jugurtha; and although Curius drove out a prince whose spirit had already been broken by two reverses, at the hands of Decius and of the blameless Fabricius whom neither bribes nor arms could overcome, yet the whole glory of that expulsion is given to him. But how much greater the task we see fulfilled by Stilicho alone! He has conquered not Chaones or Molossi, Epirot tribes, nor yet the armies of Dodona that idly boast their prophetic grove, but a mighty people whose home lies in those snowy regions beneath the icy constellation of the Bear.

Fabius was the first to stay by his slow struggles Hannibal's lightning rush; then Marcellus, meeting him in the open field, taught him defeat, but it was the valour of Scipio that drove him from the shores of Italy. In the case of our latest foe Stilicho succeeded in combining in himself the diverse skill of all these three; he broke their frenzy by delaying, vanquished them in battle and drove the vanquished host from Italy.

And all this in so short a time. Full five years did Italy mourn beneath the scattered fires of Pyrrhus, for well-nigh eighteen years did the African steeds of the Carthaginians tread down and devastate our harvests, and it was a second generation, born after the outbreak of the war, that, exacting a tardy vengeance for the first, with difficulty drove an aged Hannibal back to his own country. Stilicho acted more quickly: he saw to it that the winter of our distress should last but one winter but that spring in its earliest months should bring back fair weather alike to heaven and to fatherland.

Why should I make mention of the wars waged all those weary years against Hannibal and Pyrrhus when that vile gladiator Spartacus, ravaging all at countryside with fire and sword, oft engaged the consuls in open war and, driving out its feeble masters from the Roman camp, put to rout the unwarlike eagles defeated with shameful carnage by a band of slaves? We, unused to war's alarms, an age enervated with luxury, grumble and give up in despair if a ploughing ox is looted or our harvest so much as touched. It was no slaves' prison that loosed on us the Getic hordes; these were not a crowd of rebellious gladiators. Thrace, Haemus and Moesia can tell you what manner of foe Stilicho expelled.

Thrice ten times has chill winter cast her snowy mantle over leafless Haemus; as oft has spring, when those snows were melted, renewed the mountain's verdant cloak since the Getic race, forgetful of its native stars and once having crossed the Danube, set destructive foot on Thracian soil. Whether fate led them or the heavy anger of the gods planning disaster upon disaster, from that day, whithersoever the Furies have driven those errant bands, they have poured pell-mell over remote lands, over every obstacle, like a storm of hail or a pestilence. No streams or rocks availed to defend their country. Neither Rhodope nor huge Athos nor Hebrus could save Thrace; the Bessi cursed the Strymon crossed with scornful ease and the Haliacmon that flowed swiftly and to no purpose. The Macedonians in amaze saw Olympus, too high even for clouds, trodden by them as it had been a plain. Thessaly bewails the uselessness of Tempe and conquered Oeta's ridges made a mock. Sperchius and Enipeus, loved of maidens, served to wash the barbarian's hair. The barrier of Pindus could not save the Dryopes nor cloud-capped Leucates the coasts of Actium. Thermopylae itself that had once more boldly withstood the Persians yielded a passage at the first onset. Sciron's cliffs protected by the waves, the wall that joins sea to sea across the Isthmus of Corinth, the narrow pass of Lechaemum, all lay open to their approach. Thou, Erymanthus, couldst not protect the people of Arcadia with thy leafy ridges and thou, Amyclae,

didst tremble to see the enemy's cavalry on the heights of Taygetus.

At last, however, the Alps avenged on the Getae the disgrace of all mountains else and victorious Eridanus that of all other rivers. The event has proved that deep hidden are the ways of destiny. Who would have believed that, once a passage had been forced over the Alps, so much as the shadow of Italy's name would survive? Did not the awful report of Rome's fall cross the sea and spread beyond Gaul and over the Pyrenees? Did not Rumour, her sable wing sped on with panic, sweeping all before her in her flight, affright Ocean from Britain's coast to Gades' city and far away from our world make distant Thule tremble with the unaccustomed echoes of war?

And shall we fling to the South-wind's blasts all the terrors we endured, lest mid feasting sadness trouble our ears? Or rather does such memory delight and does precursive pain ever changefully heighten unexpected joy? Even as to sailors storm-tossed at the Pleiads' setting the rudeness of the sea commands the harbour's calm, so to me does Stilicho appear greater when I compare happiness with hazard and all those troubles come again before my mind.

Did not our steel-girt walls seem to fall at the enemy's attack, feeble as the towers that crowned them, and our doors of iron to open of their own accord to give him entry? It seemed as though no rampart nor palisade were stout enough to withstand his cavalry's wind-swift onset. Even now they make ready to go aboard their ships, to dwell in Sardinia's creeks and Corsica's rocky, inhospitable coast, and to guard their lives behind the foaming main. Sicily herself, mistrusting the narrow strait, would fain retreat, did but Nature permit, and open a wider passage for the Ionian waves by withdrawing Pelorus. The rich, setting no store by their fretted golden ceilings, would rather have lived in greater security in an Aeolian cave. Soon, too, wealth was considered a burden, and greed of gain was curbed at last by reason of anxieties more overwhelming. Then — for that fear is by nature a babbler and allows all sorts of tales to be invented and believed — dreams, portents, and omens of ill were discussed on all sides. What, men asked, did that flight of birds portend, what message would heaven fain deliver to mortals by the thunderbolt, what did those prophetic books demand that guard the destiny of Rome? Constant eclipses of the moon alarmed us and night after night throughout the cities of Italy sounded wailings and the beating of brazen gongs to scare the shadow from off her darkened face. Men would not believe that the moon had been defrauded of her brother the sun, forbidden to give light by the interposition of the earth; they thought that Thessalian witches, accompanying the barbarian armies, were darkening her rays with their country's magic spells. Then with these new portents their troubled minds link the signs of the past year and any omens that perchance peaceful days had neglected — showers of stones, bees swarming in strange places, furious fires destroying houses from no known cause, a comet — ne'er seen in heaven without disaster — which first rose where Phoebus lifts his rosy morning

beam and old Cepheus shines together with starry Cassiopeia, his spouse; then it withdrew little by little to the constellation of Lycaon's daughter and with its errant tail dimmed the stars of the Getic Wain until at last its dying fires grew feeble and vanished.

But what terrified men's minds still more was the portent of the two slaughtered wolves. Ay, before the Emperor's face as he practised his cavalry upon the plain two wolves savagely attacked his escort. Slain by darts they disclosed a horrid portent and a wondrous sign of what was to be. In each animal, on its being cut open, was found a human hand, in the stomach of one a left hand, in that of the other a right was discovered, both still twitching, the fingers stretched out and suffused with living blood. Wouldest thou search out the truth, the beast as messenger of Mars foretold that the foe would fall before the emperor's eyes. As the hands were found to be living when the stomachs were cut open, so, when the Alps had been broken through, the might of Rome was to be discovered unimpaired. But fear, ever a poor interpreter, read disaster in the portent; severed hands, 'twas said, and nursing wolf threatened destruction on Rome and her empire. Then they reckoned up the years and, cutting off the flight of the twelfth vulture, tried to shorten the centuries of Rome's existence by hastening the end.

'Twas Stilicho alone who by his courage assured despairing Rome the promise of a better fate; at this crisis he showed himself by his courage at once general and seer. "A little patience," said he; "away with womanly repinings; let us bear with fortitude whatever fate lays upon us. What good do the sailors' cries do to the storm-driven vessel? Neither waves nor winds will abate their fury for coward tears or useless prayer. Now for the general safety it befits us to use every effort, to struggle with all our strength — to attend to the sails, work the pumps, manage the various ropes, and obey every order of the skilful captain. Because the Getae have broken through, seizing by treachery the hour for striking home, what time Raetia claimed our attention and our regiments were busied with another war — not for that is all hope lost. Marvel indeed I might, if by some new guile, some discovered path, the barbarian ignorantly marched over the unexplored Alps; now, however, the successive defeats of the two tyrants have made the road notorious, nor has the foeman missed the well-known track that was built for him by our civil strife. They have come a well-known way and Roman discord has opened the approach to barbaric war.

"Past generations have known a like fate. Full often, we know, has Italy been attacked — but never without the enemy's paying dear. With their own blood did our country extinguish the fires lit by the Senones and, once the victim of a Germanic invasion, she soon saw the squalid necks of Teutons and Cimbri loaded with the chains of captivity. Of little value is that glory whose worth has not been augmented by previous hardship; 'tis great dangers that beget great triumphs.

"Do you meditate shameful flight and fix your eyes on Gaul? Would you

leave Latium and establish on the banks of the Saône a camp of refugees? Is Rome to be ceded to Arctic tribes, our empire to settle on the Rhone, and shall the trunk survive the head? If the thought of your children has any weight with you, remember that I too am not unaffected by similar feelings of nature; my heart is not so hard that I do not nor will not recognize the sacred ties that bind son to father-in-law, wife to husband and children to sire. But never, forgetting honour, shall cowardly affection seek refuge in ignominious flight. Nor do I give you bold advice, more careful for myself alone; here is my family, my wife, a son-in-law whom I love more than life itself; not one of my relations is beyond the reach of this tempest. O land of Italy, know that my heart is set on bearing with weight whatsoever ills thou art called on to bear. Romans, hold your walls but for a short while till I return, bringing back to the sound of trumpets the flower of your host."

With these words he instilled courage into the fearful hearts of the citizens and checked any inclination towards flight in the Court. The dark shadow fled and Italy dared raise her head once more seeing her emperor ready to share her perils, and stood her ground with such a hostage for fortune. Where Larius clothes his banks with shady olive-trees and with his fresh water imitates the sea's salt waves, Stilicho crossed the lake with all speed in a small boat. Next he ascended those mountains, inaccessible in winter, with no thought for the season or the weather. Even so a lion, leaving his starving cubs within the cave, issues forth hunger-maddened some winter night and with silent tread goes out across the deep snow with murder in his heart, his mane frozen about his shoulders, and icicles clinging to his tawny coat; nought recks he of death nor cares for snow nor frost if only he can procure food for his little ones.

Near to the Hercynian forest the uplands of Raetia stretch out towards the north, Raetia, proud parent of Danube and Rhine, twain rivers that she sets to guard the empire of Rome. Small are their streams at first, but soon they grow in depth and like kings compel the lesser waters to pass with tributary wave beneath their name. The Cimbric ocean receives Rhine's flood outpoured through his two mouths; the Thracian wave swallows that of Ister flowing out through five channels. Both rivers are navigable though both bear at times the marks of chariot-wheels upon their frozen surface; stout allies both of the north wind and the god of war. But on the side where Raetia marches with Italy precipitous mountains touch the sky, scarce even in summer offering an awful path. Many a man has there been frozen to death as though he had looked on the Gorgon's head; many have been engulfed beneath vast masses of snow, and often are carts and the oxen that draw them plunged into the white depths of the crevasse. Sometimes the mountain plunges downwards in an avalanche of ice, loosening neath a warmer sky foundations that trust vainly in the precipitous slope.

Such was the country over which Stilicho passed in mid winter. No wine was there; Ceres' gifts were sparing; 'twas enough to snatch a hurried meal, eaten sword in hand, while, burdened with rain-drenched cloak, he urged on

his half-frozen steed. No soft bed received his weary limbs. If the darkness forced him to halt in his advance he would either enter some dreadful beast's den or sleep in some shepherd's hut, his head pillowed upon his shield. The shepherd stands pale at the sight of his stately guest, and ignorant of his name the rustic mother points out to her squalid infant the glory of his face. It was those hard couches beneath the rough pines, those nights amid the snow, all that care and anxious toil, that won peace for this world, this tranquillity it had despaired of for the empire. From out those Alpine huts, Rome, came thy salvation.

Now had the peoples broken their treaties and, encouraged by the news of Latium's trouble, had seized upon the glades of Vindelicia and the fields of Noricum. Like slaves whom news of their master's death lures into luxury with an idle tale, if mid the debauch and while wild licence riots with wine and dance some unexpected chance bring back their lord, then they stand panic-stricken and, abhorring liberty, servile terror shakes their guilty souls; so all the rebels were struck with terror at the sight of the general and in one man the Emperor, Latium and all Rome blazed before their eyes. Joy sat not upon his countenance nor excess of gloom nor yet dejection by reason of Rome's reverses but nobility and indignation mixed, such as filled Hercules at Eurystheus' inhuman orders, or such as dims the face of heaven when at Jove's frown the troubled sky is gathered into a murky cloud.

"Put ye such faith," he cried, "in Getic arms? Is it they that swell your hearts with empty pride? Fate has not brought Rome's name so low that she cannot punish your rebellion with but a handful of her forces. Not to delay you with foreign tales, hear this example from your deeds of old. When warlike Hannibal was spreading destruction throughout the cities of Italy, and Cannae had doubled Trebia's cruel losses, a vain hope drove Philip of Macedon to turn his feeble sword against a people which, as he thought, was in difficulties. The monstrous insult roused the Roman Fathers, although more pressing dangers were crowding upon them, and they took it ill that, while two great cities were disputing the mastery of the world, a lesser race should be insolent. They determine upon instant vengeance and command Laevinus, even while he conducts the war with Carthage, to do battle also with the king of Macedonia. The consul obeyed his orders, and Philip, intruding his feeble arms between mighty nations, was routed by a passing band and learned that it does not do to tempt the anger of powerful peoples even when they are in distress."

With this warning Stilicho alike checked the threatened war and won new allies for war, enrolling them at their entreaty and setting such number to their forces as should best suit — neither a burden to Italy nor a terror to its lord.

Then, indeed, at the news of his return, the legions, such love they bore their general, hastened together from every side, and at the sight of Stilicho their courage revived and they broke out into sobbings and tears of joy. So when a herd of cattle has been scattered throughout some vast forest by the

storm's violence the beasts eagerly make for the sound of the ox-herd's well-known song or whistle and the pasture of their native vale, guiding their steps in away to his voice and glad faithfully to reply with lowing, while, wherever his tones fall upon their ear, horns show themselves here and there through the dark foliage. First hasten up the neighbouring troops, their loyalty attested by their defence of Raetia and their mass of spoil from Vindelicia; next the legion that had been left to guard Britain, the legion that kept the fierce Scots in check, whose men had scanned the strange devices tattooed on the faces of the dying Picts. Even the legions that faced the flaxen-haired Sygambri, and those who held the Chatti and wild Cherusci in subjection hither turned their threatening arms, leaving the Rhine, whose garrison they had formed, defended by but one thing — the fear of Rome. Will any posterity credit the tale? Germany, once the home of peoples so proud and fierce that former emperors could scarce keep them in check with the whole weight of their armies, now offers herself so willing a follower of Stilicho's guiding hand that she neither attempts an invasion of the territory exposed to her attack by the removal of its frontier troops nor crosses the stream, too timid to approach an undefended bank.

Greater art thou, Stilicho, than all; thine only rival is Camillus, who broke the rash power of Brennus as thine have broken that of Alaric. At a time of dire peril ye both gave the aid of gods; but he too late avenged a captured Rome, thou one still safe. What a reversal of fortune did thy return bring about! A new vigour returned to every part of our empire alike, and the glow of health came back to our suffering cities. A woman, so the story goes, who died to save the life of a loved husband, was recalled to the upper world by the might of Hercules. Diana with the help of Circe's magic herbs restored to life Hippolytus whom the scorned passion of a stepmother had caused to be torn in pieces. Crete, if the fable be true, saw Glaucus, son of Minos, issue living from the tomb; his body was discovered by the cries of birds to Polyidus, the aged seer, who restored him to life by means of simples; strange indeed was the ruling of fate which apportioned sweet honey as the cause of his death and a hideous serpent as the restorer of his life. But thy return, Stilicho, recalled not one body from the shades but countless peoples sunk in a common death, and snatched whole towns from the jaws of Hell.

That very day Rome rang with the report (though none ever knew its author) that the hero had arrived, and the citizens, assured of Stilicho's protection, applauded this augury of certain victory. Who could tell of the Emperor's joy, who of the courtiers' eager greetings? From the lofty battlements we sight a distant cloud of dust and know not whether its obscurity conceals friend or foe. Suspense keeps us all in silence. Then suddenly from that dusty cloud emerged the helm of Stilicho, glittering like a star, and we recognized his gleaming white hair. Up rose the happy shout from the walls: " 'Tis he." Safe at last the crowd surges out through the gates to meet and greet the army's return. Gone for ever are our wretched impressed

levies; no longer does the reaper, laying aside his sickle, try to hurl the impotent javelin, nor Ceres lay aside her harrow and, to the amusement of Bellona, essay the buckler. Stilled are the noisy wrangles of untried leaders; here is Rome's true strength, her true leader, Mars in human form.

The more happy hopes grew in our hearts the more they deserted the Getae, who, touching the stars with their heads, after crossing the Alps accounted all their own and deemed nothing left to do. But when they saw our glorious youth, all the quickly levied infantry, all the squadrons of horse, a countryside protected by so many rivers and fortresses, and themselves caught in a snare, a trouble they dared not voice seized their hearts and a regret that they had invaded Italy with too forward eagerness; and Rome they hoped within their grasp seemed far away. Weariness of their mighty undertaking steals over them. Yet Alaric's face conceals his fear; he bids to the council of war those whose age or prowess had gained them the dignity of leadership. There sat the senate of long-haired, skin-clad Getic leaders. Many a scar received in battle adorned their faces, spears guide their tottering steps and, instead of a staff, old age, refusing to disarm, supports itself on their tall shafts. Then arose one older than the rest, trusted for his counsel and advice, who, fixing his gaze upon the ground, shaking his hoary locks and leaning on his ivory hilt, thus spake: "If I miscount not the years this is well-nigh the thirtieth winter since we swam across the swift Ister. All that time we have escaped defeat at the hands of Rome. Yet never, Alaric, has Mars brought your fortunes to such straits. Take the advice of an old man who has been through countless fights, one who like a father was wont to give thee in thine earliest youth little quivers to sling across thy back and to fit short bows to thy young shoulders. Often did I urge in vain that thou should'st observe the treaty and remain safe at home in Emathia. But if the fire of hot youth hurried thee into war, now at least, I beg thee, make good thine escape from out this net if thou hast any love left for thy people. The enemy's forces are far away; thou hast the chance; flee headlong from Italy's lands lest, in thy desire for fresh spoils, thou lose even what thou hast got and like a wolf pay the penalty of former depredations to the shepherd by being killed within the sheepfold. Why dost thou have ever on thy lips the richness of Tuscan vineyards and some Rome or other with its Tiber? If our parents speak sooth, never has any who has assailed that city in mad war returned to boast that he has done her violence. The gods desert not their own home; thunderbolts, they tell, are hurled from afar upon her foes and unearthly fires flash before her walls, whether 'tis heaven or Rome that thunders. If thou fearest not the gods beware the might of Stilicho; fortune is ever on his side against assaulting enemies. Thou thyself knowest how high with bones he piled our funeral pyres in Arcadia, and with what vast outpourings of our blood he made the rivers of Greece run warm; and thou hadst been killed had not treason in the guise of law and the goodwill of the Emperor of the East protected thee."

While the elder spake thus Alaric, eyeing him askance with fiery brow,

brook'd his words no longer, but his enkindled pride broke forth in furious speech: "Did not witless age that has deprived thee of thy senses grant thee indulgence never, on my life, should Danube listen unavenged to such coward insults. Am I who have routed so many emperors (Hebrus' river is my witness) to endure flight at thine advice — I whom all nature obeys? Have I not seen the mountains levelled at my feet, the rivers dried up? Never may my country's gods, the spirits of my forefathers, allow that I retrace my footsteps on a backward path. This land shall be mine whether I hold it in fee as conqueror or in death as conquered. I have overrun so many peoples and cities, I have burst through the Alps and drunk of the waters of Eridanus from out a victor's helmet. What is left me but Rome? My nation was strong even when it had no allied arms to help it. But now that I hold sway over Illyria, now that its people have made me their leader, I have forced the Thracians to forge me spears, swords, helmets with the sweat of their brows, and Roman towns (whose rightful overlord I now am) to contribute iron for mine own uses. Thus is fate on my side. Rome, whose territories I have laid waste year by year, has become my slave. 'Tis she has supplied me with arms; her own metal has glowed in the furnace, artfully molten and fashioned for her own undoing by reluctant smiths. The gods, too, urge me on. Not for me are dreams or birds but the clear cry uttered openly from the sacred grove: 'Away with delay, Alaric; boldly cross the Italian Alps this year and thou shalt reach the city.' Thus far the path is mine. Who so cowardly as to dally after this encouragement or to hesitate to obey the call of Heaven?"

So he spake and made ready his army to take the road, exhorting them to combat. Prophecy serves to augment his vain pride. Ah! for the grudging oracles ever dumb with mystic utterance; 'tis the event alone that (too late) discloses the true meaning which the seers themselves could not read. Alaric reached the farthest confines of Liguria where flows a river with the strange name of the City. There he suffered defeat and even then scarcely realized (though that defeat made it clear) that fate had tricked him with an ambiguous word.

Stilicho, too, fails not: at full speed he advanced his army clamorous for battle and spurs their march with these words: "Friends of Rome, the time has now come for you to exact vengeance for outraged Italy. Wipe out the disgrace which the investment of your emperor by his foes has brought upon you, and let your swords end the shame which the defeat on the Timavus and the enemy's passage of the Alps has caused to Rome. This is the foe whom ye so often put to flight on the plains of Greece, whom not their own valour but a world torn by civil strife has kept safe thus far, as they treacherously mock at treaties and traffic in perjury now with the West, now the East. Reflect that all the fierce peoples of Britain and the tribes who dwell on Danube's and Rhine's banks are watching and stand ready. Win a victory now and so be conquerors in many an unfought war. Restore Rome to her former glory; the frame of empire is tottering; let your shoulders support it. A single battle and

all will be well; but one victory and the world's peace will be assured. We fight not on the slopes of Thracian Haemus nor await our foe where Maenalus throws his shadow across the banks of Alphaeus. We defend not Tegea nor Argos. No: as ye see, the scene of war is the very centre and heart of Italy. Protect Father Tiber with your shields." Thus spake Stilicho to foot and horse.

Orders were at the same time sent to the auxiliary troops. The Alans, now subject to Roman rule, followed our trumpets' call, taught by their chief to lay down their lives in the cause of Italy. Small was his stature but great his soul and fierce anger blazed from his eyes. Covered with wounds was he and with a visage rendered the more glorious and the more proud by reason of the scar some spear-thrust had left. At Stilicho's command he hastened up with his cavalry, fated to bite the soil of Italy in death. Happy warrior, worthy of the Elysian fields and of my meed of song, who wast eager even at the cost of life to cleanse thy loyalty from stain! The sword that spilled thy generous blood, it was thy judge, acquitting thee of that most unjust charge of treachery. Thrown into confusion by the hero's death his horsemen turned rein and, its flank thus exposed, the whole host would have reeled had not Stilicho quickly gathered a legion and hastening to the spot rallied the cavalry to the fight with infantry support.

What poet, were he inspired by the Muses or even by Apollo himself, could relate the blessings showered that day by Mars upon the city whose founder he himself was? Never was the sword of Rome plunged so deep in the Scythians' throat; never was Tanais' pride abased by such a crushing defeat nor the horns of Ister so broken. Thirsting to drink the enemy's hateful blood our soldiers passed by rich and varied raiment, carts laden with gold, heaps of silver, and, eager for the foe's destruction, spurned his wealth. They held blood of more account than gold; none of them would stoop to pick up the fortune that lay at their feet but drew their swords and sated their wild fury. The crafty foe threw in the path of our advancing troops the robes of scarlet dye, and other spoils reft from Valens who perished in the flames, heavy mixing-bowls looted from unhappy Argos and lifelike statues rescued from burning Corinth — all in vain, for this ill-omened booty, so far from delaying our men, reminded them of past reverses and so the more inflamed their righteous indignation.

The crowd of prisoners is loosed from its fetters and all the peoples of different tongue whom the Getae had led away captive. Freed at last by the slaughter of their captors they plant thankful kisses on the bloody hands of their deliverers and hasten back to their long-lost homes and their dear children. At each his household looks in wonder as they tell the story of their woes and then recount the marvel of welcome victory.

What must then have been thy despair, Alaric, when ruin overwhelmed thy wealth and all that gear that years of robbing had won thee, when there struck thine ear the cries of that wife of thine who, too confident in her long unconquered husband, demanded in her madness the jewelled necklaces of

Italian matrons for her proud neck and Roman girls for her tire-women! The fair girls of Greece from Corinth and Sparta were, forsooth, not good enough now for so great a lady. But Nemesis, the goddess worshipped at Rhamnus, she whose pleasure it is to check unbridled desire, was wroth and turned her wheel; harsh poverty overwhelms the vanquished, and in one day Rome's arm requites all that we have lost in thirty years.

Thy glory, Pollentia, shall live for ever; worthy is thy name to be celebrated by my song, a fit theme for rejoicing and for triumph. Fate pre-ordained thee to be the scene of our victory and the burial-place of the barbarians. Full often have thy fields and plains seen ample vengeance exacted for aggression against the descendants of Romulus. 'Twas there, in that same countryside, that the Cimbric hordes, bearing down upon Rome from Ocean's farthest shore and crossing the Alps by another pass, suffered their final defeat. The coming generation should mingle the bones of these two races and engrave with this one inscription the monument which records our double victory: "Here beneath the soil of Italy lie the bodies of brave Cimbri and Getae: their death they owed to our famous generals Marius and Stilicho. Learn, presumptuous peoples, not to despise Rome."

Shorter Poems

To Stilicho

Crown with a wreath of flowers, Stilicho, that head more often graced with the shining helmet. Bid cease the trumpets and let the happy marriage-torch banish fierce war afar. Let the glory derived from a kingly race flow on through royal veins. Do a father's duty and establish the firm bond of wedlock between thy daughter and adoptive son. Thou wert an emperor's son-in-law; now an emperor will be thine. What cause is there now for envy, what excuse for jealousy? Stilicho is at once father and father-in-law.

Description of the harbour at Smyrna.

The city that meets our gaze veils the mountain peaks, fronting a tranquil sea. The two headlands that enclose the harbour protect the quiet water from the north wind. Here the sea is disarmed by the encircling land and learns to lie in undisturbed tranquillity.

To Aeternalis

Phoebus' every breath from the Castalian spring, the tripod's every moan within the shrine of prophecy — all these are poetry. Of prose the Muses will have none. In poetry only can I express myself, so wholly does my patron, Apollo, possess me.

Description of a Herd

Not such were the beauteous herds that the land once ruled over by triple Geryon produced. Not such the bulls thou bathest, Clitumnus, in thy stream for pious vows to offer duly to Tarpeian Jove. Not such the steer that, they say, scattered the sand of Tyre what time he brought home his well-loved burden. Not the fields of Crete, nor Gnossos that knew of passion for a bull, nor Ida could have pastured the like. Even he whose monstrous figure united ill-assorted limbs, the Cretan child who by his strange form revealed his mother's shame — even he could scarce have shown a shape so fair had *all* his rough limbs resembled those of his sire.

A Distant Scene

There is a place deep buried in a huge bay where an island, stretching far out into the sea, stills the rough waves to quiet, and steep cliffs, jutting out into the broken water, curve themselves into a peaceful harbourage.

Anger affords a weapon to him who seeks one

Whate'er it carries, that rage converts into a weapon. Wrath supplies all with arms. When an angry man thirsts for blood anything will serve him for a spear. Fury turns a stick into a cudgel.

Statue of a Chariot

1. Who had the skill to fashion so many figures out of one block of marble? The chariot melts into the charioteer; the horses with one common accord obey the same reins. These are distinguishable by their various forms but made from one and the same material without distinction.

2. The driver is of one piece with the car: to this are attached the steeds, each joined to, and proceeding out of, another. How admirable the artist's skill! A single block combines with itself all these bodies: one mass of marble by submitting to the chisel has grown into all these various shapes.

Of Polycaste and Perdiccas

To what deeds of cruelty will the flames of love not inspire mankind? Here is a mother who dares not love her child, the fruit of her body. Holding the unhappy boy to her snowy breast and wishing to give him suck, she conceives for him, though she is his mother, a shameful passion. Cupid, thou goest too far; put down thy cruel quiver. Consult Venus; mayhap she feels like pangs.

The Porcupine

I had heard the strange tale, Stymphalus, that the birds that haunted thy marshes let fall from them arrows of death in their flight, and for long I could not bring myself to believe this story of iron feathers. But proof is not wanting, and the well-known porcupine is warrant for the birds of Hercules.

His long snout is like that of a swine. Stiff bristles like horns stand up from his forehead. Red and fierce are his fiery eyes. Under his bristly back are short legs like those of a small dog. Small as this animal is, nevertheless Nature has seen fit to dower him with a wonderful means of defence. All over the body grows a threatening thicket: a harvest of brightly coloured spears bristles up ready for battle. The roots of these weapons are white and are firmly fixed in the animal's skin. The quills are themselves parti-coloured with black bands and come to a stiff quill-like point, diminishing in diameter towards the tip which is smooth and sharp.

But his armoury is not fixed like that of the woodland hedgehog. He can take the offensive and also protect himself at a distance by the frequent discharge of these darts of his, hurling through the air the flying missiles which his own back supplies. At times like the flying Parthian he wounds his pursuers; at times he entrenches himself and strikes his foe by the discharge of a storm of these terrible weapons which bristle on his shoulders out of which they grow. He fights with his whole body, and his back, as it moves, emits a raucous sound. You would think it was the trumpet's note stirring an army to close with the foe and fight. Small is the animal but great the din. Besides his arms he displays cunning and a cold, calculated fury that never wastes its weapons but cautiously contents itself with threats, for he never expends a dart but in defence of his life. His aim is sure; the blow, such is his skill, unerring, nor can distance delude his range. The motion of his skin in the act of discharging ensures the speed, and accurately directs the flight, of the weapon.

Has human endeavour, with reason to guide it, ever done the like? Men rob of their horns the wild goats of Crete, then they force them to become pliant over the fire; they use the guts of cattle to string their bows; they tip their arrows with iron and wing them with feathers. But here is a small animal whose arms are contained in his own body and who needs no external defence. He carries all his own arms; himself his own quiver, arrow, and bow. Alone he possesses all the resources of war.

But if all human activities as they grow have had their source in imitation we may see here the exemplar of combat by means of missiles. It is from him that the Cretans learned to shoot and the Parthians to strike while in flight. These did but follow the example of the animal that is armed with arrows.

Of Beaver's Overcoat

'Tis but the shadow of a name that is left. I cannot call it a coat of beaver, not though Beaver swear it is one. It cost six shillings. Now you know what it is like. If you don't believe me, believe the price.

On the Tomb of a Beauty

Fate allows not beauty a long life: sudden is the end of all that is noble and pre-eminent. Here lies a lovely woman: hers was the beauty of Venus and hers the illwill of Heaven for a gift so rare.

Quintius' Baths

Stay awhile and bathe in these waters, traveller; then set forth again upon thy journey refreshed. An thou become its guest, warm will be thy gratitude towards him that built this bath and set it by the side of this long dusty road.

To a gouty Critic

Canst thou talk of feet? Dost blame my verses and criticize my lines, thou
whose own feet are so weak? This couplet, you say, will scarcely stand: the
scansion is shaky. Dear friend, a gouty man thinks nothing at all can stand.

To thank Maximus for a Gift of Honey

Thou dost ever send me sweet gifts, Maximus; 'tis honey whatsoever thou sendest, methinks.

The Poor Lover

Biting poverty and cruel Cupid are my foes. Hunger I can endure; love I cannot.

The Same.

A hungry pauper am I, a victim fallen to love. Two ills; but poverty is the lesser.

On the Statues of Two Brothers at Catina

XVII (L)

See these two brothers toiling beneath a burden piety bade them bear. They deserve the tribute of divine honours at the hands of all men: at the sight of them the respectful flames ceased their ravages and Etna in admiration restrained his flooding lava. Seizing their parents they set them upon their shoulders and, with eyes raised to heaven, hasten their steps. The aged parents, thus carried aloft by their two sons, impede their flight, but dear to the children is that very delay. See, the old man points to the cruel flames; the aged mother's trembling lips call upon the gods for help. Fear has set their hair on end, the bronze is terror-stricken and a pale shiver runs over all the metal. In the countenances of the sons is seen courage in face of danger, and, if fear, then fear for their burdens, not for themselves. The wind has blown back their cloaks. One raises his right hand; his left is enough to sustain his aged sire. But the other needs must clasp his burden with both arms, taking greater care for that it is his mother, one of the weaker sex, that he bears. This, too, as thou passest by, leave not unnoted, for well the craftsman's dumb hands deserve such regard; both he has moulded with a likeness such as brothers bear, yet the one resembles rather his mother, the other his father. The artist's cunning has succeeded in expressing a difference of age in their faces, though a likeness to either parent is apparent in the features of both the sons; while, to ensure a further dissimilarity in that resemblance, he has varied the tenderness that either countenance expresses.

Faithful were ye to Nature's law, bright example of divine justice, model for youth, fond hope of age! Wealth ye despised, and dashed into the flames to rescue nought save your venerable parents. Not undeservedly, methinks, did such piety quench the fires in Enceladus' jaws. Vulcan himself checked the flow of molten lava from Etna that it should not harm those patterns of filial duty. The very elements were influenced thereby: father air and mother earth did their best to lighten the burden.

If signal piety raised Castor and Pollux to the skies, if Aeneas won immortality by rescuing his sire from burning Troy, if ancient story has rendered famous the names of those Argive brothers, Cleobis and Biton, who harnessed themselves to their mother's car, why does not Sicily dedicate a temple to the ageless memory of Amphinomos and Anapius? Though the three-cornered isle has many titles to fame, let her be sure that she has never given birth to a nobler deed. Let her not weep the destruction wrought by the spreading flames nor lament the houses burned down by the fire's fury. The flames abating had never put affection to the proof; the great disaster purchased immortal fame.

Of French Mules

Behold the docile children of fast-flowing Rhone that at their master's word come together and at that word disperse. See how they go this way or that according to the different cries he utters, and, guided only by his voice, take the path he would have them take. Though each unguided by the rein takes his own course and no collar presses upon their necks they obey as though harnessed and, insensible to fatigue, hear and follow the directions shouted by their barbarous master. Though far away from their owner they nevertheless respect his commands, obeying the word of the muleteer as it were a bridle. It is his voice that even at a distance gathers them together when scattered or scatters them when gathered together; this that checks their haste or quickens their dragging steps. Does he shout "left," they turn them to the left: does he alter his cry to "right," to the right they go. Slaves, yet without bonds, free, but without licence, they go unbridled but obedient. Covered with tawny pelts they haul along the rumbling carts, each cheerfully doing his fair share. Dost thou wonder that Orpheus tamed the wild beasts with his song when the words of a Gaul can guide these swift-footed mules?

Letter to Gennadius, ex-Proconsul

Glory of all Italy, who dwellest on the pleasant banks of Rubicon, ornament of the Roman bar second only to Cicero, well known to the peoples of Greece and to Egypt, land of my birth (for both have feared and loved thy rule), dost thou ask for poems to appease thy hungry throat?

By our friendship, I swear there are none at home. My verses soon learn to trust to their own wings and leave the nest, flying far afield nor ever returning to their humble home.

Of an Old Man of Verona who never left his home

XX (LII)

Happy he who has passed his whole life mid his own fields, he of whose birth and old age the same house is witness; he whose stick supports his tottering steps o'er the very ground whereon he crawled as a baby and whose memory knows but of one cottage as the scene where so long a life was played out. No turns of fortune vexed him with their sudden storms; he never travelled nor drank the waters of unknown rivers. He was never a trader to fear the seas nor a soldier to dread the trumpet's call; never did he face the noisy wrangles of the courts. Unpractised in affairs, unfamiliar with the neighbouring town, he finds his delight in a freer view of the sky above him. For him the recurring seasons, not the consuls, mark the year: he knows autumn by his fruits and spring by her flowers. From the selfsame fields he watches the sun rise and set, and, at his work, measures the day with his own round of toils. He remembers yon mighty oak an acorn, and sees the plantation, set when he was born, grown old along with him. Neighbouring Verona is, for him, more distant than sun-scorched India; Benacus he accounts as the Red Sea. But his strength is unimpaired and the third generation see in him a sturdy, stout-armed grandsire. Let who will be a wanderer and explore farthest Spain: such may have more of a journey; he of Verona has more of a life.

On Theodore and Hadrian; Apology to Hadrian

Manlius Theodorus sleeps night and day; the sleepless Egyptian steals alike from gods and men. Peoples of Italy, be this your one prayer — that Manlius keep awake and the Egyptian sleep.

Must the violence of thine anger last so long? Are my tears never to cease to flow? Dost thou thus suddenly turn thy favour to hatred? Where, then, is that leniency that knows not to harm any, that loving-kindness? Shall envy have such licence? Has the clamour of calumny so prevailed?

What though rash wrath, though heedless youth tempted me, though pride urged, though passion led me astray, yet shouldst *thou* be above meeting me with like weapons. Human murmurs never touch the gods nor do the loose railings of man disturb the peace of heaven. My punishment has been too severe; spare a fallen foe. Behold me; I confess my faults and ask pardon for my sin.

Fierce Achilles showed mercy to the shade of Hector, Orestes appeased his mother's avenging furies, Hercules restored to Priam the cities which he had taken. A king's overthrow won the pity of Pella's youthful monarch, who wept, men say, for the death of Darius at a slave's hand, and consoled his ghost with a lofty mausoleum. To captive Porus Alexander gave back an ampler kingdom. 'Twas thus the founder of our country spared his conquered foes. Thine own nobility demands that thou shouldst follow his example. If it is one of the gods that I have insulted let him send down punishment upon me and sate his anger.

Now that I have lost thy favour I am become a prey to grinding poverty, my house is desolate, my friends reft from me. Death with torture is the fate of one, exile of another. What further losses can I suffer? What more cruel plagues can befall me?

The power to despoil and kill softens anger. Wild beasts turn away from their stricken prey, and fierce lions, eager to destroy, abandon the dead victim, and with a nobler hunger riot only in the flesh of the warlike steer. Envy has snapped the thread of my prosperity and turned my happiness into mourning. I am fordone with punishment and my pride is broken; look on me again with favour. Is a humble client worth so heavy a weight of anger? Aeolus makes not trial of himself where the sea's waters are shallow; no lowly hill encounters Boreas' blasts; 'tis the Alps he shakes, the summit of Rhodope he harasses. Never doth the lightning strike the humble willows nor do the modest shrubs deserve the Thunderer's angry bolt; lofty oaks and agèd ashes are his victims.

Instead of the suppliant's branch plucked from Minerva's sacred olive, instead of incense, I offer thee this poem. Have mercy on thy servant. Restore me, even me, to my former state, heal my cruel wounds, bid life and honour

return to me. Do thou, who didst overthrow my fortune, build it upon again. Telephus came back cured by the magic of Achilles. The same hand dealt death and healing — an enemy restoring him to health by the assuagement of the very pains he had inflicted.

But if neither my prayers nor my tears can soften thee, spurn the Muses with thy foot and take away my unlucky decorations, deprive me of my rank, cast me aside who was once thy companion. A noteworthy victory this thou hast won over a poor poet; redoubtable indeed the spoils that will grace such a triumph. Let a fellow-countryman's power overwhelm his wretched fellows. Be my fate told to our common fatherland and to Pharos, known of all who sail the distant seas, and let Father Nile raise his weeping head from out the flood and mourn my cruel case along the banks of all his seven mouths.

Apology to Alethius, the Quaestor

XXIII (LXXIV)

As I hope never to cross the plains of Ethiopia beneath a summer sun, never to pass a winter naked beneath the northern pole, never to entrust my bellying sails to the Ionian Sea what time the Kids bring round the rainy nights, never, driven by the Furies' hellish blows, to re-read the verses of an angry pedant, 'twas not, I swear, impudent effrontery that moved me, nor did my tongue exceed a just outspokenness. I admit I incautiously found fault with a few lines, not realizing, luckless wight, the heinousness of my offence. Others attack the books of Orpheus and nothing is said; nor does thy fame, Maro, support thee in safety. The very father of poetry, Homer, lord of Helicon, knew the stigma of the censor's pen. yet neither Vergil nor Homer complains, for neither was a quaestor and both were poor. See, then, I applaud! See, in terror I praise every word and loudly cry again and again "bravo!" Let him be appeased and pardon at last, let him cease from wrath — and with secure voice recite whate'er he will; I applaud.

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The Lobster

Long horns project from his head; fierce eyes stand out from his forehead; his back is protected by the armour of his self-grown shell. Nature herself has rendered his skin a sufficient defence, covering it with small, red, pointed spikes.

Epithalamium of Palladius and Celerina

XXV (XXX, XXXI)

Asked to improvise a song in honour of a marriage I find myself unwilling to refuse the bridegroom and unable to say no to his father-in-law. The former was my comrade-in-arms, the latter my general; at court the first is of equal rank with me, the second my superior. Similarity of age and pursuits made me a friend of Palladius; age and dignity set Celerinus far above me. The love I bear the one demands my good offices as a poet, the awe in which I hold the other a soldier's obedience: I must sing.

It chanced that Venus had one day retired into the bosom of a cave overgrown with vine to woo sleep mid its alluring cool, and had laid her goddess limbs on the thick grass, her head upon a heap of flowers. The vine branches stir gently in the breeze and sway the full-veined grapes. Slumber befits the disorder of her brow, the midday heat will none of coverings, and the leaves show through them the gleam of her bare breast. Round her lie the nymphs of Ida and hard by beneath a lofty oak-tree the three Graces sleep with interlaced arms. Here and there, where'er the shade invites them, repose winged Cupids. Their bows are unstrung and their quivers hang from the branches of neighbouring trees, instinct with latent fire. Some wake and play or wander through the thickets in search of birds' nests or take delight in plucking dewy apples as a gift for Venus or hunt the gadding vine for grapes, and, poised on their wings, climb its branches to the very tops of the elm-trees. Others keep guard over the wood and drive off the wanton, curious Dryads, the country gods and the woodland deities, discharging flaming darts at the amorous Fauns who try from a distance to catch a glimpse of Venus' bower. Suddenly there arose cries and shoutings from the neighbouring city; joyous acclamations of youth and the strains of the lyre accompanying dancing in the streets. Through all the hills of Italy the name of Celerina is chanted and every field re-echoes that of her husband Palladius.

The pleasant sound reached the goddess' ears; aroused by the noise she sat up and with her fair hands rubbed from her eyes the residue of sleep; then, just as she was, she leapt from her soft couch and summoned Hymen from among the unnumbered Loves that formed her bodyguard. (Him, son of the Muse, Cytherea chose out and made the patron god of marriage. Without his sanction is no entry into wedlock nor is it lawful but with his leave to uplift the first wedding-torches.) At last he is found. There he lay stretched beneath a tall plane-tree joining with wax pipes of unequal length, seeking to repeat with his lips Maenalian measures and pastoral tunes, while, as his mouth ran over them, he varied his breathing upon the slender reed.

Seeing Venus he stopped; noiseless to the ground from out the nerveless grasp of his fingers fell the pipe. Affection lights up his eyes; a modest blush

suffuses those sun-browned cheeks so snowy-white by nature, clothed, too, with the scarce seen down of youth where ceased the ne'er cut hair. Silent he stood and the goddess first addressed him. "Wilt thou, boy, never leave thy beloved song? Wilt thou never have enough of thy mother's gifts, ever devoted to the Muses' task and too eager to rival thy parent? What is it thou dost practise all alone in the midday heat? Dost thou now despise the lyre and seekest thou rather the woods of Lycaeus and the herds and Echo resounding from the rocks? Come hither and tell me the reason for this general rejoicing. What marriage is this that is attended with such ceremony and such demonstrations of joy? Who is the newly dowered bride? Of what country, what race are they that are wed? Tell me from what land they spring and what their parentage. Needs must thou know, for no marriage can take place without thee and by covenant with thee are wedlock's joys first tasted."

He replied: "Long have I been wondering, goddess, at thy delay, and marvelled that thou didst take no notice of so world-famed an union. They are no common folk that now submit them to thy laws. Two families are united illustrious with consulships, upheld by the highest offices, in whose veins flows the noblest blood of all the world. What island on whose coasts thunder the waves of the Red Sea, what tract of Ethiopia, what land so far withdrawn from human intercourse but has heard the blessings that the affection of his country calls down on the head of Palladius' sire for his clemency, his learning, his wit, his genial age? He has trodden every rung of the ladder of honours, has held every place at court, and reached the highest of all offices, directing the deliberations of the senate of the East with a sure authority. Such is the bridegroom's brilliance. The bride first saw the light in the old city of Tomi by the mouth of the Danube. She is descended on her mother's side from noble ancestors famed in war and enriched by war's spoils and derives especial glory from the renown of that stalwart Celerinus who, when appointed to the defence of Meroë and the Nile, and, after the death by lightning of Carus in Parthia, offered the throne and dominion of the world by his soldiers, paid no heed to their clamour and preferred repose to an empire. Of his own will he refused when it was offered that which men will use every sort of violence and outrage every sort of right to acquire. For the first time virtue was reckoned above a throne and sovereignty, making offer of herself, met with a refusal. Sadly did Fortune confess herself beaten by a mortal. Great it is to deserve high office, still greater to have despised it.

"Celerina's father has won every title that a warrior may. Step by step he has reached the highest of all ranks, that of commander-in-chief; it is he who dispenses titles of honour, settles the garrisons of the provinces, unites the scattered forces of the empire, and checks the disposition of its troops. He decides the defences of Sarmatia and the legions that are to face the wild Getae or keep Saxon and Scot in subjection. He knows how many cohorts fringe the shore of Ocean, how great an army maintains peace along the banks of the Rhine. In the family of Celerina is to be found unspotted virtue,

unfeigned loyalty, and diligence guided by knowledge. She is Stilicho's choice; to such choice and judgement no praise can be added. It were a shame, Venus, shouldst thou not be present at the marriage of such a maid. Come, bring all thy train. Fain would I shake the withering wreaths, brandish the torches, and devote the night to pleasure. Now even this my pipe gives no dishonoured service answering the choirs' songs."

Scarce had Hymen spoken and she bathes her in the cool stream, gathers her flowing hair, and renews her charms, taking from out the press the wondrous garments spun by her mother Dione. Her chariot is heaped with flowers and the yoke thereof is fragrant with blossoms. Flowers entwine the reins that fetter her bright doves. From all sides the birds flock together, those that soothe with their song the roar of Athesis, those whom Larius hears, Benacus feeds, or Mincius welcomes with his quiet flood. Quiet are those waters now that the birds' plaintive notes resound there no more. The swans have flown away and left the banks of Eridanus and the sounding marshes of Padusa. Right glad are the wanton Loves; they catch and harness the birds and ride them through the clouds before the eyes of Venus. There they join in noisy battle, lean forward to strike one another, and fall but suffer no hurt. Fallen they overtake their steeds with flight swifter than theirs, for the charioteer is fleetest than the chariot.

Soon as they reached the doors of the marriage-chamber they empty baskets full of red spring flowers, pouring forth showers of roses and scattering from their laden quivers violets gathered in Venus' meadow, violets untouched e'en by the heat of the Dog-star who had tempered for their frail beauty his accustomed fires. Others throughout the palace poured forth from jewelled caskets unguents gathered by the banks of the Nile from trees whose bark, when wounded by the cruel finger-nail, oozed with rich gum. Cytherea approaches the bride, and, despite her tears, drew her from her mother's arms. Her swelling breast betokens maidenhood ripe for marriage, her skin is whiter than lilies or than snow, and her golden hair points to the Danube as her birthplace. Then, taking the hand of the bridegroom Venus joins to it that of the bride and with these words blesses their union: "Live as one and fulfill all my rites. Give a thousand kisses, let arm be bruised with enfolding arm, and lips so join that soul may meet soul. And thou, husband, put not thy confidence in rude love-making; thy wife's love cannot be won by threats, but must be gained by entreaty. And do thou yield to thy husband nor seek to show anger; use not thy nails as weapons like the women of Scythia. I beg thee submit to conquest; so shalt thou be indeed a wife, so a mother. Why are there tears in thine eyes? Believe me, thou shalt love him whom now thou fearest."

So spake she, and chose from out her winged attendants the two whose bows were strongest and their aim most sure. At once Aethon and Pyrois leaped forward, their bright wings tinged with purple. Dipping their shafts in pure honey the one aims his at the bride, the other his at the bridegroom. They

draw their bows; the strings twang and the sure arrows cleave the air with equal speed and implant themselves at equal depths in the hearts of the twain.

Aponus

XXVI (XLIX)

Fount that prolongest life for the dwellers in Antenor's city, banishing by thy neighbouring waters all harmful fates, seeing that thy marvels stir utterance even in the dumb, that a people's love bids poets to honour thee in song, and that there is no hand whose fingers have not traced for thee some lines in thankful witness of prayers granted, shall I not be held guilty alike by the Muses and the Nymphs if I alone sing not thy praises? How can a spot whose fame is on so many lips rightly be passed over by me in slighting silence?

Lower than a lofty hill yet higher than the level plain rises a gentle eminence, clear to see from all around. Prolific it is in hot springs, for wherever water penetrates its recesses encountering fires drive it forth. The crumbling ground exhales vapours, and the water, closed down in its prison of burning rock, forces its way out by many a fissured channel. 'Tis a region of liquid fire where Vulcan's flames spring forth from earth's breast, a land of burning and of sulphur. Who would not think it barren? Yet are those fiery fields green with verdure; grass grows o'er the burning marl and, though the very rocks melt at the heat, plants, mocking at the flames, boldly flourish.

Beyond this are vast furrows cut in the rock, scarring and cleaving it in long lines. Traces are they — so tradition tells — of Hercules' plough, or else chance did the ploughshare's work. In the middle of the hill is what seems a broad, steaming sea, an azure lake of vast extent. Great is the space it covers, still greater its depth where it plunges down and loses itself beneath the rocky caverns. A thick pall of steam hangs over it; its waters cannot be touched nor drunk though they are transparent as crystal to the very bottom. Nature took counsel for herself and lest that lake should be entirely beyond our ken she let our eyes penetrate what, because of its heat, our bodies could not enter. When a breeze scatters the thick clouds of steam and clears the grey surface of the erstwhile vaporous water you can gaze with wonder on the valley floor below that glassy flood where glint old weapons, king's gifts of bygone days (between these a gulf of other hue, dark with the eddyings of black sand, swallows the hastening waters; below there opens a cavern into which the darkling flood pours, filling every nook and cranny with its swirling eddies); then are revealed the hidden places of the hill which, bent round in a bow, encircles the surface of the water with an overhanging rim.

A verdant amphitheatre surrounds this steaming cauldron, and the ground floats lightly with slender film; never will it give way beneath the visitor's weight, upholding his timorous feet, trusty though seeming so unsure. One would think it the work of man's hand, so smoothly does its circuit enfold the shore, slight and yet firm all the way. The water in the lake stands motionless, filling it to the brim and fearing to o'erstep its appointed limit. The overflow

runs in a stream down a sloping rock and seeks the undulating plain below. A natural but tortuous channel carries the water away and thence it flows into an open conduit of lead. These pipes, noiselessly impregnated with some powdery mineral that the water carries down, produce a snow-white distillation of salt. The streams branch off in all directions carrying with them this natural wealth whithersoever art has directed their going, flexing this way and that their errant courses, flowing in swift torrent below aqueducts and warming the arches with the heat of their rushing waters. Within the arches, amid the roarings of the echoing rock, issues forth fiercer steam and vapour as the water rushes out. Then the sick, weak with sweating, seek next the stagnant pools that long time has made pleasantly cool.

Hail to thee, stream, generous giver of the waters of healing, chief glory of the land of Italy, doctor of all that come to thee, common helper of all Aesculapius' sons; a very present deity for whose aid there is nought to pay. Whether it be that hell's fiery streams have burst their banks and that Phlegethon gone astray bestows his heat upon the upper world, or that a river, originally of cold water, sinks down into veins of sulphur and rises thence afire (as one would think from the smell), or that the mountain in arbitration summons the two elements to a treaty, balancing a certain quantity of fire against a similar amount of water that neither yield to the other but under a just law of equipoise each may withstand the other's might — whatsoever shall prove to be the cause, whatever the origin, of this we may be sure — that thou flowest not without design. Who would dare to ascribe such a miracle to chance? Who could deny that the overruling gods have so ordained? Nature's lord, who measures the centuries by the stars, has given thee a place of honour among the works of his divinity, and, pitying the feebleness of our human bodies, has bidden pour forth healing waters for the earth, and from the riven hills burst forth streams that should win pardon from the Fates' relentless distaffs.

Happy ye whose lot it is to dwell by those banks and to possess Aponus for your own; you no plague of earth, no pestilence-fraught winds of the south, nor Sirius with his cruel fires can harm. Should Lachesis' fatal thread threaten death men find in thee a more propitious fate. If it chance that noxious humours swell their limbs or that excess of bile inflames their ailing bowels they need not to open their veins nor to cure one wound with another nor yet to drink medicine of bitter herbs. By thy water's aid they renew their lost strength without suffering; 'mid luxury the sick find relief from pain.

The Phoenix

XXVII (XLIV)

There is a leafy wood fringed by Ocean's farthest marge beyond the Indes and the East where Dawn's panting coursers first seek entrance; it hears the lash close by, what time the watery threshold echoes to the dewy car; and hence comes forth the rosy morn while night, illumined by those far-shining wheels of fire, casts off her sable cloak and broods less darkly. This is the kingdom of the blessed bird of the sun where it dwells in solitude defended by the inhospitable nature of the land and immune from the ills that befall other living creatures; nor does it suffer infection from the world of men. Equal to the gods is that bird whose life rivals the stars and whose renascent limbs weary the passing centuries. It needs no food to satisfy hunger nor any drink to quench thirst; the sun's clear beam is its food, the sea's rare spray its drink — exhalations such as these form its simple nourishment. A mysterious fire flashes from its eye, and a flaming aureole enriches its head. Its crest shines with the sun's own light and shatters the darkness with its calm brilliance. Its legs are of Tyrian purple; swifter than those of the Zephyrs are its wings of flower-like blue dappled with rich gold.

Never was this bird conceived nor springs it from any mortal seed, itself is alike its own father and son, and with none to recreate it, it renews its outworn limbs with a rejuvenation of death, and at each decease wins a fresh lease of life. For when a thousand summers have passed far away, a thousand winters gone by, a thousand springs in their course given to the husbandmen that shade of which autumn robbed them, then at last, fordone by the number of its years, it falls a victim to the burden of age; as a tall pine on the summit of Caucasus, wearied with storms, heels over with its weight and threatens at last to crash in ruin; one portion falls by reason of the unceasing winds, another breaks away rotted by the rain, another consumed by the decay of years.

Now the Phoenix's bright eye grows dim and the pupil becomes palsied by the frost of years, like the moon when she is shrouded in clouds and her horn beings to vanish in the mist. Now his wings, wont to cleave the clouds of heaven, can scarce raise them from the earth. Then, realizing that his span of life is at an end and in preparation for a renewal of his splendour, he gathers dry herbs from the sun-warmed hills, and making an interwoven heap of the branches of the precious tree of Saba he builds that pyre which shall be at once his tomb and his cradle.

On this he takes his seat and as he grows weaker greets the Sun with his sweet voice; offering up prayers and supplications he begs that those fires will give him renewal of strength. Phoebus, on seeing him afar, checks his reins and staying his course consoles his loving child with these words: "Thou who art about to leave thy years behind upon yon pyre, who, by this pretence of

death, art destined to rediscover life; thou whose decease means but the renewal of existence and who by self-destruction regainest thy lost youth, receive back thy life, quit the body that must die, and by a change of form come forth more beauteous than ever.”

So speaks he, and shaking his head casts one of his golden hairs and smites willing Phoenix with its life-giving effulgence. Now, to ensure his rebirth, he suffers himself to be burned and in his eagerness to be born again meets death with joy. Stricken with the heavenly flame the fragrant pile catches fire and burns the aged body. The moon in amaze checks her milk-white heifers and heaven halts his revolving spheres, while the pyre conceives the new life; Nature takes care that the deathless bird perish not, and calls upon the sun, mindful of his promise, to restore its immortal glory to the world.

Straightway the life spirit surges through his scattered limbs; the renovated blood floods his veins. The ashes show signs of life; they begin to move though there is none to move them, and feathers clothe the mass of cinders. He who was but now the sire comes forth from the pyre the son and successor; between life and life lay but that brief space wherein the pyre burned.

His first delight is to consecrate his father's spirit by the banks of the Nile and to carry to the land of Egypt the burned mass from which he was born. With all speed he wings his way to that foreign strand, carrying the remains in a covering of grass. Birds innumerable accompany him, and whole flocks thereof throng in airy flight. Their mighty host shuts out the sky where'er it passes. But from among so vast an assemblage none dares outstrip the leader; all follow respectfully in the balmy wake of their king. Neither the fierce hawk nor the eagle, Jove's own armour-bearer, fall to fighting; in honour of their common master a truce is observed by all. Thus the Parthian monarch leads his barbarous hosts by yellow Tigris' banks, all glorious with jewels and rich ornament and decks his tiara with royal garlands; his horse's bridle is of gold, Assyrian embroidery embellishes his scarlet robes, and proud with sovereignty he lords it o'er his numberless slaves.

There is in Egypt a well-known city celebrated for its pious sacrifices and dedicated to the worship of the Sun. Its temples rest on a hundred columns hewn from the quarries of Thebes. Here, as the story tells, the Phoenix is wont to store his father's ashes and, adoring the image of the god, his master, to entrust his precious burden to the flames. He places on the altar that from which he is sprung and that which remains of himself. Bright shines the wondrous threshold; the fragrant shrine is filled with the holy smoke of the altar and the odour of Indian incense, penetrating even as far as the Pelusiatic marshes, fills the nostrils of men, flooding them with its kindly influence and with a scent sweeter than that of nectar perfumes the seven mouths of the dark Nile.

Happy bird, heir to thine own self! Death which proves our undoing restores thy strength. Thine ashes give thee life and though thou perish not

thine old age dies. Thou hast beheld all that has been, hast witnessed the passing of the ages. Thou knowest when it was that the waves of the sea rose and o'erflowed the rocks, what year it was that Phaëthon's error devoted to the flames. Yet did no destruction overwhelm thee; sole survivor thou livest to see the earth subdued; against thee the Fates gather not up their threads, powerless to do thee harm.

The Nile

XXVIII (XLVII)

Blessèd is the man who cleaves the soil of Egypt with his plough; he need not hope for clouds to shroud the heavens in darkness nor call upon the storm-winds that bring the chilling rain or the rainbow bright with its various colours.

Fertile is Egypt without clouds; here alone is sunshine and yet rain. She regards not the sky, needs not the wind; enough for her the water she herself contains, Nile's overflow. This swiftly-flowing river rises in the mountainous country of the south where it suffers the heats of the torrid zone and of the scorching Crab and issues forth from regions unknown into our world. Whence it comes none knows, for vain has ever been the search after its springing nor has any ever seen that source. 'Tis said that, fashioned without witness, it pours forth waters that have known a clime other than ours. Thence with errant stream it stretches through all Libya, and through Ethiopia's thousand dusky kingdoms where it waters lands condemned to the sun's unceasing fires, saviour of thirsting peoples, and threads its course across Meroë and black Syene and through the country of the wild Blemyae. The unconquered Garamantes and the Gyrraei who can tame wild animals drink of its waters, as do those tribes who dwell in huge rocky caverns, gathering the wood of ebony-trees and robbing the elephant of his tusks of ivory, and the folk who wear arrows in their hair.

Neither the cause nor yet the season of its overflow is the same as that of other rivers. Its waters rise neither because of melted snows nor by reason of rains flooding its rocky marge; for when dull winter giveth increase to other rivers Nile keeps within his banks; when other rivers flow with diminished stream, Nile, under other laws, rises. For of a truth whatever toll summer has exacted from all rivers Nature repays to the Nile, and waters gathered together from the whole world meet thus in one river. Then when the Dog-star increases the heat of the sun and sucks up all moisture, drying up earth's veins and filling heaven with its scorching rays, winter comes upon the Nile, though elsewhere all is summer. Then, bringing back to the fainting husbandmen its accustomed waters, it o'erflows ampler than the Aegean, fiercer than the deep Ionian, and spreads itself over the low-lying country. All the fields are aswim; plough-land sounds to the beat of the oar, and full often the shepherd, o'ercome with summer's heat, wakes to see flocks and fold carried away by the flood.

The Magnet

XXIX (XLVIII)

Whosoever with anxious thought examines the universe and searches out the origin of things — the reason of the sun's and moon's eclipse, the causes of comets' red and baneful fires, the source of the winds, the motion that makes the earth to quake, the force that splits the heavens in twain, the noise of the thunder, the brilliance of the rainbow, let this man (if man's mind has any power to conceive the truth) explain to me something I would fain to understand.

There is a stone called the loadstone; black, dull, and common. It does not adorn the braided hair of kings nor the snowy necks of girls, nor yet shine in the jewelled buckles of warriors' belts. But consider the marvellous properties of this dull-looking stone and you will see that it is of more worth than lovely gems and any pearl sought of Indian amid the seaweed on the Red Sea's shores. It lives on iron and feeds on its inflexible nature; iron is its food and nourishment; from iron it recruits its strength. This seemingly inedible food, circulating throughout its body, renews its hidden powers. Without iron the loadstone dies; its bulk wastes away from lack of nourishment and thirst parches its emptied veins.

Mars, who strikes cities with his bloody spear, and Venus, who changes human cares to ease, share a common shrine and temple built of gold. Each deity has his own image; Mars, a polished iron statue, Venus, one fashioned of the loadstone. The priest duly celebrates their union. The nuptial torch precedes the choir; myrtle wreaths adorn the portals, the couches are piled with roses, while cloth of scarlet dye, as befits a marriage, adorns the bridal chamber. But, lo, a prodigy: Cytherea, without quitting her station, attracts her husband to her, and recalling the scene of which heaven was once witness, clasps Mars to her bosom with amorous breath. There she holds him suspended; her arms enfold the helmet of the god and clasp his whole body in a lifelike embrace. He, stirred by the far-compelling influence of her breath, is drawn towards her by the secret chains of his jewel-bride. Nature presides over the divine marriage; a binding breath woos the steel to wedlock; suddenly two deities are mated in secret union.

What hidden warmth infuses mutual sympathy into these twin metals? What harmony makes one their stubborn souls? The stone sighs and burns, and smitten with love recognizes in the iron the object of its desire, while the iron experiences a gentle attraction for the stone. It is thus that Venus often holds the fierce god of war in check and softens his fiery glance when the angry blood boils within him and with drawn sword he whets his warmth. She alone can face his fierce steeds and appease the tumult of his heart, calming his anger with gentle flame. Peace and quiet are restored within his soul; he

abjures the heat of battle and bends his head, helmed with ruddy plumes, to kiss the goddess.

Cruel boy, is aught beyond thy powers? Thou dost master the mighty thunderbolt; thou canst force the Thunderer to leave the sky and bellow amid the waves. Now thou showest that thou canst smite cold rocks and shapes not instinct with feeling or life, that stone can be wounded by thine arrows. Rocks are stirred by a passion of their own; iron is obedient to thy blandishments; thy flames exercise dominion over hardest marl.

In Praise of Serena

XXX (XXIX)

Say, my muse, why tarriest thou so long to crown Serena's brows with the Pierian garland they so well deserve? Thinkest thou the gift too poor shouldst thou, a queen, deck but with flowers the head of a queen accustomed rather to wear a tiara bright with all the jewels of the Red Sea? Nay, those flowers of thine are such that neither Boreas' cold blast nor Sirius' scorching heat can hurt them; theirs is the bloom of everlasting spring for they have grown by Permessus' fount and been watered by Aganippe's wave. Those flowers have fed the holy bees that skim the meadows and transmit the honey of Helicon to coming generations.

Did ever the single theme of woman's worth more fitly stir other bards? The Greeks sing of Alcestis, that chaste Thessalian, who, to win her husband from death, freely offered herself in his stead, allowing him to enjoy her own span of life. The Latin Muse takes prophetic Tanaquil for her theme or Cloelia breasting Tiber's waves in her return to Rome or the maiden Claudia dragging with her own hair the ship which bore Cybele, what time it stuck fast in that same stream. Does old Homer's soaring soul essay aught else throughout his song? Dangers from Charybdis' gulf, from Scylla's dogs, from Circe's cup, the escape of Ulysses from the greed of Antiphates, the passage of the ship between the rocks where sat the Sirens to whose alluring voices the rowers were deaf, the blinding of Cyclops, the desertion of Calypso — all these do but redound to the glory of Penelope, and the whole scene is set to display her chastity alone. Toils by land and sea, ten years of war, ten years of wandering, all do but illustrate the fidelity of a wife. Let Claudia rejoice in the goddess' witness and with heaven's help vindicate her claim to chastity, freeing at the same moment the vessel's stern and her own character from shame. Let Penelope by artful delays deceive the madness of the suitors and, ever faithful to Ulysses, delude their solicitations, ever winding up again by night the warp of her day-spun web. Yet shall not one of these heroines dare to vie with Serena.

But if noble birth opens the first path to fame and all its causes are to be traced to ancestry, what blood more noble, what birth more gentle than that of royalty? Such majesty could not have flourished within the house of a mere commoner nor could glory so great have sprung from any simple home. Thou art famous for that thine uncle was an emperor, more famous by reason of the warlike deeds of thy grandsire who carried the Roman eagles across the British Channel and repulsed the armed bands of the Gaetulians. Cornelia, daughter of the Scipios, must cease to vaunt her high birth and to boast that she received for dower the spoils of Carthage. Thou canst point to ancestral triumphs in either hemisphere; on thy brow sit two crowns, the one won by

thy sires from Scotland, the other from the South. Thou glory of the world, what time Lucina assisted at the birth of thee, our new star, thy house had not yet taken on itself the government of the whole earth; not till after Serena's birth did it know world-empire.

What human voice can worthily sing thy praises, Spain? Though India first bathes the new-born sun in her ocean yet when the light dies thou waterest his weary steeds and in thy waves the stars find refreshment. Rich in horses, bounteous in crops, dowered with mines, prolific in good emperors, to thee the world owes Trajan, from thee sprang the Aelian race. From thy land came the brothers who now govern us and their father. Other races whom Rome has either received into alliance or subdued by arms serve the varying needs of empire: the corn^o of Egypt, the harvests of Africa go to feed our armies; Gaul recruits our powerful legions; Illyria produces stout horsemen for our cavalry. But Spain alone pays that rarest tribute — the gift of emperors. Corn, money, soldiers come from all the world over and are gathered together from every quarter of the globe; Spain gives us men to govern and direct all this. Nor was she content to be esteemed only for her famous heroes, did she not also excel in heroines, and, emulous to win glory from either sex, bestow upon us Flaccilla, Maria, and the fair Serena.

At thy birth they tell how swelling Tagus o'erflowed the rich fields with gold; Galicia laughed with flowers and on the rose-covered banks of Duria's fair stream the once white fleeces of the sheep were everywhere turned to purple grain. The Cantabrian main cast up jewels upon the shore, and the pale Asturian delves no more into the bowels of the mountain; on the day hallowed by thy birth earth poured forth gold as dross from her open veins. Beneath the caves of the Pyrenees the river Nymphs gather the fiery thunder-stones. The Nereids, yielding to the flowing tide, followed the flooding waves up the river's courses; there, in the sight of all, they acknowledged thee their queen by their applause and celebrated thy coming marriage in prophetic strains. And all the time beneath another sky grew the young Stilicho; he lived unwitting of his fortune, of the destined bride that awaited him afar, and in a distant world was the union of such destinies prepared.

No mortal nurse was worthy to watch over thy cradle. First the Nymphs gave thee suck at their fragrant breasts; the three Graces held thee in their arms and breathing upon thee taught thee to speak. Roses sprang where'er thou didst creep over the grass and white lilies blossomed there; didst thou close thine eyes in quiet sleep, there burgeoned the purple violet to adorn thy grassy couch with her imperial colour. Thy mother dared not tell of such great omens and, knowing her own secret vow, hides with eager hope the fulfilment she prays for.

Thy father Honorius held thee in a close embrace. Whenever Theodosius — not emperor then — came to his brother's house he covered thee with kisses and loved to take thee with him to his own home. Then turning to thy mother with gentle complaint, "Why," thou saidst, "take me from my own

home? This man ever commands." Prophetic was the sportive word and thine infant lips gave augury of empire. At the death of thy sire thine illustrious uncle adopted thee and to console thee for the bitterness of that loss, bestowed upon thee, his brother's child, more love than he could have bestowed on any child of his own. Leda's twin sons were not united with a bond of affection more sure. He gave his own son the name his brother had borne, hoping in some way to discover in that son the image of the brother he had loved and lost. Finally, when the people's choice had summoned him to take up the reins of empire, Theodosius would not vouchsafe his sons any proof of his affection for them until he had summoned thee and thy faithful sister from Spain to the lands of morning.

So now they leave Tagus' banks and the home of the west winds and hasten towards the cities that recognize the empery of the east. They come, the maidens twain, his brother's children, on this side Serena the younger, on that Thermantia the elder born, strange as yet to love; nor has Hymen bent their snowy necks to the yoke of Venus. Spirited yet modest is the glance of each; of each the beauty fires the hearts of men. Such as are Diana and her sister, motherless child of Jove, when they visit the realm of their uncle, lord of the sea (the foaming waves grow smooth before them in honour of the approach of the chaste goddesses; Galatea ceases her mad frolics, bold Triton dares not clasp Cymothoë in his embrace; o'er the whole ocean the dictates of purity hold sway and Proteus prevents even Neptune's flocks from indulging in their shameless amours) — even such the daughters of Honorius enter the palace and view the home of their royal parent. Both did the prince embrace with a father's love but justly did affection more readily turn to thee. Often when, his heart troubled by the anxieties of public business, he returned home depressed or angered, when his own sons fled his presence and even Flaccilla feared to approach her exasperated husband, thou alone wert able to stay his wrath and bring healing with sweet converse. On thy words he would hang, to thee confess his secret thoughts.

Thy modesty, worthy of an earlier age, surpassed even that of modest girlhood. Less chaste than thee was that daughter of Alcinous whom Homer, in his praises of her, compares to Diana; she who spread her clothes on the shore to dry and sported with her attendant maids, throwing a golden ball from hand to hand until she fled in alarm from Ulysses issuing forth from the thicket where he had been enjoying sleep after his shipwreck.

The study of the Muses and the songs of poets of olden time were thy delight. Turning the pages of Homer, bard of Smyrna, or those of Virgil, poet of Mantua, thou findest fault with Helen nor canst approve of Dido. Thy chaste mind fastens upon examples more noble: Laodamia following Protesilaus as he returned to the shades; Euadne who cast herself on the flaming pyre whereon her husband Capaneus perished, wishing to mingle her ashes with his; grave Lucrece who fell upon a chaste sword, she who self-slain bore witness to the tyrant's crime, aroused to war her country's righteous

wrath, drove Tarquin into exile and died gloriously, having avenged by her one sacrifice both chastity and freedom. Of such deeds thou dost read with joy, thyself not less in virtue though more blessed of fortune.

Now that thou art of an age for marriage the hopes of the young courtiers run high, but the prince hesitates to select the happy man who is to share thy couch and regal state.

The pages of the poets tell how ancient kings bade suitors contend on the hard terms of purchasing the bride at hazard of their lives, and rejoiced that death should be the wooer of their daughters. Pelops escaped the weapons of Pisa's king, thanks to the chariot Neptune gave him, for it was Myrtilus who tricked King Oenomaus by withdrawing the lynch-pin from the chariot-wheel. Panting Hippomenes got the better of Atalanta, daughter of Schoeneus, who followed close on his traces, a sword in her hand, by means of the golden apples. The inhabitants of Calydon watched from their high battlements the struggle of Hercules with the river-god when, Deianira being the prize of victory, the panting hero shouted in triumph and Achelous paled and shrank away, shorn of his horn, the wound whereof the astonished river nymphs sought to heal. But it is neither to the apples of the Hesperides nor to victory over a river nor to treacherous tampering with a chariot-wheel that Stilicho owes the winning of thy hand; the emperor himself adjudged him worthy thereof, for that his valour had been proved in countless wars; his own courage won him an empress to wife. Generals have often bestowed decorations on those who have deserved them in battle: one man wins the mural crown, another the civic wreath, a third, for having defeated an enemy's fleet, the naval decoration. Stilicho is the only warrior who, as the reward for signal services in war, has won a grateful father's hand the crown of marriage.

Thermantia owes her uncle no lesser debt of gratitude: she too was married to a general. But how far inferior to thine, Serena, was thy sister's fortune! For thee with fairer promise Rome's guardian-angel kindles the torches, and glorious are the garlands that thy marriage brings. First to be set in his charge is the care of the horses reared in the royal stables, whose dams were Phrygian mares, or such as have pastured on Argos' plains, whose sires were Cappadocians. Soon he exercises a double command in the army and fulfils his functions with such energy and success that, howsoever great the honours heaped upon him by the emperor, his deserts are ever in excess of his reward. Whenever the cloud of war threatened thou mightest have seen experienced commanders of horse and foot give way to a leader younger and of less exalted rank and without more ado entrust to him the whole war. Neither rank nor age stays older men through shame from ready obedience to a youth. As when on a calm sea every sailor maintains his right to manage the rudder, but if the blustering south wind comes upon them and the waves buffet them on either side, then contention ceases and the sailors accepting a more skilful hand admit their fear (for the storm has set a term to their jealousy), even so Stilicho when the storm of war broke out in Thrace was chosen as

commander-in-chief over the heads of all. Fear, that surest of judges, won him the votes of all; regard for safety o'ermastered ambition and jealousy was overthrown by dread.

How thou didst tremble and weep when the cruel bugles summoned thy lord to arms! With a countenance wet with tears thou saw'st him leave thy home praying for his safe return after snatching the final hasty kiss from between the bars of his crested helmet's visor. But again what joy when at length he returned, preceded by the clarion of victory and thou couldst hold his still mailed form in thy loving arms once more! How sweet the long hours of the chaste night wherein thou badest him tell in safety the story of his battles. Whilst he was at the wars thou didst not comb thy shining hair nor wear the jewels that were wont to adorn thee. Thy time is spent in worship and in prayer as thy suppliant tresses sweep the temple floor; uncared for perishes the gracious beauty that shall return with thine own lord.

But love languishes not in idleness and sloth; as far as it could a woman's watchful care seconds his deeds of glory. While he warred with foreign nations thou keepest guard lest mad envy or burning calumny should dare aught against him while far away, and lest, when war was ended abroad, treachery should lie secretly in wait to injure him at home. Thou didst indeed once show thy vigilance what time Rufinus, hatching his plots, sought means to destroy his master by traitorously stirring up the Getae against Rome, for thou didst search out his foul conspiracy and in fear for thy husband's safety, didst send him warning by letters and messages.

Letter to Serena

XXXI (XL)

At the first kindling of Orpheus' marriage-torch when festive Hymen filled the countryside of Thrace the beasts and gay-plumaged birds strove among themselves what best gifts they could bring their poet. Mindful of the cave whose sounding rocks had offered a wondrous theatre for his tuneful lyre, the lynxes brought him crystal from the summits of Caucasus; griffins golden nuggets from regions of the north; doves wreaths of roses and other flowers which they had flown to gather from Venus' meadow; the swan bore from the stream of its native Padus amber broken from the boughs of the famed sisters; while the cranes, after their war with the pygmies, recrossed the Nile and gathered in their mouths the precious pearls of the Red Sea. There came, too, immortal Phoenix from the distant East, bearing rare spices in his curved talons. No bird nor beast was there but brought to that marriage-feast tribute so richly deserved by Orpheus' lyre.

Busily Calliopea decked her son's bride with her riches and all the treasures of Helicon, and, moreover, with a mother's pride dared to invite to her son's wedding the queen of starry heaven herself. The queen of the gods spurned not her request either out of respect for Calliopea herself or because she was drawn by a just affection for the pious poet who had so often in her honour chanted his songs before her altars, hymning Juno's godhead with his sweet voice and telling of the battles of her lord the Thunderer waged on the plains of Phlegra, and of the menace of Enceladus and the Titans there broken. Straightway, counting the marriage-night worthy of her presence, she brought heavenly gifts to deck the bridal, gifts such as stoop not to adorn mortals, gifts that the gods alone may possess. But as Juno showed herself gracious to Thracian Orpheus, so wilt thou, Serena, be favourable to my prayers. The stars, her slaves, obey the nod of her head; thee land and sea, subdued beneath thy feet, obey. I did not, as other suitors use, promise at my courtship fields where graze unnumbered flocks nor hills covered with countless vines, nor rich olive-trees waving in the breeze their grey foliage, nor harvests reaped by a thousand scythes, nor a lofty palace with golden pillars. Enough was the mandate of a goddess; thy letter, Serena, stands me in stead of flocks, of harvests, of palace. The shadow of thy name has won over her parents and an imperial prayer concealed my poverty. When Serena writes, what with such words could not the empire's spirit or duteous love accomplish?

Would heaven had allowed me to solemnize the longed-for day in the light of thy presence, in thy lord's camp, before thy son-in-law's throne. The royal purple would have been a good omen for our union, the august assembly of the court would have graced the ceremony and the hand which, by writing that

letter, promised me my bride would have kindled the torch to light her to the altar. Now that the envious sea deprives me of my fondest hopes and stretches between thee and the coasts of Libya, yet, though absent, be gracious unto me, O queen, and of thy goodness grant me a safe return as by a nod of thy head thou, a goddess, canst do. Make straight the paths of earth; bid but gentle breezes blow and a calm sea prosper my voyage, that the Muses and Aganippe's stream, the fount of song, may hymn thy praises in gratitude for the saving of their servant, the poet.

The Savior

XXXII (XCV)

Christ, lord of the world, founder of a new age of gold, voice and wisdom of the Most High, proceeding from the Father's lofty mind and given by that Father a share in the governance of this great universe, thou hast overcome the sins of this our mortal life, for thou hast suffered thy Godhead to be clothed in human form and hath allowed mankind to address thee face to face and confess thee man. The swelling womb of the Virgin Mary conceived thee after that she had been visited by the angel, and the unwed mother, destined to give birth to her own creator, was astonished at the unborn child that grew within her body. A mortal womb hid the artificer of the heavens: the creator of the world became a part of human nature. In one body was conceived the God who embraces the whole wide world, and he whom nor earth nor sea nor sky can contain was enclosed by the limbs of a little child. Thou wert punished and didst suffer too, for our sins, to save us from destruction, and didst by thy death overcome Death. Then didst Thou ascend into Heaven, returning to the Father who rejoiced at the salvation of the world.

Bless Thou our Emperor that at holy seasons he may for many years to come observe the fast-days of the calendar.

On a Crystal Enclosing a Drop of Water

XXXIII (LVI)

This piece of ice still shows traces of its original nature: part of it has become stone, part resisted the cold. It is a freak of winter's, more precious by reason of its incomplete crystallization, for that the jewel contains within itself living water.

XXXIV (LVII)

Ye waters, who confine waters in a prison akin to them, ye that are liquid still and ye that were so, what wit has united you? By what trick of freezing is the marvellous stone at once hard and wet? what contained heat has protected those enclosed waters? what warm wind melted that heart of ice? How comes it that the jewel in whose heart the water ebbs and flows was either made solid or liquid by frost?

XXXV (LVIII)

Alpine ice was becoming so hard that the sun could not melt it, and this excess of cold was like to make it precious as diamond. But it could not imitate that stone in its entirety for at its heart lay a drop of water which betrayed its nature. As crystal its value is enhanced, for this liquid rock is accounted a miracle and the water enclosed within it increases its rarity.

XXXVI (LIX)

See this vein which runs in a bright streak through the translucent ice. This hidden water fears not any blast of Boreas nor winter's chill but runs this way and that. It is not frozen by December's cold, nor dried up by July's sun, nor wasted away by all-consuming time.

XXXVII (LX)

Safely hidden away in this round covering is a stream, an errant spring, enclosed within frozen waters. Mark you not how the crystal is all awash in its cavernous heart where living waters surge this way and that, and how, when the sun penetrates its frozen depths, the hues of the rainbow are reflected in it? Wonderful stone, wonderful water: stranger than all rivers and all stones because it is a stone and yet fluid.

XXXVIII (LXI)

Children love to handle this shining crystal and turn its chilly mass over and

over in their little hands; they see imprisoned in the transparent rock the water which alone winter forbore to freeze. Placing the dry sphere against their thirsty lips they press useless kisses on that which guards the waters they desire.

XXXIX (LXII)

Do not despise this sphere of rock-crystal. Kings' palaces contain no rarer jewel, nor are the Red Sea's pearls of greater value. It may be shapeless ice, unpolished rock, a rough, uncarven mass, yet is it accounted among the most precious of riches.

Letters to Olybrius and to Probinus

XL (XLI) . *Letter to Olybrius.*

What am I to think, that you send me no greeting, that no “Good wishes” traced by your fingers come back to me in turn? Is writing so difficult? Nay, who so eloquent as thou whether thou dost compose verses or, a second Cicero, thunder forth thy speeches? Greater even than thy riches is thy genius, greater thine eloquence even than thy wealth. Are the posts infrequent? Nay, couriers’ feet never allow the dust to lie on the Flaminian Way. If, then, thou hast the power to write and messengers in plenty to carry thy letters what reason hast thou for thy silence unless indeed thou wish to slight me? I take it thou hast abandoned thy poet and wilt have none of him (though I can scarce believe it); or distance has made thy heart less fond. Dost thou forget me? Now shall Hydaspes lay the day to rest, and thou, O sun, rise from out the seas of Spain; now shall Egypt change her nature and glisten with Getic frost and the Bear bathe him in forbidden waters. No, if Olybrius now disdains my love then ’tis sure Orestes’ loyalty availed nought. Nay come, banish delay and to console thy friend speak to him from far away with richer eloquence; hither let many a letter hasten with winged speech, to find its way to my shelves and to my heart. Augustus disdained not to write to poor Vergil and my muse shall never bring thee shame. Farewell.

XLI (XXLX) . *Letter to Probinus.*

How long, pray, shall there be silence between us? When shall a welcome letter win a dear return? Is it right to call me timid or rather thee proud? Surely each shares the other’s fault. The days slip away and while each is ashamed to be the first to write our hesitation leads to an unbroken silence. Yet what am I to do? Respect forbids me to write first; love encourages me to do so. Let love have his way. Fortune favours the brave, as the old poet sang. Under her guidance I could not hesitate to speak, though thou still keep silence. If I shall seem overbold or guilty of some grave fault, thou mayst blame but I shall not bear the burden of ingratitude. ’Twas when thou wert consul that I first drank of the stream of Latin song and that my Muse, deserting Hellas, assumed the Roman toga. From thy consulship my youth drew its omens and to thee I shall owe my future destiny. Be moved by my importunity and after so long a delay answer my letter. Farewell, Probinus; be thy father’s fortune thine.

The Wild Boar and the Lion

A dark boar and a tawny lion met once in battle, each exulting in his strength: the one shook his cruel bristles, the other his dreadful mane. One was Mars' favourite, the other Cybele's: both kings of the mountains, both engaged the labours of Heracles.

Against Curetius

Uranus, Curetius' father, could set deceptive stars in a sphere of glass, gloomily shake his head over the errant course of Saturn, or ensure for a trifle the favourable influence of Jupiter. The father's chicanery meets with its punishment, so long deferred, in the son whose mouth needs must pay the just penalty. For filthy are his delights and he wastes all his substance in wantoning and debauchery. And so the tongue of the son has squandered all the riches which that of his lying father gathered together.

The Same

Wouldst thou, Curetius, have sure knowledge of thy horoscope, I can give it thee better than even thy father. Thy madness thou owest to the evil influence of Mars; thine ignorance of poetry to enfeebling Mercury; thy shameful disease and premature decay to lady Moon and lady Venus; Saturn has robbed thee of thy property. But this one fact is beyond me: — what causes thy filthy ways?

The Shell

Nymph, come from Helicon and pour herein thy limpid waters; fill all the vast extent of this wondrous shell. Surely the water that has bathed the face of the poetess Serena will have more virtue than all the streams of Castalia.

On a Cloak and a Bridle

His loving mother did not always fashion for her dear son Achilles those round shields that did affright the world; she did not constantly approach the fiery caverns of the god of Lemnos, begging a plumèd helmet for her son. She gave him, besides these, garments of peace and unwarlike adornments wherewith, after the toils of war, he might shine conspicuous among the chiefs of the Achaeans. With her own hand she wove him cloaks of purple and gold and with patient care studded with ocean gems bridles to adorn his fleet steeds, Xanthus and Balius.

On thee, most puissant emperor, thy wife's parents bestow diverse presents. Stilicho gives thee warlike gifts — slaughter of barbarians and victories on the Rhine; Serena, content to do such work as befits a queen, plies her busy loom to weave thee raiment.

On a Gift to a Horse

Happy steed, whose good fortune it is to obey the directing hand of a god and to be guided by a sacred bit. Whether on the plains of Spain the wind tossed thy mane in sport, or thou didst bathe in the melted snows of Mount Argæus, in some fertile valley of Cappadocia, or thou didst scour the rich pasture-lands of Thessaly in wind-swift course, receive this royal harness and, tossing thy proud mane, fleck with foam the bridle studded with emeralds. Arch thy haughty neck beneath its collar of pearls; let cloth of purple and gold clothe thy shoulders and a belt of many colours worked by Serena's chaste hands pass beneath thy belly. 'Tis an ornament worthy the kings of Persia. Such is her motherly love that to enhance her son-in-law's glory she disdains not to embroider the very harness of his horses.

On a Strap embroidered by Serena for Honorius' Horse

Receive at a sister's hand a small gift, revered prince, a gift embroidered by her own hand; the bridle of thy champing steed is of gold, his head-harness studded with jewels; use now this strap to pass beneath his belly. Whether his home was the grassy plain of Armenia, or by the Halys, swollen with the melted snows of Mount Argaeus wherein he was wont to bathe, he well deserves an emerald-encrusted bit to champ in his blood-flecked mouth and cloth of Tyrian purple to adorn his back. How conscious he is of his own beauty as he steps high and shakes his flowing mane over his proud neck! The slight nature of the present is dignified by the affection of Serena who for her brothers decks even their swift steeds.

The Electric Ray

Who has not heard of the invincible skill of the dread torpedo and of the powers that win it its name?

Its body is soft and its motion slow. Scarcely does it mark the sand o'er which it crawls so sluggishly. But nature has armed its flanks with a numbing poison and mingled with its marrow chill to freeze all living creatures, hiding as it were its own winter in its heart. The fish seconds nature's efforts with its own guilefulness; knowing its own capabilities, it employs cunning, and trusting to its power of touch lies stretched full length among the seaweed and so attacks its prey. It stays motionless; all that have touched it lie benumbed. Then, when success has crowned its efforts, it springs up and greedily devours without fear the living limbs of its victim.

Should it carelessly swallow a piece of bait that hides a hook of bronze and feel the pull of the jagged barbs, it does not swim away nor seek to free itself by vainly biting at the line; but artfully approaches the dark line and, though a prisoner, forgets not its skill, emitting from its poisonous veins an effluence which spreads far and wide through the water. The poison's bane leaves the sea and creeps up the line; it will soon prove too much for the distant fisherman. The dread paralysing force rises above the water's level and climbing up the drooping line, passes down the jointed rod, and congeals, e'er he is even aware of it, the blood of the fisherman's victorious hand. He casts away his dangerous burden and lets go his rebel prey, returning home disarmed without his rod.

Against James Commander of the Cavalry

L (LXXVII)

By the ashes of S. Paul and the shrine of revered S. Peter, do not pull my verses to pieces, General James. So may S. Thomas prove a buckler to protect thy breast and S. Bartholomew bear thee company to the wars; so may the blessed saints prevent the barbarians from crossing the Alps and Suzanna endow thee with her strength; so, should any savage foe seek to swim across the Danube, let him be drowned therein like the swift chariots of Pharaoh; so may an avenging javelin strike the Getic hordes and the favour of Thecla guide the armies of Rome; so may thy guests dying in their efforts to out-drink thee assure thy board its triumph of hospitality and the broached casks o'ercome thy thirst; so may thy hand ne'er be red with an enemy's blood — do not, I say, pull my verses to pieces.

Archimedes' Sphere

LI (LXVIII)

When Jove looked down and saw the heavens figured in a sphere of glass he laughed and said to the other gods: "Has the power of mortal effort gone so far? Is my handiwork now mimicked in a fragile globe? An old man of Syracuse has imitated on earth the laws of the heavens, the order of nature, and the ordinances of the gods. Some hidden influence within the sphere directs the various courses of the stars and actuates the lifelike mass with definite motions. A false zodiac runs through a year of its own, and a toy moon waxes and wanes month by month. Now bold invention rejoices to make its own heaven revolve and sets the stars in motion by human wit. Why should I take umbrage at harmless Salmoneus and his mock thunder? Here the feeble hand of man has proved Nature's rival."

The Battle of the Giants

LII (XXXVII)

Once upon a time mother Earth, jealous of the heavenly kingdoms and in pity for the ceaseless woes of the Titans, filled all Tartarus with a monster brood, thus giving birth to that which proved a very bane. Her womb swollen with this monstrous birth she opened Phlegra's side and brought forth foes against heaven. With a noise as of thunder they burst forth in profusion and, scarce born, prepare their hands for war, as with twofold trail they writhe their hissing course. Suddenly the stars grow pale, Phoebus turns his rosy steeds and, impelled by fear, retraces his steps. The Bear takes refuge in the Ocean, and the unsettling Triones learned to endure setting. Then their angry mother stirred up her sons to war with words such as these: "Children, ye shall conquer heaven: all that ye see is the prize of victory; win, and the universe is yours. At last shall Saturn's son feel the weight of my wrath; shall recognize Earth's power. What! can any force conquer me? Has Cybele born sons superior to mine? Why has Earth no honour? Why is she ever condemned to bitter loss? Has any form of injury passed me by? There hangs luckless Prometheus in yon Scythian vale, feeding the vulture on his living breast; yonder, Atlas supports the weight of the starry heavens upon his head, and his grey hair is frozen stiff with cruel cold. What need to tell of Tityus whose liver is ever renewed beneath the savage vulture's beak, to contend with his heavy punishment? Up, army of avengers, the hour is come at last, free the Titans from their chains; defend your mother. Here are seas and mountains, limbs of my body, but care not for that. Use them as weapons. Never would I hesitate to be a weapon for the destruction of Jove. Go forth and conquer; throw heaven into confusion, tear down the towers of the sky. Let Typhoeus seize the thunderbolt and the sceptre; Enceladus, rule the sea, and another in place of the sun guide the reins of dawn's coursers. Porphyryon, wreath thou thy head with Delphi's laurel and take Cirrha for thy sanctuary."

This exhortation filled their minds with vain hopes. They think themselves already victors o'er the gods, imagine they have thrown Neptune into chains and dragged him a prisoner from Ocean's bed. One thinks to lay Mars low, one to tear Phoebus' locks from his head; one assigns Venus to himself, another anticipates in thought his marriage with Diana, and another is all aflame to do violence to chaste Minerva.

Meanwhile Iris, messenger of the gods, summons the immortal council. There come the deities of river and lake; the very ghosts were there in heaven's defence. Hell's shady portals could not hold Proserpine afar; the king of the silent himself advances in his Lethaeon chariot. His horses fear the light which hitherto their astonished eyes have never looked upon and, swerving this way and that, they breathe forth thick vapour from their soot-

black nostrils. As, when an enemy's siege-engine affrights a town, the citizens run together from all sides to defend their citadel, so gods of all shapes and forms came together to protect their father's home. Them Jove thus addressed: "Deathless army, whose dwelling-place is, and must ever be, the sky, ye whom no adverse fortune can ever harm, mark ye how Earth with her new children conspires against our kingdom and undismayed has given birth to another brood? Wherefore, for all the sons she bore, let us give back to their mother as many dead; let her mourning last through the ages as she weeps by as many graves as she now has children."

The clouds echo the blast of heaven's trumpets; on this side Heaven, on that Earth, sounds the attack. Once more Nature is thrown into confusion and fears for her lord. The puissant company of the giants confounds all differences between things; islands abandon the deep; mountains lie hidden in the sea. Many a river is left dry or has altered its ancient course. One giant brandishes Thessalian Oeta in his mighty hand, another gathers all his strength and hurls Pangaeus at the foe, Athos with his snows arms another; this one roots up Ossa, that tears out Rhodope and Hebrus' source, dividing the waters that before were one; Enipeus, gathered up with its beetling crags, scatters its waters over yon giant's shoulders: robbed of her mountains Earth sank into level plains, parted among her own sons.

On all sides a horrid din resounds and only the air divides the rival armies. First impetuous Mars urges against the horrid band his Thracian steeds that oft have driven in rout Getae or Geloni. Brighter than flame shines his golden shield, high towers the crest of his gleaming helmet. Dashing into the fray he first encounters Pelorus and transfixes him with his sword, where about the groin the two-bodied serpent unites with his own giant form, and thus with one blow puts an end to three lives. Exulting in his victory he drives his chariot over the dying giant's limbs till the wheels ran red with blood.

Mimas ran forward to avenge his brother. He had torn Lemnos and with it Vulcan's fiery house from out the foaming main, and was on the point of hurling it when Mars' javelin prevented him, scattering the brain from his shattered skull. What was giant in him died, but the serpent legs still lived, and, hissing vengeance, sought to attack the victor after Mimas' death.

Minerva rushed forward presenting her breast whereon glittered the Gorgon's head. The sight of this, she knew, was enough: she needed not to use a spear. One look sufficed. Pallas drew no nearer, rage as he might, for he was the first to be changed into rock. When, at a distance from his foe, without a wound, he found himself rooted to the ground, and felt the murderous visage turn him, little by little, to stone (and all but stone he was) he called out, "What is happening to me? What is this ice that creeps o'er all my limbs? What is this numbness that holds me prisoner in these marble fetters?" Scarce had he uttered these few words when he was what he feared, and savage Damastor, seeking a weapon wherewith to repel the foe, hurled at them in place of a rock his brother's stony corpse.

Then Echion, marveling, all ignorant, at his brother's death, even as he seeks to assail the author of the deed, turned his gaze upon thee, goddess, whom alone no man may see twice. Beaten audacity well deserved its punishment and in death he learned to know the goddess. But Palleneus, mad with anger, turning his eyes aside, rushed at Minerva, striking at her with undirected sword. Nigh at hand the goddess smote him with her sword, and at the same time the snakes froze at the Gorgon's glance, so that of one body a part was killed by a weapon and a part by a mere look.

Impious Porphyryon, carried by his serpents into the middle of the sea, tried to uproot trembling Delos, wishing to hurl it at the sky. The Aegean was affrighted; Thetis and her aged sire fled from their watery caverns; the palace of Neptune, regarded with awe by all the denizens of the deep, lay deserted. The summit of Cynthus rang with the cries of the gentle nymphs who had taught Phoebus' unpractised hand to shoot at the wandering beasts with his bow, they who first had prepared the bed for weeping Latona when, in labour with the lights of heaven, she blessed the world with twin offspring. Delos in terror called her lord Phoebus to help her and begged him for aid: "In remembrance of the time when Latona entrusted thine infant life to my care, help me who thus call upon thee. Behold, once more they seek to uproot me. . . ."

The Rape of Proserpine

BOOK I. PREFACE.

(XXXII)

He who first made a ship and clave therewith the deep, troubling the waters with roughly hewn oars, who first dared trust his alder-bark to the uncertain winds and who by his skill devised a way forbidden of nature, fearfully at the first essayed smooth seas, hugging the shore in an unadventurous course. But soon he began to attempt the crossing of the broad bays, to leave the land and spread his canvas to the gentle south wind; and, as little by little his growing courage led him on, and as his heart forgot numbing fear, sailing now at large, he burst upon the open sea and, with the signs of heaven to guide him, passed triumphant through the storms of the Aegean and the Ionian main.

BOOK I.

(XXXIII)

My full heart bids me boldly sing the horses of the ravisher from the underworld and the stars darkened by the shadow of his infernal chariot and the gloomy chambers of the queen of Hell. Come not nigh, ye unititiate. Now has divine madness driven all mortal thoughts from my breast, and my heart is filled with Phoebus' inspiration; now see I the shrine reel and its foundations totter while the threshold glows with radiant light telling that the god is at hand. And now I hear a loud din from the depths of the earth, the temple of Cecrops re-echoes and Eleusis waves its holy torches. The hissing snakes of Triptolemus raise their scaly necks chafed by the curving collar, and, uptowering as they glide smoothly along, stretch forth their rosy crests toward the chant. See from afar rises Hecate with her three various heads and with her comes forth Iacchus smooth of skin, his temples crowned with ivy. There clothes him the pelt of a Parthian tiger, its gilded claws knotted together, and the Lydian thyrsus guides his drunken footsteps.

Ye gods, whom the numberless host of the dead serves in ghostly Avernus, into whose greedy treasury is paid all that perishes upon earth, ye whose fields the pale streams of intertwining Styx surround, while Phlegethon, his rapids tossed in spray, flows through them with steaming eddies — do you unfold for me the mysteries of your sacred story and the secrets of your world. Say with what torch the god of love overcame Dis, and tell how Proserpine was stolen away in her maiden pride to win Chaos as a dower; and how through many lands Ceres, sore troubled, pursued her anxious search; whence corn^o was given to man whereby he laid aside his acorn food, and the new-found ear made useless Dodona's oaks.

Once on a time the lord of Erebus blazed forth in swelling anger, threatening war upon the gods, because he alone was unwed and had long wasted the years in childless state, brooking no longer to lack the joys of wedlock and a husband's happiness nor ever to know the dear name of father. Now all the monsters that lurk in Hell's abyss rush together in warlike bands, and the Furies bind themselves with an oath against the Thunderer. Tisiphone, the bloody snakes clustering on her head, shakes the lurid pine-torch and summons to the ghostly camp the armèd shades. Almost had the elements, once more at war with reluctant nature, broken their bond; the Titan brood, their deep prison-house thrown open and their fetters cast off, had again seen heaven's light; and once more bloody Aegaeon, bursting the knotted ropes that bound his huge form, had warred against the thunderbolts of Jove with hundred-handed blows.

But the dread Fates brought these threats to naught, and, fearing for the world, gravely laid their hoary locks before the feet and throne of the lord of

Hell, and with suppliant tears touched his knees with their hands — those hands beneath whose rule all things are set, whose thumbs twist the thread of fate and spin the long ages with their iron spindles. First Lachesis, her hair unkempt and disordered, thus called out upon the cruel king: “Great lord of night, ruler over the shades, thou at whose command our threads are spun, who appointest the end and origin of all things and ordainest the alternation of birth and destruction; arbiter thou of life and death — for whatsoever thing comes anywhere into being it is by thy gift that it is created and owes its life to thee, and after a fixed cycle of years thou sendest souls once more into mortal bodies — seek not to break the stablished treaty of peace which our distaffs have spun and given thee, and overturn not in civil war the compact fixed ‘twixt thee and thy two brothers. Why raisest thou unrighteous standards of war? Why freest the foul band of Titans to the open air? Ask of Jove; he will give thee a wife.”

Scarce had she spoken when Pluto stopped, shamed by her prayer, and his grim spirit grew mild though little wont to be curbed: even so great Boreas, armed with strident blasts and tempestuous with congealed snow, his wings all frozen with Getic hail as he seeks battle, threatens to overwhelm the sea, the woods, and the fields with sounding storm; but should Aeolus chance to bar against him the brazen doors idly his fury dies away and his storms retire baulked to their prison-house.

Then he bids summon Mercury, the son of Maia, that he may carry these flaming words to Jove. Straightway the wingèd god of Cyllene stands at his side shaking his sleepy wand, his herald cap upon his head. Pluto himself sits propped on his rugged throne, awful in funereal majesty; foul with age-long dust is his mighty sceptre; boding clouds make grim his lofty head; unpitying is the stiffness of his dread shape; rage heightened the terror of his aspect. Then with uplifted head he thunders forth these words, while, as the tyrant speaks, his halls tremble and are still; the massy hound, guardian of the gate, restrains the barking of his triple head, and Cocytus sinks back repressing his fount of tears; Acheron is dumb with silent wave, and the banks of Phlegethon cease their murmuring. “Grandchild of Atlas, Arcadian-born, deity that sharest hell and heaven, thou who alone hast the right to cross either threshold, and art the intermediary between the two worlds, go swiftly, cleave the winds, and bear these my behests to proud Jove. ‘Hast thou, cruel brother, such complete authority over me? Did injurious fortune rob me at once of power and light? Because day was reft from me, lost I therefore strength and weapons? Thinkest thou me humble and cowed because I hurl not bolts forged by the Cyclops and fool not the empty air with thunder? Is it not enough that deprived of the pleasant light of day I submit to the ill-fortune of the third and final choice and these hideous realms, whilst thee the starry heavens adorn and the Wain surrounds with twinkling brilliance — must thou also forbid our marriage? Amphitrite, daughter of Nereus, holds Neptune in her sea-grey embrace; Juno, thy sister and thy wife, takes thee to her bosom when

wearied thou layest aside thy thunderbolts. What need to tell of thy secret love for Lato or Ceres or great Themis? How manifold a hope of offspring was thine! Now a crowd of happy children surrounds thee. And shall I in this empty palace, sans joy, sans fame, know no child's love to still instant care? I will not brook so dull a life. I swear by elemental night and the unexplored shallows of the Stygian lake, if thou refuse to hearken to my word I will throw open Hell and call forth her monsters, will break Saturn's old chains and shroud the sun in darkness. The framework of the world shall be loosened and the shining heavens mingle with Avernus' shades.'"

Scarce had he spoken when his messenger trod the stars. The Father heard the message and, communing with himself, debated long who would dare such a marriage, who would wish to exchange the sun for the caves of Styx. He would fain decide and at length his fixed purpose grew.

Ceres, whose temple is at Henna, had but one youthful daughter, a child long prayed for; for the goddess of birth granted no second offspring, and her womb, exhausted by that first labour, became unfruitful. Yet prouder is the mother above all mothers, and Proserpine such as to take the place of many. Her mother's care and darling is she; not more lovingly does the fierce mother cow tend her calf that cannot as yet scamper over the fields and whose growing horns curve not yet moonwise over her forehead. As the years were fulfilled she had grown a maiden ripe for marriage, and thoughts of the torch of wedlock stir her girlish modesty, but while she longs for a husband she yet fears to plight troth. The voice of suitors is heard throughout the palace; two gods woo the maiden, Mars, more skilled with the shield, and Phoebus, the mightier bowman. Mars offers Rhodope, Phoebus would give Amyclae, and Delos and his temple at Claros; in rivalry Juno and Latona claim her for a son's wife. But golden-haired Ceres disdains both, and fearing lest her daughter should be stolen away (how blind to the future!) secretly entrusts her jewel to the land of Sicily, confident in the safe nature of this hiding-place.

Trinacria was once a part of Italy but sea and tide changed the face of the land. Victorious Nereus brake his bounds and interflowed the cleft mountains with his waves whereby a narrow channel now separates these kindred lands. Nature now thrusts out into the sea the three-cornered island, cut off from the mainland to which it once belonged. At one extremity the promontory of Pachynum hurls back with jutting crags the furious waves of the Ionian main, round another roars the African sea that rises and beats upon the curving harbour of Lilybaeum, at the third the raging Tyrrhenian flood, impatient of restraint, shakes the obstacle of Cape Pelorus. In the midst of the island rise the charred cliffs of Aetna, eloquent monument of Jove's victory over the Giants, the tomb of Enceladus, whose bound and bruised body breathes forth endless sulphur clouds from its burning wounds. Whene'er his rebellious shoulders shift their burden to the right or left, the island is shaken from its foundations and the walls of tottering cities sway this way and that.

The peaks of Aetna thou must know by sight alone; to them no foot may

approach. The rest is clothed with foliage but the summit no husbandman tills. Now it sends forth native smoke and with pitch-black cloud darkens and oppresses the day, now with awful stirrings it threatens the stars and feeds its flame with the dread fruit of its own body. But though it boils and bursts forth with such great heat yet it knows how to observe a truce with the snow, and together with glowing ashes the ice grows hard, protected from the great heat and secured by indwelling cold, so that the harmless flame licks the neighbouring frost with breath that keeps its compact. What huge engine hurls those rocks; what vast force piles rock on rock? Whence flows forth that fiery stream? Whether it be that the wind, forcing its way past hidden barriers, rages amid the fissured rocks that seek to bar its passage and, seeking a way of escape, sweeps the crumbling caverns with its wandering blasts in its bid for freedom, or that the sea, flowing in through the bowels of the sulphurous mountain, bursts into flame when its waters are compressed and casts up great rocks, I know not.

When the loving mother had entrusted her charge to the secret keeping of Henna she went freed from care to visit tower-crowned Cybele in her Phrygian home, driving a car drawn by twining serpents which cleave the pervious clouds on their wingèd course and fleck the bit with harmless poison. Their heads are crested and spots of green mottle their backs while sparkling gold glints amid their scales. Now they swim circling through the air, now they skim the fields with low-driven course. The passing wheels sow the plough-land with golden grain and their track grows yellow with corn. Sprouting stalks cover their traces and attendant crops clothe the path of the goddess.

Now is left behind Aetna, and all Sicily sinks lessening into the distance. Ah, how often, foreknowing of coming ill, did she mar her cheek with welling tears; how often look back upon her home with words like these: "Be happy, dear land, dearer than heaven to me, into thy safe keeping I commend my daughter, my sole joy, loved fruit of my labour. No despicable reward shall be thine, for thou shalt suffer no hoe nor shall the cruel iron of the ploughshare know thy soil. Untilled thy fields shall bear fruit, and though thine oxen plough not, a richer husbandman shall view with wonder the self-sown harvest." So spake she and reached Mount Ida, drawn by her yellow serpents.

Here is the queenly seat of the goddess and in her holy temple the sacred statue, o'ershadowed by the thick leaves of the pine wood which, though no storm wind shakes the grove, gives forth creakings with its cone-bearing branches. Within are the dread bands of the initiate with whose wild chantings the shrine rings; Ida is loud with howlings and Gargarus bends his woods in fear. As soon as Ceres appears the drums restrain their rattle; the choirs are silent and the Corybantes stay the flourish of their knives. Pipes and cymbals are still, and the lions sink their manes in greeting. Cybele rejoicing runs forth from the shrine and bends her towered head to kiss her guest.

Long had Jove seen this, watching from his lofty seat, and to Venus he thus

enfolded the secrets of his heart: "Goddess of Cythera, I will impart to thee my hidden troubles; long ago I decided that fair Proserpine should be given in marriage to the lord of Hell; such is Atropos' bidding, such old Themis' prophecy. Now that her mother has left her is the time for action. Do thou visit the confines of Sicily, and armed with thy wiles, lead Ceres' daughter to sport in the level meads what time to-morrow's light has unfolded the rosy dawn; employ those arts with which thou art wont to inflame all things, often even myself. Why should the nether kingdoms know not love? Let no land be free and no breast even amid the shades unfired by Venus. At last let the gloomy Fury feel the sting of passion and Acheron and the steely heart of stern Dis grow tender with love's arrows."

Venus hastes to do his bidding; and at their sire's behest there join her Pallas and Diana whose bent bow affrights all Maenalus' slopes. Neath her divine feet the path shone bright, even as a comet, fraught with augury of ill, falls headlong, a glowing portent of blood-red fire; no sailor may look on it and live, no people view it but to their destruction; the message of its threatening tail is storm to ships and enemy's attack to cities. They reached the place where shone Ceres' palace, firm-built by the Cyclopes' hands; up tower the iron walls, iron stand the gates, and steel bars secure the massy doors. Neither Pyragmon nor Steropes e'er builded a work with toil so great as that, nor ever did bellows breathe forth such blasts nor the molten mass of metal flow in a stream so deep that the very furnaces were weary of heating it. The hall was walled with ivory; the roof strengthened with beams of bronze and supported by lofty columns of electron.

Proserpine herself, soothing the house with sweet song, was sewing all in vain a gift against her mother's return. In this cloth she embroidered with her needle the concourse of atoms and the dwelling of the Father of the gods and pictured how mother Nature ordered elemental chaos, and how the first principles of things sprang apart, each to his proper place — those that were light being born aloft, the heavier ones falling to the centre. The air grew bright and fire chose the pole as its seat. Here flowed the sea; there hung the earth suspended. Many were the colours she employed, tricking the stars with gold and flowing the sea with purple. The shore she embossed with precious stones and cunningly employed raised threadwork to imitate the swelling billows. You might have thought you saw the seaweed dashed against the rocks and heard the murmur of the hissing waves flooding up the thirsty sands. Five zones she added; indicating it with red yarn: its desert confines are parched and the thread she used was dried by the sun's unfailing heat. On either side lay the two habitable zones, blessed with mild climate fit for the life of man. At the top and bottom she set the two frozen zones, portraying eternal winter's horror in her weaving and the gloom of never-ceasing cold. Further she embroidered the accursed seat of her uncle, Dis, and the nether gods, her destined fellows. Nor did the omen pass unmarked, for prophetic of the future her cheeks grew wet with sudden tears.

Next she began to trace Ocean's glassy shallows at the tapestry's farthest edge, but at that moment the doors opened, she saw the goddesses enter, and left her work unfinished. A glowing blush that mantled to her clear cheeks suffused her fair countenance and lit the torches of stainless purity. Not so beautiful even the glow of ivory which a Lydian maid has stained with Sidon's scarlet dye.

Now the sun was dipped in Ocean, and misty Night scattering sleep had brought for mortals ease and leisure in her black two-horsed chariot; when Pluto, warned by his brother, made his way to the upper air. The dread fury Allecto yokes to the chariot-pole the two fierce pairs of steeds that graze Cocytus' banks and roam the dark meads of Erebus, and, drinking the rotting pools of sluggish Lethe, let dark oblivion drip from their slumbrous lips — Orphnaeus, savage and fleet, Aethon, swifter than an arrow, great Nycteus, proud glory of Hell's steeds, and Alastor, branded with the mark of Dis. These stood harnessed before the door and savagely champed the bit all eager for the morrow's enjoyment of their destined booty.

BOOK II. PREFACE.

(XXXIV)

When Orpheus sought repose and, lulling his song to sleep, had long laid aside his neglected task, the Nymphs complained that their joy had been reft from them and the sad rivers mourned the loss of his tuneful lays. Nature's savagery returned and the heifer in terror of the lion looked in vain for help from the now voiceless lyre. The rugged mountains lamented his silence and the woods that had so often followed his Thracian lute.

But after that Hercules, setting forth from Inachian Argos, reached the plains of Thrace on his mission of salvation, and destroying the stables of Diomede, fed the horses of the bloody tyrant on grass, then it was that the poet, o'erjoyed at his country's happy fate, took up at once more the tuneful strings of his flute long laid aside, and touching its idle chords with the smooth quill, plied the famed ivory with festal fingers. Scarce had they heard him when the winds and waves were stilled; Hebrus flowed more sluggishly with reluctant stream, Rhodope stretched out her rocks all eager for the song, and Ossa, his summit less exalted, shook off his coat of snow. The tall poplar and the pine, accompanied by the oak, left the slopes of treeless Haemus, and even the laurel came, allured by the voice of Orpheus, though erstwhile it had despised Apollo's art. Molossian dogs fawned playfully on fearless hares, and the lamb made room for the wolf by her side. Does sported in amity with the striped tiger and hinds had no fear of the lion's mane.

He sang the stings of a step-dame's ire and the deeds of Hercules, the monsters overcome by his strong right arm; how while yet a child he had shown the strangled snakes to his terrified mother, and had laughed, fearlessly scorning such dangers. "Thee nor the bull that shook with his bellowing the cities of Crete alarmed, nor the savagery of the hound of Hell; thee not the lion, soon to become a constellation in the heavens, nor the wild boar that brought renown to Erymanthus' height. Thou hast stripped the Amazons of their girdles, shot with thy bow the birds of Stymphalus, and driven home the cattle of the western clime. Thou hast o'erthrown the many limbs of the triple-headed monster and returned thrice victorious from a single foe. Vain the falls of Antaeus, vain the sprouting of the Hydra's new heads. Its winged feet availed not to save Diana's deer from thy hand. Cacus' flames were quenched and Nile ran rich with Busiris' blood. Pholoë's slopes reeked with the slaughter of the cloud-born Centaurs. Thee the curving shoe of Libya held in awe; thee the mighty Ocean gazed at in amaze when thou laidst the world's bulk on thy back; on the neck of Hercules the heaven was poised more surely; the sun and stars coursed over thy shoulders."

So sang the Thracian bard. But thou, Florentinus, art a second Hercules to me. 'Tis thou causest my quill to stir, 'tis thou disturbest the Muses' cavern

long plunged in sleep and leadest their gentle bands in the dance.

BOOK II.

(XXXV)

Not yet had bright day with herald beams struck the waves of the Ionian main; the light of dawn shimmered on the waters and the straying brilliance flickered over the deep blue sea. And now bold Proserpine, forgetful of her mother's jealous care and tempted by the wiles of Venus, seeks the stream-fed vale. Such was the Fates' decree. Thrice did the doors sound a warning note as the hinges turned; thrice did prophetic Aetna rumble mournfully with awful thunders. But her can no portent, no omen detain. The sister goddesses bore her company.

First goes Venus exulting in her trickery and inspired by her great mission. In her heart she takes account of the coming rape; soon she will rule dread Chaos, soon, Dis once subdued, she will lead the subject ghosts. Her hair, parted into many locks, is braided round her head and secured by a Cyprian pin, and a brooch cunningly fabricated by her spouse Vulcan supports her cloak thick studded with purple jewels.

Behind her hasten Diana, fair queen of Arcadian Lycaeus, and Pallas who, with her spear, protects the citadel of Athens — virgins both; Pallas, cruel goddess of war, Diana, bane of wild creatures. On her burnished helmet the Triton-born goddess wore a carved figure of Typhon, the upper part of his body lifeless, the lower limbs yet writhing, part dead, part quick. Her terrible spear, piercing the clouds as she brandished it, resembled a tree; only the Gorgon's hissing neck she hid in the spread of her glittering cloak. But mild was Diana's gaze and very like her brother looked she; Phoebus' own one had thought her cheeks and eyes, her sex alone disclosed the difference. Her shining arms were bare, her straying locks fluttered in the gentle breeze, and the chord of her unstrung bow hung idle, her arrows slung behind her back. Her Cretan tunic, gathered with girdles twain, flows down to her knees, and on her waving dress Delos wanders and stretches surrounded by a golden sea.

Between the two Ceres' child, now her mother's pride, so soon to be her sorrow, treads the grass with equal pace, their equal, too, in stature and beauty; Pallas you might have thought her, had she carried a shield, Diana, if a javelin. A brooch of polished jasper secured her girded dress. Never did art give happier issue to the shuttle's skill; never was cloth so beautifully made nor embroidery so life-like. In it she had worked the birth of the sun from the seed of Hyperion, the birth, too, of the Moon, though diverse was her shape — of sun and moon that bring the dawning and the night. Tethys affords them a cradle and soothes in her bosom their infant sobs; the rosy light of her foster-children irradiates her dark blue plains. On her right shoulder she carried the infant Titan, too young as yet to vex with his light, and his encircling beams not grown; he is pictured as more gentle in those tender

years, and from his mouth issues a soft flame that accompanies his infant cries. The Moon, his sister carried on Tethys' left shoulder, sucks the milk of that bright breast, her forehead marked with a little horn.

Such is the wonder of Proserpine's dress. The Naiads bear her company and on either side crowd around her, those who haunt thy streams, Criniseus, and Pantagia's rocky torrent and Gela's who gives his name to the city; those whom Camerina, the unmoved, nurtures in her shallow marshes, whose home is Arethusa's flood or the stream of Alpheus, her foreign lover; tallest of their company is Cyane. So move they as the beauteous band of Amazons, brandishing their moon-shaped shields what time the maiden warrior Hippolyte, after laying waste the regions of the north, leads home her fair army after battle, whether they have o'erthrown the yellow-haired Getae or cloven frozen Tanais with the axe of their native Thermodon; or as the Lydian Nymphs celebrate the festivals of Bacchus — the Nymphs whose sire was Hermus along whose banks they course, splashed with his golden waters: the river-god rejoices in his cavern home and pours forth the flooding urn with generous hand.

Henna, mother of blossoms, had espied the goddess' company from her grassy summit and thus addressed Zephyrus, lurking in the winding vale: "Gracious father of the spring, thou who ever rulest over my meads with errant breeze and bringest rain upon the summer lands with thine unceasing breath, behold this company of Nymphs and Jove's tall daughters who deign to sport them in my meadows. Be present to bless, I pray. Grant that now all the trees be thick with newly-grown fruit, that fertile Hybla may be jealous and admit her paradise surpassed. All the sweet airs of Panchaea's incense-bearing woods, all the honied odours of Hydaspes' distant stream, all the spices which from the furthest fields the long-lived Phoenix gathers, seeking new birth from wished for death — spread thou all these through my veins and with generous breath refresh my country. May I be worthy to be plundered by divine fingers and goddesses seek to be decked with my garlands."

So spake she, and Zephyrus shook his wings adrip with fresh nectar and drenches the ground with their life-giving dew. Wheresoe'er he flies spring's brilliance follows. The fields grow lush with verdure and heaven's dome shines cloudless above them. He paints the bright roses red, the hyacinths blue and the sweet violets purple. What girdles of Babylon, meet cincture of a royal breast, are adorned with such varied jewels? What fleece so dyed in the rich juice of the murex where stand the brazen towers of Tyre? Not the wings of Juno's own bird display such colouring. Not thus do the many-changing hues of the rainbow span young winter's sky when in curved arch its rainy path glows green amid the parting clouds.

Even more lovely than the flowers is the country. The plain, with gentle swell and gradual slopes, rose into a hill; issuing from the living rock gushing streams bedewed their grassy banks. With the shade of its branches a wood

temper the sun's fierce heat and at summer's height makes for itself the cold of winter. There grows the pine, useful for seafaring, the cornel-tree for weapons of war, the oak, friendly to Jove, the cypress, sentinel of graves, the holm filled with honeycombs, and the laurel foreknowing of the future; here the box-tree waves its thick crown of leaves, here creeps the ivy, here the vine clothes the elm. Not far from here lies a lake called by the Sicani Pergus, girt with a cincture of leafy woods close around its pallid waters. Deep down therein the eye of whoso would can see, and the everywhere transparent water invites an untrammelled gaze into its oozy depths and betrays the uttermost secrets of its pellucid gulfs. Hither came their company well pleased with the flowery climb.

Venus bids them gather flowers. "Come, sisters, while yet the morning sun shines through the moist air, and while Lucifer, my harbinger of dawn, yet drives his dewy steeds and waters the bright field." So spake she and gathered the flower that testified to her own woe. Her companions ranged the various vales. You could have believed a swarm of bees was on the wing, eager to gather its sweetness from Hyblaeon thyme, where the king bees lead out their wax-housed armies and the honey-bearing host, issuing from the beech-tree's hollow bole, buzzes around its favourite flowers. The meadows are despoiled of their glory; this goddess weaves lilies with dark violets, another decks herself with pliant marjoram, a third steps forth rose-crowned, another wreathed with white privet. Thee also, Hyacinthus, they gather, thy flower inscribed with woe, and Narcissus too — once lovely boys, now the pride of flowering spring. Thou, Hyacinthus, wert born at Amyclae, Narcissus was Helicon's child; thee the errant discus slew; him love of his stream-reflected face beguiled; for thee weeps Delos' god with sorrow-weighted brow; for him Cephissus with his broken reeds.

But beyond her fellows she, the one hope of the corn-bearing^o goddess, burned with a fierce desire to gather flowers. Now she fills with the spoil of the fields her laughing baskets, osier-woven; now she twines a wreath of flowers and crowns herself therewith, little seeing in this a foreshadowing of the marriage fate holds in store for her. E'en Pallas herself, goddess of the trumpets and of the weapons of war, devotes to gentler pursuits the hand wherewith she o'erwhelms the host of battle and throws down stout gates and city walls. She lays aside her spear and wreaths her helmet with soft flowers — strange aureole! The iron peak is gay, o'ershadowed the fierce martial glint, and the plumes, erstwhile levin bolts, now nod with blossoms. Nor does Diana, who scours Mount Parthenius with her keen-scented hounds, disdain this company but would fain bind her free-flowing tresses with a flowery crown.

But while the maidens so disport themselves, wandering through the fields, a sudden roar is heard, towers crash and towns, shaken to their foundations, totter and fall. None knows whence comes the tumult; Paphus' goddess alone recognized the sound that set her companions in amaze, and fear mixed with

joy fills her heart. For now the king of souls was pricking his way through the dim labyrinth of the underworld and crushing Enceladus, groaning beneath the weight of his massy steeds. His chariot-wheels severed the monstrous limbs, and the giant struggles, bearing Sicily along with Pluto on his burdened neck, and feebly essays to move and entangle the wheels with his weary serpents; still o'er his blazing back passes the smoking chariot. And as sappers seek to issue forth upon their unsuspecting enemy and, following a minèd path beneath the foundations of the tunnelled field, pass unmarked beyond the foe-infested walls of the city to break out, a victorious party, into the citadel of the outwitted enemy, seeming sprung from earth, even so Saturn's third son scours the devious darkness whithersoever his team hurries him, all eager to come forth beneath his brother's sky. No door lies open for him; rocks bar his egress on every side and detain the god in their escapeless prison. He brooked not the delay but wrathfully smote the crags with his beam-like staff. Sicily's caverns thundered, Lipare's isle was confounded, Vulcan left his forge in amaze and the Cyclops let drop their thunderbolts in fear. The pent-up denizens of the frozen Alps heard the uproar and he who then swam thy wave, father Tiber, thy brows not as yet graced with the crown of Italy's triumphs; there heard it he who rows his bark down Padus' stream.

So when the rock-encircled lake, ere Peneus' wave rolled seaward, covered all Thessaly and allowed not its submerged fields to be tilled, Neptune smote the imprisoning mountain with his trident. Then did the peak of Ossa, riven with the mighty flow, spring apart from snowy Olympus; a passage was made and the waters were released, whereby the sea won back her feeding streams and the husbandman his fields.

When Trinacria beneath Pluto's stroke loosed her rocky bonds and yawned wide with cavernous cleft, sudden fear seized upon the sky. The stars deserted their accustomed courses; the Bear bathed him in forbidden Ocean; terror hurried sluggish Boötes to his setting; Orion trembled. Atlas paled as he heard the neighing coursers; their smoky breath obscures the bright heavens and the sun's orb affrighted them, so long fed on darkness. They stood biting the curb astonished at the brighter air, and struggle to turn the chariot and hurry back to dread Chaos. But soon, when they felt the lash on their backs and learned to bear the sun's brightness, they gallop on more rapidly than a winter torrent and more fleet than the hurtling spear; swifter than the Parthian's dart, the south wind's fury or nimble thought of anxious mind. Their bits are warm with blood, their death-bringing breath infects the air, the polluted dust is poisoned with their foam.

The Nymphs fly away in all directions; Proserpine is hurried away in the chariot, imploring aid of the goddesses. Now Pallas unveils the Gorgon's head, Diana strings her bow and hastes to help. Neither yields to her uncle's violence; a common virginity compels them to fight and engages them at the crime of the fierce ravisher. Pluto is like a lion when he has seized upon a heifer, the pride of the stall and the herd, and has torn with his claws the

defenceless flesh and has sated his fury on all its limbs, and so stands all befouled with clotted blood and shakes his tangled mane and scorns the shepherds' feeble rage.

"Lord of the strengthless dead," cries Pallas, "wickedest of thy brothers, what Furies have stirred thee with their goads and accursed torches? Why hast thou left thy seat and how darest thou pollute the upper world with thy hellish team? Thou hast the hideous Curses, the other deities of Hell, the dread Furies — any of them would be a worthy spouse for thee. Quit thy brother's realm, begone from the kingdom allotted to another. Get thee hence; let thine own night suffice thee. Why mix the quick with the dead? Why treadest thou our world, an unwelcome visitant?"

So exclaiming she smote with her threatening shield the horses who sought to advance and barred their way with the bulk of her targe, thrusting them back with the hissing snake-hair of Medusa's head and o'ershadowing them with its outstretched plumes. She poised for throwing her shaft of ash whose radiance met and illumed Pluto's black chariot. Almost had she cast it had not Jove from heaven's height hurled his red thunderbolt on peaceful wings, acknowledging his new son; mid the riven clouds thunders the marriage-paeon and attesting fires confirm the union.

All unwilling the goddesses yielded, and weeping Diana laid aside her weapons and thus spake: "Fare well, a long farewell; forget us not. Reverence for our sire forbade our help, and against his will we cannot defend thee. We acknowledge defeat by a power greater than our own. The Father hath conspired against thee and betrayed thee to the realms of silence, no more, alas! to behold the sisters and companions who crave sight of thee. What fate hath reft thee from the upper air and condemned the heavens to so deep mourning? Now no more can we rejoice to set Parthenius' steep with nets nor wear the quiver; at large as he lists let the wild boar raven and the lion roar savagely with none to say him nay. Thee, Taygetus' crest, thee Maenalus' height shall weep, their hunting laid aside. Long shalt thou be food for weeping on sorrowing Cynthus' slopes. E'en my brother's shrine at Delphi shall speak no more."

Meanwhile Proserpine is borne away in the winged car, her hair streaming before the wind, beating her arms in lamentation and calling in vain remonstrance to the clouds: "Why hast thou not hurled at me, father, bolts forged by the Cyclopes' hands? Was this thy will to deliver thy daughter to the cruel shades and drive her for ever from this world? Does love move thee not at all? Hast thou nothing of a father's feeling? What ill deed of mine has stirred such anger in thee? When Phlegra raged with war's madness I bore no standard against the gods; 'twas through no strength of mine that ice-bound Ossa supported frozen Olympus. For attempt of what crime, for complicity with what guilt, am I thrust down in banishment to the bottomless pit of Hell? Happy girls whom other ravishers have stolen; they at least enjoy the general light of day, while I, together with my virginity, lose the air of heaven; stolen

from me alike is innocence and daylight. Needs must I quit this world and be led a captive bride to serve Hell's tyrant. Ye flowers that I loved in so evil an hour, oh, why did I scorn my mother's warning? Too late did I detect the wiles of Venus. Mother, my mother, whether in the vales of Phrygian Ida the dread pipe sounds about thine ears with Lydian strains, or thou hauntest mount Dindymus, ahowl with self-mutilated Galli, and beholdest the naked swords of the Curetes, aid me in my bitter need; frustrate Pluto's mad lust and stay the funereal reins of my fierce ravisher."

Her words and those becoming tears mastered e'en that rude heart as Pluto first learned to feel love's longings. The tears he wiped away with his murky cloak, quieting her sad grief with these soothing words: "Cease, Proserpine, to vex thy heart with gloomy cares and causeless fear. A prouder sceptre shall be thine, nor shalt thou face marriage with a husband unworthy of thee. I am that scion of Saturn whose will the framework of the world obeys, whose power stretches through the limitless void. Think not thou hast lost the light of day; other stars are mine and other courses; a purer light shalt thou see and wonder rather at Elysium's sun and blessed habitants. There a richer age, a golden race has its home, and we possess for ever what men win but once. Soft meads shall fail thee not, and ever-blooming flowers, such as thy Henna ne'er produced, breathe to gentle zephyrs. There is, moreover, a precious tree in the leafy groves whose curving branches gleam with living ore — a tree consecrate to thee. Thou shalt be queen of blessed autumn and ever enriched with golden fruit. Nay more; whatsoe'er the limpid air embraces, whatever earth nourishes, the salt seas sweep, the rivers roll, or the marsh-lands feed, all living things alike shall yield them to thy sway, all, I say, that dwell beneath the orb of the moon that is the seventh of the planets and in its ethereal journey separates things mortal from the deathless stars. To thy feet shall come purple-clothed kings, stripped of their pomp, and mingling with the unmoneyed throng; for death renders all equal. Thou shalt give doom to the guilty and rest to the virtuous. Before thy judgement-throne the wicked must confess the crimes of their evil lives. Lethe's stream shall obey thee and the Fates be thy handmaidens. Be thy will done."

So speaking he urges on his triumphant steeds and enters Tartarus in gentler wise. The shades assemble, thick as the leaves the stormy south wind shakes down from the trees, dense as the rain-clouds it masses, countless as the billows it curls or the sand it scatters. The dead of every age throng with hastening foot to see so illustrious a bride. Soon Pluto himself enters with joyful mien submitting him to the softening influence of pleasant laughter, all unlike his former self. At the incoming of his lord and mistress huge Phlegethon rises; his bristly beard is wet with burning streams and flames dart all o'er his countenance.

There hasten to greet the pair slaves chosen from out the number. Some put away the lofty chariot, take the bits from the mouths of the toil-freed horses and turn them to graze in their accustomed pastures. Some hold back the

curtains, others decorate the doorway with branches and fasten brodered hangings in the bridal chamber. In chaste bands the matrons of Elysium throng their queen, and with sweet converse banish her fear; they gather and braid her disheveled hair and place the wedding-veil upon her head to hide her troubled blushes.

Joy fills that grey land, the buried throng holds high festival, and the ghosts sport them at the nuptial feast. The flower-crowned Manes sit at a joyous banquet and unwonted song breaks the gloomy silence; wailing is hushed. Hell's murk gladly disperses and suffers the darkness of age-long night to grow less impenetrable. Minos' urn of judgement throws no ambiguous lots; the sound of blows is still, for punishments are intermitted. No longer is Ixion tortured by the ever-turning wheel to which he is bound; from Tantalus' lips no more is the flying water withdrawn. Ixion is freed, Tantalus reaches the stream, and Tityus at length straightens out his huge limbs and uncovers nine acres of foul ground (such was his large size), and the vulture, that burrows lazily into the dark side, is dragged off from his wearied breast sore against its will, lamenting that no longer is the devoured flesh renewed for it.

The Furies, forgetful of crimes and dread wrath, make ready the wine-bowl and drink therefrom for all their snaky hair. Nay, with gentle song, their threatenings are laid aside, they stretch out their snakes to the full cups and kindle the festal torches with unusual flame. Then, too, the birds flew unhurt over the now appeased stream of poisonous Avernus, and Lake Amsanctus checked his deadly exhalations; the stream was stayed and the whirlpool grew still. They say that then the springs of Acheron were changed and welled up with new milk, while Cocytus, enwreathed with ivy, flowed along in streams of sweet wine. Lachesis slit not the thread of life nor did funeral dirge sound in challenge to the holy chant. Death walked not on earth and no parents wept beside the funeral pyre. The wave brought not destruction to the sailor nor the spear to the warrior. Cities flourished and knew not Death, the destroyer. Charon crowned his uncombed locks with sedge and singing plied his weightless oars.

And now its own evening-star had shone upon the underworld. The maiden is led into the bridal chamber. Night, clad in starry raiment, stands by her as her brideswoman; she touches the couch and blesses the union of marriage with a bond that cannot be broken. The blessed shades raise their voices and beneath the palace roof of Dis thus being their song with sleepless acclaim: "Proserpine, queen of our realm, and thou, Pluto, at once the brother and the son-in-law of Jove, the Thunderer, be it yours to know the alliance of conjoined sleep; pledge mutual troth as ye hold each other in intertwining arms. Happy offspring shall be yours; joyous Nature awaits gods yet to be born. Give the world a new divinity and Ceres the grandchildren she longs for."

BOOK III.

(XXXVI)

Meanwhile Jove bids cloud-girt Iris go gather the gods from the whole universe. She, outstripping the breezes in her rainbow flight, calls to the sea-deities, chides the Nymphs for their delay, and summons forth the river-gods from their moist caverns. Out they haste in doubt and fear what this disturbance of their peace may signify or what has caused so great an upheaval. The starry heaven is thrown open and the gods are bidden take their seats as merit, not chance, dictates. The first places are accorded to the heavenly powers, next come the ocean-deities, calm Nereus and grey-haired Phorcus, last twiform Glaucus and Proteus, for once of unvarying shape. The aged river-gods, too, are privileged to take their seats; the other rivers, a thousand strong, stand as stands the youth of an earthly assembly. Dripping water-nymphs lean on their moist sires and Fauns in silence marvel at the stars.

Then the grave Father from his seat on high Olympus thus began: "Once more the affairs of men have won care from me, affairs long neglected since I looked upon the repose of Saturn's reign and knew the torpor of that stagnant age, when I had fain urged the race of man, long sunk in lethargy by reason of my sire's sluggish rule, with the goads of anxious life, whereby their crops should no more grow to maturity of their own accord in the untilled fields nor yet the forest trees drip with honey nor wine flow from springs nor every stream course sounding into cups. 'Twas not that I grudged their blessings — gods may not envy nor hurt — but because luxury is a foe to a godly life, and plenty dulls the minds of men; therefore I bade necessity, invention's mother, provoke their sluggish spirits and little by little search out the hidden tracks of things; bade industry give birth to civilization and practice nourish it.

"Nature now with ceaseless complaint bids me succour the race of man, calls me cruel and implacable tyrant, calls to mind the centuries of my sire's empery and dubs me miser of her riches, for that I would have the world a wilderness and the land covered with scrub and would beautify the year with no fruits. She complained that she, who was erstwhile the mother of living things, had suddenly taken upon her the hated guise of a stepmother. 'Of what avail that man derived his intelligence from above, that he has held up his head to heaven, if he wander like the beasts through trackless places, if with them he crushes acorns for food? Can such a life as this bring him happiness, hid in the forest glades, indistinguishable from the life of animals?' Since I bore so often such complaints from the lips of mother Nature, at length I took pity on the world and decided to make man to cease from his oak-tree food; wherefore I have decreed that Ceres, who now, ignorant of her loss, lashes the lions of Mount Ida, accompanying her dread mother, should wander over sea

and land in anxious grief, until, in her joy at finding the traces of her lost daughter, she grant man the gift of corn^o and her chariot is borne aloft through the clouds to scatter among the peoples ears before unknown and the steel-blue serpents submit them to the Attic yoke. But if any of the gods dare inform Ceres who is the ravisher, I swear by the immensity of mine empire, by the firm-established peace of the world, be he son or sister, spouse or one of my band of daughters, vaunting her birth as from mine own head, that one shall feel afar the wrath of mine arms, the thunderbolt's blow, and be sorry he was born a god and pray for death. Then, sore wounded, he shall be handed over to my son-in-law, Pluto himself, for punishment in those regions he had fain betray. There he shall learn whether Hell is true to her own monarch's cause. Such is my will; thus let the unchangeable fates fulfil my decree." He spake and shook the stars with his dread nod.

But, far from Sicily, no uncertain suspicions of the loss she had suffered alarmed Ceres, where long she had dwelt peaceful and secure beneath the rocky roof of the cave resounding with arms. Dreams doubled her dread and a vision of Proserpine lost troubled her every sleep. Now she dreams that an enemy's spear is piercing her body, now (oh horror!) that her raiment is changed and is become black, now that the infecund ash is budding in the midst of her house. Moreover, there stood a laurel, loved above all the grove, that used with maiden leaf to o'ershadow the virgin bower of Proserpine. This she saw hewn down to the roots, its straggling branches fouled with dust, and when she asked the cause of this disaster the weeping Dryads told her that the Furies had destroyed it with an axe of Hell.

Next her very image appeared in the mother's dreams, announcing her fate in no uncertain manner. She saw Proserpine shut in the dark confines of a prison-house and bound with cruel chains. Yet not so had she entrusted her to the fields of Sicily, not so had the wondering goddesses beheld her in Etna's flowery meadows. Foul was now that hair, more beauteous erstwhile than gold; night had dimmed the fire of her eyes and frost banished the roses from her pale cheeks. The gracious flush of her skin and those limbs whose whiteness matched the hoar-frost are alike turned to hell-tinctured grain. When, therefore, she was at last able to recognize her daughter, albeit with doubtful gaze, she cried: "What crime hath merited these many punishments? Whence comes this dreadful wasting away? Who hath power to wreak such cruelty upon me? How have thy soft arms deserved fetters of stubborn iron, scarce fitted for beasts? Art thou my daughter or does a vain shadow deceive me?"

Thus she answered: "Cruel mother, forgetful of thy daughter's fate, more hard of heart than the tawny lioness! Could'st thou be so heedless of me? Didst thou hold me cheap for that I am thy sole daughter? Dear indeed to thee must be the name of Proserpine who now, shut in this vast cavern, as thou seest, am plagued by torment! Hast thou heart to dance, cruel mother? Canst thou revel through the cities of Phrygia? If thou hast not banished the mother

from thy breast, if thou, Ceres, art really my mother and 'twas no Hyrcanian tiger gave me birth, save me, I pray thee, from this prison and restore me to the upper world. If the fates forbid my return come thou down at least and visit me."

So spake she and strove to hold out her trembling hands. The iron's ruthless strength forbade it, and the clangour of the chains awoke her sleeping mother. Ceres lay stiff with terror at the vision, rejoices that it was not true, but grieves that she cannot embrace her daughter. Maddened with fear she rushes out of the cavern and thus addresses Cybele: "No longer now will I tarry in the land of Phrygia, holy mother; the duty of protecting my dear daughter calls me back after so long an absence, for she is of an age that is exposed to many dangers. I put not complete trust in my palace, though built with iron from the Cyclopes' furnace. I fear lest rumour disclose her hiding-place and Sicily too lightly guard my trust. The fame of that place too widely bruited abroad alarms me; needs must I find elsewhere some obscurer abode. Our retreat must be on all men's tongues by reason of the groanings of Enceladus and the neighbour flames. Ill-omened dreams, too, with diverse visions often give me pause, and no day passes but brings some inauspicious hap. How often has my crown of golden ears fallen of itself! How often blood flowed from my breast! In mine own despite streams of tears course down my cheeks and unbidden my hands beat my astonished breast. Would I blow up the flute, funereal is the note; do I shake the cymbals, the cymbals echo a sound of mourning. Alas! I fear there is some trouble in these portents. This long sojourn has wrought me woe."

"May the wind carry far away thy vain words," replies Cybele; "not such the Thunderer's want of care that he would not hurl his bolt in his daughter's defence. Yet go and return, dismayed by no evil hap."

This said, Ceres left the temple; but no speed is enough for her haste; she complains that her sluggish dragons scarce move, and, lashing the wings now of this one and now of that (though little they deserved it), she hopes to reach Sicily e'er yet out of sight of Ida. She fears everything and hopes nothing, anxious as the bird that has entrusted its unfledged brood to a low-growing ash and while absent gathering food has many fears lest perchance the wind has blown the fragile nest from the tree, lest her young ones be exposed to the theft of man or the greed of snakes.

When she saw the gate-keepers fled, the house unguarded, the rusted hinges, the overthrown doorposts, and the miserable state of the silent halls, pausing not to look again at the disaster, she rent her garment and tore away the shattered corn-ears along with her hair. She could not weep nor speak nor breathe and a trembling shook the very marrow of her bones; her faltering steps tottered. She flung open the doors and wandering through the empty rooms and deserted halls, recognized the half-ruined warp with its disordered threads and the work of the loom broken off. The goddess' labours had come to naught, and what remained to be done, that the bold spider was finishing

with her sacrilegious web.

She weeps not nor bewails the ill; only kisses the loom and stifles her dumb complaints amid the threads, clasping to her bosom, as though it had been her child, the spindles her child's hand had touched, the wool she had cast aside, and all the toys scattered in maiden sport. She scans the virgin bed, the deserted couch, and the chair where Proserpine had sat: even as a herd, whose drove the unexpected fury of an African lion or bands of marauding beasts have attacked, gazes in amaze at the vacant stall, and, too late returned, wanders through the emptied pastures, sadly calling to the unreplying steers.

And there, lying in the innermost parts of the house, she saw Electra, loving nurse of Proserpine, best known among the old Nymphs of Ocean; she who loved Proserpine as did Ceres. 'Twas she who, when Proserpine had left her cradle, would bear her in her loving bosom and bring the little girl to mighty Jove and set her to play on her father's knee. She was her companion, her guardian, and could be deemed her second mother. There, with torn and disheveled hair, all foul with grey dust, she was lamenting the rape of her divine foster-child.

Ceres approached her, and when at length her grief allowed her sighs free rein: "What ruin is here?" she said. "Of what enemy am I become the victim? Does my husband yet rule or do the Titans hold heaven? What hand hath dared this, if the Thunderer be still alive? Have Typhon's shoulders forced up Inarime or does Alcioneus course on foot through the Etruscan Sea, having burst the bonds of imprisoning Vesuvius? Or has the neighbouring Etna oped her jaws and expelled Enceladus? Perchance Briareus with his hundred arms has attacked my house? Ah, my daughter, where art thou now? Whither are fled my thousand servants, whither Cyane? What violence has driven away the winged Sirens? Is this your faith? Is this the way to guard another's treasure?"

The nurse trembled and her sorrow gave place to shame; fain would she have died could she so escape the gaze of that unhappy mother, and long stayed she motionless, hesitating to disclose the suspected criminal and the all too certain death. Scarce could she thus speak: "Would that the raging band of Giants had wrought this ruin! Easier to bear is a common lot. 'Tis the goddesses, and, though thou wilt scarce credit it, her own sisters, who have conspired to our undoing. Thou seest the devices of gods and wounds inflicted by sisters' jealousy. Heaven is a more cruel enemy than Hell.

"All quiet was the house, the maiden dared not o'erstep the threshold nor visit the grassy pastures, close bound by thy commands. The loom gave her work, the Sirens with their song relaxation — with me she held pleasant converse, with me she slept; safe delights were hers within the halls. Then suddenly Cytherea came (who showed her the way to our hid abode I know not), and, that she might not rouse our suspicions, she brought with her Diana and Minerva, attending her on either side. Straightway with beaming smiles she put on a pretence of joy, kissed Proserpine many a time, and repeated the

name of sister, complaining of that hard-hearted mother who chose to condemn such beauty to imprisonment and complaining that by forbidding her intercourse with the goddesses she had removed her far from her father's heaven. My unwitting charge rejoiced in these evil words and bade a feast be spread with plentiful nectar. Now she dons Diana's arms and dress and tries her bow with her soft fingers. Now crowned with horse-hair plumes she puts on the helmet, Minerva commending her, and strives to carry her huge shield.

"Venus was the first with guileful suggestion to mention fields and the vale of Henna. Cunningly she harps upon the nearness of the flowery mead, and as though she knew it not, asks what merits the place boasts, pretending not to believe that a harmless winter allows the roses to bloom, that the cold months are bright with flowers not rightly theirs, and that the spring thickets fear not there Boötes' wrath. So with her wonderment, her passion to see the spot, she persuades Proserpine. Alas! how easily does youth err with its weak ways! What tears did I not shed to no purpose, what vain entreaties did my lips not utter! Away she flew, trusting to the sisters' protection; the scattered company of attendant Nymphs followed after her.

"They went to the hills clothed with undying grass and gather flowers 'neath the twilight of dawn, when the quiet meads are white with dew and violets drink the scattered moisture. But when the sun had mounted to higher air at noon, behold! murky night hid the sky and the island trembled and shook beneath the beat of horses' hoofs and the rumble of wheels. Who the charioteer was none might tell — whether he was the harbinger of death or it was Death himself. Gloom spread through the meadows, the rivers stayed their courses, the fields were blighted, nor did aught live, once touched by those horses' breath. I saw the bryony pale, the roses fade, the lilies wither. When in his roaring course the driver turned back his steeds the night it brought accompanied the chariot and light was restored to the world. Proserpine was nowhere to be seen. Their vows fulfilled, the goddesses had returned and tarried not. We found Cyane half dead amid the fields; there she lay, a garland round her neck and the blackened wreaths faded upon her forehead. At once we approached her and inquired after her mistress's fortune, for she had been a witness of the disaster. What, we asked, was the aspect of the horses; who their driver? Naught said she, but corrupted with some hidden venom, dissolved into water. Water crept amid her hair; legs and arms melted and flowed away, and soon a clear stream washed our feet. The rest are gone; the Sirens, Achelous' daughters, rising on rapid wing, have occupied the coast of Sicilian Pelorus, and in wrath at this crime now turned their lyres to man's destruction, tuneful now for ill. Their sweet voices stay ships, but once that song is heard the oars can move no more. I alone am left in the house to drag out an old age of mourning."

Ceres is still a prey to anxiety; half distraught she fears everything as though all were not yet accomplished. Anon she turns her head and eyes to heaven and with raging breast inveighs against its denizens; even as lofty

Niphates shakes to the roaring of the Hyrcan tigress whose cubs the terrified horseman has carried off to be the playthings of Persia's king. Speedier than the west wind that is her paramour rushes the tigress, anger blazing from her stripes, but just as she is about to engulf the terrified hunter in her capacious maw, she is checked by the mirrored image of her own form: so the mother of Proserpine rages over all Olympus crying: "Give her back; no wandering stream gave me birth; I spring not from the Dryad rabble. Towered Cybele bare me also to Saturn. Where are the ordinances of the gods, where the laws of heaven? What boots it to live a good life? See, Cytherea dares show her face (modest goddess!) even after her Lemnian bondage! 'Tis that chaste sleep and a loverless couch have given her this courage! This is, I suppose, the reward of those maidenly embraces! Small wonder that after such infamy she account nothing disgraceful. Ye goddesses that have known not marriage, is it thus that ye neglect the honour due to virginity? Have ye so changed your counsel? Do ye now go allied with Venus and her accomplice ravishers? Worthy each of you to be worshipped in Scythian temples and at altars that lust after human blood. What hath caused such great anger? Which of you has my Proserpine wronged even in her slightest word? Doubtless she drove thee, Delian goddess, from thy loved woods, or deprived thee, Triton-born, of some battle thou hadst joined. Did she plague you with talk? Break rudely upon your dances? Nay, that she might be no burden to you, she dwelt far away in the solitudes of Sicily. What good hath her retirement done her? No peace can still the madness of bitter jealousy."

Thus she upbraids them all. But they, obedient to the Father's word, keep silence or say they know nothing, and make tears their answer to the mother's questionings. What can she do? She ceases, beaten, and in turn descends to humble entreaty. "If a mother's love swelled too high or if I have done aught more boldly than befitted misery, oh forgive! A suppliant and wretched I fling me at your feet; grant me to learn my doom; grant me at least this much — sure knowledge of my woes. Fain would I know the manner of this ill; whatsoever fortune ye have visited upon me that will I bear and account it fate, not injustice. Grant a parent the sight of her child; I ask her not back. Whosoever thou art, possess in peace what thine hand has taken. The prey is thine, fear not. But if the ravisher has thwarted me, binding you by some oath, yet do thou, at least, Latona, tell me his name; to thee mayhap Diana hath confessed her knowledge. Thou hast known childbirth, the anxiety and love for children; to offspring twain hast thou given birth; this was mine only child. So mayest thou ever enjoy Apollo's locks, so mayest thou live a happier mother than I."

Plenteous tears then bedewed her cheeks. She continued: "Why these tears? why this silence? Woe is me; all desert me. Why tarriest thou yet to no purpose? Seest thou not 'tis open war with heaven? were it not better to seek again thy daughter by sea and land? I will gird myself and scour the world, unwearied I will penetrate every corner, nor ever stay my earth, nor rest nor

sleep till I find my reft treasure, though she lie whelmed in the Spanish Ocean bed or hedged around in the depths of the Red Sea. Neither ice-bound Rhine nor Alpine frosts shall stay me; the treacherous tides of Syrtes shall not give me pause. My purpose holds to penetrate the fastnesses of the South and to tread the snowy home of Boreas. I will climb Atlas on the brink of the sunset and illumine Hydaspes' stream with my torches. Let wicked Jove behold me wandering through towns and country, and Juno's jealousy be sated with her rival's ruin. Have your sport with me, triumph in heaven, proud gods, celebrate your illustrious victory o'er Ceres' conquered daughter."

So spake she and glides down upon Etna's familiar slopes, there to fashion torches to aid her night-wandering labours.

There was a wood, hard by the stream of Acis, which fair Galatea oft chooses in preference to Ocean and cleaves in swimming with her snowy breast — a wood dense with foliage that closed in Etna's summit on all sides with interwoven branches. 'Tis there that Jove is said to have laid down his bloody shield and set his captured spoil after the battle. The grove glories in trophies from the plain of Phlegra and signs of victory clothe its every tree. Here hang the gaping jaws and monstrous skins of the Giants; affixed to trees their faces still threaten horribly, and heaped up on all sides bleach the huge bones of slaughtered serpents. Their stiffening sloughs smoke with the blow of many a thunderbolt, and every tree boasts some illustrious name. This one scarce supports on its down-bended branches the naked swords of hundred-handed Aegaeon; that glories in the murky trophies of Coeus; this bears up the arms of Mimas; spoiled Ophion weighs down those branches. But higher than all the other trees towers a pine, its shady branches spread wide, and bears the reeking arms of Enceladus himself, all powerful king of the Earth-born giants; it would have fallen beneath the heavy burden did not a neighbouring oak-tree support its wearied weight. Therefore the spot wins awe and sanctity; none touches the aged grove, and 'tis accounted a crime to violate the trophies of the gods. No Cyclops dares pasture there his flock nor hew down the trees, Polyphemos himself flies from the hallowed shade.

Not for that did Ceres stay her steps; the very sanctity of the place inflames her wrath; with angry hand she brandishes her axe, ready to strike Jove himself. She hesitates whether to cut down pines or lay low knotless cedars, scans likely trunks and lofty trees and shakes their branches with vigorous hand. Even so when a man, fain to carry merchandise over distant seas, builds a ship on dry land and makes ready to expose his life to tempest, he hews down beech and alder and marks the diverse utility of the yet growing forest; the lofty tree he selects as yard-arms for the swelling sail; the strong he prefers as a helm; the pliant will make good oars; the water-proof is suitable for the keel.

Two cypresses in the grass hard by raised their inviolate heads to heaven; Simois looks not on such in amaze amid the crags of Ida, nor does Orontes water their like, Orontes that feeds Apollo's grove and harbours rich cities on

his banks. You would know them for sisters for they tower equal in height and look down upon the wood with twin tops. These she would have as her torches; she attacks each with vigorous blows, her gown girt back, her arms bared and armed with the axe. First one she strikes, then the other, and rains blows upon their trembling trunks with might and main. Together they crash to the ground, lay their foliage in the dust and lie upon the plain, wept of Fauns and wood-nymphs. She seizes both just as they are, uplifts them and, with hair out-streaming behind her, climbs panting the slopes of the mountain, passes beyond the flames and inaccessible precipices, and treads the lava that brooks no mortal footstep: even as the grim Megaera hastens to kindle yew-trees to light her to crime, speeding her journey to the walls of Cadmus' city or meaning to work her devilment in Thyestean Mycenae; darkness and the shades give her passage, and Hell rings to her iron tread, till she halts beside Phlegethon's wave and fires her torch from its brimming waves.

When she had climbed to the mouth of the burning rock, straightway, turning aside her head, she thrust the kindling cypresses into its inmost depths, thus closing in the cavern on all sides and stopping up the blazing exit of the flames. The mountain thunders with repressed fire and Vulcan is shut in a grievous prison; the enclosed smoke cannot escape. The cone-bearing tops of the cypresses blaze and Etna grows with new ashes; the branches crackle, kindled with sulphur. Then, lest their long journey should cause them to fail, she bids the flames never die nor sleep and drenches the wood with that secret drug wherewith Phaëthon bedews his steeds and the Moon her bulls.

Silent night had now in her turn visited upon the world her gift of sleep. Ceres, with her wounded breast, starts on her long journey, and, as she sets out, speaks as follows: "Little thought I, Proserpine, to carry for thee such torches as these. I had hoped what every mother hopes; marriage and festal torches and a wedding-song to be sung in heaven — such was my expectation. Are we divinities thus the sport of fate? does Lachesis vent her spleen on us as on mankind? How lofty was but now mine estate, surrounded with suitors innumerable for my daughter's hand! What mother of many children but would have owned her my inferior by reason of my only daughter! Thou wast my first joy and my last; I was called prolific for that I bare thee. Thou wert my glory, my comfort, dear object of a mother's pride; with thee alive I was goddess indeed, with thee safe I was Juno's equal. Now am I an outcast, beggared. 'Tis the Father's will. Yet why make Jove answerable for my tears? 'Twas I who so cruelly undid thee, I confess it, for I deserted thee and heedlessly exposed thee to threatening foes. Too deeply was I enmeshed in careless enjoyment of shrill-voiced revel, and, happy amid the din of arms, I was yoking Phrygian lions whilst thou wast being carried off. Yet see the punishment visited upon me. My face is seared with wounds and long gashes furrow my bloody breast. My womb, forgetful that it gave thee birth, is beaten with continual blows.

"Where under heaven shall I find thee? Beneath what quarter of the sky?

Who shall point the way, what path shall lead me? What chariot was it? Who was that cruel ravisher? A denizen of earth or sea? What traces of his wingèd wheels can I discover? Whithersoever my steps lead me or chance direct, thither will I go. Even so may Dione be deserted and seek for Venus!

“Will my labours be successful? Shall I ever again be blest with thine embrace, my daughter? Art thou still fair; still glows the brightness of thy cheeks? Or shall I perchance see thee as thou cam’st in my nightly vision; as I saw thee in my dreams?”

So spake she and from Etna first she drags her steps, and, cursing its guilty flowers and the spot whence Proserpine was ravaged, she follows the straying tracks of the chariot wheels and examines the fields in the full light of her lowered torch. Every rut is wet with her tears; she weeps at each trace she espies in her wanderings over the plain. She glides a shadow o’er the sea and the farthest ray of her torches’ gleam strikes the coasts of Italy and Libya. The Tuscan shore grows bright and the Syrtes gleam with kindled wave. The light reaches the distant cave of Scylla, of whose dogs some shrink back and are still in dumb amaze, others, not yet horrified into silence, continue to bark.

The Latin Text



The ancient forum at Rome — Claudian arrived in Rome before AD 395, making his mark with a eulogy of his two young patrons, Probinus and Olybrius, establishing himself as a noted court poet. He wrote a number of panegyrics on the consulship of his patrons, praise poems for the deeds of Stilicho, and invectives directed at Stilicho's rivals in the Eastern court of Arcadius. He was well rewarded for these efforts and granted the rank of vir illustris. The Roman senate honoured him with a statue in the Roman Forum in 400.

CONTENTS OF THE LATIN TEXT



In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Latin text of Claudius' poetry. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

CONTENTS

Panegyric on the Consuls Probinus and Olybrius

Trashing Rufinus, Part I

First Poem

Trashing Rufinus, Part II

Second Poem

The War Against Gildo

Trashing Eutropius, Part I

First Poem

Trashing Eutropius, Part II

Second Poem

PREFACE

BOOK II

Fescennine Verses in Honour of the Marriage of the Emperor Honorius

I (XI)

II (XII)

III (XIII)

IV (XIV)

Epithalamium of Honorius and Maria

PREFACE.

EPITHALAMIUM. (X)

Panegyric on the Third Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

PREFACE. (VI)

PANEGYRIC. (VII)

Panegyric on the Fourth Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

VIII

Panegyric on the Consulship of Flavius Manlius Theodorus

PREFACE. (XVI)

PANEGYRIC. (XVII)

On the Consulship of Stilicho

BOOK I

BOOK II

BOOK III

PREFACE.

BOOK III.

Panegyric on the Sixth Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

PREFACE.

PANEGYRIC.

The Gothic War

Shorter Poems

I: Ad Stilichonem

II: Descriptio portus Smyrnensis

III: Ad Aeternalem

IV: Descriptio armenti

V: Est in conspectu longe locus

VI: Rimanti telum ira facit

VIII: De Polycaste et Perdicca

IX: De hystrice

X: De birro castoreo

XI: In sepulchrum speciosae

XII: De balneis Quintianis quae in via posita erant

XIII: In podagrum qui carmina sua non stare dicebat

XIV: Ad Maximum qui ei mel misit

XV: De paupere amante

XVI: De eodem

XVII: De piis fratribus et de statu eorum quae sunt apud Catinam

XVIII: De mulabus Gallicis

XIX: Epistula ad Gennadium exproconsule

XX: De sene Veronensi qui Suburbium numquam egressus est

XXI-XXII: De Theodoro et Hadriano; Deprecatio ad Hadrianum

XXIII: Deprecatio in Alethium quaestorem

XXIV: De lucusta

XXV: Epithalamium Palladio et Celerinae

XXVI: Aponus

XXVII: Phoenix

XXVIII: Nilus

XXIX: De Magnete
XXX: Laus Serenae
XXXI: Epistula ad Serenam
XXXII: de Salvatore
XXXIII-XXXIX: De Crystallo cui aqua inerat
XL-XLI: Epistula ad Olybrium; Ad Probinum
XLII: De apro et leone
XLIII: In Curetium
XLIV: In eundem Curetium
XLV: De concha
XLVI: De chlamyde et frenis
XLVII: De equo dono dato
XLVIII: De zona equi regii missa Honorio Augusto a Serena.
XLIX: De torpedine
L: In Iacobum magistrum equitum
LI: In sphaeram Archimedis
LII: Gigantomachia

The Rape of Proserpine

BOOK I. PREFACE.

BOOK I.

BOOK II. PREFACE.

BOOK II.

BOOK III.

Panegyric on the Consuls Probinus and Olybrius

I

Sol, qui flammigeris mundum complexus habenis
volvix inexhausto redeuntia saecula motu,
sparge diem meliore coma, crinemque repexi
blandius elato surgant temone iugales
efflantes roseum frenis spumantibus ignem 5
iam nova germanis vestigia torqueat annus
consulibus, laetique petant exordia menses.
Scis genus Auchenium, nec te latuere potentes
Amniadae, nam saepe soles ductoribus illis
instaurare vias et cursibus addere nomen 10
his neque per dubium pendet Fortuna favorem
nec novit mutare vices, sed fixus in omnes
cognatos procedit honos. Quemcumque require
hac de stirpe virum: certum est de consule nasci.
Per fasces numerantur avi semperque renata 15
nobilitate virent, et prolem fata secuntur
continuum simili servantia lege tenorem.
Nec quisquam procerum temptat, licet aere vetusto
floreat et claro cingatur Roma senatu,
se iactare parem, sed prima sede relicta 20
Aucheniis de iure licet certare secundo:
haud secus ac tacitam Luna regnante per aethram
sidereae cedunt acies, cum fratre recusso
aemulus adversis flagraverit ignibus orbis;
tum iubar Arcturi languet, tum fulva Leonis 25
ira perit, Plaustro iam rara intermicat Arctos
indignata tegi, iam caligantibus armis
debilis Orion dextram miratur inertem.
Quem prius adgrediar? Veteris quis facta Proбини
nesciat aut nimias laudes ignoret Olybri? 30
Vivit adhuc completque vagis sermonibus aures
gloria fusa Probi, quam non ventura silebunt
lustra nec ignotam rapiet sub nube vetustas.
Illum fama vehit trans aequora transque remotas
Tethyos ambages Atlanteosque recessus. 35
Audiit et gelido si quem Maeotica pascit
sub Iove vel calido si quis coniunctus in axe
nascentem te, Nile, bibit. Virtutibus ille
Fortunam domuit numquamque levantibus alte

intumuit rebus; sed mens circumflua luxu 40
noverat intactum vitio servare rigorem.
Hic non divitias nigrantibus abdidit antris
nec tenebris damnavit opes; sed largior imbre
sueverat innumeras hominum ditare catervas.
Quippe velut denso currentia munera nimbo 45
cernere semper erat, populis undare penates
adsiduis, intrare inopes, remeare beatos.
Praeceptis illa manus fluvios superabat Hiberos
aurea dona vomens † si quis † tellure revulsa
† sollicitis fodiens miratur collibus aurum: 50
quantum stagna Tagi rudibus stillantia venis
effluxere decus, quanto pretiosa metallo
Hermi ripa micat, quantas per Lydia culta
despumat rutilas dives Pactolus harenas.
Non, mihi centenis pateant si vocibus ora 55
multifidusque ruat centum per pectora Phoebus,
acta Probi narrare queam, quot in ordine gentes
rexerit, ad summi quotiens fastigia iuris
venerit, Italiae late cum frena teneret
Illyricosque sinus et quos arat Africa campos. 60
Sed nati vicere patrem, solique merentur
victores audire Probi. Non contigit illi
talis honos, prima cum parte viresceret aevi,
nec consul cum fratre fuit. Vos nulla fatigat
cura diu maiora petens, non anxia mentem 65
spes agit et longo tendit praecordia voto:
coepistis quo finis erat. Primordia vestra
vix pauci meruere senes, metasque tenetis
ante genas dulces quam flos iuvenilis inumbret
oraeque ridenti lanugine vestiat aetas. 70
Tu, precor, ignarum doceas, Parnasia, vatem,
quis deus ambobus tanti sit muneris auctor.
Postquam fulmineis inpellens viribus hostem
belliger Augustus trepidas laxaverat Alpes
Roma Probo cupiens dignas persolvere grates 75
sedula pro natis dominum flexura rogando
ire parat. Famuli currum iunxere volentem
Impetus horribilisque Metus, qui semper agentem
proelia cum fremitu Romam comitantur anhelo,
sive petat Parthos seu cuspide turbet Hydaspen. 80
Hic ligat axe rotas; hic sub iuga ferrea nectit
cornipedes rigidisque docet servire lupatis.
Ipsa, triumphatis quae possidet aethera regnis,

adsilit innuptae ritus imitata Minervae.
 Nam neque caesariem crinali stringere cultu 85
 colla nec ornatu patitur mollire retorto;
 dextrum nuda latus, niveos exerta lacertos,
 audacem reteggit mammam, laxumque coercens
 mordet gemma sinum; nodus, qui sublevat ensem
 album puniceo pectus discriminat ostro. 90
 Miscetur decori virtus pulcherque severo
 armatur terrore pudor, galeaeque minaci
 flava cruentarum praetenditur umbra iubarum,
 et formidato clipeus Titana lacessit
 lumine, quem tota variarat Mulciber arte: 95
 hic patris Mavortis amor fetusque notantur
 Romulei; pius amnis inest et belva nutrix;
 electro Thybris, pueri formantur in auro;
 fingunt aera lupam; Mavors adamante coruscat.
 Iam, simul emissis rapido velocior Euro 100
 fertur equis, stridunt Zephyri cursuque rotarum
 saucia dividuis clarescunt nubila sulcis.
 Nec traxere moras, sed lapsu protinus uno,
 quem poscunt, tetigere locum, qua fine sub imo
 angustant aditum curvis anfractibus Alpes 105
 claustraque congestis scopulis durissima tendunt,
 non alia reseranda manu, sed pervia tantum
 Augusto geminisque fidem mentita tyrannis.
 Semirutae turres avulsaque moenia fumant;
 crescunt in cumulum strages vallemque profundam 110
 aequavere iugis; stagnant inmersa cruore
 corpora; turbantur permixto funere Manes.
 Haud procul exhausto laetus certamine victor
 caespite gramineo consederat arbore fultus
 adclines umeros; dominum gavisa coronat 115
 terra suum, surguntque toris maioribus herbae.
 Sudor adhuc per membra calet creberque recurrit
 halitus et placidi radiant in casside vultus:
 qualis letifera populatus caede Gelonos
 procubat horrendus Getico Gradivus in Haemo; 120
 exuvias Bellona levat, Bellona tepentes
 pulvere solvit equos, immensaque cornus in † hastam
 porrigitur tremulisque ferit splendoribus Hebrum.
 Ut stetit ante ducem discussas Roma per auras,
 conscia ter sonuit rupes et inhorruiat atrum 125
 maiestate nemus. Prior hic ‘o numen amicum’
 dux ait ‘et legum genetrix longeque regendo

circumfusa polo consorsque adiuncta Tonanti,
 dic aedum, quae causa viae? Cur deseris arces
 Ausonias caelumque tuum? Dic, maxima rerum! 130
 Non ego vel Libycos cesses tolerare vapores
 Sarmaticosve pati medio sub frigore Coros,
 si tu, Roma, velis; pro te quascumque per oras
 ibimus et nulla sub tempestate timentes
 solstitio Meroen, bruma temptabimus Histrum'. 135
 Tum regina refert: 'non me latet, inclute rector,
 quam tua pro Latio victricia castra laborent,
 nec quod servitium rursus furiaeque rebelles
 edomitae paribus sub te cecidere triumphis.
 Sed, precor, hoc donum cum libertate recenti 140
 adicias, si vera manet reverentia nostri.
 Sunt mihi pubentes alto de semine fratres,
 pignora cara Probi, festa quos luce creatos
 ipsa meo fovi gremio. Cunabula parvis
 ipsa dedi, cum matris onus Lucina beatum 145
 solveret et magnos proferrent sidera partus.
 His ego nec Decios pulchros fortesve Metellos
 praetulerim, non qui poenum domuere ferocem,
 Scipiadas Gallisque genus fatale Camillos.
 Pieriis pollent studiis multoque redundant 150
 eloquio; nec desidiis dapibusque paratis
 indulgere iuvat nec tanta licentia vitae
 arripit aut mores aetas lasciva relaxat:
 sed gravibus curis animum sortita senilem
 ignea longaevo frenatur corde iuventus. 155
 Illis, quam propriam ducunt ab origine, sortem
 oramus praebeere velis annique futurum
 devoveas venientis iter. Non improba posco,
 non insueta dabis: domus haec de more requirit.
 Adnue: sic nobis Scythicus famuletur Araxes, 160
 sic Rhenus per utrumque latus, Medisque subactis
 nostra Semiramiae timeant insignia turre;
 sic fluat adtonitus Romana per oppida Ganges'.
 Ductor ad haec: 'Optata iubes ultroque volentem,
 diva rogas; non haec precibus temptanda fuissent. 165
 Usque adeone meam condunt obliviae mentem,
 ut pigeat meminisse Probi, quo vindice totam
 vidimus Hesperiam fessasque resurgere gentes?
 Ante dabunt hiemes Nilum, per flumina damnae
 errabunt glacieque niger damnabitur Indus, 170
 ante Thyesteis iterum conterrita mensis

intercisa dies refugos vertetur in ortus,
quam Probus a nostro possit discedere sensu'.
Dixerat et velox iam nuntius advolat urbem.
Extemplo strepuere chori collesque canoris 175
plausibus impulsus septena voce resultant.
Laetatur veneranda parens et pollice docto
iam parat auratas trabeas cinctus micantes
stamine, quod molli tondent de stipite Seres
frondea lanigeræ carpentes vellera silvæ, 180
et longum tenues tractus producit in aurum
filæque concreto cogit squalere metallo.
Qualis purpureas praebebat candida vestes
numinibus Latona suis, cum sacra redirent
ad loca nutricis iam non errantia Deli, 185
illa feros saltus et desolata relinquens
Maenala lassato certis venatibus arcu,
Phoebus adhuc nigris rorantia tela venenis
extincto Pythone ferens — tunc insula notos
lambit amica pedes ridetque Aegæus alumnis 190
lenior et blando testatur gaudia fluctu — :
sic Proba præcipuo natos exornat amictu,
quæ decorat mundum, cuius Romana potestas
fetibus augetur. Credas ex æthere lapsam
stare Pudicitiam, vel sacro ture vocatam 195
Iunonem Inachiis oculos advertere templis.
Talem nulla refert antiquis pagina libris
nec Latiae cecinere tubæ nec Graia vetustas.
Coniuge digna Probo; nam coetibus extat
femineis, quantum superminet ille maritos. 200
Ceus sibi certantes, sexus quid posset uterque,
hunc legere torum. Taceat Nereida nuptam
Pelion. O duplici fecundam consule matrem
felicemque uterum, qui nomina parturit annis!
Ut sceptrum gessere manu membrisque rigentes 205
aptare togas, signum dat summus hiulca
nube Pater gratamque facem per inane rotantes
prospera vibrati tonuerunt omnia nimbi.
Accepit sonitus curvis Tiberinus in antris,
ima valle sedens. Adrectis auribus haesit, 210
unde repentinus cæli fragor. Illicet herbis
pallentes thalamos et structa cubilia musco
deserit ac Nymphis urnam commendat erilem.
Illi glauca nitent hirsuto lumina vultu
caeruleis infecta notis, reddentia patrem 215

Oceanum; crispo densantur gramine colla;
vertice luxuriat toto crinalis harundo,
quam neque fas Zephyris frangi nec sole perustam
aestivo candore mori, sed vivida frondet
aequaevum complexa caput. Taurina levantur 220
cornua temporibus raucos sudantia rivos;
destillant per pectus aquae; frons hispida manat
imbribus; in liquidos fontes se barba repectit.
Palla graves umeros velat, quam neverat uxor
Ilia percurrens vitreas sub gurgite telas. 225
Est in Romuleo procumbens insula Thybri,
qua medius geminas interfluit alveus urbes
discretas subeunte freto, pariterque minantes
ardua turrigeræ surgunt in culmina ripae.
Hic stetit et subitum prospexit ab aggere votum: 230
unanimos fratres cuncto stipante senatu
ire forum strictasque procul radiare secures
atque uno biuges tolli de limine fasces.
Obstupuit visu suspensaque gaudia vocem
oppressam tenuere die; mox inchoat ore: 235
'Respice, si tales iactas aluisse fluentis,
Eurota Spartane, tuis. Quid protulit aequum
falsus olor, valido quamvis decernere caestu
noverit et ratibus saevas arcere procellas?
En nova Ledaeis suboles fulgentior astris, 240
ecce mei cives, quorum iam Signifer optat
adventum stellisque parat convexa futuris.
Iam per noctivagos dominetur Olybrius axes
pro Polluce rubens, pro Castore flamma Probini.
Ipsi vela regent, ipsis donantibus auras 245
navita tranquillo moderabitur aequore pinum.
Nunc pateras libare deis, nunc solvere multo
nectare corda libet. Niveos iam pandite coetus,
Naidēs, et totum violis praetexite fontem.
Mella ferant silvae; iam profluat ebrius amnis 250
mutatis in vina vadis; iam sponte per agros
sudent inriguae spirantia balsama venae.
Currat qui sociae roget in convivia mensae
indigenas fluvios, Italis quicumque suberrant
montibus Alpinasque bibunt de more pruinas, 255
Vulturnusque rapax et Nar vitiatus odoro
sulphure tardatusque suis erroribus Ufens
et Phaetonteae perpessus damna ruinae
Eridanus flavaeque terens querceta Maricae

Liris et Oebaliae qui temperat arva Galaesus. 260
semper honoratus nostris celebrabitur undis
iste dies, semper dapibus recoletur opimis'.
Sic ait et Nymphae patris praecepta secutae
tectae parant epulis ostroque infecta corusco
umida gemmiferis inluxit regia mensis. 265
O bene signatum fraterno nomine tempus,
o consanguineis felix auctoribus anne,
incipere quadrifidum phoebe torquere laborem.
Prima tibi procedat hiemps non frigore torpens,
non canas vestita nives, non aspera ventis, 270
sed tepido calefacta Noto; ver inde serenum
protinus, et liquidi clementior aura Favoni
pratis te croceis pingat; te messibus aestas
induat, autumnusque madentibus ambiat uvis.
omni nobilior lustro tibi gloria soli 275
contigit, exactum numquam memorata per aevum,
germanos habuisse duces; te cuncta loquetur
tellus; te variis scribingent in floribus Horae,
longaque perpetui ducent in saecula fasti.

Trashing Rufinus, Part I

First Poem

INCIPIT PRAEFATIO (II)

Phoebeo domitus Python cum decidit arcu
 membraque Cirrhaeo fudit anhela iugo,
qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
 flumina, sanguineis tangeret astra iubis:
iam liber Parnasus erat nexuque soluto
 coeperat erecta surgere fronde nemus
concussaeque diu spatiosis tractibus orni
 securas ventis explicuere comas
et qui vipereo spumavit saepe veneno
 Cephisos nitidis purior ibat aquis.
omnis “io Paeon” regio sonat; omnia Phoebum
 rura canunt; tripodas plenior aura rotat,
auditoque procul Musarum carmine dulci
 ad Themidis coeunt antra severa dei.

Nunc alio domini telis Pythone perempto
 convenit ad nostram sacra caterva lyram,
qui stabilem servans Augustis fratribus orbem
 iustitia pacem, viribus arma regit.

LIBER I

Saepe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,
curarent superi terras an nullus inesset
rector et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.
nam cum dispositi quaesissem foedera mundi
praescriptosque mari fines annisque meatus
et lucis noctisque vices: tunc omnia rebar
consilio firmata dei, qui lege moveri
sidera, qui fruges diverso tempore nasci,
qui variam Phoeben alieno iusserit igni
compleri Solemque suo, porrexerit undis
litora, tellurem medio libraverit axe.
sed cum res hominum tanta caligine volvi
adspicerem laetosque diu florere nocentes
vexarique pios, rursus labefacta cadebat
relligio causaeque viam non sponte sequebar
alterius, vacuo quae currere semina motu
adfirmat magnumque novas per inane figuras
fortuna non arte regi, quae numina sensu
ambiguo vel nulla putat vel nescia nostri.

abstulit hunc tandem Rufini poena tumultum
absolvitque deos. iam non ad culmina rerum
iniustos crevisse queror; tolluntur in altum,
ut lapsu graviore ruant. vos pandite vati,
Pierides, quo tanta lues eruperit ortu.

Invidiae quondam stimulis incanduit atrox
Allecto, placidas late cum cerneret urbes.
protinus infernas ad limina taetra sorores
concilium deforme vocat. glomerantur in unum
innumerae pestes Erebi, quascumque sinistro
Nox genuit fetu: nutrix Discordia belli,
imperiosa Fames, leto vicina Senectus
impatiensque sui Morbus Livorque secundis
anxius et scisso maerens velamine Luctus
et Timor et caeco praeceps Audacia vultu
et Luxus populator opum, quem semper adhaerens
infelix humili gressu comitatur Egestas,
foedaque Avaritiae complexae pectora matris
insomnes longo veniunt examine Curae.
complentur vario ferrata sedilia coetu
torvaeque collectis stipatur curia monstris.
Allecto stetit in mediis vulgusque tacere
iussit et obstantes in tergum reppulit angues
perque umeros errare dedit. tum corde sub imo
inclusam rabidis patefecit vocibus iram:

“Sicine tranquillo produci saecula cursu,
sic fortunatas patiemur vivere gentes?
quae nova corrumpit nostros clementia mores?
quo rabies innata perit? quid inania prosunt
verbera? quid facibus nequiquam cingimur atris?
heu nimis ignavae, quas Iuppiter arcet Olympo,
Theodosius terris. en aurea nascitur aetas,
en proles antiqua redit. Concordia, Virtus
cumque Fide Pietas alta cervice vagantur
insignemque canunt nostra de plebe triumphum.
pro dolor! ipsa mihi liquidas delapsa per auras
Iustitia insultat vitiisque a stirpe recisis
elicit oppressas tenebroso carcere leges.
at nos indecores longo torpebimus aevo
omnibus eiectae regnis! agnoscite tandem
quid Furias deceat; consuetas sumite vires
conventuque nefas tanto decernite dignum.
iam cupio Stygiis invadere nubibus astra,
iam flatu violare diem, laxare profundo

frena mari, fluvios ruptis inmittere ripis
et rerum vexare fidem.”

Sic fata cruentum
mugiit et totos serpentum erexit hiatus
noxiaque effudit concusso crine venena.
anceps motus erat vulgi. pars maxima bellum
indicit superis, pars Ditis iura veretur,
dissensuque alitur rumor: ceu murmurat alti
impacata quies pelagi, cum flamine fracto
durat adhuc saevitque tumor dubiumque per aestum
lassa recedentis fluitant vestigia venti.

Improba mox surgit tristi de sede Megaera,
quam penes insani fremitus animique profanus
error et undantes spumis furialibus irae:
non nisi quaesitum cognata caede cruorem
inlicitumve bibit, patrius quem fuderit ensis,
quem dederint fratres; haec terruit Herculis ora
et defensores terrarum polluit arcus,
haec Athamanteae direxit spicula dextrae,
haec Agamemnonios inter bacchata penates
alternis lusit iugulis; hac auspice taedae
Oedipoden matri, natae iunxere Thyesten.
quae tunc horrissonis effatur talia dictis:

“Signa quidem, sociae, divos attollere contra
nec fas est nec posse reor; sed laedere mundum
si libet et populis commune intendere letum.
est mihi prodigium cunctis inmanius hydrys,
tigride mobilius feta, violentius Austris
acribus, Euripi fulvis incertius undis
Rufinus, quem prima meo de matre cadentem
suscepi gremio. parvus reptavit in isto
saepe sinu teneroque per ardua colla volutus
ubera quaesivit fletu linguisque trisulcis
molliam lambentes finxerunt membra cerastae;
meque etiam tradente dolos artesque nocendi
edidicit: simulare fidem sensusque minaces
protegere et blando fraudem praetexere risu,
plenus saevitiae lucrique cupidine fervens.
non Tartesiacis illum satiare harenis
tempestas pretiosa Tagi, non stagna rubentis
aurea Pactoli; totumque exhausit Hermum,
ardebit maiore siti. quam fallere mentes
doctus et unanimos odiis turbare sodales!

talem progenies hominum si prisca tulisset,
Perithoum fugeret Theseus, offensus Orestem
desereret Pylades, odisset Castora Pollux.
ipsa quidem fateor vinci rapidoque magistram
praevenit ingenio; nec plus sermone morabor:
solus habet scelerum quidquid possedimus omnes.
hunc ego, si vestrae res est accommoda turbae,
regalem ad summi producam principis aulam.
sit licet ipse Numa gravior, sit denique Minos,
cedet et insidiis nostri flectetur alumni.”

Orantem sequitur clamor cunctaeque profanas
porrexere manus inventaque tristia laudant.
illa ubi caeruleo vestes conexuit angue
nodavitque adamante comas, Phlegethonta sonorum
poscit et ambusto flagrantis ab aggere ripae
ingentem piceo succendit gurgite pinum
pigraque veloces per Tartara concutit alas.

Est locus extremum pandit qua Gallia litus
Oceani praetentus aquis, ubi fertur Ulixes
sanguine libato populum movisse silentem.
illic umbrarum tenui stridore volantum
flebilis auditur questus; simulacra coloni
pallida defunctasque vident migrare figuras.
hinc dea prosiluit Phoebique egressa serenos
infecit radios ululatuque aethera rupit
terrifico: sentit ferale Britannia murmur
et Senonum quatit arva fragor revolutaque Tethys
substitit et Rhenus proiecta torpuit urna.
tunc in canitiem mutatis sponte colubris
longaevum mentita senem rugisque severas
persulcata genas et ficto languida passu
invadit muros Elusae, notissima dudum
tecta petens, oculisque diu liventibus haesit
peiores mirata virum, tum talia fatur:

“Otia te, Rufine, iuvant frustra iuventae
consumis florem patriis inglorius arvis?
heu nescis quid fata tibi, quid sidera debent,
quid Fortuna parat: toto dominabere mundo,
si parere velis! artus ne sperne seniles!
namque mihi magicae vires aevique futuri
praescius ardor inest; novi quo Thessala cantu
eripiat lunare iubar, quid signa sagacis
Aegypti valeant, qua gens Chaldaea vocatis
imperet arte deis, nec me latuere fluentes

arboribus suci funestarumque potestas
herbarum, quidquid letali gramine pollens
Caucasus et Scythicae vernant in crimina rupes,
quas legit Medea ferox et callida Circe.
saepius horrendos manes sacrisque litavi
nocturnis Hecaten et condita funera traxi
carminibus victura meis, multosque canendo,
quamvis Parcarum restarent fila, peremi.
ire vagas quercus et fulmen stare coegi
versa non prono curvavi flumina lapsu
in fontes reditura suos. ne vana locutum
me fortasse putes, mutatos cerne penates.”
dixerat, et niveae (mirum!) coepere columnae
ditari subitoque trabes lucere metallo.

Inlecebris capitur nimiumque elatus avaro
pascitur aspectu. sic rex ad prima tumebat
Maeonius, pulchro cum verteret omnia tactu;
sed postquam riguisse dapes fulvamque revinctos
in glaciem vidit latices, tum munus acerbum
sensit et invisio votum damnavit in auro.
ergo animi victus “sequimur quocumque vocabis,
seu tu vir seu numen” ait, patriaque relicta
Eoas Furiae iussu tendebat ad arces
instabilesque olim Symplegadas et freta remis
inclita Thessalicis, celsa qua Bosphorus urbe
splendet et Odrysiis Asiam discriminat oris.

Ut longum permensus iter ductusque maligno
stamine fatorum claram subrepsit in aulam,
ilicet ambitio nasci, discedere rectum,
venum cuncta dari: profert arcana, clientes
fallit et ambitos a principe vendit honores.
ingeminat crimen, commoti pectoris ignem
nutrit et exiguum stimulando vulnus acerbat.
ac velut innumeros amnes accedere Nereus
nescit et undantem quamvis hinc hauriat Histrum,
hinc bibat aestivum septeno gurgite Nilum,
par semper similisque manet: sic fluctibus auri
expleri calor ille nequit. cuicumque monile
contextum gemmis aut praedia culta fuissent,
Rufino populandus erat, dominoque parabat
exitium fecundus ager; metuenda colonis
fertilitas: laribus pellit, detrudit avitis
finibus; aut aufert vivis aut occupat heres
congestae cumulantur opes orbisque ruinas

accipit una domus: populi servire coacti
plenaque privato succumbunt oppida regno.

Quo, vesane, ruis? teneas utrumque licebit
Oceanum, laxet rutilos tibi Lydia fontes,
iungatur solium Croesi Cyrique tiara:
numquam dives eris, numquam satiabere quaestu.
semper inops quicumque cupit. contentus honesto
Fabricius parvo spernebat munera regum
sudabatque gravi consul Serranus aratro
et casa pugnaces Curios angusta tegebat.
haec mihi paupertas opulentior, haec mihi tecta
culminibus maiora tuis. ibi quaerit inanes
luxuries nocitura cibos; hic donat inemptas
terra dapes. rapiunt Tyrios ibi vellera sucos
et picturatae saturantur murice vestes;
hic radiant flores et prati viva voluptas
ingenio variata suo. fulgentibus illic
surgunt strata toris; hic mollis panditur herba
sollicitum curis non abruptura soporem.
turba salutantum latas ibi perstrepat aedes;
hic avium cantus, labentis murmura rivi.
vivitur exiguo melius; natura beatis
omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.
haec si nota forent, frueremur simplice cultu,
classica non gemerent, non stridula fraxinus iret,
nec ventus quateret puppes nec machina muros.

Crescebat scelerata sitis praedaque recentis
incestus flagrabat amor, nullusque petendi
cogendive pudor: crebris periuria nequit
blanditiis; sociat perituro foedere dextras.
si semel e tantis poscenti quisque negasset,
effera praetumido quatiebat corda furore.
quae sic Gaetuli iaculo percussa leaena
aut Hyrcana premens raptorem belua partus
aut serpens calcata furit? iurata deorum
maiestas teritur; nusquam reverentia mensae.
non coniunx, non ipse simul, non pignora caesa
sufficiunt odiis; non extinxisse propinquos,
non notos egisse sat est; excindere cives
funditus et nomen gentis delere laborat.
nec celeri perimit leto; crudelibus ante
suppliciis fruitur; cruciatus, vincla, tenebras
dilato mucrone parat. pro saevior ense
parcendi rabies concessaque vita dolori!

mors adeone parum est? causis fallacibus instat,
arguit attonitos se iudice. cetera segnis,
ad facinus velox, penitus regione remotas
impiger ire vias: non illum Sirius ardens
brumave Rhiphaeo stridens Aquilone retardat.
effera torquebant avidae praecordia curae,
effugeret ne quis gladios neu perderet ullum
Augusto miserante nefas. non flectitur annis,
non aetate labat: iuvenum rorantia colla
ante patrum vultus stricta cecidere securi;
ibat grandaevus nato moriente superstes
post trabeas exul. quis prodere tanta relatu
funera, quis caedes possit deflere nefandas?
quid tale inmanes umquam gessisse feruntur
vel Sinis Isthmiaca pinu vel rupe profunda
Sciron vel Phalaris tauro vel carcere Sulla?
o mites Diomedis equi! Busiridis arae
clementes! iam Cinna pius, iam Spartace segnis
Rufino collatus eris!

Deiecerat omnes
occultis odiis terror tacitique sepultos
suspिरant gemitus indignarique verentur.
at non magnanimi virtus Stilichonis eodem
fracta metu; solus medio sed turbine rerum
contra letiferos rictus contraque rapacem
movit tela feram, volucris non praepete cursu
vectus equi, non Pegaseis adiutus habenis.
hic cunctis optata quies, hic sola pericli
turris erat clipeusque truceм porrectus in hostem,
hic profugis sedes adversaque signa furori,
servandis hic castra bonis.

Hucusque minatus
haerebat retroque fuga cedebat inertі:
haud secus hiberno tumidus cum vertice torrens
saxa rotat volvitque nemus pontesque revellit.
frangitur obiectu scopuli quaerensque meatum
spumat et inlisa montem circumtonat unda.

Qua dignum te laude feram, qui paene ruenti
lapsuroque tuos umeros obieceris orbi?
te nobis trepidae sidus ceu dulce carinae
ostendere dei, geminis quae lassa procellis
tunditur et victo trahitur iam caeca magistro.
Inachus Rubro perhibetur in aequore Perseus
Neptuni domuisse pecus, sed tutior alis:

te non penna vehit; rigida cum Gorgone Perseus:
tu non vipereo defensus crine Medusae;
illum vilis amor suspensae virginis egit:
te Romana salus. taceat superata vetustas,
Herculeos conferre tuis iam desinat actus.
una Cleonaeum pascebat silva leonem;
Arcadiae saltum vastabat dentibus unum
saevus aper, tuque o compressa matre rebellans
non ultra Libyae fines, Antae, nocebas,
solaque fulmineo resonabat Creta iuvenco
Lernaeamque virens obsederat hydra paludem.
hoc monstrum non una palus, non una tremebat
insula, sed Latia quidquid dicione subactum
vivit, et a primis Ganges horrebat Hiberis.
hoc neque Geryon triplex nec turbidus Orci
ianitor aequabit nec si concurrat in unum
vis hydrae Syllaeque fames et flamma Chimaerae.

Certamen sublime diu, sed moribus impar
virtutum scelerumque fuit. iugulare minatur:
tu prohibes; ditem spoliat: tu reddis egenti;
eruit: instauras; accendit proelia: vincis.
ac velut infecto morbus crudescere caelo
incipiens primos pecudum depascitur artus,
mox populos urbesque rapit ventisque perustis
corruptos Stygiam pestem desudat in amnes:
sic avidus praedo iam non per singula saevit.
sed sceptris inferre minas omnique perempto
milite Romanas ardet prosternere vires,
iamque Getas Histrumque movet Scythiamque receptat
auxilio traditque suas hostilibus armis
reliquias. mixtis descendit Sarmata Dacis
et qui cornipedes in pocula vulnerat audax
Massagetes caesamque bibens Maeotin Alanus
membraque qui ferro gaudet pinxisse Gelonus,
Rufino collecta manus. vetat ille domari
innectitque moras et congrua tempora differt.
nam tua cum Geticas stravisset dextra catervas,
ulta ducis socii letum, parsque una maneret
debilior facilisque capi, tunc impius ille
proditor imperii coniuratusque Getarum
distulit instantes eluso principe pugnas
Hunorum laturus opem, quos adfore bello
norat et invisus mox se coniungere castris.

Est genus extremos Scythiae vergentis in ortus

trans gelidum Tanain, quo non famosius ullum
Aretos alit. turpes habitus obscaenaque visu
corpora; mens duro numquam cessura labori;
praeda cibus, vitanda Ceres frontemque secari
ludus et occisos pulchrum iurare parentes.
nec plus nubigenas duplex natura biformes
cognatis aptavit equis; acerrima nullo
ordine mobilitas insperatique recursus.

Quos tamen impavidus contra spumantis ad Hebri
tendis aquas, sic ante tubas aciemque precatus:
“Mavors, nubifero seu tu procumbis in Haemo
seu te cana gelu Rhodope seu remige Medo
sollicitatus Athos seu caligantia nigris
ilicibus Pangaea tenent, accingere mecum
et Thracas defendere tuos. si laetior adsit
gloria, vestita spoliis donabere quercu.”

Audiit illa pater scopulisque nivalibus Haemi
surgit et hortatur celeres clamore ministros:
“fer galeam, Bellona, mihi nexusque rotarum
tende, Pavor. frenet rapidos Formido iugales.
festinas urgete manus. meus ecce paratur
ad bellum Stilicho, qui me de more tropaeis
ditat et hostiles suspendit in arbore cristas.
communes semper litui, communia nobis
signa canunt iunctoque sequor tentoria curru.”
sic fatus campo insiluit lateque fugatas
hinc Stilicho turmas, illinc Gradivus agebat
et clipeis et mole pares; stat cassis utrique
sidereis hirsuta iubis loricaque cursu
aestuat et largo saturatur vulnere cornus.

Acrior interea voto multisque Megaera
luxuriata malis maestam deprendit in arce
Iustitiam diroque prior sic ore laccessit:
“en tibi prisca quies renovataque saecula rursus,
ut rebare, vigent? en nostra potentia cessit
nec locus est usquam Furiis? huc lumina flecte.
adspice barbaricis iaceant quot moenia flammis,
quas mihi Rufinus strages quantumque cruoris
praebeat et quantis epulentur caedibus hydri.
linque homines sortemque meam, pete sidera; notis
Autumni te redde plagis, qua vergit in Austrum
Signifer; aestivo sedes vicina Leoni
iam pridem gelidaeque vacant confinia Librae.
atque utinam per magna sequi convexa liceret!”

Diva refert: “non ulterius bacchabere demens.
iam poenas tuus iste dabit, iam debitus ultor
inminet, et, terras qui nunc ipsumque fatigat
aethera, non vili moriens condetur harena.
iamque aderit laeto promissus Honorius aevo
nec forti genitore minor nec fratre corusco,
qui subiget Medos, qui cuspidē proteret Indos.
sub iuga venturi reges; calcabitur asper
Phasis equo pontemque pati cogetur Araxes,
tuque simul gravibus ferri religata catenis
expellere die debellatasque draconum
tonsa comas imo barathri claudere recessu.
tum tellus communis erit, tum limite nullo
discernetur ager; nec vomere sulcus adunco
findetur: subitis messor gaudebit aristis.
rorabunt querceta favis; stagnantia passim
vina fluent oleique lacus; nec murice tinctis
velleribus quaeretur honos, sed sponte rubebunt
attonito pastore greges pontumque per omnem
ridebunt virides gemmis nascentibus algae.”

Trashing Rufinus, Part II

Second Poem

INCIPIT PRAEFATIO (IV)

Pandite defensum reduces Heliconae sorores,
pandite; permissis iam licet ire choris:
nulla per Aonios hostilis bucina campos
carmina mugitu deteriore vetat.
tu quoque securis pulsa formidine Delphis
floribus ultorem, Delie, cinge tuum.
nullus Castalios latices et praescia fati
flumina polluto barbarus ore bibit.
Alpheus late rubuit Siculumque per aequor
sanguineas belli rettulit unda notas
agnovitque novos absens Arethusa triumphos
et Geticam sensit teste cruore necem.

Inmensis, Stilicho, succedant otia curis
et nostrae patiens corda remitte lyrae,
nec pudeat longos interrupsis labores
et tenuem Musis constituisset moram.
fertur et indomitus tandem post proelia Mavors
lassa per Odrysias fundere membra nives
oblitusque sui posita clementior hasta
Pieriis aures pacificare modis.

LIBER II

Iam post edomitas Alpes defensaque regna
Hesperiae merita complexus sede parentem
auctior adiuncto fulgebat sidere mundus,
iamque tuis, Stilicho, Romana potentia curis
et rerum commissus apex, tibi credita fratrum
utraque maiestas geminaeque exercitus aulae.
Rufinus (neque enim patiuntur saeva quietem
crimina pollutaeque negant arescere fauces)
infandis iterum terras accendere bellis
incohat et solito pacem vexare tumultu.
haec etiam secum: "quanam ratione tuebor
spem vitae fragilem? qua tot depellere fluctus
arte queam? premor hinc odiis, hinc milite cingor.
heu quid agam? non arma mihi, non principis ullus
auxiliatur amor. matura pericula surgunt
undique et impositi radiant cervicibus enses.
quid restat, nisi cuncta novo confundere luctu

insontesque meae populos miscere ruinae?
everso iuvat orbe mori; solacia leto
exitium commune dabit nec territus ante
discedam: cum luce simul linquenda potestas.”

Haec fatus, ventis veluti si frena resolvat
Aeolus, abrupto gentes sic obice fudit
laxavitque viam bellis et, nequa maneret
inmunis regio, cladem divisit in orbem
disposuitque nefas. alii per terga ferocis
Danuvii solidata ruunt expertaque remos
frangunt stagna rotis; alii per Caspia claustra
Armeniasque nives inopino tramite ducti
invadunt Orientis opes. iam pascua fumant
Cappadocum volucrumque parens Argaeus equorum,
iam rubet altus Halys nec se defendit iniquo
monte Cilix. Syriae tractus vastantur amoeni
adsuetumque choris et laeta plebe canorum
signum imbellem sonipes hostilis Orontem.
hinc plactus Asiae; Geticis Europa catervis
ludibrio praedaeque datur frondentis ad usque
Dalmatiae fines: omnis quae mobile Ponti
aequor et Adriacas tellus interiacet undas
squalet inops pecudum, nullis habitata colonis,
instar anhelantis Libyae, quae torrida semper
solibus humano nescit mansuescere cultu.
Thessalus ardet ager; reticet pastore fugato
Pelion; Emathias ignis populatur aristas.
nam plaga Pannoniae miserandaque moenia Thracum
arvaeque Mysorum iam nulli flebile damnum,
sed cursus sollemnis erat campusque furori
expositus, sensumque malis detraxerat usus.
eheu quam brevibus pereunt ingentia fatis!
imperium tanto quaesitum sanguine, tanto
servatum, quod mille ducum peperere labores,
quod tantis Romana manus contexit annis,
proditor unus iners angusto tempore vertit.

Urbs etiam, magnae quae ducitur aemula Romae
et Calchedonias contra despectat harenas,
iam non finitimo Martis terrore movetur,
sed propius lucere faces et rauca sonare
cornua vibratisque peti fastigia telis
adspicit. hi vigili muros statione tueri,
hi iunctis properant portus munire carinis.
obsessa tamen ille ferus laetatur in urbe

exultatque malis summaeque ex culmine turris
impia vicini cernit spectacula campi:
vinctas ire nurus, nunc in vada proxima mergi
seminecem, hunc subito percussum vulnere labi
dum fugit, hunc animam portis efflare sub ipsis;
nec canos prodesse seni puerique cruore
maternos undare sinus. immensa voluptas
et risus plerumque subit; dolor afficit unus,
quod feriat non ipse manu. videt omnia late
exceptis incensa suis et crimine tanto
luxuriat carumque sibi non abnuat hostem;
iactabatque ultro, quod soli castra paterent
sermonumque foret vicibus permissa potestas.
egregii quotiens exisset foederis auctor,
stipatur sociis, circumque armata clientum
agmina privatis ibant famulantia signis;
ipse inter medios, ne qua de parte relinquit
barbariem, revocat fulvas in pectora pelles
frenaque et inmanes pharetras arcusque sonoros
adsimulat mentemque palam proclamat amictu,
nec pudet Ausonios currus et iura regentem
sumere deformes ritus vestemque Getarum;
insignemque habitum Latii mutare coactae
maerent captivae pellito iudice leges.

Quis populi tum vultus erat! quae murmura furtim!
(nam miseris ne flere quidem aut lenire dolorem
colloquiis impune licet): “Quonam usque feremus
exitiale iugum? durae quis terminus umquam
sortis erit? quis nos funesto turbine rerum
aut tantis solvet lacrimis, quos barbarus illinc,
hinc Rufinus agit, quibus arva fretumque negatur?
magna quidem per rura lues, sed maior oberrat
intra tecta timor. tandem succurre ruenti
heu patriae, Stilicho! dilecta hic pignora certe,
hic domus, hic thalamis primum genialibus omen,
hic tibi felices erexit regia taedas.
vel solus sperate veni. te proelia viso
languescant avidique cadet dementia monstri.”

Talibus urgetur discors Aurora procellis.
at Stilicho, Zephyris cum primum bruma remitti
et iuga diffusis nudari coepta pruinis,
partibus Italiae tuta sub pace relictis
utraque castra movens Phoebi properabat ad ortus,
Gallica discretis Eoque robora turmis

amplexus. numquam tantae dicione sub una
convenere manus nec tot discrimina vocum:
illinc Armeniae vibratis crinibus alae
herbida collectae facili velamina nodo;
inde truces flavo comitantur vertice Galli,
quos Rhodanus velox, Araris quos tardior ambit
et quos nascentes explorat gurgite Rhenus
quosque rigat retro perniciosior unda Garunnae,
Oceani pleno quotiens impellitur aestu.
mens eadem cunctis animique recentia ponunt
vulnera; non odit victus victorve superbit.
et quamvis praesens tumor et civilia nuper
classica bellatrixque etiamnunc ira caleret,
in ducis eximii conspiravere favorem.
haud aliter Xerxen toto simul orbe secutus
narratur rapuisse vagos exercitus amnes
et telis umbrasse diem, cum classibus iret
per scopulos tectumque pedes contemneret aequor.

Vix Alpes egressus erat nec iam amplius errat
barbarus adventumque timens se cogit in unam
planitiem tutoque includit pascua gyro:
tum duplici fossa non exuperabile vallum
asperat alternis sudibus murique locata
in speciem caesis obtendit plaustra iuvencis.

At procul exanguis Rufinum perculit horror;
infectae pallore genae; stetit ore gelato
incertus peteretne fugam, veniamne subactus
posceret an fidos sese transferret in hostes.
quid nunc divitiae, quid fulvi vasta metalli
congeries, quid purpureis effulta columnis
atria prolataeve iuvant ad sidera moles?
audit iter numeratque dies spatiumque viarum
metitur vitam. torquetur pace futura
nec recipit somnos et saepe cubilibus amens
excutitur poenamque luit formidine poenae.
sed redit in rabiem scelerumque inmane resumit
ingenium sacrasque fores praedivitis aulae
intrat et Arcadium mixto terrore precatur:

“Per fratris regale iubar, per facta parentis
aetherii floremque tui te deprecor aevi,
eripe me gladiis; liceat Stilichonis iniquas
evitare minas. in nostram Gallia caedem
coniurata venit. quidquid rigat ultima Tethys,
extremos ultra volitat gens si qua Britannos,

mota mihi. tantis capiendi credimur armis?
tot signis unum petitur caput? unde cruoris
ista sitis? geminum caeli sibi vindicat axem
et nullum vult esse parem. succumbere poscit
cuncta sibi: regit Italiam Libyamque coercet;
Hispanis Gallisque iubet; non orbita solis,
non illum natura capit. quascumque paravit
hic Augustus opes et quas post bella recepit,
solus habet, possessa semel nec reddere curat.
scilicet ille quidem tranquilla pace fruatur;
nos premat obsidio? quid partem invadere temptat?
deserat Illyricos fines; Eoa remittat
agmina; fraternas ex aequo dividat hastas,
nec sceptri tantum fueris, sed militis heres.
quodsi dissimulas nostrae succurrere morti
nec prohibere paras, Manes et sidera testor:
haec cervix non sola cadet; miscebitur alter
sanguis; nec Stygias ferar incommitatus ad undas
nec mea securus ridebit funera victor!”

Haec ubi, dictatur facinus missusque repente
qui ferat extortas invito principe voces.

Interea Stilicho iam laetior hoste propinquo
nec multo spatii distantibus aequore vallis
pugnandi cupidas accendit voce cohortes.
Armeniis frons laeva datur; per cornua Gallos
dexteriores locat. spumis ignescere frena,
pulveris extolli nimbos lateque videres
surgere purpureis undantes anguibus hastas
serpentumque vago caelum saevire volatu.
implet Thessaliam ferri nitor antraque docti
cornipedis, teneroque amnis reptatus Achilli
et nemus Oetaeum radiat. clamore nivalis
Ossa tonat pulsoque fragor geminatur Olympo.
intumuit virtus et lucis prodigus arsit
impetus; haud illos rupes, haud alta vetarent
flumina: praecipiti stravissent omnia cursu.

Si tunc his animis acies collata fuisset,
prodita non tantas vidisset Graecia caedes,
oppida semoto Pelopeia Marte vigerent,
starent Arcadiae, starent Lacedaemonis arces;
non mare fumasset geminum flagrante Corintho
nec fera Cecropiae traxissent vincula matres.
illa dies potuit nostris imponere finem
cladibus et sceleris causas auferre futuri.

invida pro quantum rapuit Fortuna triumphum!
inter equos interque tubas mandata feruntur
regia et armati veniunt ductoris ad aures.

Obstupuit; simul ira virum, simul obruit ingens
maeror et ignavo tantum licuisse nocenti
miratur. dubios anceps sententia volvit
eventus: peragat pugnas an fortia coepta
deserat? Illyricis ardet succurrere damnis;
praeceptis obstare timet. reverentia frangit
virtutis stimulos: hinc publica commoda suadent,
hinc metus invidiae. tandem indignatus ad astra
extollit palmas et ab imo pectore fatur:

“Numina Romanis necdum satiata ruinis,
si iuvat imperium penitus de stirpe revelli,
uno si placuit deleri saecula lapsu,
si piget humani generis, prorumpat in arva
libertas effrena maris vel limite iusto
devius errantes Phaëthon confundat habenas.
cur per Rufinum geritur? procumbere mundum
hoc auctore pudet. mediis revocamur ab armis
(pro dolor!) et strictos deponere cogimur enses.
vos, arsurae urbes perituraque moenia, testor:
cedo equidem et miserum permitto casibus orbem
flectite signa, duces. redeat iam miles Eous.
parendum est. taceant litui. prohibete sagittas.
parcite contiguo — Rufinus praecipit! — hosti.”

His dictis omnes una fremuere manipuli
quantum non Italo percussa Ceraunia fluctu,
quantum non madidis elisa tonitrua Cauris,
secernique negant ereptaque proelia poscunt,
insignemque ducem populus defendit uterque
et sibi quisque trahit. magno certatur amore,
alternamque fidem non inlaudata lacessit
seditio talique simul clamore queruntur:

“Quis mihi nudatos enses, quis tela lacertis
excutit et solvi curvatos imperat arcus?
quisnam audet stricto leges imponere ferro?
inflammata semel nescit mitescere virtus.
iam mihi barbaricos sitientia pila cruores
sponte volant ultroque manus mucrone furenti
ducitur et siccum gladium vagina recusat.
non patiar. semperne Getis discordia nostra
proderit? en iterum belli civilis imago!
quid consanguineas acies, quid dividis olim

concordes aquilas? non dissociabile corpus
coniunctumque sumus. te qua libet ire sequemur.
te vel Hyperboreo damnatam sidere Thylen,
te vel ad incensas Libyae comitabor harenas.
Indorum si stagna petas Rubrique recessus
litoris, auriferum veniam poturus Hydaspem;
si calcare Notum secretaque noscere Nili
nascentis iubeas, mundum post terga relinquam;
et quocumque loco Stilicho tentoria figat, haec patria est.”

Dux inde vetat: “desistite, quaeso,
atque avidam differte manum. cadat iste minacis
invidiae cumulus. non est victoria tanti,
ut videar vicisse mihi. vos fida iuventus
ite, mei quondam socii.” nec plura locutus
flexit iter: vacuo qualis discedit hiatu
impatiens remeare leo, quem plurima cuspis
et pastorales pepulerunt igne catervae,
inclinatque iubas demissaque lumina velat
et trepidas maestis rimatur murmure silvas.

Ut sese legio vidit disiuncta relinqui,
ingentem tollit gemitum galeasque solutis
umectat lacrimis pressamque morantia vocem
thoracum validos pulsant suspiria nexus:
“tradimur, heu, tantumque sequi prohibemur amorem!”
exclamant. “spernisne tuas, dux optime, dexteras,
quas tibi victrices totiens Bellona probavit?
nos adeo viles? adeo felicius axis
Hesperius, meruit qui te rectore teneri?
quid nobis patriam, quid cara revisere tandem
pignora dilectosve iuvat coluisse penates?
te sine dulce nihil. iam formidata tyranni
tempestas subeunda mihi, qui forte nefandas
iam parat insidias, qui nos aut turpibus Hunis
aut impacatis famulos praebebit Alanis;
quamquam non adeo robur defecerit omne
tantave gestandi fuerit penuria ferri.
tu, licet occiduo maneas sub cardine caeli,
tu mihi dux semper, Stilicho, nostramque vel absens
experire fidem. dabitur tibi debita pridem
victima: promissis longe placabere sacris.”

Tristior Haemoniis miles digressus ab oris
tangebatur Macetum fines murosque subibat,
Thessalonica, tuos. sensu dolor haeret in alto
abditus et tacitas vindictae praestruit iras,

spectaturque favens odiis locus aptaque leto
tempora. nec quisquam tanta de pube repertus,
proderet incautis qui corda minantia verbis.
quae non posteritas, quae non mirabitur aetas
tanti consilium vulgi potuisse taceri
aut facinus tam grande tegi mentisque calorem
non sermone viae, non inter pocula rumpi?
aequalis tantam tenuit constantia turbam
et fuit arcanum populo. percurritur Haemus,
deseritur Rhodope Thracumque per ardua tendunt,
donec ad Herculei perventum nominis urbem.

Ut cessisse ducem, propius venisse cohortes
cognita Rufino, magna cervice triumphat
omnia tuta ratus sceptrumque capessere fervet
et coniuratos hortatur voce clientes:
“vicimus, expulimus, facilis iam copia regni.
nullus ab hoste timor. quis enim, quem poscere solum
horruit, hunc tanto munitum milite vincat?
quis ferat armatum, quem non superavit inermem?
i nunc, exitium nobis meditare remotus
incassum, Stilicho, dum nos longissima tellus
dividat et mediis Nereus interstrepit undis.
Alpinas transire tibi me sospite rupes
haud dabitur. iaculis illinc me figere tempta.
quaere ferox ense, qui nostra ad moenia tendi
possit ab Italia. non te documenta priorum,
non exempla vetant? quisnam conatus adire
has iactat vitasse manus? detrusimus orbe
te medio tantisque simul spoliavimus armis.
nunc epulis tempus, socii, nunc larga parare
munera donandumque novis legionibus aurum!
opportuna meis oritur lux crastina votis.
quod nolit rex ipse velit iubeatque coactus
in partem mihi regna dari. contingat in uno
privati fugisse modum crimenque tyranni.”

Talibus adclamat dictis infame nocentum
concilium, qui perpetuis crevere rapinis
et quos una facit Rufino causa sodales,
inlicitum duxisse nihil; funesta tacere
nexus amicitiae. iamiam conubia laeti
despondent aliena sibi frustra vicissim
promittunt, quae quisque petat, quas devoret urbes.

Coeperat humanos alto sopire labores
nox gremio, nigrasque sopor diffuderat alas.

ille diu curis animum stimulantibus aegre
labitur in somnos. toto vix corde quierat,
ecce videt diras adludere protinus umbras,
quas dedit ipse neci; quarum quae clarior una
visa loqui: “pro! surge toro. quid plurima volvis
anxius? haec requiem rebus finemque labori
adlatura dies: omni iam plebe redibis
altior et laeti manibus portabere vulgi.
has canit ambages. occulto fallitur ille
omine nec capitis sentit praesagia fixi.

Iam summum radiis stringebat Lucifer Haemum
festinamque rotam solito properantior urget
tandem Rufini visurus funera Titan:
desiluit stratis densaeque capacia turbae
atria regifico iussit splendere paratu
exceptura dapes et, quod post vota daretur,
insculpi propriis aurum fatale figuris.
ipse salutatum reduces post proelia turmas
iam regale tumens et principe celsior ibat
collaque femineo solvebat mollia gestu
imperii certus, tegeret ceu purpura dudum
corpus et ardentes ambirent tempora gemmae.

Urbis ab angusto tractu, qua vergit in austrum,
planities vicina patet: nam cetera pontus
circuit exiguo dirimi se limite passus.
hic ultrix acies ornatu lucida Martis
explicuit cuneos. pedites in parte sinistra
consistunt. equites illinc poscentia cursum
ora reluctantur pressis sedare lupatis;
hinc alii saevum cristato vertice nutant
et tremulos umeris gaudent vibrare colores,
quos operit formatque chalybs; coniuncta per artem
flexilis inductis animatur lamina membris;
horribiles visu: credas simulacra moveri
ferrea cognatoque viros spirare metallo.
par vestitus equis: ferrata fronte minantur
ferratosque levant securi vulneris armos.
diviso stat quisque loco, metuenda voluptas
cernenti pulcherque timor, spirisque remissis
mansuescunt varii vento cessante dracones.

Augustus veneranda prior vexilla salutat.
Rufinus sequitur, quo fallere cuncta solebat
callidus adfatu, devotaque brachia laudat;
nomine quemque vocat; natos patresque reversis

nuntiat incolumes. illi dum plurima ficto
certatim sermone petunt, extendere longos
a tergo flexus insperatoque suprema
circuitu sociare parant; decrescere campus
incipit, et clipeis in se redeuntia iunctis
curvo paulatim sinuantur cornua ductu:
sic ligat immensa virides indagine saltus
venator; sic attonitos ad litora pisces
aequoreus populator agit rarosque plagarum
contrahit anfractus et hiantes colligit oras.
excludunt alios. cingi se fervidus ille
nescit adhuc graviterque adpressa veste morantem
increpat Augustum: scandat sublime tribunal,
participem sceptri, socium declaret honoris —
cum subito stringunt gladios; vox desuper ingens
infremuit: “nobis etiam, deterrime, nobis
sperasti famulas imponere posse catenas?
unde redi nescis? patiarne audire satellites,
qui leges aliis libertatemque reduxi?
bis domitum civile nefas, his rupimus Alpes.
tot nos bella docent nulli servire tyranno.”

Deriguit. spes nulla fugae; seges undique ferri
circumfusa micat; dextra laevaue revinctus
haesit et ensiferae stupuit mucrone coronae,
ut fera, quae nuper montes amisit avitos
altorumque exul nemorum damnatur harenae
muneribus, commota ruit; vir murmure contra
hortatur nixusque genu venabula tendit;
illa pavet strepitus cuneosque erecta theatri
respicit et tanti miratur sibila vulgi.

Unus per medios audendi pronior ense
prosiluit exerto dictisque et vulnere torvus
impetit: “hac Stilicho, quem iactas pellere, dextra
te ferit; hoc absens invadit viscera ferro.”
sic fatur meritoque latus transverberat ictu.

Felix illa manus, talem quae prima cruorem
hauserit et fessi poenam libaverit orbis!
mox omnes laniant hastis artusque trementes
dilacerant; uno tot corpore tela tepescunt
et non infecto pudit mucrone reverti.
hi vultus avidos et adhuc spirantia vellunt
lumina, truncatos alii rapuere lacertos.
amputat ille pedes, umerum quatit ille solutis
nexibus; hic fracti reserat curvamina dorsi;

hic iecur, hic cordis fibras, hic pandit anhelas
pulmonis latebras. spatium non invenit ira
nec locus est odiis. consumpto funere vix tum
deseritur sparsumque perit per tela cadaver.
sic mons Aonius rubuit, cum Penthea ferrent
Maenades aut subito mutatum Actaeona cornu
traderet insanis Latonia visa Molossis.
criminibusne tuis credis, Fortuna, mederi
et male donatum certas aequare favorem
suppliciis? una tot milia morte rependis?
eversis agedum Rufinum divide terris.
da caput Odrysiis, truncum mereantur Achivi.
quid reliquis dabitur? nec singula membra peremptis sufficiunt populis.

Vacuo plebs undique muro
iam segura fluit; senibus non obstitit aetas
virginibusve pudor; viduae, quibus ille maritos
abstulit, orbataeque ruunt ad gaudia matres
insultantque alacres. laceros iuvat ire per artus
pressaue calcato vestigia sanguine tingui.
nec minus adsiduis flagrant elidere saxis
prodigiale caput, quod iam de cuspide summa
nutabat digna rediens ad moenia pompa.
dextera quin etiam ludo concessa vagatur
aera petens poenasque animi persolvit avari
terribili lucro vivosque imitata retentus
cogitur adductis digitos inflectere nervis.

Desinat elatis quisquam confidere rebus
instabilesque deos ac lubrica numina discat.
illa manus, quae sceptris sibi gestanda parabat,
cuius se totiens summisit ad oscula supplex
nobilitas, inhumata diu miseroque revulsa
corpore feralem quaestum post fata reposcit.
adspiciat quisquis nimium sublata secundis
colla gerit: triviis calcandus spargitur ecce,
qui sibi pyramidas, qui non cedentia templis
ornatura suos extruxit culmina manes,
et qui Sidonio velari credidit ostro,
nudus pascit aves. iacet en, qui possidet orbem,
exiguae telluris inops et pulvere raro
per partes tegitur nusquam totiensque sepultus.

Senserunt convexa necem tellusque nefandum
amolitur onus iam respirantibus astris.
infernus gravat umbra lacus. pater Aeacus horret
intransemque etiam latratu Cerberus urget.

tunc animae, quas ille fero sub iure peremit,
circumstant nigrique trahunt ad iudicis urnam
infesto fremitu: veluti pastoris in ora
commotae glomerantur apes, qui dulcia raptu
mella vehit, pennasque cunctas et spicula tendunt
et tenuis saxi per propugnacula cinctae
rimosam patriam dilectaque pumicis antra
defendunt pronoque favos examine velant.

Est locus infaustus quo conciliantur in unum
Cocytos Phlegethonque vadis; inamoenus uterque
alveus; hic volvit lacrimas, hic igne redundat.
turris per geminos, flammis vicinior, amnes
porrigitur solidoque rigens adamante sinistrum
proluit igne latus; dextro Cocytia findit
aequora triste gemens et fletu concita plangit.
huc post emeritam mortalia saecula vitam
deveniunt. ibi nulla manent discrimina fati,
nullus honos vanoque exutum nomine regem
proturbat plebeius egens. quaesitor in alto
conspicuus solio pertemptat crimina Minos
et iustis dirimit fontes. quos nolle fateri
viderit, ad rigidi transmittit verbera fratris.
nam iuxta Rhadamanthys agit. cum gesta superni
curriculi totosque diu perspexerit actus,
exaequat damnum meritis et muta ferarum
cogi vincla pati. truculentos ingerit ursis
praedonesque lupis; fallaces vulpibus addit.
at qui desidia semper vinoque gravatus,
indulgens Veneri, voluit torpescere luxu,
hunc suis inmundi pingues detrudit in artus.
qui iusto plus esse loquax arcanaque suevit
prodere, piscosas fertur victurus in undas,
ut nimiam pensent aeterna silentia vocem.
quos ubi per varias annis ter mille figuras
egit, Lethaeo purgatos flumine tandem
rursus ad humanae revocat primordia formae.

Tum quoque, dum lites Stygiique negotia solvit
dura fori veteresque reos ex ordine quaerit,
Rufinum procul ecce notat visuque severo
lustrat et ex imo concussa sede profatur:

“Huc superum labes, huc insatiabilis auri
proluvis pretioque nihil non ause parato,
quodque mihi summum scelus est, huc improbe legum
venditor, Arctoi stimulator perfide Martis!

cuius ob innumeras strages angustus Avernii
iam sinus et plena lassatur portitor alno.
quid demens manifesta negas? en pectus inustae
deformant maculae vitiisque inolevit imago
nec sese commissa tegunt. genus omne dolorum
in te ferre libet: dubio tibi pendula rupes
immineat lapsu, volucer te torqueat axis,
te refugi fallant latices atque ore natanti
arescat decepta sitis, dapibusque relictis
in tua mansurus migret praecordia vultur.
quamquam omnes alii, quos haec tormenta fatigant,
pars quota sunt, Rufine, tui! quid tale vel audax
fulmine Salmoneus vel lingua Tantalus egit
aut inconsulto Tityos deliquit amore?
cunctorum si facta simul iungantur in unum,
praecedes numero. cui tanta piacula quisquam
supplicio conferre valet? quid denique dignum
omnibus inveniam, vincant cum singula poenas?
tollite de mediis animarum dedecus umbris.
adspexisse sat est. oculis iam parcite nostris
et Ditis purgate domos. agitate flagellis
trans Styga, trans Erebum, vacuo mandate barathro
infra Titanum tenebras infraque recessus
Tartareos ipsumque Chaos, qua noctis opacae
fundamenta latent; praeceps ibi mersus anhelet,
dum rotat astra polus, feriunt dum litora venti.”

The War Against Gildo

Redditus imperiis Auster subiectaque rursus
alterius convexa poli. rectore sub uno
conspirat geminus frenis communibus orbis.
iunximus Europen Libyae. concordia fratrum
plena redit. patriis solum quod defuit armis,
tertius occubuit nati virtute tyrannus.
horret adhuc animus manifestaue gaudia differt,
dum stupet et tanto cunctatur credere voto.
necdum Cinyphias exercitus attigit oras:
iam domitus Gildo. nullis victoria nodis
haesit, non spatio terrae, non obice ponti.
congressum profugum captum vox nuntiat una
rumoremque sui praevenit laurea belli.
quo, precor, haec effecta deo? robusta vetusque
tempore tam parvo potuit dementia vinci?
quem veniens indixit hiems, ver perculit hostem.

Exitium iam Roma timens et fessa negatis
frugibus ad rapidi limen tendebat Olympi
non solito vultu nec qualis iura Britannis
dividit aut trepidos summittit fascibus Indos.
vox tenuis tardique gradus oculique iacentes
interius; fugere genae; ieiuna lacertos
exedit macies. umeris vix sustinet aegris
squalentem clipeum; laxata casside prodit
canitiem plenamque trahit rubiginis hastam.
attigit ut tandem caelum genibusque Tonantis
procubuit, tales orditur maesta querellas:

“Si mea mansuris meruerunt moenia nasci,
Iuppiter, auguriis, si stant inmota Sibyllae
carmina, Tarpeias si necdum respuis arces:
advenio supplex, non ut proculcet Araxen
consul ovans nostraeve premant pharetrata secures
Susa, nec ut Rubris aquilas figamus harenis.
haec nobis, haec ante dabas; nunc pabula tantum
Roma precor. miserere tuae, pater optime, gentis,
extremam defende famem. satiavimus iram
si qua fuit; lugenda Getis et flenda Suebis
hausimus; ipsa meos horreret Parthia casus.
quid referam morbive luem tumulosve repletos
stragibus et crebras corrupto sidere mortes?
aut fluvium per tecta vagum summisque minatum

collibus? ingentes vixi summersa carinas
remorumque sonos et Pyrrhae saecula sensi.
“Ei mihi, quo Latiae vires urbisque potestas
decidit! in qualem paulatim fluximus umbram!
armato quondam populo patrumque vigebam
conciliis; domui terras urbesque revinxi
legibus: ad solem victrix utrumque cucurri.
postquam iura ferox in se communia Caesar
transtulit et lapsi mores desuetaque priscis
artibus in gremium pacis servile recessi,
tot mihi pro meritis Libyam Nilumque dedere,
ut dominam plebem bellatoremque senatum
classibus aestivis alerent geminoque vicissim
litore diversi complerent horrea venti.
stabat certa salus: Memphis si forte negasset,
pensabam Pharium Gaetulis messibus annum,
frugiferas certare rates lateque videbam
Punica Niliacis concurrere carbasa velis.
cum subiit par Roma mihi divisaque sumpsit
aequales Aurora togas, Aegyptia rura
in partem cessere novae. spes unica nobis
restabat Libyae, quae vix aegreque fovebat;
solo ducta Noto, numquam secura futuri,
semper inops, ventique fidem poscebat et anni.
hanc quoque nunc Gildo rapuit sub fine cadentis
autumni. pavido metimur caerula voto,
puppis si qua venit, si quid fortasse potenti
vel pudor extorsit domino vel praedo reliquit.
pascimur arbitrio Mauri nec debita reddi,
sed sua concedi iactat gaudetque diurnos
ut famulae praebere cibos vitamque famemque
librat barbarico fastu vulgique superbit
fletibus et tantae suspendit fata ruinae.
Romuleas vendit segetes et possidet arva
vulneribus quaesita meis. ideone tot annos
flebile cum tumida bellum Carthagine gessi?
idcirco voluit contempta luce reverti
Regulus? hoc damnis, genitor, Cannensibus emi?
incassum totiens lituis navalibus arsit
Hispanum Siculumque fretum vastataque tellus
totque duces caesi ruptaque emissus ab Alpe
Poenus et attonitae iam proximus Hannibal urbi?
scilicet ut domitis frueretur barbarus Afris,
muro sustinui Martem noctesque cruentas

Collina pro turre tuli? Gildonis ad usum
Carthago ter victa ruit? hoc mille gementis
Italiae clades impensaue saecula bellis,
hoc Fabius fortisque mihi Marcellus agebant,
ut Gildo cumulare opes? haurire venena
compulimus dirum Syphacem fractumque Metello
traximus inmanem Marii sub vincla Iugurtham,
et Numidae Gildonis erunt? pro funera tanta,
pro labor! in Bocchi regnum sudavit uterque
Scipio. Romano vicistis sanguine Mauri.
ille diu miles populus, qui praefuit orbi,
qui trabeas et sceptrum dabat, quem semper in armis
horribilem gentes, placidum sensere subactae,
nunc inhonorus egens perfert miserabile pacis
supplicium nulloque palam circumdatus hoste
obsessi discrimen habet. per singula letum
impendet momenta mihi dubitandaque pauci
praescribunt alimenta dies. heu prospera fata!
quid mihi septenos montes turbamque dedistis,
quae parvo non possit ali? felicior essem
angustis opibus; mallem tolerare Sabinos
et Veios; brevior duxi securius aevum.
ipsa nocet moles. utinam remeare liceret
ad veteres fines et moenia pauperis Anci.
sufficerent Etrusca mihi Campanaque culta
et Quincti Curiique seges, patriaeque petenti
rusticus inferret proprias dictator aristas.

“Nunc quid agam? Libyam Gildo tenet, altera Nilum.
ast ego, quae terras umeris pontumque subegi,
deseror: emeritae iam praemia nulla senectae.
di, quibus iratis crevi, succurrite tandem,
exorate patrem; tuque o si sponte per altum
vecta Palatinis mutasti collibus Idam
praelatoque lavas Phrygios Almone leones,
maternis precibus natum iam flecte, Cybebe.
sin prohibent Parcae falsisque elusa vetustas
auspiciis, alio saltem prosternite casu
et poenae mutatae genus. Porsenna reducat
Tarquinius; renovet ferales Allia pugnas;
me potius saevi manibus permittite Pyrrhi,
me Senonum furiis, Brenni me reddite flammis.
cuncta fame leviora mihi.”

Sic fata refusis

obtunc lacrimis. mater Cytherea parensque
flet Mavors sanctaeque memor Tritonia Vestae,
nec Cybele sicco nec stabat lumine Iuno.
maerent indigetes et si quos Roma recepit
aut dedit ipsa deos. genitor iam corde remitti
cooperat et sacrum dextra sedare tumultum,
cum procul insanis quatiens ululatibus axem
et contusa genas mediis adparet in astris
Africa: rescissae vestes et spicea passim
serta iacent; lacero crinales vertice dentes
et fractum pendebat ebur, talique superbas
inrupit clamore fores:

“Quid magne moraris

Iuppiter avulso nexu pelagique solutis
legibus iratum populis inmittere fratrem?
mergi prima peto; veniant praerupta Pachyno
aequora, laxatis subsidant Syrtibus urbes.
si mihi Gildonem nequeunt abducere fata,
me rape Gildoni. felicius illa perustae
pars Libyae, nimio quae se munita calore
defendit tantique vacat secunda tyranni.
crescat zona rubens; medius flagrantis Olympi
me quoque limes agat; melius deserta iacebo
vomere impatiens. pulsus dominantur aristis
dipsades et sitiens attollat glaeba cerastas.
quid me temperies iuvat? quid mitior aether?
Gildoni fecunda fui. iam solis habenae
bis senas torquent hiemes, cervicibus ex quo
haeret triste iugum. nostris iam luctibus ille
consenuit regnumque sibi tot vindicat annos.
atque utinam regnum! privato iure tenemur
exigui specie fundi. quod Nilus et Atlas
dissidet, occiduis quod Gadibus arida Barce
quodque Paraetio secedit litore Tingi,
hoc sibi transcripsit proprium. pars tertia mundi
unius praedonis ager.

“Distantibus idem

inter se vitiis cinctus: quodcumque profunda
traxit avaritia, luxu peiore refundit.
instat terribilis vivis, morientibus heres,
virginibus raptor, thalamis obscaenus adulter.
nulla quies: oritur praeda cessante libido,
divitibusque dies et nox metuenda maritis.
quisquis vel locuples pulchra vel coniuge notus,

crimine pulsatur falso; si crimina desunt,
accitus conviva perit. mors nulla refugit
artificem: varios sucos spumasque requirit
serpentum virides et adhuc ignota novercis
gramina. si quisquam vultu praesentia damnet
liberiusve gemat, dapibus crudelis in ipsis
emicat ad nutum stricto mucrone minister.
fixus quisque toro tacita formidine libat
carnifices epulas incertaque pocula pallens
haurit et intentos capiti circumspicit enses.
splendet Tartareo furialis mensa paratu
caede madens, atrox gladio, suspecta veneno.
ut vino calefacta Venus, tum saevior ardet
luxuries, mixtis redolent unguenta coronis:
crinitos inter famulos pubemque canoram
orbatus iubet ire nurus nuperque peremptis
adridere viris. Phalarim tormentaue flammae
profuit et Siculi mugitus ferre iuveni
quam tales audire choros. nec damna pudoris
turpia sufficiunt: Mauris clarissima quaeque
fastidita datur. media Carthagine ductae
barbara Sidoniae subeunt conubia matres;
Aethiopem nobis generum, Nasamona maritum
ingerit; exterret cunabula discolor infans.
his fretus sociis ipso iam principe maior
incedit; peditum praecurrunt agmina longe;
circumdant equitum turmae regesque clientes,
quos nostris ditat spoliis. proturbat avita
quemque domo; veteres detrudit rure colonos.
exiliis dispersa feror. numquamne reverti
fas erit errantesque solo iam reddere cives?"

Iret adhuc in verba dolor, ni Iuppiter alto
coepisset solio (voces adamante notabat
Atropos et Lachesis iungebat stamina dictis):
"nec te, Roma, diu nec te patiemur inultam,
Africa. communem prosternet Honorius hostem.
pergite securae. vestrum vis nulla tenorem
separat et soli famulabitur Africa Romae."

Dixit et adflavit Romam meliore iuventa.
continuo redit ille vigor senique colorem
mutavere comae. solidatam crista resurgens
erexit galeam clipeique recanduit orbis
et levis excussa micuit rubigine cornus.

Umentes iam noctis equos Lethaeaque Somnus
frena regens tacito volvebat sidera curru.
iam duo divorum proceres, maiorque minorque
Theodosii, pacem laturi gentibus ibant,
qui Iovis arcanos monitus mandataque ferrent
fratribus et geminis sancirent foedera regnis:
sic cum praecipites artem vicere procellae
adsiduoque gemens undarum verberare nutat
descensura ratis, caeca sub nocte vocati
naufraga Ledaevi sustentant vela Lacones.
circulus ut patuit Lunae, secuere meatus
diversos: Italas senior tendebat in oras;
at pater, intrantem Pontum qua Bosphorus artat,
Arcadii thalamis ubique inlapsus Eoae.
quem simulac^o vidit natus (nam clara nitebat
Cynthia), permixto tremuerunt gaudia fletu
complexuque fovens, quos non speraverat, artus
“O mihi post Alpes nunc primum reddite,” dixit,
“unde tuis optatus ades? da tangere dextram,
qua gentes cecidere ferae. quis tale removit
praesidium terris? ut te mortalia pridem
implorant longeque pium fortemque requirunt!”

Cui pater in tales rupit suspiria voces:
“hoc erat? in fratres medio discordia Mauro
nascitur et mundus germanaque dissidet aula?
Gildonisne salus tanti sit palma furoris?
scilicet egregius morum magnoque tuendus
et cuius meritis pietas in fratre recedat!
invito genitore, vide, civile calebat
discidium; dubio stabant Romana sub ictu;
quis procul Armenius vel quis Maeotide ripa
rex ignotus agit, qui me non iuvit euntem
auxilio? fovere Getae, venere Geloni.
solus at hic non puppe data, non milite misso
subsedit fluitante fide. si signa petisset
obvia, detecto summissius hoste dolerem:
restitit in speculis fati turbaque reductus
libravit geminas eventu iudice vires
ad rerum momenta cliens seseque daturus
victori; fortuna simul cum mente pependit.
o si non cupidus essem praereptus ab astris,
exemplum sequeretur Tulli laniandaque dumis
impia diversis aptarem membra quadrigis.

germani nunc usque tui responsa colebat:
en iterum calcat. tali te credere monstro
post patrem fratremque paras? sed magna rependit
inque tuam sortem numerosas transtulit urbes!
ergo fas pretio cedet? mercede placebit
proditio? taceo, laesi quod transfuga fratris,
quod levis ingenio. quamvis discrimine summo
proditor adportet suspensa morte salutem
numquam gratus erit. damnamus luce reperta
perfidiam nec nos patimur committere tali.
hoc genus emptori cives cum moenibus offert,
hoc vendit patriam. plerique in tempus abusi
mox odere tamen: tenuit sic Graia Philippus
oppida; Pellaeo libertas concidit auro.
Romani scelerum semper sprevere ministros.
noxia pollicitum domino miscere venena
Fabricius regi nudata fraude remisit,
infesto quem Marte petit, bellumque negavit
per famuli patrare nefas, ductosque Camillus
trans murum pueros obsessae reddidit urbi.

“Traduntur poenis alii, cum proelia tollunt;
hic manet ut moveat? quod respuit alter in hostem,
suscipis in fratrem? longi pro dedecus aevi!
cui placet, australes Gildo condonat habenas
tantaque mutatos sequitur provincia mores.
quaslibet ad partes animus nutaverit anceps,
transfundit secum Libyam refluumque malignus
commodat imperium. Mauri fuit Africa munus.
tollite Massylas fraudes, removete bilingues
insidias et verba soli spirantia virus.
ne consanguineis certetur comminus armis,
ne, precor. haec trucibus Thebis, haec digna Mycenis;
in Mauros hoc crimen eat.

“Quid noster iniquum
molitur Stilicho? quando non ille iubenti
paruit? an quisquam nobis devinctior extat?
ut sileam varios mecum quos gesserit actus,
quae vidi post fata, loquar. cum divus abirem,
res incompositas (fateor) tumidasque reliqui.
stringebat vetitos etiamnum exercitu enses
Alpinis odiis, alternaque iurgia victi
victoresque dabant. vix haec amentia nostris
excubiis, nedum puero rectore quiesset.

heu quantum timui vobis, quid libera tanti
militis auderet moles, cum patre remoto
ferveret iam laeta novis! dissensus acerbus
et gravior consensus erat. tunc ipse paterna
successit pietate mihi tenerumque rudemque
fovit et in veros eduxit principis annos,
Rufinumque tibi, quem tu tremuisse fateris,
depulit. hunc solum memorem solumque fidelem
exerior. volui si quid, dum vita maneret,
aut visus voluisse, gerit; venerabilis illi
ceu praesens numenque vocor. si tanta recusas,
at soceri reverere faces, at respice fratris
conubium pignusque meae regale Serenae.
debueras etiam fraternis obvius ire
hostibus, ille tuis. quae gens, quis Rhenus et Hister
vos opibus iunctos conspirantesque tulisset?
sed tantum permitte, cadat. nil poscimus ultra.
ille licet sese praetentis Syrtibus armet
oppositoque Atlante tegat, licet arva referta
anguibus et solis medios obiecerit aestus:
novi consilium, novi Stilichonis in omnes
aequalem casus animum: penetrabit harenas,
inveniet virtute viam.”

Sic divus et inde
sic natus: “iussis, genitor, parebitur ultro.
amplector praecepta libens, nec carior alter
cognato Stilichone mihi. commissa profanus
ille luat; redeat iam tutior Africa fratri.”

Talia dum longo secum sermone retexunt,
Hesperiam pervenit avus castumque cubile
ingreditur, Tyrio quo fusus Honorius ostro
carpebat teneros Maria cum coniuge somnos.
adstitit capiti; tunc sic per somnia fatur:

“Tantane devictos tenuit fiducia Mauros,
care nepos? iterum post me coniurat in arma
progenies vesana Iubae bellumque resumit
victoris cum stirpe sui? Firmumne iacentem
obliti Libyam nostro sudore receptam
rursus habent? ausus Latio contendere Gildo
germani nec fata timet? nunc ire profecto,
nunc vellem notosque senex ostendere vultus:
nonne meam fugiet Maurus cum viderit umbram?
quid dubitas? exsurge toris, invade rebellem,

captivum mihi redde meum. desiste morari.
hoc generi fatale tuo: dum sanguis in orbe
noster erit, semper pallebit regia Bocchi.
iungantur spoliis Firmi Gildonis opima;
exornet geminos Maurusia laurea currus:
una domus totiens una de gente triumphet.
di bene, quod tantis interlabentibus annis
servati Firmusque mihi fraterque nepoti.”
dixit et adflatus vicino sole refugit.

At iuvenem stimulis inmanibus aemula virtus
exacuit; iam puppe vehi, iam stagna secare
fervet et absentes invadere cuspide Mauros.
tum iubet acciri socerum dextramque vocato
conserit et, quae sit potior sententia, quaerit:

“Per somnos mihi, sancte pater, iam saepe futura
panduntur multaeque canunt praesagia noctes.
namque procul Libycos venatu cingere saltus
et iuga rimari canibus Gaetula videbar.
maerebat regio saevi vastata leonis
incursu; pecudum strages passimque iuveni
semineces et adhuc infecta mapalia tabo
sparsaque sanguineis pastorum funera campis.
adgredior latebras monstri mirumque relatu
conspicio: dilapsus honos, cervice minaces
defluxere iubae; fractos inglorius armos
supposuit, servile gemens; iniectaque vincla
unguibus et subitae collo sonuere catenae.
nunc etiam paribus secum certare tropaeis
hortator me cogit avus. quonam usque remoti
cunctamur? decuit pridem complere biremes
et pelagi superare moras. transmittere primus
ipse paro; quaecumque meo gens barbara nutu
stringitur, adveniat: Germania cuncta feratur
navibus et socia comitentur classe Sygambri.
pallida translatum iam sentiat Africa Rhenum.
an patiar tot probra sedens iuvenisque relinquam
quae tenui rexique puer? bis noster ad Alpes
alterius genitor defensum regna cucurrit.
nos praedae faciles insultandique iacemus?”

Finierat. Stilicho contra cui talia reddit:
“adversine tubam principes dignabere Mauri?
auferet ignavus clari solacia leti.

te bellante mori? decernet Honorius inde,
hinc Gildo? prius astra Chaos miscebit Averno.
vindictam mandasse sat est; plus nominis horror
quam tuus ensis aget. minuit praesentia famam.
qui stetit aequatur campo, collataque nescit
maiestatem acies. sed quod magis utile factu
atque hosti gravius (sensus adverte) docebo
est illi patribus, sed non et moribus isdem
Mascezel, fugiens qui dira piacula fratris
spesque suas vitamque tuo commisit asylo.
hunc ubi temptatis frustra mactare nequivit
insidiis, patrias in pignora contulit iras
et, quos ipse sinu parvos gestaverat, una
occidit iuvenes inhumataque corpora vulgo
dispulit et tumulo cognatas arcuit umbras
naturamque simul fratremque hominemque cruentus
exuit et tenuem caesis invidit harenam.
hoc facinus refugo damnavit sole Mycenae
avertitque diem; scelerei sed reddidit Atreus
crimen et infandas excusat coniuge mensas.
hic odium, non poena fuit. te perdita iura,
te pater ultorem, te nudi pulvere manes,
te pietas polluta rogat; si flentibus aram
et proprium miseris numen statuistis, Athenae,
si Pandionias planctu traxere phalanges
Inachides belloque rogos meruere maritis,
si maestis squalore comae lacrimisque senatum
in Numidas pulsus solio commovit Adherbal:
hunc quoque nunc Gildo, tanto quem funere mersit,
hunc doleat venisse ducem seseque minorem
supplicibus sciat esse tuis. quem sede fugavit,
hunc praeceps fugiat, fregit quem clade, tremiscat
agnoscatque suum, trahitur dum victima, fratrem.”

Haec ubi sederunt genero, notissima Marti
robora, praecipuos electa pube maniplos
disponit portuque rates instaurat Etrusco.
Herculeam suus Alcides Ioviamque cohortem
rex ducit superum, premitur nec signifer ullo
pondere: festinant adeo vexilla moveri.
Nervius insequitur meritisque vocabula Felix
dictaque ab Augusto legio nomenque probantes
invicti clipeoque animosi teste Leones.

Dictis ante tamen princeps confirmat ituros

aggere conspicuus; stat circumfusa iuventus
nixa hastis pronasque ferox accommodat aures:

“Gildonem domitura manus, promissa minasque
tempus agi. si quid pro me doluistis, in armis
ostentate mihi; iusto magnoque triumpho
civiles abolete notas; sciat orbis Eous
sitque palam Gallos causa, non robore vinci.
nec vos, barbariem quamvis collegerit omnem,
terreat. an Mauri fremitum raucosque repulsus
umbonum et vestros passuri comminus enses?
non contra clipeis tectos gladiisque micantes
ibitis: in solis longe fiducia telis.
exarmatus erit, cum missile torserit, hostis.
dextra movet iaculum, praetentat pallia laeva;
cetera nudus eques. sonipes ignarus habenae;
virga regit. non ulla fides, non agminis ordo:
arma oneri, fuga praesidio. conubia mille;
non illis generis nexus, non pignora curae:
sed numero languet pietas. haec copia vulgi.
umbratus dux ipse rosis et marcidus ibit
unguentis crudusque cibo titubansque Lyaeo,
confectus senio, morbis stuprisque solutus.
excitet incestos turmalis bucina somnos,
imploret citharas cantatricesque choreas
offensus stridore tubae discatque coactus,
quas vigilat Veneri, castris impendere noctes.

“Nonne mori satius, vitae quam ferre pudorem?
nam quae iam regio restat, si dedita Mauris
regibus Illyricis accesserit Africa damnis?
ius Latium, quod tunc Meroë Rubroque solebat
Oceano cingi, Tyrrhena clauditur una;
et cui non Nilus, non intulit India metas,
Romani iam finis erit Trinacria regni.
ite recepturi, praedo quem sustulit, axem
ereptumque Notum; caput insuperabile rerum
aut ruet in vestris aut stabit Roma lacertis.
tot mihi debetis populos, tot rura, tot urbes
amissas. uno Libyam defendite bello.
vestros imperium remos et vestra sequatur
carbasa. despectas trans aequora ducite leges.
tertia iam solito cervix mucrone rotetur
tandem funereis finem positura tyrannis.”

Omina conveniunt dicto fulvusque Tonantis

armiger a liquida cunctis spectantibus aethra
correptum pedibus curvis innexuit hydrum,
dumque reluctantem morsu partitur obunco,
haesit in ungue caput; truncatus decedit anguis.
ilicet auguriis alacres per saxa citati
torrentesque ruunt; nec mons aut silva retardat:
pendula ceu parvis moturae bella colonis
ingenti clangore grues aestiva relinquunt
Thracia, cum tepido permutant Strymona Nilo:
ordinibus variis per nubila textitur ales
littera pennarumque notis conscribitur aër.

Ut fluctus tetigere maris, tunc acrior arsit
impetus; adripiunt naves ipsique rudentes
expediunt et vela legunt et cornua summis
adsociant malis; quatitur Tyrrhena tumultu
ora nec Alpheae capiunt navalia Pisae:
sic Agamemnoniam vindex cum Graecia classem
solveret, innumeris fervebat vocibus Aulis.
non illos strepitus impendentisque procellae
signa nec adventus dubii deterruit Austri.
“vellite” proclamant “socii, iam vellite funem.
per vada Gildonem quamvis adversa petamus.
ad bellum nos trudat hiems per devia ponti.
quassatis cupio tellurem figere rostris.
heu nimium segnes, cauta qui mente notatis,
si revolant mergi, graditur si litore cornix.
ora licet maculis adperserit occiduus sol
lunaque conceptis livescat turgida Cauris
et contusa vagos iaculentur sidera crines;
imbribus umescant Haedi nimbosaque Taurum
ducat Hyas totusque fretis descendat Orion:
certa fides caeli, sed maior Honorius auctor;
illius auspiciis inmensa per aequora miles,
non Plaustris Arctove regor. contemne Booten,
navita, turbinibus mediis permitte carinas.
si mihi tempestas Libyam ventique negabunt,
Augusti Fortuna dabit.”

Iam classis in altum
provehitur; dextra Ligures, Etruria laeva
linquitur et caecis vitatur Corsica saxis.
humanae specie plantae se magna figurat
insula (Sardiniam veteres dixere coloni),
dives ager frugum, Poenos Italosve petenti

opportuna situ: quae pars vicinior Afris,
plana solo, ratibus clemens; quae respicit Arcton,
inmitis, scopulosa, procax subitisque sonora
flatibus; insanos infamat navita montes.
hic hominum pecudumque lues, sic pestifer aër
saevit et exclusis regnant Aquilonibus Austri.

Quos ubi luctatis procul effugere carinis,
per diversa ruunt sinuosae litora terrae.
pars adit antiqua ductos Carthagine Sulcos;
partem litoreo complectitur Olbia muro.
urbs Libyam contra Tyrio fundata potenti
tenditur in longum Caralis tenuemque per undas
obvia dimittit fracturum flamina collem;
efficitur portus medium mare, tutaque ventis
omnibus ingenti mansuescunt stagna recessu.
hanc omni petiere manu prorisque reductis
suspensa Zephyros expectant classe faventes.

Trashing Eutropius, Part I

First Poem

Semiferos partus metuendaque pignora matri
moenibus et mediis auditum nocte luporum
murmur et attonito pecudes pastore locutas
et lapidum diras hiemes nimboque minacem
sanguineo rubuisse Iovem puteosque cruore
mutatos visasque polo concurrere lunas
et geminos soles mirari desinat orbis:
omnia cesserunt eunucho consule monstra.
heu terrae caelique pudor! trabeata per urbes
ostentatur anus titulumque effeminat anni.
pandite pontifices Cumanae carmina vatis,
fulmineos sollers Etruria consulat ignes
inmersumque nefas fibris exploret haruspex,
quae nova portendant superi. Nilusne meatu
devius et nostri temptat iam transfuga mundi
se Rubro miscere mari? ruptone Niphate
rursus barbaricis Oriens vastabitur armis?
an morbi ventura lues? an nulla colono
responsura seges? quae tantas expiet iras
victima? quo diras iugulo placabimus aras?
consule lustrandi fasces ipsoque litandum
prodigio; quodcumque parant hoc omine fata,
Eutropius cervice luat sic omnia nobis.

Hoc regni, Fortuna, tenes? quaenam ista iocandi
saevitia? humanis quantum bacchabere rebus?
si tibi servili placuit foedare curules
crimine, procedat laxata compede consul,
rupta Quirinales sumant ergastula cinctus;
da saltem quemcumque virum. discrimina quaedam
sunt famulis splendorque suus, maculamque minorem
condicionis habet, domino qui vixerit uno.
si pelagi fluctus, Libyae si discis harenas,
Eutropii numerabis eros. quot iura, quot ille
mutavit tabulas vel quanta vocabula vertit!
nudatus quotiens, medicum dum consulit emptor,
ne qua per occultum lateat iactura dolorem!
omnes paenituit pretii venumque redibat,
dum vendi potuit. postquam deforme cadaver
mansit et in rugas totus defluxit aniles,
iam specie doni certatim limine pellunt
et foedum ignaris properant obtrudere munus.

tot translata iugis summisit colla, vetustum
servitium semperque novum, nec destitit umquam. saepe tamen coepit.

Cunabula prima cruentis

debita suppliciis; rapitur castrandus ab ipso
ubere; suscipiunt matris post viscera poenae.
advolat Armenius certo mucrone recisos
edoctus mollire mares damnoque nefandum
aucturus pretium; fecundum corporis imbrem
sedibus exhaurit geminis unoque sub ictu
eripit officium patris nomenque mariti.
ambiguus vitae iacuit, penitusque supremum
in cerebrum secti traxerunt frigora nervi.

Laudemusne manum, quae vires abstulit hosti,
an potius fato causam tribuisse queramur?
profuerat mansisse virum; felicior extat
opprobrio; serviret adhuc, si fortior esset.

Inde per Assyriae trahitur commercia ripae;
hinc fora venalis Galata ductore frequentat
permutatque domos varias. quis nomina possit
tanta sequi? miles stabuli Ptolemaeus in illis
notior: hic longo lassatus paelicis usu
donat Arinthaëo; neque enim iam dignus haberi
nec maturus emi. cum fastiditus abiret,
quam gemuit, quanto planxit divortia luctu!
“haec erat, heu, Ptolemaee, fides? hoc profuit aetas
in gremio consumpta tuo lectusque iugalis
et ducti totiens inter praesaepia somni?
libertas promissa perit? viduumne relinquis
Eutropium tantasque premunt obliviae noctes,
crudelis? generis pro sors durissima nostri!
femina, cum senuit, retinet conubia partu,
uxorisque decus matris reverentia pensat.
nos Lucina fugit, nec pignore nitimur ullo.
cum forma dilapsus amor; defloruit oris
gratia: qua miseri scapulas tutabimur arte?
qua placeam ratione senex?”

Sic fatus acutum

adgreditur lenonis opus, nec segnis ad artem
mens erat officiique capax omnesque pudoris
hauserat insidias. custodia nulla tuendo
fida toro; nulli poterant excludere vectes:
ille vel aerata Danaën in turre latentem
eliceret. fletus domini fingeat amantis,

indomitasque mora, pretio lenibat avaras
lascivasque iocis; non blandior ullus euntis
ancillae tetigisse latus leviterque reductis
vestibus occulto crimen mandare susurro
nec furtis quaesisse locum nec fraude reperta
cautior elusi fremitus vitare mariti.
haud aliter iuvenum flammis Ephyreia Lais
e gemino ditata mari; cumserta refudit
canities, iam turba procax noctisque recedit
ambitus et raro pulsatur ianua tactu,
seque reformidat speculo damnante senectus;
stat tamen atque alias succingit lena ministras
dilectumque diu quamvis longaeva lupanar
circuit et retinent mores, quod perdidit aetas.

Hinc honor Eutropio; cumque omnibus unica virtus
esset in eunuchis thalamos servare pudicos,
solus adulteriis crevit. nec verbera tergo
cessavere tamen, quotiens decepta libido
irati caluisset eri, frustra que rogantem
iactantemque suos tot iam per lustra labores
dotalem genero nutritoremque puellae
tradidit. Eous rector consulque futurus
pectebat dominae crines et saepe lavanti
nudus in argento lympham gestabat alumnae.
et cum se rapido fessam proiecerat aestu,
patricius roseis pavonum ventilat alis.

Iamque aevo laxata cutis, sulcisque genarum
corruerat passa facies rugosior uva:
flava minus presso finduntur vomere rura,
nec vento sic vela tremunt. miserabile turpes
exedere caput tineae; deserta patebant
intervalla comae: qualis sitientibus arvis
arida ieiunae seges interlucet aristae
vel qualis gelidis pluma labente pruinis
arboris inmoritur trunco brumalis hirundo.
scilicet ut trabeis iniuria cresceret olim,
has in fronte notas, hoc dedecus addidit oris
luxuriae Fortuna suae: cum pallida nudis
ossibus horrorem dominis praeberet imago
decolor et macies occurso laederet omnes,
aut pueris latura metus aut taedia mensis
aut crimen famulis aut procedentibus omen,
et nihil exhausto caperent in stipite lucri:

(sternere quippe toros vel caedere ligna culinae membra negant; aurum, vestes, arcana tueri mens infida vetat; quis enim committere vellet lenoni thalamum?): tandem ceu funus acerbum infaustamque suis trusere penatibus umbram. contemptu iam liber erat: sic pastor obesum lacte canem ferroque ligat pascitque revinctum, dum validus servare gregem vigilique rapaces latratu terrere lupos; cum tardior idem iam scabie laceras deiecit sordidus aures, solvit et exuto lucratur vincula collo.

Est ubi despectus nimius iuvat. undique pulso per cunctas licuit fraudes inpune vagari et fatis aperire viam. pro quisquis Olympi summa tenes, tanto libuit mortalia risu vertere? qui servi non est admissus in usum, suscipitur regnis, et quem privata ministrum dedignata domus, moderantem sustinet aula. ut primum vetulam texere palatia vulpem, quis non ingemuit? quis non inrepere sacris obsequiis doluit totiens venale cadaver? ipsi quin etiam tali consorte fremebant regales famuli, quibus est inlustrior ordo servitii, sociumque diu sprevere superbi.

Cernite, quem Latiis poscant adnectere fastis: cuius et eunuchos puduit! sed vilior ante obscurae latuit pars ignotissima turbae, donec Abundanti furiis — qui rebus Eois exitium primumque sibi produxit — ab imis evectus thalamis summos invasit honores. quam bene dispositum terris, ut dignus iniqui fructus consilii primis auctoribus instet. sic multos fluvio vates arente per annos hospite qui caeso monuit placare Tonantem, inventas primus Busiridis imbuit aras et cecidit saevi, quod dixerat, hostia sacri; sic opifex tauri tormentorumque repertor, qui funesta novo fabricaverat aera dolori, primus inexpertum Siculo cogente tyranno sensit opus docuitque suum mugire iuvenum. nullius Eutropius, quam qui se protulit, ante direptas possedit opes nullumque priorem perculit exilio solumque hoc rite peregit,

auctorem damnare suum.

Postquam obsitus aevo

semivir excelsam rerum sublatus in arcem,
quod nec vota pati nec fingere somnia possent,
vidit sub pedibus leges subiectaque colla
nobilium tantumque sibi permittere fata,
qui nihil optasset plus libertate mereri,
iamiam dissimulat dominos alteque tumescunt
serviles animi. procerum squalore repletus
carcer et exulibus Meroë campique gemescunt
Aethiopum; poenis hominum plaga personat ardens;
Marmaricus claris violatur caedibus Hammon.

Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum:
cuncta ferit dum cuncta timet, desaevit in omnes
ut se posse putent, nec belua taetrior ulla
quam servi rabies in libera terga furentis;
agnoscit gemitus et poenae parcere nescit,
quam subiit, dominique memor, quem verberat, odit.
adde, quod eunuchus nulla pietate movetur
nec generi natisve cavet. clementia cunctis
in similes, animosque ligant consortia damni;
iste nec eunuchis placidus.

Sed peius in aurum

aestuatur; hoc uno fruitur succisa libido.
quid nervos secuisse iuvat? vis nulla cruentam
castrat avaritiam. parvis exercita furtis
quae vastare penum neglectaque sueverat arcae
claustra remoliri, nunc uberiore rapina
peccat in orbe manus. quidquid se Tigris ab Haemo
dividit, hoc certa proponit merce locandum
institor imperii, caupo famosus honorum.
hic Asiam villa pactus regit; ille redemit
coniugis ornatu Syriam; dolet ille paterna
Bithynos mutasse domo. subfixa patenti
vestibulo pretiis distinguit regula gentes:
tot Galatae, tot Pontus eat, tot Lydia nummis;
si Lyciam tenuisse velis, tot milia ponas,
si Phrygas, adde; parum! propriae solacia sorti
communes vult esse notas et venditus ipse
vendere cuncta cupit. certantum saepe duorum
diversum suspendit onus; cum pondere iudex
vergit, et in geminas nutat provincia lances.

Non pudet heu, superi, populos venire sub hasta?

vendentis certe pudeat. quod iure sepultum
mancipium tot regna tenet, tot distrahit urbes.
pollentem solo Croesum victoria Cyri
fregit, ut eunucho flueret Pactolus et Hermus?
Attalus heredem voluit te, Roma, relinqui,
restitit Antiochus praescripto margine Tauri,
indomitos curru Servilius egit Isauros
et Pharos Augusto iacuit vel Creta Metello,
ne non Eutropio quaestus numerosior esset?
in mercem veniunt Cilices, Iudaea, Sophene
Romanusque labor Pompeianique triumphus.

Quo struis hos auri cumulos? quae pignora tantis
succedent opibus? nugas ducasve licebit:
numquam mater eris, numquam pater; hoc tibi ferrum,
hoc natura negat. te grandibus India gemmis,
te foliis Arabes ditent, te vellere Seres:
nullus inops adeo, nullum sic urget egestas,
ut velit Eutropii fortunam et membra pacisci.

Iamque oblita sui nec sobria divitiis mens
in miseris leges hominumque negotia ludit.
iudicat eunuchus; quid iam de consule miror?
prodigium, quodcumque gerit. quae pagina lites
sic actas meminit? quibus umquam saecula terris
eunuchi videre forum? sed ne qua vacaret
pars ignominia neu quid restaret inausum,
arma etiam violare parat portentaque monstros
aggrat et secum petulans amentia certat.
erubuit Mavors aversaque risit Enyo
dedecus Eoum, quotiens intenta sagittis
et pharetra fulgens anus exercetur Amazon
arbiter aut quotiens belli pacisque recurrit
adloquiturque Getas. gaudet cum viderit hostis
et sentit iam desse viros. incendia fumant,
muris nulla fides, squalent populatibus agri
et medio spes sola mari. trans Phasin aguntur
Cappadocum matres, stabulisque abducta paternis
Caucasias captiva bibunt armenta pruinas
et Scythicis mutant Argaei pabula silvis.
extra Cimmerias, Taurorum claustra, paludes
flos Syriae servit. spoliis nec sufficit atrox
barbarus: in caedem vertunt fastidia praedae.

Ille tamen (quid enim servum mollemque pudebit?

aut quid in hoc poterit vultu flagrare ruboris?)
pro victore redit: peditum vexilla sequuntur
et turmae similes eunuchorumque manipuli,
Hellespontiacis legio dignissima signis.
obvius ire cliens defensoremque reversum
complexi. placet ipse sibi laxasque laborat
distendisse genas fictumque inflatus anhelat,
pulvere respersus tineas et sordibus ora
pallidior, a verbisque sonat plorabile quiddam
ultra nequitiam fractis et proelia narrat:
perque suam tremula testatur voce sororem,
defecisse vagas ad publica commoda vires;
cedere livori nec sustentare procellas
invidiae; mergique fretis spumantibus orat.
exoretque utinam! dum talia fatur ineptas
detergit lacrimas atque inter singula dicta
flebile suspirat: qualis venit arida socrus
longinquam visura nurum; vix lassa resedit et iam vina petit.

Quid te, turpissime, bellis
inseris aut saevi pertemptas Pallada campi?
tu potes alterius studiis haerere Minervae
et telas, non tela pati, tu stamina nosse,
tu segnes operum sollers urgere puellas
et niveam dominae pensis involvere lanam.
vel, si sacra placent, habeas pro Marte Cybeben;
rauca Celaenaeos ad tympana disce furores.
cymbala ferre licet pectusque inlidere pinu
inguinis et reliquum Phrygiis abscidere cultris.
arma relinque viris. geminam quid dividis aulam
conarisque pios odiis committere fratres?
te magis, ah demens, veterem si respicis artem, conciliare decet.

Gestis pro talibus annum
flagitet Eutropius, ne quid non polluat unus,
dux acies, iudex praetoria, tempora consul!

Nil adeo foedum, quod non exacta vetustas
ediderit longique labor commiserit aevi.
Oedipodes matrem, natam duxisse Thyestes
cantatur, peperit fratres Iocasta marito
et Pelopea sibi. Thebas ac funera Troiae
tristis Erechthei deplorat scaena theatri.
in volucrum Tereus, Cadmus se vertit in anguem.
Scylla novos mirata canes. hunc arbore figit,
elevat hunc pluma, squamis hunc fabula vestit,

hunc solvit fluvio. numquam spado consul in orbe
nec iudex ductorve fuit! quodcumque virorum
est decus, eunuchi scelus est. exempla creantur
quae socci superent risus luctusque cothurni.

Quam pulcher conspectus erat, cum tenderet artus
exangues onerare toga cinctuque gravatus
indutoque senex obscaenior iret in auro:
humani qualis simulator simius oris,
quem puer adridens pretioso stamine Serum
velavit nudasque nates ac terga reliquit,
ludibrium mensis; erecto pectore dives
ambulat et claro sese deformat amictu.
candida pollutos comitatur curia fasces,
forsitan et dominus. praebet miracula lictor
consule nobilior libertatemque daturus,
quam necdum meruit. scandit sublime tribunal
atque inter proprias laudes Aegyptia iactat
somnia prostratosque canit se vate tyrannos.
scilicet in dubio vindex Bellona pependit,
dum spado Tiresias enervatusque Melampus
reptat ab extremo referens oracula Nilo.

Obstrepuere avium voces, exhorruit annus
nomen, et insanum gemino proclamat ab ore
eunuchumque vetat fastis accedere Ianus:
sumeret inlicitos etenim si femina fasces,
esset turpe minus. Medis levibusque Sabaeis
imperat hic sexus, reginarumque sub armis
barbariae pars magna iacet: gens nulla probatur,
eunuchi quae sceptrum ferat. Tritonia, Phoebe,
Terra, Ceres, Cybele, Iuno, Latona coluntur:
eunuchi quae templa dei, quas vidimus aras?
inde sacerdotes; haec intrat pectora Phoebus;
inde canunt Delphi; Troianam sola Minervam
virginitas Vestalis adit flammasque tuetur:
hi nullas meriti vittas semperque profani.
nascitur ad fructum mulier prolemque futuram:
hoc genus inventum est ut serviat. Herculis arcu
concidit Hippolyte; Danaï fugere bipennem,
Penthesilea, tuam; claras Carthaginis arces
creditur et centum portis Babylona superbam
femineus struxisse labor. quid nobile gessit
eunuchus? quae bella tulit? quas condidit urbes?
illas praeterea rerum natura creavit,

hos fecere manus: seu prima Semiramis astu
Assyrii mentita virum, ne vocis acutae
mollities levesve genae se prodere possent,
hos sibi coniunxit similes; seu Parthica ferro
luxuries vetuit nasci lanuginis umbram
servatoque diu puerili flore coegit
arte retardatam Veneri servire iuventam.

Fama prius falso similis vanoque videri
ficta ioco; levior volitare per oppida rumor
riderique nefas: veluti nigrantibus alis
audiretur olor, corvo certante ligustris.
atque aliquis gravior morum: “si talibus, inquit,
creditur et nimiis turgent mendacia monstris,
iam testudo volat, profert iam cornua vultur;
prona petunt retro fluvii iuga; Gadibus ortum
Carmani texere diem; iam frugibus aptum
aequor et adsuetum silvis delphina videbo;
iam cochleis homines iunctos et quidquid inane
nutrit Iudaicis quae pingitur India velis.”

Subicit et mixtis salibus lascivior alter:
“miraris? nihil est, quod non in pectore magnum
concipit Eutropius. semper nova, grandia semper
diligat et celeri degustat singula sensu.
nil timet a tergo; vigilantibus undique curis
nocte dieque patet; lenis facilisque moveri
supplicibus mediaque tamen mollissimus ira
nil negat et sese vel non poscentibus offert;
quod libet ingenio, subigit traditque fruendum;
quidquid amas, dabit illa manus; communiter omni
fungitur officio gaudetque potentia flecti.
hoc quoque conciliis peperit meritoque laborum,
accipit et trabeas argutae praemia dextrae.”

Postquam vera fides facinus vulgavit Eoum
gentibus et Romae iam certius impulit aures,
“Eutropiumne etiam nostra dignabimur ira?
hic quoque Romani meruit pars esse doloris?”
sic effata rapit caeli per inania cursum
diva potens unoque Padum translapsa volatu
castra sui rectoris adit. tum forte decorus
cum Stilichone gener pacem inplorantibus ultro
Germanis responsa dabat, legesque Caucis
arduus et flavis signabat iura Suebis.

his tribuit reges, his obside foedera sancit
indicto; bellorum alios transcribit in usus,
militet ut nostris detonsa Sygambria signis.
laeta subit Romam pietas et gaudia paene
moverunt lacrimas tantoque exultat alumno:
sic armenta suo iam defensante iuvenco
celsius adsurgunt erectae cornua matri,
sic iam terribilem stabulis dominumque ferarum
crescere miratur genetrix Massyla leonem.
dimovit nebulam iuvenique apparuit ingens. tum sic orsa loqui:

“Quantum te principe possim,
non longinqua docent, domito quod Saxone Tethys
mitior et fracto secura Britannia Picto;
ante pedes humili Franco tristisque Suebo
perfruo et nostrum video, Germanice, Rhenum.
sed quid agam? discors Oriens felicibus actis
invidet atque alio Phoebi de cardine surgunt
crimina, ne toto conspiret corpore regnum.
Gildonis taceo magna cum laude receptam
perfidiam et fretos Eoo robore Mauros.
quae suscepta fames, quantum discriminis urbi,
ni tua vel soceri numquam non provida virtus
australem Arctois pensasset frugibus annum!
invectae Rhodani Tiberina per ostia classes
Cinyphiisque ferax Araris successit aristis.
Teutonicus vomer Pyrenaeique iuveni
sudavere mihi; segetes mirantur Hiberas
horrea; nec Libyae senserunt damna rebellis
iam transalpina contenti messe Quirites.
ille quidem solvit meritas (scit Tabraca) poenas,
ut pereat quicumque tuis conflixerit armis.

“Ecce repens isdem clades a partibus exit
terrorisque minus, sed plus habitura pudoris
Eutropius consul. pridem tolerare fatemur
hoc genus, Arsacio postquam se regia fastu
sustulit et nostros corrumpit Parthia mores.
praefecti sed adhuc gemmis vestique dabantur
custodes sacroque adhibere silentia somno;
militia eunuchi numquam progressa cubili,
non vita spondente fidem, sed inertia tutum
mentis pignus erat. secreta monilia servant,
ornatus curent Tyrios: a fronte recedant
imperii. tenero tractari pectore nescit

publica maiestas. numquam vel in aequore puppim
vidimus eunuchi clavo parere magistri.
nos adeo sperni faciles? orbisque carina
vilior? auroram sane, quae talia ferre
gaudet, et adsueta sceptris muliebribus urbes
possideant; quid belligeram communibus urunt
Italiam maculis nocituraque probra severis
ammiscent populis? peregrina piacula forti
pellantur longe Latio nec transeat Alpes,
dedecus; in solis, quibus extitit, haereat arvis.
scribat Halys, scribat famae contemptor Orontes:
per te perque tuos obtestor Roma triumphos,
nesciat hoc Thybris, numquam poscentibus olim
qui dare Dentatis annos Fabiisque solebat.
Martius eunuchi repetet suffragia campus?
Aemilios inter servatoresque Camillos
Eutropius? iam Chrysogonis tua, Brute, potestas
Narcissisque datur? natos hoc dedere poenae
profuit et misero civem praeponere patri?
hoc mihi Ianiculo positis Etruria castris
quaesiit et tantum fluvio Porsenna remotus?
hoc meruit vel ponte Cocles vel Mucius igne?
visceribus frustra castum Lucretia ferrum
mersit et attonitum tranavit Cloelia Thybrim?
Eutropio fasces adservabantur adempti
Tarquiniis? quemcumque meae vexere curules,
laxato veniat socium aversatus Averno.
impensi sacris Decii prorumpite bustis
Torquatique truces animosaque pauperis umbra
Fabricii tuque o, qui forte inferna piorum
iugera et Elysias scindis, Serrane, novales.
Poeni Scipiadae, Poeni praeclare Lutati,
Sicania Marcelle ferox, gens Claudia surgas
et Curii veteres; et, qui sub iure negasti
vivere Caesareo, parvo procede sepulcro
Eutropium passure Cato; remeate tenebris,
agmina Brutorum Corvinorumque catervae.
eunuchi vestros habitus, insignia sumunt
ambigui Romana mares; rapuere tremendas
Hannibali Pyrrhoque togas; flabella perosi
adspirant trabeis; iam non umbracula gestant
virginibus, Latias ausi vibrare secures!

“Linquite femineas infelix turba latebras,

alter quos pepulit sexus nec suscipit alter,
execti Veneris stimulos et vulnere casti
(mixta duplex aetas; inter puerumque senemque
nil medium): falsi complete sedilia patres;
ite novi proceres infecundoque senatu
Eutropium stipate ducem; celebrate tribunal
pro thalamis, verso iam discite more curules,
non matrum pilenta sequi.

“Ne prisca revolvam
neu numerem, quantis iniuria mille per annos
sit retro ducibus, quanti foedabitur aevi
canities, unam subeant quot saecula culpam:
inter Arinthaei fastos et nomen erile
servus erit dominoque suos aequalis honores
insetret! heu semper Ptolomaei noxia mundo
mancipia! en alio laedor graviore Pothino
et patior maius Phario scelus. ille cruorem
consulis unius Pellaeis ensibus hausit: inquinat hic omnes.

“Si nil privata movebunt,
at tu principibus, vestrae tu prospice causae
regalesque averte notas. hunc accipit unum
aula magistratum: vobis patribusque recurrit
hic alternus honos. in crimen euntibus annis
parce, quater consul! contagia fascibus, oro,
defendas ignava tuis neu tradita libris
omina vestitusque meos, quibus omne, quod ambit
oceanus, domui, tanta caligine mergi
calcarique sinas. nam quae iam bella geramus
mollibus auspiciis? quae iam conubia prolem
vel frugem latura seges? quid fertile terris,
quid plenum sterili possit sub consule nasci?
eunuchi si iura dabunt legesque tenebunt,
ducant pensa viri mutatoque ordine rerum
vivat Amazonio confusa licentia ritu.

“Quid trahor ulterius? Stilicho, quid vincere differs,
dum certare pudet? nescis quod turpior hostis
laetitia maiore cadit? piratica Magnum
erigit, inlustrat servilis laurea Crassum.
adnuis. agnosco fremitum, quo palluit Eurus,
quo Mauri Gildoque ruit. quid Martia signa
sollicitas? non est iaculis hastisque petendus:
conscia succumbent audito verbere terga,
ut Scythia post multos rediens exercitus annos,
cum sibi servilis pro finibus obvia pubes

iret et arceret dominos tellure reversos,
armatam ostensis aciem fudere flagellis:
notus ab inceptis ignobile reppulit horror
vulgus et adductus sub verbere torpuit ensis.”

Trashing Eutropius, Part II

Second Poem

PREFACE

Qui modo sublimes rerum flectebat habenas
patricius, rursus verbera nota timet
et solitos tardae passurus compedis orbes
in dominos vanas luget abisse minas.
culmine deiectum vitae Fortuna priori
reddidit, insano iam satiata ioco.
scindere nunc alia meditatur ligna securi
fascibus et tandem vapulat ipse suis.
ille citas consul poenas se consule solvit:
annus qui trabeas hic dedit exilium.
infaustum populis in se quoque vertitur omen;
saevit in auctorem prodigiosus honos.
abluto penitus respirant nomine fasti
maturamque luem sanior aula vomit.
dissimulant socii coniuratique recedunt,
procumbit pariter cum duce tota cohors;
non acie victi, non seditione coacti,
nec pereunt ritu quo periire viri.
concidit exiguae dementia vulnere chartae;
confecit saevum littera Martis opus.

Mollis feminea detruditur arce tyrannus
et thalamo pulsus perdidit imperium:
sic iuvenis nutante fide veterique reducta
paelice defletam linquit amica domum.
canitiem raram largo iam pulvere turpat
et lacrimis rugas implet anile gemens
suppliciterque pias humilis prostratus ad aras
mitigat iratas voce tremante nurus.
innumeri glomerantur eri sibi quisque petentes
mancipium solis utile supplicii.
quamvis foedus enim mentemque obscaenior ore,
ira dabit pretium; poena meretur emi.

Quas, spado, nunc terras aut quem transibis in axem?
cingeris hinc odiis, inde recessit amor.
utraque te gemino sub sidere regia damnat:
Hesperius numquam, iam nec Eous eris.
miror cur, aliis qui pandere fata solebas,
ad propriam cladem caeca Sibylla taces.

iam tibi nulla videt fallax insomnia Nilus;
pervigilant vates nec, miserande, tui.
quid soror? audebit tecum conscendere puppim
et veniet longum per mare fida comes?
an fortasse toros eunuchi pauperis odit
et te nunc inopem dives amare negat?
eunuchi iugulum primus secuisse fateris;
sed tamen exemplo non feriere tuo.
vive pudor fatis. en quem tremuere tot urbes,
en cuius populi sustinuerunt iugum!
directas quid plangis opes, quas natus habebit?
non aliter poteris principis esse pater.
inprobe, quid pulsas muliebribus astra querellis,
quod tibi sub Cypri litore parta quies?
omnia barbarico per te concussa tumultu.
crede mihi, terra tutius aequor erit.

Iam non Armenios iaculis terrebis et arcu,
per campos volucrem non agitabis equum;
dilecto caruit Byzantius ore senatus;
curia consiliis aestuat orba tuis:
emeritam suspende togam, suspende pharetram;
ad Veneris partes ingeniumque redi.
non bene Gradivo lenonia dextera servit.
suscipiet famulum te Cytherea libens.
insula laeta choris, blandorum mater Amorum:
nulla pudicitiae cura placere potest.
prospectant Paphiae celsa de rupe puellae
sollicitae, salvam dum ferat unda ratem.
sed vereor, teneant ne te Tritones in alto
lascivas doctum fallere Nereidas,
aut idem cupiant pelago te mergere venti,
Gildonis nuper qui tenuere fugam.
inclita captivo memoratur Tabraca Mauro,
naufragio Cypros sit memoranda tuo.
vecturum moriens frustra delphina vocabis;
ad terram suos devehit ille viros.
quisquis adhuc similes eunuchus tendit in actus,
respiciens Cyprum desinat esse ferox.

Mygdonii cineres et si quid restat Eoi,
 quod pereat, regni: certe non augure falso
 prodigii patuere minae, frustra peracto
 vulnere monstri feri praesagia discitis anni.
 cautior ante tamen violentum navita Caurum
 prospicit et tumidae subducit vela procellae.
 quid iuvat errorem mersa iam puppe fateri?
 quid lacrimae delicta levant? stant omina vestri
 consulis: inmotis haesere piacula fatis.
 tum decuit sentire nefas, tunc ire recentes
 detersum maculas. veteri post obruta morbo
 corpora Paeonias nequiquam admoveris herbas.
 ulcera possessis alte suffusa medullis
 non leviori manu, ferro sanantur et igni,
 ne noceat frustra mox eruptura cicatrix.
 ad vivum penetrant flammae, quo funditus umor
 defluat et vacuis corrupto sanguine venis
 arescat fons ipse mali; truncantur et artus,
 ut liceat reliquis securum degere membris.
 at vos egregie purgatam creditis aulam,
 Eutropium si Cypros habet? vindictaque mundi
 semivir exul erit? quis vos lustrare valebit
 oceanus? tantum facinus quae diluet aetas?

Induerat necdum trabeas: mugitus ab axe
 redditus inferno, rabies arcana cavernas
 vibrat et alterno confligunt culmina lapsu.
 bacchatus per operta tremor Calchedona movit,
 pronus et in geminas nutavit Bosphorus urbes.
 concurrere freti fauces, radice revulsa
 vitant instabilem rursum Symplegada nautae.
 scilicet haec Stygiae praemittunt signa sorores
 et sibi iam tradi populos hoc consule gaudent.
 mox oritur diversa lues: hinc Mulciber ignes
 sparserat, hinc victa proruperat obice Nereus;
 haec flagrant, haec tecta natant. quam, numina, poenam
 servatis sceleri, cuius tot cladibus omen
 constitit? incumbas utinam, Neptune, tridenti
 pollutumque solum toto cum crimine mergas.
 unam pro mundo Furiis concedimus urbem.

Utque semel patuit monstribus iter, omnia tempus

nacta suum properant: nasci tum decolor imber
infantumque novi vultus et dissona partu
semina, tum lapidum fletus armentaque vulgo
ausa loqui mediisque ferae se credere muris;
tum vates sine more rapi lymphataque passim
pectora terrifici stimulis ignescere Phoebi.
fac nullos cecinisse deos: adeone retusi
quisquam cordis erit, dubitet qui partibus illis
adfore fatalem castrati consulis annum?
sed quam caecus inest vitiis amor! omne futurum
despicitur suadentque brevem praesentia fructum
et ruit in vetitum damni secunda libido,
dum mora supplicii lucro serumque quod instat
creditur. haud equidem contra tot signa Camillo
detulerim fasces, nedum (pro sexus!) inertis
mancipio, cui, cuncta licet responsa iuberent
hortantesque licet sponderent prospera divi,
turpe fuit cessasse viros.

Exquirite retro

crimina continui lectis annalibus aevi,
prisca recensitis evolvite saecula fastis:
quid senis infandi Capreae, quid scaena Neronis
tale ferunt? spado Romuleo succinctus amictu
sedit in Augustis laribus. vulgata patebat
aula salutantum studiis; huc plebe senatus
permixta trepidique duces omnisque potestas
confluit. advolvi genibus, contingere dextram
ambitus et votum deformibus oscula rugis
figere. praesidium legum genitorque vocatur
principis et famulum dignatur regia patrem.
posteritas, admitte fidem: monumenta petuntur
dedecoris multisque gemunt incudibus aera
formatura nefas. haec iudicis, illa togati,
haec nitet armati species; numerosus ubique
fulget eques: praefert eunuchi curia vultus.
ac veluti caveant ne qua consistere virtus
possit pura loco, cunctas hoc ore laborant
incestare vias. maneat inmotum precamur
certaque perpetui sint argumenta pudoris.
subter adulantes tituli nimiaeque leguntur
vel maribus laudes: claro quod nobilis ortu
(cum vivant domini!), quod maxima proelia solus
impleat (et patitur miles!), quod tertius urbis
conditor (hoc Byzas Constantinusque videbunt!).

inter quae tumidus leno producere cenas
in lucem, foetere mero, dispergere plausum
empturas in vulgus opes, totosque theatri
indulgere dies, alieni prodigus auri.
at soror et, si quid portentis creditur, uxor
mulcebat matres epulis et more pudicae
coniugis eunuchi celebrabat vota mariti.
hanc amat, hanc summa de re vel pace vel armis
consulit, huic curas et clausa palatia mandat
ceu stabulum vacuumque domum. sic magna tueri
regna nihil, patiensque iugi deluditur orbis?

Mitior alternum Zephyri iam bruma teporem
senserat et primi laxabant germina flores,
iamque iter in gremio pacis sollemne parabant
ad muros, Ancyra, tuos, auctore repertum
Eutropio, pelagi ne taedia longa subirent,
sed vaga lascivis flueret discursibus aestas:
unde tamen tanta sublimes mole redibant,
ceu vinctos traherent Medos Indumque bibissent.
ecce autem flavis Gradivus ab usque Gelonis
arva cruentato repetebat Thracia curru:
subsidunt Pangaea rotis altaeque sonoro
stridunt axe nives. ut vertice constitit Haemi
femineasque togas pressis conspexit habenis,
subrisit crudele pater cristisque micantem
quassavit galeam; tunc implacabile numen
Bellonam adloquitur, quae sanguine sordida vestem
Illyricis pingues pectebat stragibus hydros:

“Necdum mollitiae, necdum, germana, mederi
possumus Eoae? numquam corrupta rigescent
saecula? Cappadocum tepidis Argaeus acervis
aestuat; infelix etiamnum pallet Orontes.
dum pereunt, meminere mali; si corda parumper
respirare sinas, nullo tot funera sensu
praetereunt: antiqua levis iactura cruoris.

“Adspicis obscaenum facinus? quid crinibus ora
protegis? en quales sese diffudit in actus
parva quies, quantum nocuerunt otia ferri!
qui caruit bellis, eunucho traditur annus.
actum de trabeis esset, si partibus una
mens foret Hesperiiis; rueret derisa vetustas
nullaque calcati starent vestigia iuris,

ni memor imperii Stilicho morumque priorum
turpe relegasset defenso Thybride nomen
intactamque novo servasset crimine Romam.
ille dedit portum, quo se pulsata referret
maiestas Latii deformataeque secures;
ille dedit fastos, ad quos Oriente relicto
confugeret sparsum maculis servilibus aevum.

“Quam similes haec aula viros! ad moenia visus
dirige: num saltem tacita formidine mussant?
num damnant animo? plaudentem cerne senatum
et Byzantinos proceres Graiosque Quirites.
o patribus plebes, o digni consule patres!
quid? quod et armati cessant et nulla virilem
inter tot gladios sexum reminiscitur ira?
hucine nostrorum cinctus abiere nepotum?
sic Bruti despectus honos?

“Ignosce parenti,

Romule, quod serus temeratis fascibus ultor
advenio: iamiam largis haec gaudia faxo
compensent lacrimis. quid dudum inflare moraris
Tartaream, Bellona, tubam, quid stringere falcem,
qua populos a stirpe metis? molire tumultus,
excute delicias. Thracum Macetumque ruinae
taedet et in gentes iterum saevire sepultas.
damna minus consueta move; trans aequora saevas
verte faces; aliis exordia sume rapinis.
non tibi Riphaeis hostis quaerendus ab oris,
non per Caucasias accito turbine valles
est opus. Ostrogothis colitur mixtisque Gruthungis
Phryx ager: hos parvae poterunt impellere causae
in scelus; ad mores facilis natura reverti.
sic eat: in nostro quando iam milite robur
torpuit et molli didicit parere magistro,
vindicta Arctous violatas advena leges;
barbara Romano succurrant arma pudori.”

Sic fatus clipeo, quantum vix ipse deorum
arbiter infesto cum percutit aegida nimbo,
intonuit. responsat Athos Haemusque remugit;
ingeminat raucum Rhodope concussa fragorem.
cornua cana gelu mirantibus extulit undis
Hebrus et exanguem glacie timor adligat Histrum.
tunc, adamante gravem nodisque rigentibus hastam,
telum ingens nullique deo iaculabile, torsit.

fit late ruptis via nubibus; illa per auras
tot freta, tot montes uno contenta volatu
transilit et Phrygiae mediis adfigitur arvis.
sensit humus; gemuit Nysaeo palmite felix
Hermus et aurata Pactolus inhorruit urna
totaque summissis fleverunt Dindyma silvis.

Nec dea praemissae stridorem segnius hastae
consequitur, centumque vias meditata nocendi
tandem Tarbigilum (Geticae dux improbus alae
hic erat) adgreditur. viso tum forte redibat
Eutropio vacuus donis, feritasque dolore
creverat et, teneris etiam quae crimina suadet
ingeniis, Scythicum pectus flammabat egestas.
huic sese vultu simulatae coniugis offert
mentitoque ferox incedit barbara gressu,
carbaseos induta sinus: post terga reductas
uberibus propior mordebat fibula vestes,
inque orbem tereti mitra retinente capillum
strinxerat et virides flavescere iusserat angues.
advolat ac niveis reducem complectitur ulnis
infunditque animo furiale per oscula virus.
principe quam largo veniat, quas inde reportet
divitias, astu rabiem motura requirit.
ille iter ingratum, vanos deflere labores,
quos super eunuchi fastus, quae probra tulisset.
continuo secat ungue genas et tempore pandit adrepto gemitus:

“I nunc, devotus aratris

scinde solum positoque tuos mucrone sodales
ad rastros sudare doce. bene rura Gruthungus
excolet et certo disponet sidere vites.
felices aliae, quas debellata maritis
oppida, quas magnis quaesitae viribus ornant
exuviae, quibus Argivae pulchraeque ministrant
Thessalides, famulas et quae meruere Lacaenas.
me nimium timido, nimium iunxere remisso
fata viro, totum qui degener exuit Histrum,
qui refugit patriae ritus, quem detinet aequi
gloria concessoque cupit vixisse colonus
quam dominus raptō. quid pulchra vocabula pigris
praetentas vitiis? probitatis inertia nomen,
iustitiae formido subit. tolerabis iniquam
pauperiem, cum tela geras? et flebis inultus,
cum pateant tantae nullis custodibus urbes?

“Quippe metus poenae. pridem mos ille vigeat,
ut meritos colerent impacatisque rebelles
urgerent odiis; at nunc, qui foedera rumpit,
ditatur; qui servat, eget. vastator Achivae
gentis et Epirum nuper populatus inultam
praesidet Illyrico; iam, quos obsedit, amicos
ingreditur muros illis responsa daturus,
quorum coniugibus potitur natosque peremit.
sic hostes punire solent, haec praemia solvunt
exciidiis. cunctaris adhuc numerumque tuorum
respicis exiguamque manum? tu rumpe quietem;
bella dabunt socios. nec te tam prona monerem,
si contra paterere viros: nunc alter in armis
sexus et eunuchis se defensoribus orbis
credidit; hos aquilae Romanae signa secuntur.
incipi barbaricae tandem te reddere vitae,
te quoque iam timeant admirenturque nocentem,
quem sprevere pium. spoliis praedaque repletus
cum libeat Romanus eris.”

Sic fata repente

in diram se vertit avem rostroque recurvo
turpis et infernis tenebris obscurior alas
auspicium veteri sedit ferele sepulcro.

Ille, pavor postquam resoluta corde quievit
et rigidae sedere comae, non distulit atrox
iussa deae; sociis, quae viderat, ordine pandit
inritaque sequi. coniurat barbara pubes
nacta ducem Latiisque palam descivit ab armis.

Pars Phrygiae, Scythicis quaecumque Trionibus alget
proxima, Bithynos, solem quae condit, Ionas,
quae levat, attingit Galatas. utrimque propinqui
finibus obliquis Lydi Pisidaeque feroces
continuant australe latus. gens una fuere
tot quondam populi, priscum cognomen et unum
appellata Phryges; sed (quid non longa valebit
permutare dies?) dicti post Maeona regem
Maeones. Aegaeos insedit Graecia portus;
Thyni Thraces arant quae nunc Bithynia fertur;
nuper ab Oceano Gallorum exercitus ingens
illis ante vagus tandem regionibus haesit
gaesaque deposuit, Graio iam mitis amictu,
pro Rheno poturus Halyn. dat cuncta vetustas
principium Phrygibus; nec rex Aegyptius ultra

restitit, humani postquam puer uberis expers
in Phrygiam primum laxavit murmura vocem.

Hic cecidit Libycis iactata paludibus olim
tibia, foedatam cum reddidit umbra Minervam,
hic et Apollinea victus testudine pastor
suspensa memores inlustrat pelle Celaenas.
quattuor hinc magnis procedunt fontibus amnes
auriferi; nec miror aquas radiare metallo,
quae totiens lavere Midan. diversus ad Austrum
cursus et Arctoum fluviis mare. Dindyma fundunt
Sangarium, vitrei puro qui gurgite Galli
auctus Amazonii deferitur ad ostia Ponti.
Icarium pelagus Mycalaeaque litora iuncti
Marsya Maeanderque petunt; sed Marsya velox,
dum suus est, flexuque carens iam flumine mixtus
mollitur, Maeandre, tuo; contraria passus
quam Rhodano stimulatus Arar: quos inter aprica
planities Cererique favet densisque ligatur
vitibus et glaucae fructus attollit olivae,
dives equis, felix pecori pretiosaque picto
marmore purpureis, caedit quod Synnada, venis.

Talem tum Phrygiam Geticis populatibus uri
permisere dei. securas barbarus urbes
inrupit facilesque capi. spes nulla salutis,
nulla fugae: putribus iam propugnacula saxis
longo corruerant aevo pacisque senecta.

Interea gelidae secretis rupibus Idae
dum sedet et thiasos spectat de more Cybebe
Curetumque alacres ad tympana suscitatur enses,
aurea sanctarum decus inmortale comarum
defluxit capiti turris summoque volutus
vertice crinalis violatur pulvere murus.
obstupere truces omen Corybantes et uno
fixa metu tacitas presserunt orgia buxos.
indoluit genetrix, tum sic commota profatur:
“Hoc mihi iam pridem Lachesis grandaeva canebat
augurium: Phrygiae casus venisse supremos
delapsus testatur apex. heu sanguine qualis
ibit Sangarius quantasque cadavera lenti
Maeandri passura moras! immobilis haeret
terminus, haec dudum nato placuere Tonanti.
par et finitimis luctus, frustra Lyaei

non defensuros implorat Lydia thyrsos.
iamque vale Phrygiae tellus perituraque flammis
moenia, conspicuas quae nunc attollitis arces,
mox campi nudumque solum! dilecta valete
flumina! non vestris ultra bacchabor in antris
nec iuga sulcabit noster Berecynthia currus”.
dixit et ad tristes convertit tympana planctus.
labentem patriam sacris ululatibus Attis
personat et torvi lacrimis maduere leones.

Eutropius, nequeat quamvis metuenda taceri
clades et trepidus vulgaverit omnia rumor,
ignorare tamen fingit regnique ruinas
dissimulat: parvam latronum errare catervam,
ad fontes tormenta magis quam tela parari
nec duce frangendas iactat, sed iudice vires:
vasta velut Libyae venantum vocibus ales
cum premitur calidas cursu transmittit harenas
inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
pulverulenta volat; si iam vestigia retro
clara sonent, oblita fugae stat lumine clauso
(ridendum!) revoluta caput creditque latere,
quem non ipsa videt. furtim tamen ardua mittit
cum donis promissa novis, si forte rogatus
desinat. ille semel nota dulcedine praedae
se famulo servire negat, nec grata timentum
munera; militiam nullam nec prima superbus
cingula dignari: nam quis non consule tali vilis honos?

Postquam precibus mitescere nullis,
non auro cessisse videt creberque recurrit
nuntius incassum nec spes iam foederis extat:
tandem consilium belli confessus agendi
ad sua tecta vocat. iuvenes venere protervi
lascivique senes, quibus est insignis edendi
gloria corruptasque dapes variasse decorum,
qui ventrem invitant pretio traduntque palato
sidereas Iunonis aves et si qua loquendi
gnara coloratis viridis defertur ab Indis,
quaesitos trans regna cibos, quorumque profundam
ingluviem non Aegaeus, non alta Propontis,
non freta longinquis Maeotia piscibus explent.
vestis odoratae studium; laus maxima risum
per vanos movisse sales minimeque viriles
munditiae; compti vultus; onerique vel ipsa

serica. si Chunos feriat, si Sarmata portas,
solliciti scaenae; Romam contemnere sueti
mirarique suas, quas Bosphorus obruat! aedes;
saltandi dociles aurigarumque periti.

Pars humili de plebe duces; pars compede suras
cruraque signati nigro liventia ferro
iura regunt, facies quamvis inscripta repugnet
seque suo prodat titulo. sed prima potestas
Eutropium praefert Hosio subnixa secundo.
dulcior hic sane cunctis prudensque movendi
iuris et admoto qui temperet omnia fumo,
fervidus, accensam sed qui bene decoquat iram.
considunt apices gemini dicionis Eoae,
hic cocus, hic leno, defossi verbere terga,
servitio, non arte pares, hic saepius emptus,
alter ad Hispanos nutritus verna penates.

Ergo ubi collecti procures, qui rebus in artis
consulerent tantisque darent solacia morbis,
obliti subito Phrygiae bellisque relictis
ad solitos coepere iocos et iurgia circi
tendere. nequiquam magna confligitur ira,
quis melius vibrata puer vertigine molli
membra rotet, verrat quis marmora crine supino?
quis magis enodes laterum detorqueat arcus,
quis vocis digitos, oculos quis moribus aptet?
hi tragicos meminere modos; his fabula Tereus,
his necdum commissa choro cantatur Agave.

Increpat Eutropius: non haec spectacula tempus
poscere; nunc alias armorum incumbere curas;
se satis Armenio fessum pro limite cingi
nec tantis unum subsistere posse periculis;
ignoscant senio, iuvenes ad proelia mittant: —
qualis pauperibus nutrix invisa puellis
adsidet et tela communem quaerere victum
rauca monet; festis illae lusisse diebus
orant et positis aequaevas visere pensis,
irataeque operi iam lasso pollice fila
turbant et teneros detergant stamine fletus.

Emicat extemplo cunctis trepidantibus audax
crassa mole Leo, quem vix Cyclopia solum
aequatura fames, quem non ieiuna Celaeno

vinceret; hinc nomen fertur meruisse Leonis.
acer in absentes, linguae iactator, abundans
corporis exiguusque animi, doctissimus artis
quondam lanificae, moderator pectinis unci.
non alius lanam purgatis sordibus aequè
praebuerit calathis, similis nec pinguis quisquam
vellera per tenues ferri producere rimas.
tunc Ajax erat Eutropii lateque fremebat,
non septem vasto quatiens umbone iuencos,
sed, quam perpetuis dapibus pigroque sedili
inter anus interque colos oneraverat, alvum.
adsurgit tandem vocemque expromit anhelam:

“Quis novus hic torpor, socii? quonam usque sedemus
femineis clausi thalamis patimurque periculum
gliscere desidia? graviorum turba malorum
textitur, ignavis trahimus dum tempora votis.
me petit hic sudor. numquam mea dextera segnis
ad ferrum. faveat tantum Tritonia coeptis,
inceptum peragetur opus. iam cuncta furorem
qui gravat, efficiam leviolem pondere lanae
Tarbigilum tumidum, desertoresque Gruthungos
ut miseras populabor oves et pace relata
pristina restituam Phrygias ad stamina matres”.

His dictis iterum sedit; fit plausus et ingens
concilii clamor, qualis resonantibus olim
exoritur caveis, quotiens crinitus ephebus
aut rigidam Niobem aut flentem Troada fingit.
protinus excitis iter inremeabile signis
arripit infaustoque iubet bubone moveri
agmina Mygdonias mox inpletura volucres.

Pulcher et urbanae cupiens exercitus umbrae,
adsiduus ludis, avidus splendore lavacris
nec soles imbresve pati, multumque priori
dispar, sub clipeo Thracum qui ferre pruinas,
dum Stilicho regeret, nudoque hiemare sub axe
sueverat et duris haurire bipennibus Hebrum.
cum duce mutatae vires. Byzantia robur
fregit luxuries Ancyranique triumphum.
non peditem praecedunt eques; non commoda castris
eligitur regio; vicibus custodia nullis
advigilat vallo; non explorantur eundae
vitandaeque viae; nullo se cornua flectunt

ordine; confusi passim per opaca vagantur
lustra, per ignotas angusto tramite valles.
sic vacui rectoris equi, sic orba magistro
fertur in abruptum casu, non sidere, puppis;
sic ruit in rupes amisso pisce sodali
belua, sulcandas qui praevis edocet undas
inmensumque pecus parvae moderamine caudae
temperat et tanto coniungit foedera monstro;
illa natat rationis inops et caeca profundi;
iam brevibus deprensa vadis ignara reverti
palpitat et vanos scopulis inludit hiatus.

Tarbigilus simulare fugam flatusque Leonis
spe nutrire leves improvisusque repente,
dum gravibus marcent epulis hostique catenas
inter vina crepant, largo sopita Lyaeo
castra subit. pereunt alii, dum membra cubili
tarda levant; alii leto iunxere soporem;
ast alios vicina palus sine more ruentes
excipit et cumulis inmanibus aggerat undas.
ipse Leo damma cervoque fugacior ibat
sudanti tremebundus equo: qui pendere postquam
decidit, implicitus limo cunctantia pronus
per vada reptabat. caeno subnixa tenaci
mergitur et pingui suspirat corpore moles
more suis, dapibus quae iam devota futuris
turpe gemit, quotiens Hosius mucrone corusco
armatur cingitque sinus secumque volutat,
quas figat verubus partes, quae frusta calenti
mandet aquae quantoque cutem distendat echino:
flagrat opus; crebro pulsatus perstrepat ictu;
contextit varius penetrans Calchedona nidor.

Ecce levis frondes a tergo concutit aura:
credit tela Leo; valuit pro vulnere terror
implevitque vicem iaculi, vitamque nocentem
integer et sola formidine saucius efflat.
quis tibi tractandos pro pectine, degener, enses,
quis solio campum praeponere suasit avito?
quam bene texentum laudabas carmina tutus
et matutinis pellebas frigora mensis!
hic miserande iaces; hic, dum tua vellera vitas,
tandem fila tibi neverunt ultima Parcae.

Iam vaga pallentem densis terroribus aulam

fama quatit; stratas acies, deleta canebat
agmina, Maeonios foedari caedibus agros,
Pamphylos Pisidasque rapi. metuendus ab omni
Tarbigilus regione tonat; modo tendere cursum
in Galatas, modo Bithynis incumbere fertur.
sunt qui per Cilicas rupto descendere Tauro,
sunt qui correptis ratibus terraque marique
adventare ferant; geminantur vera pavoris
ingenio: longe spectari e puppibus urbes
accensas, lucere fretum ventoque citatas
omnibus in pelago velis haerere favillas.

Hos inter strepitus funestior advolat alter
nuntius: armatam rursus Babylona minari
rege novo; resides Parthos ignava perosos
otia Romanae finem iam quaerere paci.
rarus apud Medos regum cruor; unaque cuncto
poena manet generi: quamvis crudelibus aequae
paretur dominis. sed quid non audeat annus
Eutropii? socium nobis fidumque Saporem
perculit et Persas in regia vulnera movit
rupturasque fidem, leto pars ne qua vacaret,
Eumenidum taedas trans flumina Tigridis egit.

Tum vero cecidere animi tantisque procellis
deficiunt. saepti latrantibus undique bellis
infensos tandem superos et consulis omen
agnovere sui, nec iam revocabile damnum
eventu stolido serum didicere magistro.
namque ferunt geminos uno de semine fratres
Iapetionidas generis primordia nostri
dissimili finxisse manu: quoscumque Prometheus
excoluit multumque intexuit aethera limo,
hi longe ventura notant dubiisque parati
casibus occurrunt fabro meliore politi.
deteriore luto pravus quos edidit auctor,
quem merito Grai perhibent Epimethea vates,
et nihil aetherii sparsit per membra vigoris,
hi pecudum ritu non impendentia vitant
nec res ante vident; accepta clade queruntur
et seri transacta gemunt.

Iam sola renidet
in Stilichone salus, et cuius semper acerbum
ingratumque sibi factorum conscius horror
credidit adventum, quem si procedere tantum

Alpibus audissent, mortem poenasque tremebant,
iam cuncti venisse volunt, scelerumque priorum
paenitet; hunc tantis bellorum sidus in undis
sperant, hunc pariter iusti sontesque precantur:
ceu pueri, quibus alta pater trans aequora merces
devehit, intenti ludo studiisque soluti
laetius amoto passim custode vagantur;
si gravis auxilio vacuas invaserit aedes
vicinus laribusque suis proturbet inultos,
tum demum patrem implorant et nomen inani
voce cuncti frustra oculos ad litora tendunt.

Omnes supplicio dignos letoque fatentur,
qui se tradiderint famulis Stilichone relicto.
mutati stupere diu sensuque reducto
paulatim proprii mirantur monstra furoris
avertuntque oculos: proiectis fascibus horret
lictor et infames labuntur sponte secures:
quales Aonio Thebas de monte reversae
Maenades infectis Pentheo sanguine thyrsis,
cum patuit venatus atrox matrique rotatum
conspexere caput, gressus caligine figunt
et rabiem desisse dolent. quin protinus ipsa
tendit ad Italiam supplex Aurora potentem
non radiis redimita comam, non flammea vultu
nec croceum vestita diem; stat livida luctu,
qualis erat Phrygio tegeret cum Memnona busto.
quam simul agnovit Stilicho nec causa latebat,
restitit; illa manum victricem amplexa moratur
altaque vix lacrimans inter suspiria fatur:

“Tantane te nostri ceperunt taedia mundi?
sic me ludibrium famulis risumque relinquis
dux quondam rectorque meus? solamque tueris
Hesperiam? domiti nec te post bella tyranni
cernere iam licuit? sic te victoria nobis
eripuit Gallisque dedit? Rufinus origo
prima mali: geminas inter discordia partes
hoc auctore fuit. sed iam maiora moventi
occurrit iusta rediens exercitus ira,
fortis adhuc ferrique memor. brevis inde reluxit
falsaque libertas; rursum Stilichonis habenis
sperabam me posse regi. pro caeca futuri
gaudia! fraterno coniungi coeperat orbis
imperio (quis enim tanto terrore recentis

exempli paribus sese committeret ausis?),
cum subito (monstrorsa mihi turpisque relatu
fabula) Rufini castratus prosilit heres,
et similes iterum luctus Fortuna reduxit,
ut solum domini sexum mutasse viderer.

“Hic primum thalami claustris delicta tegebat
clam timideque iubens; erat invidiosa potestas,
sed tamen eunuchi, necdum sibi publica iura
sumere nec totas audebat vertere leges.
at postquam pulsisque bonis et faece retenta
peiores legit socios dignusque satellites
hinc Hosius stetit, inde Leo, fiducia crevit
regnandique palam flagravat aperta libido.
patricius, consul maculat quos vendit honores;
plus maculat quos ipse gerit. iam signa tubaeque
mollescunt, ipsos ignavia fluxit in enses.
exultant merito gentes facilisque volenti
praeda sumus. iam Bistoniis Haemoque nivali
vastior expulsis Oriens squalescit aratris.
ei mihi, quas urbes et quanto tempore Martis
ignaras uno rapuerunt proelia cursu!
nuper ab extremo veniens equitatus Araxe
terruit Antiochi muros, ipsumque decorae
paene caput Syriae flammis hostilibus arsit.
utque gravis spoliis nulloque obstante profunda
laetus caede redit, sequitur mucrone secundo
continuum vulnus; nec iam mihi Caucasus hostes
nec mittit gelidus Phasis; nascuntur in ipso
bella sinu. legio pridem Romana Gruthungi,
iura quibus victis dedimus, quibus arva domusque
praebuimus, Lydos Asiaeque uberrima vastant
ignibus et si quid tempestas prima reliquit.
nec vi nec numero freti; sed inertia nutrit
proditioque ducum, quorum per crimina miles
captivis dat terga suis, quos teste subegit
Danuvio, partemque timet qui reppulit omnes.

“Aula choris epulisque vacat nec perdita curat,
dum superest aliquid. ne quid tamen orbe reciso
venditor amittat, provincia quaeque superstes
dividitur geminumque duplex passura tribunal
cogitur alterius pretium sarcire peremptae.
sic mihi restituunt populos; hac arte reperta
rektorum numerum terris pereuntibus augent.

“In te iam spes una mihi. pro fronde Minervae
has tibi protendo lacrimas; succurre ruenti,
eripe me tandem, servilibus eripe regnis.
neve adeo cunctos paucorum crimine damnes
nec nova tot meritis offensa prioribus obstet.
iamiam flecte animum. suprema pericula semper
dant veniam culpae. quamvis iratus et exul
pro patriae flammis non distulit arma Camillus.
nec te subtrahimus Latio; defensor utrique
sufficis. armorum liceat splendore tuorum
in commune frui; clipeus nos protegat idem
unaque pro gemino desudet cardine virtus.”

Fescennine Verses in Honour of the Marriage of the Emperor Honorius

Princeps corusco sidere pulchrior,
 Parthis sagittas tendere doctior,
 eques Gelonis imperiosior,
 quae digna mentis laus erit arduae?
 quae digna formae laus erit igneae?
 te Leda mallet quam dare Castorem;
 praefert Achilli te proprio Thetis;
 victum fatetur Delos Apollinem;
 credit minorem Lydia Liberum.
 tu cum per altas impiger ilices
 praedo citatum cornipedem reges
 ludentque ventis instabiles comae,
 telis iacebunt sponte tuis ferae
 gaudensque sacris vulneribus leo
 admittet hastam morte superbior.
 Venus reversum spernit Adonidem,
 damnat reductum Cynthia Virbium.

Cum post labores sub platani voles
 virentis umbra vel gelido specu
 torrentiorem fallere Sirium
 et membra somno fessa resolveris:
 o quantus uret tum Dryadas calor!
 quot aestuantes ancipiti gradu
 furtiva carpent oscula Naides!
 quis vero acerbis horridior Scythis,
 quis beluarum corde furentior,
 qui, cum micantem te prope viderit,
 non optet ultro servitium pati,
 qui non catenas adripiat libens
 colloque poscat vincula libero?
 tu si nivalis per iuga Caucasi
 saevas petisses pulcher Amazonas,
 peltata pugnans desereret cohors
 sexu recepto; patris et inmemor
 inter frementes Hippolyte tubas
 strictam securim languida poneret
 et seminudo pectore cingulum
 forti negatum solveret Herculi,
 bellumque solus conficeret decor.

Beata, quae te mox faciet virum

primisque sese iunget amoribus.

II (XII)

Age cuncta nuptiali
 redimita vere tellus
 celebra toros eriles;
omne nemus cum fluviis,
 omne canat profundum
Ligures favete campi,
 Veneti favete montes,
 subitisque se rosetis
 vestiat Alpinus apex
 et rubeant pruinae.
Athesis trepat choreis
 calamisque flexuosus
 leve Mincius susurret
et Padus electriferis
 admoduletur alnis;
epulisque iam repleto
 resonet Quirite Thybris
 dominique laeta votis
 aurea septemgeminas
 Roma coronet arces.
procul audiant Hiberi,
 fluit unde semen aulae,
 ubi plena laurearum
 imperio feta domus
 vix numerat triumphos.
habet hinc patrem maritus,
 habet hinc puella matrem
 gemmaque parte ductum
 Caesareum flumineo
 stemma recurrit ortu.
decorent virecta Baetim,
 Tagus intumescat auro
 generisque procreator
 sub vitreis Oceanus
 luxurietur antris.
Oriensque regna fratrum
 simul Occidensque plaudat;
 placide iocentur urbes,
 quaeque novo quaeque nitent
 deficiente Phoebō.
Aquiloniae procellae,
 rabidi tacete Cauri,

taceat sonorus Auster.
solus ovanem Zephyrus
perdominetur annum.

III (XIII)

Solitas galea fulgere comas,
Stilicho, molli necte corona.
cessent litui saevumque procul
Martem felix taeda releget.
tractus ab aula rursus in aulam
redeat sanguis. patris officiis
iunge potenti pignora dextra.
gener Augusti pridem fueras,
nunc rursus eris socer Augusti.
quae iam rabies livoris erit?
vel quis dabitur color invidiae?
Stilicho socer est, pater est Stilicho.

IV (XIV)

Attollens thalamis Idalium iubar
dilectus Veneri nascitur Hesperus.
iam nuptae trepidat sollicitus pudor,
iam produnt lacrimas flammea simplices.
ne cessa, iuvenis, comminus adgredi,
impacata licet saeviat unguibus.
non quisquam fruitur veris odoribus
Hyblaeos latebris nec spoliat favos,
si fronti caveat, si timeat rubos;
armat spina rosas, mella tegunt apes.
crescunt difficili gaudia iurgio
accenditque magis, quae refugit, Venus.
quod flenti tuleris, plus sapit osculum.
dices “o!” quotiens, “hoc mihi dulcius
quam flavos deciens vincere Sarmatas!”

Adspirate novam pectoribus fidem
mansuramque facem tradite sensibus.
tam iunctis manibus nectite vincula,
quam frondens hedera stringitur aesculus,
quam lento premitur palmite populus,
et murmur querula blandius alite
linguis adsiduo reddite mutuis.
et labris animum conciliantibus
alternum rapiat somnus anhelitum.
amplexu caleat purpura regio
et vestes Tyrio sanguine fulgidas
alter virgineus nobilitet cruor.
tum victor madido prosilias toro
nocturni referens vulnera proelii.

Ducant pervigiles carmina tibiae
permissisque iocis turba licentior
exultet tetricis libera legibus.
passim cum ducibus ludite milites,
passim cum pueris ludite virgines.
haec vox aetheriis insonet axibus,
haec vox per populos, per mare transeat:
“formosus Mariam ducit Honorius.”

Epithalamium of Honorius and Maria

PREFACE.

(IX)

Surgeret in thalamum ducto cum Pelion arcu
nec caperet tantos hospita terra deos,
cum socer aequoreus numerosaque turba sororum
certarent epulis continuare dies
praeberetque Iovi communia pocula Chiron,
molliter obliqua parte refusus equi,
Peneus gelidos mutaret nectare fontes,
Oetaeis fluerent spumaea vina iugis:
Terpsichore facilem lascivo pollice movit
barbiton et molles duxit in antra choros.
carmina nec superis nec displicuere Tonanti,
cum teneris nossent congrua vota modis.
Centauri Faunique negant. quae flectere Rhoeton,
quae rigidum poterant plectra movere Pholum?

Septima lux aderat caelo totiensque renato
viderat exactos Hesperus igne choros:
tum Phoebus, urbs quo saxa domat, quo pertrahit ornos,
pectine temptavit nobiliore lyram
venturumque sacris fidibus iam spondet Achillem,
iam Phrygias caedes, iam Simoënta canit.
frondoso strepuit felix Hymenaeus Olympo;
reginam resonant Othrys et Ossa Thetim.

EPITHALAMIUM. (X)

Hauserat insolitos promissae virginis ignes
Augustus primoque rudis flagraverat aestu;
nec novus unde calor nec quid suspiria vellent,
noverat incipiens et adhuc ignarus amandi.
non illi venator equus, non spicula curae,
non iaculum torquere libet; mens omnis aberrat
in vulnus, quod fixit Amor. quam saepe medullis
erupit gemitus! quotiens incanduit ore
confessus secreta rubor nomenque beatum
iniussae scripsere manus! iam munera nuptae
praeparat et pulchros Mariae sed luce minores
eligit ornatus, quidquid venerabilis olim
Livia divorumque nurus gessere superbae.
incusat spes aegra moras longique videntur
stare dies segnemque rotam non flectere Phoebe.
Scyria sic tenerum virgo flammabat Achillem
fraudis adhuc expers bellatricesque docebat
ducere fila manus et, mox quos horruit Ide,
Thessalicos roseo nectebat pollice crines.

Haec etiam queritur secum: “quonam usque verendus
cunctatur mea vota socer? quid iungere differt,
quam pepigit, castasque preces implere recusat?
non ego luxuriem regum moremque secutus
quaesivi vultum tabulis ut nuntia formae
lena per innumeros iret pictura penates,
nec variis dubium thalamis lecturus amorem
ardua commisi falsae conubia cerae.
non rapio praeceps alienae foedera taedae,
sed quae sponsa mihi pridem patrisque relictā
mandatis uno materni sanguinis ortu
communem partitur avum. fastidia supplex
deposui gessique procum; de limine sacro
oratum misi proceres, qui proxima nobis
iura tenent. fateor, Stilicho, non parva poposci,
sed certe mereor princeps, hoc principe natus
qui sibi te generum fraterna prole revinxit,
cui Mariam debes. faenus mihi solve paternum,
redde suos aulae. mater fortasse rogari
mollior. o patrui germen, cui nominis heres
successi, sublime decus torrentis Hiberi,
stirpe soror, pietate parens, tibi creditus infans

inque tuo crevi gremio, partuque remoto
tu potius Flaccilla mihi. quid dividis ergo
pignora? quid iuveni natam non reddis alumno?
optatusne dies aderit? dabiturne iugalibus nox umquam?"

Tali solatur vulnera questu.

risit Amor placidaeque volat trans aequora matri
nuntius et totas iactantior explicat alas.

Mons latus Ionium Cypri praeruptus obumbrat,
inivius humano gressu, Phariumque cubile
Proteos et septem despectat cornua Nili.
hunc neque candentes audent vestire pruinae,
hunc venti pulsare timent, hunc laedere nimbi.
luxuriae Venerique vacat. pars acrior anni
exulat; aeterni patet indulgentia veris.
in campum se fundit apex; hunc aurea saepes
circuit et fulvo defendit prata metallo.
Mulciber, ut perhibent, his oscula coniugis emit
moenibus et tales uxorius obtulit arces.
intus rura micant, manibus quae subdita nullis
perpetuum florent, Zephyro contenta colono,
umbrosumque nemus, quo non admittitur ales,
ni probet ante suos diva sub iudice cantus:
quae placuit, fruitur ramis; quae victa, recedit.
vivunt in Venerem frondes omnisque vicissim
felix arbor amat; nutant ad mutua palmae
foedera, populeo suspirat populus ictu
et platani platanis alnoque adsibilat alnus.

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
alter, et infusis corrumpunt mella venenis,
unde Cupidineas armari fama sagittas.
mille pharetrati ludunt in margine fratres,
ore pares, aevo similes, gens mollis Amorum.
hos Nymphae pariunt, illum Venus aurea solum
editit. ille deos caelumque et sidera cornu
temperat et summos dignatur figere reges;
hi plebem feriunt. nec cetera numina desunt:
hic habitat nullo constricta Licentia nodo
et flecti faciles Irae vinoque madentes
Excubiae Lacrimaeque rudes et gratus amantum
Pallor et in primis titubans Audacia furtis
iucundique Metus et non secura Voluptas;
et lasciva volant levibus Periuria ventis.
quos inter petulans alta cervice Iuventas

excludit Senium luco.

Procul atria divae
permutant radios silvae obstante virescunt.
Lemnius haec etiam gemmis extruxit et auro
admiscens artem pretio trabibusque smaragdi
supposuit caesas hyacinthi rupe columnas.
beryllo paries et iaspide lubrica surgunt
limina despectusque solo calcatur achates.
in medio glaebis redolentibus area dives
praebet odoratas messes; hic mitis amomi,
hic casiae matura seges, Panchaeaque turgent
cinnama, nec sicco frondescunt vimina costo
tardaque sudanti prorepunt balsama rivo.

Quo postquam delapsus Amor longasque peregit
penna vias, alacer passuque superbior intrat.
caesariem tunc forte Venus subnixa corusco
fingebat solio. dextra laevaue sorores
stabant Idaliae: largos haec nectaris imbres
inrigat, haec morsu numerosi dentis eburno
multifidum discrimen arat; sed tertia retro
dat varios nexus et iusto dividit orbes
ordine, neglectam partem studiosa relinquens:
plus error decuit. speculi nec vultus egebat
iudicio; similis tecto monstratur in omni
et capitur quocumque videt. dum singula cernit,
seque probat, nati venientis conspicit umbram
ambrosioque sinu puerum complexa ferocem
“quid tantum gavisus?” ait; “quae proelia sudas
improbe? quis iacuit telis? iterumne Tonantem
inter Sidonias cogis mugire iuencas?
an Titana domas? an pastoralia Lunam
rursus in antra vocas? durum magnumque videris debellasse deum.”

Suspensus in oscula matris
ille refert: “Laetare, parens; inmane tropaeum
rettulimus, nostrum iam sensit Honorius arcum.
scis Mariam patremque ducem, qui cuspidi Gallos
Italiamque fovet, nec te praeclara Serenae
fama latet. propera; regalibus adnue votis: iunge toros.”

Gremio natum Cytherea removit
et crines festina ligat peplumque fluentem
adlevat et blando spirantem numine ceston
cingitur, impulsos pluviis quo mitigat amnes,
quo mare, quo ventos irataque fulmina solvit.

ut stetit ad litus, parvos adfatur alumnos:

“Heus! quis erit, pueri, vitreas qui lapsus in undas
huc rapidum Tritona vocet, quo vecta per altum
deferar? haud umquam tanto mihi venerit usu.
sacri, quos petimus, thalami. pernicious omnes
quaerite, seu concha Libycum circumsonat aequor,
Aegaeas seu frangit aquas. quicumque repertum
duxerit, aurata donabitur ille pharetra.”

Dixerat et sparsa diversi plebe feruntur
exploratores. pelagi sub fluctibus ibat
Carpathiis Triton obluctantemque petebat
Cymothoën. timet illa ferum seseque sequenti
subripit et duris elabatur uda lacertis.
“heus,” inquit speculatus Amor, “non vestra sub imis
furta tegi potuere vadis. accingere nostram
vecturus dominam: pretium non vile laboris
Cymothoën facilem, quae nunc detrectat, habebis. hac mercede veni.”

Prorupit gurgite torvus
semifer; undosi verrebant brachia crines;
hispida tendebant bifido vestigia cornu,
qua pistrix commissa viro. ter pectora movit;
iam quarto Paphias tractu sulcabat harenas.
umbratura deam retro sinuatur in arcum
belua; tum vivo squalentia murice terga
purpureis mollita toris: hoc navigat antro
fulta Venus; niveae delibant aequora plantae.
prosequitur volucer late comitatus Amorum
tranquillumque choris quatitur mare.serta per omnem
Neptuni dispersa domum. Cadmeia ludit
Leucothoë, frenatque rosis delphina Palaemon;
alternas violis Nereus interserit algas;
canitiem Glaucus ligat immortalibus herbis.
nec non et variis vectae Nereides ibant
audito rumore feris (hanc pisce voluto
sublevat Oceani monstrum Tartesia tigris;
hanc timor Aegaei rupturus fronte carinas
trux aries; haec caeruleae suspensa leaenae
innatat; haec viridem trahitur complexa iuvenum)
certatimque novis onerant conubia donis.
cingula Cymothoë, rarum Galatea monile
et gravibus Psamathe bacis diadema ferebat
intextum, Rubro quas legerat ipsa profundo.
mergit se subito vellitque corallia Doto:

vimen erat dum stagna subit; processerat undis: gemma fuit.

Nudae Venerem cinxere catervae

plaudentesque simul tali cum voce sequuntur:

“hos Mariae cultus, haec munera nostra precamur
reginae regina feras. dic talia numquam
promeruisse Thetim nec cum soror Amphitrite
nostro nupta Iovi. devotum sentiat aequor,
agnoscat famulum virgo Stilichonia pontum.
victrices nos saepe rates classemque paternam
veximus, attritis cum tenderet ultor Achivis.”

Iam Ligurum terris spumantia pectora Triton
adpulerat lassosque fretis extenderat orbis.
continuo sublime volans ad moenia Gallis
condita, lanigeri suis ostentantia pellem,
pervenit. adventu Veneris pulsata recedunt
nubila, clarescunt puris Aquilonibus Alpes.
laetitiae causas ignorat dicere miles
laetaturque tamen; Mavortia signa rubescunt
floribus et subitis animantur frondibus hastae.
illa suum dictis adfatur talibus agmen:

“Gradivum, nostri comites, arcete parumper,
ut soli vacet aula mihi. procul igneus horror
thoracum, gladiosque tegat vagina minaces
stent bellatrices aquilae saevique dracones.
fas sit castra meis hodie succumbere signis:
tibia pro lituis et pro clangore tubarum
molle lyrae festumque canant. epulentur ad ipsas
excubias; mediis spirent crateres in armis.
laxet terribiles maiestas regia fastus
et sociam plebem non indignata potestas
confundat turbae proceres. solvantur habenis
gaudia nec leges pudeat ridere severas.

“Tu festas, Hymenaeae, faces, tu, Gratia, flores
elige, tu geminas, Concordia, necte coronas.
vos, pennata cohors, quocumque vocaverit usus,
divisa properate manu, neu marceat ulla
segnities: alii funalibus ordine ductis
plurima venturae suspendite lumina nocti;
hi nostra nitidos postes obducere myrto
contendant; pars nectareis adspargite tecta
fontibus et flamma lucos adolete Sabaeos;
pars infecta croco velamina lutea Serum

pandite Sidoniasque solo prosternite vestes.
ast alii thalamum docto componite textu;
stamine gemmato picturatisque columnis
aedificetur apex, qualem non Lydia dives
erexit Pelopi nec quem struxere Lyaeo
Indorum spoliis et opaco palmite Bacchae.
illic exuvias omnes cumulate parentum:
quidquid avus senior Mauro vel Saxone victis,
quidquid ab innumeris socio Stilichone tremendus
quaesivit genitor bellis, quodcumque Gelonus
Armeniusve dedit; quantum crinita sagittis
attulit extremo Meroë circumflua Nilo;
misit Achaemenio quidquid de Tigride Medus,
cum supplex emeret Romanam Parthia pacem.
nobilibus gazis opibusque cubilia surgant
barbaricis; omnes thalamo conferte triumphos.”

Sic ait et sponsae petit improvisa penates.
illa autem secura tori taedasque parari
nescia divinae fruitur sermone parentis
maternosque bibit mores exemplaue discit
prisca pudicitiae Latios nec volvere libros
desinit aut Graios, ipsa genetrice magistra,
Maeonius quaecumque senex aut Thracius Orpheus
aut Mytilenaeo modulatur pectine Sappho
(sic Triviam Latona monet; sic mitis in antro
Mnemosyne docili tradit praecepta Thaliae):
cum procul augeri nitor et iucundior aër
attonitam lustrare domum fundique comarum
gratus odor. mox vera fides numenque refulsit.
cunctatur stupefacta Venus; nunc ora puellae,
nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
haec modo crescenti, plenae par altera lunae:
adsurgit ceu forte minor sub matre virenti
laurus et ingentes ramos olimque futuras
promittit iam parva comas; vel flore sub uno
ceu geminae Paestana rosae per iugera regnant;
haec largo matura die saturataque vernis
roribus indulget spatio; latet altera nodo
nec teneris audet foliis admittere soles.

Adstittit et blande Mariam Cytherea salutat:
“salve sidereae prole augusta Serenae,
magnorum suboles regum parituraque reges.
te propter Paphias sedes Cyprumque reliqui,

te propter libuit tantos explere labores
et tantum transnare maris, ne vilior ultra
privatos paterere lares neu tempore longo
dilatatos iuvenis nutriet Honorius ignes.
accipe fortunam generis, diadema resume,
quod tribuas natis, et in haec penetralia rursus,
unde parens progressa, redi. fac nulla subesse
vincula cognatae: quamvis aliena fuisses
principibus, regnum poteras hoc ore mereri.
quae propior sceptris facies? qui dignior aula
vultus erit? non labra rosae, non colla pruinae,
non crines aequant violae, non lumina flammae.
quam iuncti leviter sese discrimine confert
umbra supercilii! miscet quam iusta pudorem
temperies nimio nec sanguine candor abundat!
Aurorae vincis digitos umerosque Dianae;
ipsam iam superas matrem. si Bacchus amator
dotali potuit caelum signare corona,
cur nullis virgo redimitur pulchrior astris?
iam tibi molitur stellantia sarta Bootes
inque decus Mariae iam sidera parturit aether.
i, digno nectenda viro tantique per orbem
consors imperii! iam te venerabitur Hister;
nomen adorabunt populi; iam Rhenus et Albis
serviet; in medios ibis regina Sygambros.
quid numerem gentes Atlanteosque recessus
Oceani? toto pariter donabere mundo.”

Dixit et ornatus, dederant quos nuper ovantes
Nereides, collo membrisque micantibus aptat.
ipsa caput distinguit acu, substringit amictus;
flammea virgineis accommodat ipsa capillis.
ante fores iam pompa sonat, pilentaque sacra
praeradiant ductura nurum. calet obuius ire
iam princeps tardumque cupit discedere solem:
nobilis haud aliter sonipes, quem primus amoris
sollicitavit odor, tumidus quatiensque decoras
curvata cervice iubas Pharsalia rura
pervolat et notos hinnitu flagitat amnes
naribus accensis; mulcet fecunda magistros
spes gregis et pulchro gaudent armenta marito.

Candidus interea positus exercitus armis
exultat socerum circa; nec signifer ullus
nec miles pluviae flores dispergere ritu

cessat purpureoque ducem perfundere nimbo.
haec quoque velati lauro myrtoque caneant:

“Dive parens, seu te complectitur axis Olympi,
seu premis Elysias animarum praemia valles,
en promissa tibi Stilicho iam vota peregit;
iam gratae rediere vices; cunabula pensat;
acceptum reddit thalamum natoque reponit,
quod dederat genitor. numquam te, sancte, pigebit
iudicii nec te pietas suprema fefellit.
dignus cui leges, dignus cui pignora tanti
principis et rerum commendarentur habenae.
dicere possemus, quae proelia gesta sub Haemo
quaeque cruentarint fumantem Strymona pugnae,
quam notus clipeo, quanta vi fulminet hostem,
ni prohiberet Hymen. quae tempestita relatu,
nunc canimus. quis consilio, quis iuris et aequi
nosse modum melior? quod semper dissilit, in te
convenit, ingenio robur, prudentia forti.
fronte quis aequali? quem sic Romana decerent
culmina? sufficerent tantis quae pectora curis?
stes licet in populo, clamet quicumque videbit:
‘hic est, hic Stilicho!’ sic se testatur et offert
celsa potestatis species, non voce feroci,
non alto simulata gradu, non improba gestu.
adfectant alii quidquid fingique laborant,
hoc donat natura tibi. pudor emicat una
formosusque rigor vultusque auctura verendos
canities festina venit. cum sorte remota
contingat senio gravitas viresque iuventae,
utraq; te cingit propriis insignibus aetas.
ornatur Fortuna viro. non ulla nocendi
tela nec infecti iugulis civilibus enses.
non odium terrore moves nec frena resolvit
gratia; diligimus pariter pariterque timemus.
ipse metus te noster amat, iustissime legum
arbiter, egregiae pacis fidissime custos,
optime ductorum, fortunatissime patrum.
plus iam, plus domino cuncti debere fatemur,
quod gener est, invicte, tuus. vincere corona;
insere te nostris contempto iure choreis.
sic puer Eucherius superet virtute parentem;
aurea sic videat similes Thermantia taedas;
sic uterus crescat Mariae; sic natus in ostro

parvus Honoriades genibus considat avitis.”

Panegyric on the Third Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

PREFACE. (VI)

Parvos non aquilis fas est educere fetus
ante fidem solis iudiciumque poli.
nam pater, excusso saluit cum tegmine proles
ovaque maternus rupit hiulca tepor,
protinus implumes convertit ad aethera nidos
et recto flammas imperat ore pati.
consulit ardentes radios et luce magistra
natorum vires ingeniumque probat.
degenerem refugo torsit qui lumine visum,
unguibus hunc saevis ira paterna ferit.
exploratores oculis qui pertulit ignes
sustinuitque acie nobiliore diem,
nutritur volucrumque potens et fulminis heres,
gesturus summo tela trisulca Iovi.
me quoque Pieriis temptatum saepius antris
audet magna suo mittere Roma deo.
iam dominas aures, iam regia tecta meremur
et chelys Augusto iudice nostra sonat.

PANEGYRIC. (VII)

(VII)

Tertia Romulei sumant exordia fasces
terque tuas ducat bellatrix pompa curules;
festior annus eat cinctusque imitata Gabinos
dives Hydaspeis augescat purpura gemmis;
succedant armis trabeae, tentoria lictor
ambiat et Latiae redeant ad signa secures.
tuque o qui patrium curis aequalibus orbem
Eoo cum fratre regis, procede secundis
alitibus Phoebique novos ordire meatus,
spes votumque poli, quem primo a limine vitae
nutrix aula fovet, strictis quem fulgida telis
inter laurigeros aluerunt castra triumphos.
ardua privatos nescit Fortuna penates
et regnum cum luce dedit. cognata potestas
excepit Tyrio venerabile pignus in ostro
lustravitque tuos aquilis victricibus ortus
miles et in mediis cunabula praebuit hastis.
te nascente ferox toto Germania Rheno
intremuit movitque suas formidine silvas
Caucasus et positis numen confessa pharetris
ignavas Meroë traxit de crine sagittas.
reptasti per scuta puer, regumque recentes
exuviae tibi ludus erant, primusque solebas
aspera complecti torvum post proelia patrem,
signa triumphato quotiens flexisset ab Histro
Arctoa de strage calens, et poscere partem
de spoliis, Scythicos arcus aut rapta Gelonis
cingula vel iaculum Daci vel frena Suebi.
ille coruscanti clipeo te saepe volentem
sustulit adridens et pectore pressit anhelum
intrepidum ferri galeae nec triste timentem
fulgur et ad summas tendentem brachia cristas.
tum sic laetus ait: "rex o stellantis Olympi,
talis perdomito redeat mihi filius hoste,
Hyrchanas populatus opes aut caede superbus
Assyria, sic ense rubens, sic flamine crebro
turbidus et grato respersus pulvere belli,
armaque gaviso referat captiva parenti."

Mox ubi firmasti recto vestigia gressu,
non tibi desidias molles nec marcida luxu

otia nec somnos genitor permisit inertes,
sed nova per duros instruxit membra labores
et cruda teneras exercuit indole vires:
frigora saeva pati, gravibus non cedere nimbis,
aestivum tolerare iubar, transnare sonoras
torrentum furias, ascensu vincere montes,
planitiem cursu, valles et concava saltu,
nec non in clipeo vigiles producere noctes,
in galea potare nives, nunc spicula cornu
tendere, nunc glandes Baleari spargere funda.
quoque magis nimium pugnae inflammaret amorem,
facta tui numerabat avi, quem litus adustae
horrescit Libyae ratibusque impervia Thule:
ille leves Mauros nec falso nomine Pictos
edomuit Scottumque vago mucrone secutus
fregit Hyperboreas remis audacibus undas
et geminis fulgens utroque sub axe tropaeis
Tethyos alternae refluas calcavit harenas.
hos tibi virtutum stimulos, haec semina laudum,
haec exempla dabat. non ocius hausit Achilles
semiferi praecepta senis, seu cuspidis artes
sive lyrae cantus medicas seu disceret herbas.

Interea turbata fides. civilia rursus
bella tonant dubiumque quatit discordia mundum.
pro crimen superum, longi pro dedecus aevi:
barbarus Hesperias exul possederat urbes
sceptraque deiecto dederat Romana clienti.
iam principes molitur iter gentesque remotas
colligit Aurorae, tumidus quascumque pererrat
Euphrates, quas lustrat Halys, quas ditat Orontes;
turiferos Arabes saltus, vada Caspia Medi,
Armenii Phasin, Parthi liquere Niphaten.

Quae tibi tum Martis rabies quantusque sequendi
ardor erat? quanto flagrabant pectora voto
optatas audire tubas campique cruenta
tempestate frui truncisque inmergere plantas?
ut leo, quem fulvae matris spelunca tegebat
uberibus solitum pasci, cum crescere sensit
ungue pedes et terga iubis et dentibus ora,
iam negat imbelles epulas et rupe relictas
Gaetulo comes ire patri stabulisque minari
aestuatur et celsi tabo sordere iuveni.
ille vetat rerumque tibi commendat habenas
et sacro meritis ornat diademate crines.

tantaque se rudibus pietas ostendit in annis,
sic aetas animo cessit, quererentur ut omnes
imperium tibi sero datum.

Victoria velox
auspiciis effecta tuis. Pugnastis uterque:
tu fatis genitorque manu. te propter et Alpes
invadi faciles cauto nec profuit hosti
munitis haesisse locis: spes inrita valli
concidit et scopulis patuerunt claustra revulsis.
te propter gelidis Aquilo de monte procellis
obruit adversas acies revolutaque tela
vertit in auctores et turbine reppulit hastas
o nimium dilecte deo, cui fundit ab antris
Aeolus armatas hiemes, cui militat aether
et coniurati veniunt ad classica venti.
Alpinae rubuere nives, et Frigidus amnis
mutatis fumavit aquis turbaque cadentum
staret, ni rapidus iuvisset flumina sanguis.

At ferus inventor scelerum traiecerat altum
non uno mucrone latus, duplexque tepebat
ensis, et ultrices in se converterat iras
tandem iusta manus. iam libertate reducta,
quamvis emeritum peteret natura reverti
numen et auratas astrorum panderet arces
nutaretque oneris venturi conscius Atlas,
distulit Augustus cupido se credere caelo,
dum tibi pacatum praesenti traderet orbem.
nec mora: Bistoniis alacer consurgis ab oris,
inter barbaricas ausus transire cohortes
impavido vultu; linqvis Rhodopeia saxa
Orpheis animata modis; iuga deseris Oetes
Herculeo damnata rogo; post Pelio intras
Nereis inlustre toris; te pulcher Enipeus
celsaque Dodone stupuit rursusque locutae
in te Chaoniae moverunt carmina quercus.
Illyrici legitur plaga litoris; arva teruntur
Dalmatiae; Phrygii numerantur stagna Timavi.
gaudent Italiae sublimibus oppida muris
adventu sacrata tuo, summissus adorat
Eridanus blandosque iubet mitescere fluctus
et Phaëthontaeas solitae deflere ruinas
roscida frondosae revocant electra sorores.

Quanti tum iuvenes, quantae sprevere pudorem
spectandi studio matres, puerisque severi

certavere senes, cum tu genitoris amico
exceptus gremio mediam veherere per urbem
velaretque pios communis laurea currus!
quis non Luciferum roseo cum Sole videri
credidit aut iunctum Bromio radiare Tonantem?
florete cristatis exercitus undique turmis,
quisque sua te voce canens. praestringit aena
lux oculos, nudique seges Mavortia ferri
ingeminat splendore diem. pars nobilis arcu,
pars longe iaculis, pars comminus horrida contis;
hi volucres tollunt aquilas, hi picta draconum
colla levant, multusque tumet per nubila serpens
iratus stimulante Noto vivitque receptis
flatibus et vario mentitur sibila tractu.

Ut ventum ad sedes, cunctos discedere tectis
dux iubet et generum compellat talibus ultro:
“bellipotens Stilicho, cuius mihi robur in armis,
pace probata fides: quid enim per proelia gessi
te sine? quem merui te non sudante triumphum?
Odrysum pariter Getico foedavimus Hebrum
sanguine, Sarmaticas pariter prostravimus alas
Riphaeaeque simul fessos porreximus artus
in glacie stantemque rota sulcavimus Histrum:
ergo age, me quoniam caelestis regia poscit,
tu curis succede meis, tu pignora solus
nostra fove: geminos dextra tu protege fratres.
per consanguineos thalamos noctemque beatam,
per taedas, quas ipsa tuo regina levavit
coniugio sociaque nurum produxit ab aula,
indue mente patrem, crescentes dilige fetus
ut ducis, ut soceri. Iamiam securus ad astra
te custode ferar; rupta si mole Typhoeus
prosiliat, vinclis Tityos si membra resolvat,
si furor Enceladi proiecta mugiat Aetna,
opposito Stilichone cadent.”

Nec plura locutus,

sicut erat, liquido signavit tramite nubes
ingrediturque globum Lunae limenque relinquit
Arcados et Veneris clementes advolat auras.
hinc Phoebi permensus iter flammamque nocentem
Gradivi placidumque Iovem; stetit arce suprema,
argenti qua zona riget Saturnia tractu.
machina laxatur caeli rutilaeque patescunt
sponte fores. Arctoa parat convexa Bootes,

australes reserat portas succinctus Orion
invitantque novum sidus, pendentque vicissim
quas partes velit ipse sequi, quibus esse sodalis
dignetur stellis aut qua regione morari.
o decus aetherium, terrarum gloria quondam,
te tuus Oceanus natali gurgite lassum
excipit et notis Hispania proluit undis.
fortunate parens, primos cum detegis ortus,
adspicis Arcadium; cum te proclivior urges,
occiduum visus remoratur Honorius ignem;
et quocumque vagos flectas sub cardine cursus,
natorum per regna venis, qui mente serena
maturoque regunt iunctas moderamine gentes,
saecula qui rursus formant meliore metallo.
luget Avarities Stygiis innexa catenis
cumque suo demens expellitur Ambitus auro.
non dominantur opes nec corrumpentia sensus
dona valent: emitur sola virtute potestas.

Unanimi fratres, quorum mare terraque fatis
debetur, quodcumque manus evasit avitas,
quod superest patri: vobis iam Mulciber arma
praeparat et Sicala Cyclops incude laborat,
Brontes innumeris exasperat aegida signis,
altum fulminea crispare in casside conum
festinat Steropes, nectit thoraca Pyragmon
ignifluisque gemit Lipare fumosa cavernis.
vobis Ionia virides Neptunus in alga
nutrit equos, qui summa freti per caerula possint
ferre viam segetemque levi percurrere motu,
nesciat ut spumas nec proterat ungula culmos.
iam video Babylona rapi Parthumque coactum
non ficta trepidare fuga, iam Bactra teneri
legibus et famulis Gangem pallescere ripis
gemmatosque humilem dispergere Persida cultus.
iter per extremum Tanaïm pigrosque Triones,
ite per ardentem Libyam, superate vapores
solis et arcanos Nili deprendite fontes,
Herculeum finem, Bacchi transcurrите metas:
vestri iuris erit, quidquid complectitur axis.
vobis Rubra dabunt pretiosas aequora conchas,
Indus ebur, ramos Panchaia, vellera Seres.

Panegyric on the Fourth Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

Auspiciis iterum sese regalibus annus
 induit et nota fruitur iactantior aula,
 limina nec passi circum privata morari
 exultant reduces Augusto consule fasces.
 cernis ut armorum proceres legumque potentes
 patricos sumant habitus? et more Gabino
 discolor incedit legio positisque parumper
 bellorum signis sequitur vexilla Quirini.
 lictori cedunt aquilae ridetque togatus
 miles et in mediis effulget curia castris.
 ipsa Palatino circumvallata senatu
 iam trabeam Bellona gerit parmamque removit
 et galeam sacras umeris vectura curules.
 nec te laurigeras pudeat, Gradive, secures
 pacata gestare manu Latiaque micantem
 loricam mutare toga, dum ferreus haeret
 currus et Eridani ludunt per prata iugales.

Haud indigna coli nec nuper cognita Marti
 Ulpia progenies et quae diademata mundo
 sparsit Hibera domus. nec tantam vilior unda
 promeruit gentis seriem: cunabula fovit
 Oceanus; terrae dominos pelagique futuros
 inmenso decuit rerum de principe nasci.
 hinc processit avus, cui post Arctoa frementi
 classica Massylas adnexuit Africa laurus,
 ille, Caledoniis posuit qui castra pruinis,
 qui medios Libyae sub casside pertulit aestus,
 terribilis Mauro debellatorque Britanni
 litoris ac pariter Boreae vastator et Austri.
 quid rigor aeternus, caeli quid frigora prosunt
 ignotumque fretum? maduerunt Saxone fuso
 Orcades; incaluit Pictorum sanguine Thyle;
 Scottorum cumulos flevit glacialis Hiverne.
 quid calor obsistit forti? per vasta cucurrit
 Aethiopum cinxitque novis Atlanta manipulis,
 virgineum Tritona bibit sparsosque venenis
 Gorgoneos vidit thalamos et vile virentes
 Hesperidum risit, quos ditat fabula, ramos.
 arx incensa Iubae, rabies Maurusia ferro
 cessit et antiqui penetralia diruta Bocchi.

Sed laudes genitor longe transgressus avitas
 subdidit Oceanum sceptris et margine caeli

clausit opes, quantum distant a Tigride Gades,
inter se Tanais quantum Nilusque relinquunt:
haec tamen innumeris per se quaesita tropaeis,
non generis dono, non ambitione potitus.
digna legi virtus. ultro se purpura supplex
obtulit et solus meruit regnare rogatus.
nam cum barbaries penitus commota gementem
inrueret Rhodopen et mixto turbine gentes
iam deserta suas in nos transfunderet Arctos,
Danuvii totae vomerent cum proelia ripae,
cum Geticis ingens premeretur Mysia plaustis
flavaque Bistonios operirent agmina campos,
omnibus adflictis et vel labentibus ictu
vel prope casuris: unus tot funera contra
restitit extinxitque faces agrisque colonos
reddidit et leti rapuit de faucibus urbes.
nulla relictæ foret Romani nominis umbra,
ni pater ille tuus iamiam ruitura subisset
pondera turbatamque ratem certaue levasset
naufragium commune manu: velut ordine rupto
cum procul insanae traherent Phaëthonta quadrigae
saeviretque dies terramque et stagna propinqui
haurirent radii, solito cum murmure torvis
sol occurrit equis; qui postquam rursus eriles
agnovere sonos, rediit meliore magistro
machina concentusque poli, currusque recepit
imperium flammaeque modum.

Sic traditus ille

servatusque Oriens. at non pars altera rerum
tradita: bis possessa manu, bis parta periclis.
per varium gemini scelus erupere tyranni
tractibus occiduis: hunc saeva Britannia fudit;
hunc sibi Germanus famulum delegerat exul:
ausus uterque nefas, domini respersus uterque
insontis iugulo. novitas audere priori
suadebat cautumque dabant exempla sequentem.
hic nova moliri praeceps, hic quaerere tuta
providus; hic fuis, collectis viribus ille;
hic vagus excurrrens, hic intra claustra reductus.
dissimiles, sed morte pares. evadere neutri
dedecus aut mixtis licuit procumbere telis
amissa specie, raptis insignibus ambo
in vultus rediere suos manibusque revinctis
oblati gladiis summittunt colla paratis

et vitam veniamque rogant. pro damna pudoris!
qui modo tam densas nutu movere cohortes,
in quos iam dubius sese libraverat orbis,
non hostes victore cadunt, sed iudice sontes;
damnat voce reos, petiit quos Marte tyrannos.
amborum periere duces: hic sponte carina
decidit in fluctus, illum suus abstulit ensis;
hunc Alpes, hunc pontus habet. solacia caesis
fratribus haec ultor tribuit: necis auctor uterque
labitur; Augustas par victima mitigat umbras.
has dedit inferias tumulis, iuvenumque duorum
purpureos merito placavit sanguine manes.

Illi iustitiam confirmavere triumphi,
praesentes docuere deos. hinc saecula discant
indomitum nihil esse pio tutumve nocenti:
nuntius ipse sui longas incognitus egit
praevento rumore vias, inopinus utrumque
perculit et clausos montes, ut plana, reliquit.
extruite inmanes scopulos, attollite turres,
cingite vos fluviis, vastas opponite silvas,
Garganum Alpinis Appenninumque nivalem
permixtis sociate iugis et rupibus Haemum
addite Caucasiis, involvite Pelion Ossae:
non dabitis murum sceleri. qui vindicet, ibit:
omnia subsident meliori pervia causae.

Nec tamen oblitus civem cedentibus atrox
partibus infremuit; non insultare iacenti
malebat: mitis precibus, pietatis abundans,
poenae parcus erat; paci non intulit iram;
post acies odiis idem qui terminus armis.
profuit hoc vincente capi, multosque subactos
prospera laturae commendavere catenae.
magnarum largitor opum, largitor honorum
pronus et in melius gaudens convertere fata.
hinc amor, hinc validum devoto milite robur.
hinc natis mansura fides.

Hoc nobilis ortu
nascereis aequaeva cum maiestate creatus
nullaque privatae passus contagia sortis.
omnibus acceptis ultro te regia solum
protulit et patrio felix adolescens in ostro,
membraque vestitu numquam violata profano
in sacros cecidere sinus. Hispania patrem
auriferis eduxit aquis, te gaudet alumno

Bosphorus. Hesperio de limine surgit origo,
sed nutrix Aurora tibi; pro pignore tanto
certatur, geminus civem te vindicat axis.
Herculis et Bromii sustentat gloria Thebas,
haesit Apollineo Delos Latonia partu
Cretaque se iactat tenero reptata Tonanti;
sed melior Delo, Dictaeis clarior oris
quae dedit hoc numen regio; non litora nostro
sufficerent angusta deo. nec inhospita Cynthi
saxa tuos artus duro laesere cubili:
adclinis genetrix auro, circumflua gemmis
in Tyrios enixa toros; ululata verendis
aula puerperiis. quae tunc documenta futuri?
quae voces avium? quanti per inane volatus?
qui vatum discursus erat? tibi corniger Hammon
et dudum taciti rupere silentia Delphi,
te Persae cecinere magi, te sensit Etruscus
augur et inspectis Babylonius horruit astris,
Chaldaei stupuere senes Cumanaque rursus
intonuit rupes, rabidae delubra Sibyllae.
nec te progenitum Cybeleius aere sonoro
lustravit Corybas: exercitus undique fulgens
adstitit; ambitur signis augustior infans,
sentit adorantes galeas, redditque ferocem vagitum lituus.

Vitam tibi contulit idem
imperiumque dies; inter cunabula consul
proveheris, signas posito modo nomine fastos
donaturque tibi, qui te produxerat, annus.
ipsa Quirinali parvum te cinxit amictu
mater et ad primas docuit reptare curules.
uberibus sanctis immortalique dearum
crescis adoratus gremio: tibi saepe Diana
Maenaios arcus venatricesque pharetras
suspendit, puerile decus; tu saepe Minervae
lusisti clipeo fulvamque impune pererrans
aegida tractasti blandos interritus angues;
saepe tuas etiam iam tum gaudente marito
velavit regina comas festinaque voti
praesumptum diadema dedit, tum lenibus ulnis
sustulit et magno porrexit ad oscula patri.
nec dilatus honos: mutatur principe Caesar;
protinus aequaris fratri.

Non certius umquam
hortati superi, nullis praesentior aether

adfuit ominibus. tenebris involverat atra
lumen hiems densosque Notus collegerat imbres.
sed mox, cum solita miles te voce levasset,
nubila dissolvit Phoebus pariterque dabantur
sceptrata tibi mundoque dies: caligine liber
Bosphorus adversam patitur Calchedona cerni.
nec tantum vicina nitent, sed tota repulsis
nubibus exuitur Thrace, Pangaea renident
insuetosque palus radios Maeotia vibrat.
nec Boreas nimbos aut sol ardentior egit:
imperii lux illa fuit; praesagus obibat
cuncta nitor risitque tuo natura sereno.
visa etiam medio populis mirantibus audax
stella die, dubitanda nihil nec crine retuso
languida, sed quantus numeratur nocte Bootes,
emicuitque plagis alieni temporis hospes
ignis et agnosci potuit, cum luna lateret:
sive parens Augusta fuit, seu forte reluxit
divi sidus avi, seu te properantibus astris
cernere sol patiens caelum commune remisit.
adparet quid signa ferant. ventura potestas
claruit Ascanio, subita cum luce comarum
innocuus flagraret apex Phrygioque volutus
vertice fatalis redimiret tempora candor.
at tua caelestes inlustrant omina flammae.
talis ab Idaeis primaevus Iuppiter antris
possessi stetit arce poli famulosque recepit
natura tradente deos; lanugine nondum
vernabant vultus nec adhuc per colla fluebant
moturae convexa comae; tum scindere nubes
discebat fulmenque rudi torquere lacerto.

Laetior augurio genitor natisque superbus
iam paribus duplici fultus consorte redibat
splendebatque pio complexus pignora curru.
haud aliter summo gemini cum patre Lacones,
progenies Ledaeva, sedent: in utroque relucet
frater, utroque soror; simili chlamys effluit auro;
stellati pariter crines. iuvat ipse Tonantem
error et ambiguae placet ignorantia matri;
Eurotas proprios discernere nescit alumnos.

Ut domus excepit reduces, ibi talia tecum
pro rerum stabili fertur dicione locutus:

“Si tibi Parthorum solium Fortuna dedisset,
care puer, terrisque procul venerandus Eois

barbarus Arsacio consurgeret ore tiaras:
sufficeret sublime genus luxuque fluentem
deside nobilitas posset te sola tueri.
altera Romanae longe rectoribus aulae
condicio. virtute decet, non sanguine niti.
maior et utilior fato coniuncta potenti,
vile latens virtus. quid enim? submersa tenebris
proderit obscuro veluti sine remige puppis
vel lyra quae reticet vel qui non tenditur arcus.

“Hanc tamen haud quisquam, qui non agnovit ante
semet et incertos animi placaverit aestus,
inveniet; longis illuc ambagibus itur.
disce orbi, quod quisque sibi. cum conderet artus
nostros, aetheriis miscens terrena, Prometheus,
sinceram patri mentem furatus Olympo
continuit claustris indignantemque revinxit
et, cum non aliter possent mortalia fingi,
adiunxit geminas. illae cum corpore lapsae
intereunt, haec sola manet bustoque superstes
evolat. hanc alta capitis fundavit in arce
mandatricem operum prospecturamque labori;
illas inferius collo praeceptaque summae
passuras dominae digna statione locavit.
quippe opifex veritus confundere sacra profanis
distribuit partes animae sedesque removit.
iram sanguinei regio sub pectore cordis
protegit imbutam flammis avidamque nocendi
praecipitemque sui. rabie succensa tumescit,
contrahitur tepefacta metu. cumque omnia secum
duceret et requiem membris vesana negaret,
invenit pulmonis opem madidumque furenti
praebuit, ut tumidae ruerent in mollia fibrae.
at sibi cuncta petens, nil conlatura cupido
in iecur et tractus imos compulsa recessit,
quae, velut inmanis reserat dum belua rictus,
expleri pascique nequit: nunc verbere curas
torquet avaritiae, stimulis nunc flagrat amorum,
nunc gaudet, nunc maesta dolet satiataque rursus
exoritur caesaque redit pollentius hydra.

“Hos igitur potuit si quis sedare tumultus,
inconcussa dabit purae sacraria menti.
tu licet extremos late dominere per Indos,
te Medus, te mollis Arabs, te Seres adorent:
si metuis, si prava cupis, si duceris ira,

servitii patiere iugum; tolerabis iniquas
interius leges. tunc omnia iure tenebis,
cum poteris rex esse tui. proclivior usus
in peiora datur suadetque licentia luxum
inlecebrisque effrena favet. tum vivere caste
asperius, cum prompta Venus; tum durius irae
consulitur, cum poena patet. sed comprime motus
nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit
occurrat, mentemque domet respectus honesti.

“Hoc te praeterea crebro sermone monebo,
ut te totius medio telluris in ore
vivere cognoscas, cunctis tua gentibus esse
facta palam nec posse dari regalibus usque
secretum vitiis; nam lux altissima fati
occultum nihil esse sinit, latebrasque per omnes
intrat et abstrusos explorat fama recessus.

“Sis pius in primis; nam cum vincamur in omni
munere, sola deos aequat clementia nobis.
neu dubie suspectus agas neu falsus amicis
rumorumve avidus: qui talia curat, inanes
horrebit strepitus nulla non anxius hora.
non sic excubiae, non circumstantia pila
quam tutatur amor. non extorquebis amari;
hoc alterna fides, hoc simplex gratia donat.
nonne vides, operum quod se pulcherrimus ipse
mundus amore liget, nec vi conexa per aevum
conspirent elementa sibi? quod limite Phoebus
contentus medio, contentus litore pontus
et, qui perpetuo terras ambitque vehitque,
nec premat incumbens oneri nec cesserit aër?
qui terret, plus ipse timet; sors ista tyrannis
convenit; invideant claris fortesque trucidant,
muniti gladiis vivant saeptique venenis,
ancipites habeant arces trepidique minentur:
tu civem patremque geras, tu consule cunctis,
non tibi, nec tua te moveant, sed publica vota.

“In commune iubes si quid censesque tenendum,
primus iussa subi: tunc observantior aequi
fit populus nec ferre negat, cum viderit ipsum
auctorem parere sibi. componitur orbis
regis ad exemplum, nec sic inflectere sensus
humanos edicta valent quam vita regentis:
mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus.

“His tamen effectis neu fastidire minores

neu pete praescriptos homini transcendere fines.
inquinat egregios adiuncta superbia mores.
non tibi tradidimus dociles servire Sabaeos,
Armeniae dominum non te praefecimus orae,
nec damus Assyriam, tenuit quam femina, gentem.
Romani, qui cuncta diu rexere, regendi,
qui nec Tarquinii fastus nec iura tulere
Caesaris. annales veterum delicta loquuntur:
haerebunt maculae. quis non per saecula damnat
Caesareae portenta domus? quem dira Neronis
funera, quem rupes Caprearum taetra latebit
incesto possessa seni? victura feretur
gloria Traiani, non tam quod Tigride victo
nostra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi,
alta quod invectus fractis Capitolia Dacis,
quam patriae quod mitis erat. ne desine tales, nate, sequi.

“Si bella canant, prius agmina duris
exerce studiis et saevo praestruere Marti.
non brumae requies, non hibernacula segnes
enervent torpore manus. ponenda salubri
castra loco; praebenda vigil custodia vallo.
disce, ubi denseri cuneos, ubi cornua tendi
aequius aut iterum flecti; quae montibus aptae,
quae campis acies, quae fraudi commoda vallis,
quae via difficilis. fidit si moenibus hostis,
tum tibi murali libretur machina pulsu;
saxa rota; praeceps aries protectaque portas
testudo feriat; ruat emersura iuventus
effossi per operta soli. si longa moretur
obsidio, tum vota cave secura remittas
inclusumve putes; multis damnosa fuere
gaudia; dispersi pereunt somnove soluti;
saepius incautae nocuit victoria turbae.
neu tibi regificis tentoria larga redundant
deliciis, neve imbelles ad signa ministros
luxuries armata trahat. neu flantibus Austris
neu pluviis cedas, neu defensura calorem
aurea summoveant rapidos umbracula soles.
inventis utere cibus. solabere partes
aequali sudore tuas: si collis iniquus,
primus in; silvam si caedere provocat usus,
sumpta ne pudeat quercum stravisse bipenni.
calcatur si pigra palus, tuus ante profundum
pertemptet sonipes. fluvios tu protere cursu

haerentes glacie, liquidos tu scinde natatu.
nunc eques in medias equitum te consere turmas;
nunc pedes adistas pediti. tum promptius ibunt
te socio, tum conspicuus gratusque geretur sub te teste labor.”

Dicturum plura parentem
voce subis: “equidem, faveant modo numina coeptis,
haec effecta dabo, nec me fratrique tibique
dissimilem populi commissaque regna videbunt.
sed cur non potius, verbis quae disseris, usu
exerior? gelidas certe nunc tendis in Alpes.
duc tecum comitem; figant sine nostra tyrannum
spicula; pallescat nostro sine barbarus arcu.
Italiamne feram furiis praedonis acerbi
subiectam? patiar Romam servire clienti?
usque adeone puer? nec me polluta potestas
nec pia cognati tanget vindicta cruoris?
per strages equitare libet. da protinus arma.
cur annos obicis? pugnae cur arguor impar?
aequalis mihi Pyrrhus erat, cum Pergama solus
verteret et patri non degeneraret Achilli.
denique si princeps castris haerere nequibo, vel miles veniam.”

Delibat dulcia nati
oscula miratusque refert: “laudanda petisti;
sed festinus amor. veniet robustior aetas;
ne propera. necdum decimas emensus aristas
adgrederis metuenda viris: vestigia magnae
indolis agnosco. fertur Pellaeus, Eoium
qui domuit Porum, cum prospera saepe Philippi
audiret, laetos inter flevisse sodales
nil sibi vincendum patris virtute relinqui.
hos video motus. fas sit promittere patri:
tantus eris. nostro nec debes regna favori,
quae tibi iam natura dedit. sic mollibus olim
stridula ducturum pratis examina regem
nascentem venerantur apes et publica mellis
iura petunt traduntque favos; sic pascua parvus
vindicat et necdum firmatis cornibus audax
iam regit armentum vitulus. sed proelia differ
in iuvenem patiensque meum cum fratre tuere
me bellante locum. vos impacatus Araxes,
vos celer Euphrates timeat, sit Nilus ubique
vester et emissio quidquid sol imbuit ortu.
si pateant Alpes, habeat si causa secundos
iustior eventus, aderis partesque receptas

suscipies, animosa tuas ut Gallia leges
audiat et nostros aequus modereris Hiberos.
tunc ego securus fati laetusque laborum
discedam, vobis utrumque regentibus axem.

“Interea Musis animus, dum mollior, instet
et quae mox imitere legat; nec desinat umquam
tecum Graia loqui, tecum Romana vetustas.
antiquos evolve duces, adsuesce futurae
militiae, Latium retro te confer in aevum.
libertas quaesita placet? mirabere Brutum.
perfidiam damnas? Metti satiabere poenis.
triste rigor nimius? Torquati despice mores.
mors impensa bonum? Decios venerare ruentes.
vel solus quid fortis agat, te ponte soluto
oppositus Cocles, Muci te flamma docebit;
quid mora perfringat, Fabius; quid rebus in artis
dux gerat, ostendet Gallorum strage Camillus.
discitur hinc nullos meritis obsistere casus:
prorogat aeternam feritas tibi Punica famam,
Regule; successus superant adversa Catonis.
discitur hinc quantum paupertas sobria possit:
pauper erat Curius, reges cum vinceret armis,
pauper Fabricius, Pyrrhi cum sperneret aurum;
sordida dictator flexit Serranus aratra:
lustratae lictore casae fascesque salignis
postibus adfixi; collectae consule messes
et sulcata diu trabeato rura colono.”

Haec genitor praecepta dabat: velut ille carinae
longaevus rector, variis quem saepe procellis
exploravit hiems, ponto iam fessus et annis
aequoreas alni nato commendat habenas
et casus artesque docet: quo dextra regatur
sidere; quo fluctus possit moderamine falli;
quae nota nimborum; quae fraus infida sereni;
quid sol occiduus prodat; quo saucia vento
decolor iratos attollat Cynthia vultus.
adspice nunc, quacumque micas, seu circulus Austri,
magne parens, gelidi seu te meruere Triones,
adspice: completur votum. iam natus adaequat
te meritis et, quod magis est optabile, vincit
subnixus Stilichone tuo, quem fratribus ipse
discedens clipeum defensoremque dedisti.
pro nobis nihil ille pati nullumque recusat
discrimen temptare sui, non dura viarum,

non incerta maris, Libyae squalentis harenas
audebit superare pedes madidaque cadente
Pleiade Gaetulas intrabit navita Syrtes.

Hunc tamen in primis populos lenire feroces
et Rhenum pacare iubes. volat ille citatis
vectus equis nullaue latus stipante caterva,
aspera nubiferas qua Raetia porrigit Alpes,
pergit et hostiles (tanta est fiducia) ripas
incomitatus adit. totum properare per amnem
attonitos reges humili cervice videres.
ante ducem nostrum flavam sparsere Sygambri
caesariem pavidoque orantes murmure Franci
procubuere solo: iuratur Honorius absens
imploratque tuum supplex Alamannia nomen.
Bastarnae venere truces, venit accola silvae
Bructerus Hercyniae latisque paludibus exit
Cimber et ingentes Albim liquere Cherusci.
accipit ille preces varias tardeque rogatus
adnuit et magno pacem pro munere donat.
nobilitant veteres Germanica foedera Drusus,
Marte sed ancipiti, sed multis cladibus empta —
quis victum meminit sola formidine Rhenum?
quod longis alii bellis potuere mereri,
hoc tibi dat Stilichonis iter.

Post otia Galli

limitis hortaris Graias fulcire ruinas.
Ionium tegitur velis ventique laborant
tot curvare sinus servaturasque Corinthum
prosequitur facili Neptunus gurgite classes,
et puer, Isthmiaci iam pridem litoris exul,
secura repetit portus cum matre Palaemon.
plaustra cruore natant: metitur pellita iuventus:
pars morbo, pars ense perit. non lustra Lycaei,
non Erymantheae iam copia sufficit umbrae
innumeris exusta rogis, nudataque ferro
sic flagrasse suas laetantur Maenala silvas.
excutiat cineres Ephyre, Spartanus et Arcas
tutior exanguis pedibus proculcet acervos
fessaque pensatis respiret Graecia poenis!
gens, qua non Scythicos diffusior ulla Triones
incoluit, cui parvus Athos angustaque Thrace,
cum transiret, erat, per te viresque tuorum
fracta ducum lugetque sibi iam rara superstes,
et, quorum turbae spatium vix praebuit orbis,

uno colle latent. sitiens inclusaque vallo
ereptas quaesivit aquas, quas hostibus ante
contiguas alio Stilicho deflexerat actu
mirantemque novas ignota per avia valles
iusserat averso fluvium migrare meatu.

Obvia quid mirum vinci, cum barbarus ultro
iam cupiat servire tibi? tua Sarmata discors
sacramenta petit; proiecta pelle Gelonus
militat; in Latios ritus transistis Alani.
ut fortes in Marte viros animisque paratos,
sic iustos in pace legis longumque tueris
electos crebris nec succedentibus urges.
iudiciis notis regimur, fruimurque quietis
militiaeque bonis, ceu bellatore Quirino,
ceu placido moderante Numa. non imminet ensis,
nullae nobilium caedes; non crimina vulgo
texuntur; patria maestus non truditur exul;
impia continui cessant augmenta tributi;
non infelices tabulae; non hasta refixas
vendit opes; avida sector non voce citatur,
nec tua privatis crescunt aeraria damnis.
munificus largi, sed non et prodigus, auri.
perdurat non empta fides nec pectora merces
adligat; ipsa suo pro pignore castra laborant;
te miles nutritor amat.

Quae denique Romae
cura tibi! quam fixa manet reverentia patrum!
firmatur senium iuris priscamque resumunt
canitiem leges emendanturque vetustae
acceduntque novae. talem sensere Solonem
res Pandioniae; sic armipotens Lacedaemon
despexit muros rigido munita Lycurgo.
quae sub te vel causa brevis vel iudicis error
neglegitur? dubiis quis litibus addere finem
iustior et mersum latebris educere verum?
quae pietas quantusque rigor tranquillaque magni
vis animi nulloque levis terrore moveri
nec nova mirari facilis! quam docta facultas
ingenii linguaeque modus! responsa verentur
legati, gravibusque latet sub moribus aetas.

Quantus in ore pater radiat! quam torva voluptas
frontis et augusti maiestas grata pudoris!
iam patrias imples galeas; iam cornus avita
temptatur vibranda tibi; promittitur ingens

dextra rudimentis Romanaque vota moratur.
quis decor, incedis quotiens clipeatus et auro
squameus et rutilus cristis et casside maior!
sic, cum Threïcia primum sudaret in hasta,
flumina laverunt puerum Rhodopeia Martem.
quae vires iaculis vel, cum Gortynia tendis
spicula, quam felix arcus certique petitor
vulneris et iussum mentiri nescius ictum!
scis, quo more Cydon, qua dirigat arte sagittas

Armenius, refugo quae sit fiducia Partho:
sic Amphioniae pulcher sudore palaestrae
Alcides pharetras Dircaeque tela solebat
praetemptare feris olim domitura Gigantes
et pacem latura polo, semperque cruentus
ibat et Alcmenae praedam referebat ovanti;
caeruleus tali prostratus Apolline Python
implicuit fractis moritura volumina silvis.

Cum vectaris equo simulacraque Martia ludis,
quis mollis sinuare fugas, quis tendere contum
acrior aut subitos melior flexisse recursus?
Non te Massagetae, non gens exercita campo
Thessala, non ipsi potuerunt aequare bimembres;
vix comites alae, vix te suspensa sequuntur
agmina ferventesque tument post terga dracones.
utque tuis primum sonipes calcaribus arsit,
ignescunt patulae nares, non sentit harenas
ungula discussaeque iubae sparguntur in armos;
turbantur phalerae, spumosis morsibus aurum
fumat, anhelantes exundant sanguine gemmae.
ipse labor pulvisque decet confusaque motu
caesaries; vestis radiato murice solem
combibit, ingesto crispatur purpura vento.
si dominus legeretur equis, tua posceret ultro
verbera Nereidum stabulis nutritus Arion
serviretque tuis contempto Castore frenis
Cyllarus et flavum Xanthus sprevisset Achillem.
ipse tibi famulas praeberet Pegasus alas
portaretque libens melioraque pondera passus
Bellerophontean indignaretur habenas.
quin etiam velox Aurorae nuntius Aethon,
qui fugat hinnitu stellas roseoque domatur
Lucifero, quotiens equitem te cernit ab astris,
invidet inque tuis mavult spumare lupatis.

Nunc quoque quos habitus, quantae miracula pompae

vidimus, Ausonio cum iam succinctus amictu
per Ligurum populos solito conspectior ires
atque inter niveas alte veherere cohortes,
obnixisque simul pubes electa lacertis
sidereum gestaret onus. sic numina Memphis
in vulgus proferre solet; penetralibus exit
effigies, brevis illa quidem: sed plurimus infra
liniger imposito suspirat vecte sacerdos
testatus sudore deum; Nilotica sistris
ripa sonat Phariosque modos Aegyptia ducit
tibia; summissis admugit cornibus Apis.
omnis nobilitas, omnis tua sacra frequentat
Thybridis et Latii suboles; convenit in unum
quidquid in orbe fuit procerum, quibus auctor honoris
vel tu vel genitor. numeroso consule consul
cingeris et socios gaudes admittere patres.
inlustri te prole Tagus, te Gallia doctis
civibus et toto stipavit Roma senatu.
portatur iuvenum cervicibus aurea sedes
ornatuque novo gravior deus. asperat Indus
velamenta lapis pretiosaque fila smaragdis
ducta virent; amethystus inest et fulgor Hiberus
temperat arcanis hyacinthi caerulea flammis.
nec rudis in tali suffecit gratia textu;
auget acus meritum picturatumque metallis
vivit opus: multa remorantur iaspide cultus
et variis spirat Nereia baca figuris.
quae tantum potuit digitis mollire rigorem
ambitiosa colus? vel cuius pectinis arte
traxerunt solidae gemmarum stamina telae?
in via quis calidi scrutatus stagna profundi
Tethyos invasit gremium? quis divitis algae
germina fragrant inter quae sivit harenas?
quis iunxit lapides ostro? quis miscuit ignes
Sidonii Rubrique maris? tribuere colorem
Phoenices, Seres subtegmina, pondus Hydaspes.
hoc si Maeonias cinctu graderere per urbes,
in te pampineos transferret Lydia thyrsos,
in te Nysa choro; dubitassent orgia Bacchi,
cui furerent; irent blandae sub vincula tigres.
talis Erythraeis intextus nebrida gemmis
Liber agit currus et Caspia flectit eburnis
colla iugis: Satyri circum crinemque solutae
Maenades adstringunt hederis vitricibus Indos;

ebrius hostili velatur palmite Ganges.

Auspice mox laetum sonuit clamore tribunal
te fastos ineunte quater. sollemnia ludit
omina libertas; deductum Vindice morem
lex celebrat, famulusque iugo laxatus erili
ducitur et grato remeat securior ictu.
tristis condicio pulsata fronte recedit;
in civem rubuere genae, tergoque removit
verbera permissi felix iniuria voti.

Prospera Romuleis sperantur tempora rebus
in nomen ventura tuum. praemissa futuris
dant exempla fidem: quotiens te cursibus aevi
praefecit, totiens accessit laurea patri.
ausi Danuvium quondam transnare Gruthungi
in lintres fregere nemus; ter mille ruebant
per fluvium plenae cuneis inmanibus alni.
dux Odothaeus erat. tantae conamina classis
incipiens aetas et primus contudit annus:
summersae sedere rates; fluitantia numquam
largius Arctoos pavere cadavera pisces;
corporibus premitur Peuce; per quinque recurrens
ostia barbaricos vix egerit unda cruores,
confessusque parens Odothaei regis opima
rettulit exuviasque tibi. civile secundis
conficis auspiciis bellum. tibi debeat orbis
fata Gruthungorum debellatumque tyrannum:
Hister sanguineos egit te consule fluctus;
Alpinos genitor rupit te consule montes.

Sed patriis olim fueras successibus auctor,
nunc eris ipse tuis. semper venere triumphi
cum trabeis sequiturque tuos victoria fasces.
sis, precor, adsiduus consul Mariique relinquas
et senis Augusti numerum. quae gaudia mundo,
per tua lanugo cum serpere coeperit ora,
cum tibi protulerit festas nox pronuba taedas!
quae tali devota toro, quae murice fulgens
ibit in amplexus tanti regina mariti?
quaenam tot divis veniet nurus, omnibus arvis
et toto donanda mari? quantusque feretur
idem per Zephyri metas Hymenaeus et Euri!
o mihi si liceat thalamis intendere carmen
conubiale tuis, si te iam dicere patrem!
tempus erit, cum tu trans Rheni cornua victor,
Arcadius captae spoliis Babylonis onustus

communem maiore toga signabitis annum;
crinitusque tuo sudabit fasces Suebus,
ultima fraternas horrebunt Bactra secures.

Panegyric on the Consulship of Flavius Manlius Theodorus

PREFACE. (XVI)

Audebisne, precor, tantae subiecta catervae,
inter tot proceres, nostra Thalia, loqui?
nec te fama vetat, vero quam celsius auctam
vel servasse labor vel minuisse pudor?
an tibi continuis crevit fiducia castris
totaque iam vatis pectora miles habet?
culmina Romani maiestatemque senatus
et, quibus exultat Gallia, cerne viros.
omnibus audimur terris mundique per aures
ibimus. ah nimius consulis urget amor!
Iuppiter, ut perhibent, spatium cum discere vellet
naturae regni nescius ipse sui,
armigeros utrimque duos aequalibus alis
misit ab Eois Occiduisque plagis.
Parnasus geminos fertur iunxisse volatus;
contulit alternas Pythius axis aves.
Princeps non aquilis terras cognoscere curat;
certius in vobis aestimat imperium.
hoc ego concilio collectum metior orbem;
hoc video coetu quidquid ubique micat.

PANEGYRIC. (XVII)

Ipsa quidem Virtus pretium sibi, solaque late
Fortunae secura nitet nec fascibus ullis
erigitur plausuve petit clarescere vulgi.
nil opis externae cupiens, nil indiga laudis,
divitiis animosa suis inmotaque cunctis
casibus ex alta mortalia despicit arce.
attamen invitam blande vestigat et ultro
ambit honor: docuit totiens a rure profectus
lictor et in mediis consul quaesitus aratris.
te quoque naturae sacris mundique vacantem,
emeritum pridem desudatisque remotum
iudiciis eadem rursum complexa potestas
evehit et reducem notis imponit habenis.
accedunt trabeae: nil iam, Theodore, relictum,
quo virtus animo crescat vel splendor honori.
culmen utrumque tenes: talem te protinus anni
formavere rudes, et dignum vita curuli
traxit iter primaeque senes cessere iuventae.
iam tum canities animi, iam dulce loquendi
pondus et attonitas sermo qui duceret aures.
mox undare foro victrix opulentia linguae
tutarique reos. ipsa haec amplissima sedes
orantem stupuit, bis laudatura regentem.
hinc te pars Libyae moderantem iura probavit,
quae nunc tota probat; longi sed pignus amoris
exiguae peperere morae populumque clientem
publica mansuris testantur vocibus aera.
inde tibi Macetum tellus et credita Pellae
moenia, quae famulus quondam ditavit Hydaspes;
tantaque commissae revocasti gaudia genti
mitibus arbitriis, quantum bellante Philippo
floruit aut nigri cecidit cum regia Pori.

Sed non ulterius te praebuit urbibus aula:
maluit esse suum; terris edicta daturus,
supplicibus responsa venis. oracula regis
eloquio crevere tuo, nec dignius umquam
maiestas meminit sese Romana locutam.
hinc sacrae mandantur opes orbisque tributa
possessi, quidquid fluviis evolvitur auri,
quidquid luce procul venas rimata sequaces
abditae pallentis fodit sollertia Bessi.

Ac velut expertus lentandis navita tonsis
praeficitur lateri custos; hinc ardua prorae
temperat et fluctus tempestatesque futuras
edocet; adsiduo cum Dorida vicerit usu,
iam clavum totamque subit torquere carinam:
sic cum clara diu mentis documenta dedisses,
non te parte sui, sed in omni corpore sumpsit
imperium cunctaque dedit tellure regendos
rectores. Hispana tibi Germanaque Tethys
paruit et nostro diducta Britannia mundo,
diversoque tuas coluerunt gurgite voces
lentus Arar Rhodanusque ferox et dives Hiberus.
o quotiens doluit Rhenus, qua barbarus ibat,
quod te non geminis frueretur iudice ripis!
unius fit cura viri, quodcumque rubescit
occasu, quodcumque dies devexior ambit.

Tam celer adsiduos explevit cursus honores;
una potestatum spatii interfuit aetas
totque gradus fati iuvenilibus intulit annis.

Postquam parta quies et summum nacta cacumen
iam secura petit privatum gloria portum,
ingenii redeunt fructus aliique labores,
et vitae pars nulla perit: quodcumque recedit
litibus, incumbit studiis, animusque vicissim
aut curam imponit populis aut otia Musis.
omnia Cecropiae relegis secreta senectae
discutiens, quid quisque novum mandaverit aevo
quantaque diversae producant agmina sectae.

Namque aliis princeps rerum disponitur aër;
hic confidit aquis; hic procreat omnia flammis.
alter in Aetnaeas casurus sponte favillas
dispergit revocatque deum rursusque receptis
nectit amicitiiis quidquid discordia solvit.
corporis hic damnat sensus verumque videri
pernegat. hic semper lapsurae pondera terrae
conatur rapido caeli fulcire rotatu
accenditque diem praerupti turbine saxi.
ille ferox unoque tegi non passus Olympo
inmensum per inane volat finemque perosus
parturit innumeros angusto pectore mundos.
hi vaga collidunt caecis primordia plagis.
numina constituunt alii casusque relegant.

Graiorum obscuras Romanis floribus artes
inradius, vicibus gratis formare loquentes
suetus et alterno verum contexere nodo.
quidquid Socratico manavit ab ordine, quidquid
docta Cleanthae sonuerunt atria turbae,
inventum quodcumque tuo, Chrysippe, recessu,
quidquid Democritus risit dixitque tacendo
Pythagoras, uno se pectore cuncta vetustas
condidit et maior collectis viribus exit.
ornantur veteres et nobiliore magistro
in Latium spretis Academia migrat Athenis,
ut tandem propius discat, quo fine beatum
dirigitur, quae norma boni, qui limes honesti;
quaenam membra sui virtus divisa domandis
obiectet vitiis; quae pars iniusta recidat,
quae vincat ratione metus, quae frenet amores;
aut quotiens elementa doces semperque fluentis
materiae causas: quae vis animaverit astra
impuleritque choro; quo vivat machina motu;
sidera cur septem retro nitantur in ortus
obluctata polo; variisne meatibus idem
arbiter an geminae convertant aethera mentes;
sitne color proprius rerum, lucisne repulsu
eludant aciem; tumidos quae luna recursus
nutriat Oceani; quo fracta tonitrua vento,
quis trahat imbriferas nubes, quo saxa creentur
grandinis; unde rigor nivibus; quae flamma per auras
excutiat rutilos tractus aut fulmina velox
torqueat aut tristem figat crinita cometem.

Iam tibi compositam fundaverat ancora puppim,
telluris iam certus eras; fecunda placebant
otia; nascentes ibant in saecula libri:
cum subito liquida cessantem vidit ab aethra
Iustitia et tanto viduas iudice leges.
continuo frontem limbo velata pudicam
deserit Autumni portas, qua vergit in Austrum
Signifer et noctis reparant dispendia Chelae.
pax avibus, quacumque volat, rabiemque frementes
deposuere ferae; laetatur terra reverso
numine, quod prisci post tempora perdidit auri.
illa per occultum Ligurum se moenibus infert
et castos levibus plantis ingressa penates
invenit aetherios signantem pulvere cursus,

quos pia sollicito deprendit pollice Memphis:
quae moveant momenta polum, quam certus in astris
error, quis tenebras solis causisque meantem
defectum indicat numerus, quae linea Phoeben
damnet et excluso pallentem fratre relinquat.
ut procul adspexit fulgentia Virginis ora
cognovitque deam, vultus veneratus amicos
occurrit scriptaeque notas confundit harenae.

Tum sic diva prior: “Manli, sincera bonorum
congeries, in quo veteris vestigia recti
et ductos video mores meliore metallo:
iam satis indultum studiis, Musaeque tot annos
eripueri mihi. pridem te iura reposcunt:
adgrederi et nostro rursum te redde labori
nec tibi sufficiat transmissae gloria vitae.
humanum curare genus quis terminus umquam
praescripsit? nullas recipit prudentia metas.
adde quod haec multis potuit contingere sedes,
sed meriti tantum redeunt actusque priores
commendat repetitus honos, virtusque reducit
quos fortuna legit. melius magnoque petendum
credis in abstrusa rerum ratione morari?
scilicet illa tui patriam praecepta Platonis
erexere magis, quam qui responsa secutus
obruit Eoas classes urbemque carinis
vexit et arsuras Medo subducit Athenas?
Spartanis potuit robur praestare Lycurgus
matribus et sexum leges vicere severae
civibus et vetitis ignavo credere muro
tutius obiecit nudam Lacedaemona bellis:
at non Pythagorae monitus annique silentes
famosum Oebalii luxum pressere Tarenti.

“Quis vero insignem toto sub principe curam
respuat? aut quando meritis maiora patebunt
praemia? quis demens adeo qui iungere sensus
cum Stilichone neget? similem quae protulit aetas
consilio vel Marte virum? nunc Brutus amaret
vivere sub regno, tali succumberet aulae
Fabricius, cuperent ipsi servire Catones.
nonne vides, ut nostra soror Clementia tristes
obtundat gladios fratresque amplexa serenos
adsurgat Pietas, fractis ut lugeat armis
Perfidia et laceris morientes crinibus hydri

lambant invalido Furiarum vincla veneno?
exultat cum Pace Fides. iam sidera cunctae
liquimus et placidas inter discurremus urbes.
nobiscum, Theodore, redi.”

Subit ille loquentem
talibus: “agrestem dudum me, diva, reverti
cogis et infectum longi rubigine ruris
ad tua signa vocas. nam quae mihi cura tot annis
altera quam duras sulcis mollire novales,
nosse soli vires, nemori quae commoda rupes,
quis felix oleae tractus, quae glaeba faveret
frugibus et quales tegeret vindemia colles?
terribiles rursus lituos veteranus adibo
et desueta vetus temptabo caerula vector?
collectamque diu et certis utcumque locatam
sedibus in dubium patiar deponere famam?
nec me, quid valeat natura fortior usus,
praeterit aut quantum neglectae defluat arti.
desidis aurigae non audit verbera currus,
nec manus agnoscit quem non exercuit arcum.
esse sed iniustum fateor quodcumque negatur
iustitiae. tu prima hominem silvestribus antris
elicit et foedo deterges saecula victu.
te propter colimus leges animosque ferarum
exuimus. nitidis quisquis te sensibus hausit,
inruet intrepidus flammis, hiberna secabit
aequora, confertos hostes superabit inermis.
ille vel Aethiopum pluviis solabitur aestus;
illum trans Scythiam vernus comitabitur aër.”

Sic fatus tradente dea suscepit habenas
quattuor ingenti iuris temone refusas.
prima Padum Thybrimque ligat crebrisque micantem
urbibus Italiam; Numidas Poenosque secunda
temperat; Illyrico se tertia porrigit orbi;
ultima Sardiniam, Cynnum trifidamque retentat
Sicaniam et quidquid Tyrrhena tunditur unda
vel gemit Ionia. nec te tot lumina rerum
aut tantum turbavit onus; sed ut altus Olympi
vertex, qui spatio ventos hiemesque relinquit,
perpetuum nulla temeratus nube serenum
celsior exurgit pluviis auditque ruentes
sub pedibus nimbos et rauca tonitrua calcat:
sic patiens animus per tanta negotia liber

emergit similisque sui, iustique tenorem
flectere non odium cogit, non gratia suadet.
nam spretas quis opes intactaque pectora lucro
commemoret? fuerint aliis haec forte decora:
nulla potest laus esse tibi, quae crimina purget.
servat inoffensam divina modestia vocem:
temperiem servant oculi; nec lumina fervor
asperat aut rabidas suffundit sanguine venas,
nullaque mutati tempestas proditur oris.
quin etiam sontes expulsa corrigis ira
et placidus delicta domas; nec dentibus umquam
instrepis horrendum, fremitu nec verbera poscis.

Qui fruitur poena, ferus est, legumque videtur
vindictam praestare sibi; cum viscera felle
canduerint, ardet stimulis ferturque nocendi
prodigus, ignarus causae: dis proximus ille,
quem ratio, non ira movet, qui facta rependens
consilio punire potest. mucrone cruento
se iactent alii, studeant feritate timeri
addictoque hominum cumulent aeraria censu.
lene fluit Nilus, sed cunctis amnibus extat
utilior nullo confessus murmure vires;
acrior ac rapidus tacitas praetermeat ingens
Danuvius ripas; eadem clementia sani
gurgitis inmensum deducit in ostia Gangen.
torrentes inmane fremant lassisque minentur
pontibus et volvant spumoso vertice silvas:
pax maiora decet; peragit tranquilla potestas,
quod violenta nequit, mandataque fortius urget imperiosa quies.

Idem praedurus iniquas
accepisse preces, rursus, quae digna petitu,
largior et facilis; nec quae comitatur honores,
ausa tuam leviter temptare superbia mentem.
frons privata manet nec se meruisse fatetur,
quae crevisse putat; rigidi sed plena pudoris
elucet gravitas fastu iucunda remoto.
quae non seditio, quae non insania vulgi
te viso lenita cadat? quae dissona ritu
barbaries, medii quam non reverentia frangat?
vel quis non sitiens sermonis mella politi
deserat Orpheos blanda testudine cantus?
qualem te legimus teneri primordia mundi
scribentem aut partes animae, per singula talem

cernimus et similes agnoscit pagina mores.

Nec dilata tuis Augusto iudice merces
officiis, illumque habitum, quo iungitur aulae
curia, qui socio procures cum principe nectit,
quem quater ipse gerit, perfecto detulit anno
deposuitque suas te succedente curules.
crescant virtutes fecundaque floreat aetas.
ingeniis patuit campus certusque merenti
stat favor: ornatur propriis industria donis.
surgite sopitae, quas obruit ambitus, artes.
nil licet invidiae, Stilicho dum prospicit orbi
sidereusque gener. non hic violata curulis,
turpia non Latios incestant nomina fastos;
fortibus haec concessa viris solisque gerenda
patribus et Romae numquam latura pudorem.

Nuntia votorum celeri iam Fama volatu
moverat Aonios audito consule lucos.
concinuit felix Helicon fluxitque Aganippe
largior et docti riserunt floribus amnes.
Uranie redimita comas, qua saepe magistra
Manlius igniferos radio de scripserat axes,
sic alias hortata deas: "patimurne, sorores,
optato procul esse die nec limina nostri
consulis et semper dilectas visimus aedes?
notior est Helicone domus. gestare curules
et fasces subiisse libet. miracula plebi
colligite et claris nomen celebrate theatri.

"Tu Iovis aequorei summersam fluctibus aulam
oratum volucres, Erato, iam perge quadrigas,
a quibus haud umquam palmam rapturus Arion.
inlustret circum sonipes, quicumque superbo
perstrepit hinnitu Baetin, qui splendida potat
stagna Tagi madidoque iubas adspersgitur auro.

"Calliope, liquidas Alciden posce palaestras:
cuncta Palaemoniis manus explorata coronis
adsit et Eleo pubes laudata Tonanti.

"Tu iuga Taygeti frondosaque Maenala, Clio,
i Triviae supplex; non aspernata rogantem
amphitheatrali faveat Latonia pompae.
audaces legat ipsa viros, qui colla ferarum

arte ligent certoque premant venabula nisu.
ipsa truces fetus captivaque ducat ab antris
prodigia et caedis sitientem differat arcum.
conveniant ursi, magna quos mole ruentes
torva Lycaoniis Helice miretur ab astris,
perfossique rudant populo pallente leones,
quales Mygdonio curru frenare Cybebe
optet et Herculei mallent fregisse lacerti.
obvia fulminei properent ad vulnera pardi
semine permixto geniti, cum forte leaenae
nobiliorem uterum viridis corrumpit adulter;
hi maculis patres referunt et robore matres.
quidquid monstriferis nutrit Gaetulia campis,
Alpina quidquid tegitur nive, Gallica siquid
silva tenet, iaceat; largo ditiescat harena
sanguine; consumant totos spectacula montes.

“Nec molles egeant nostra dulcedine ludi:
qui laetis risum salibus movisse facetus,
qui nutu manibusque loquax, cui tibia flatu,
cui plectro pulsanda chelys, qui pulpita socco
personat aut alte graditur maiore cothurno,
et qui magna levi detrudens murmura tactu
innumeras voces segetis moderatus aenae
intonet erranti digito penitusque trabali
vecte laborantes in carmina concitet undas,
vel qui more avium sese iaculentur in auras
corporaque aedificent celeri crescentia nexu,
quorum compositam puer amentatus in arcem
emicet et vinctu plantae vel cruribus haerens
pendula librato figat vestigia saltu.
mobile ponderibus descendat pegma reductis
inque chori speciem spargentes ardua flammās
scaena rotet varios et fingat Mulciber orbis
per tabulas impune vagus pictaeque citato
ludant igne trabes et non permissa morari
fida per innocuas errent incendia turre.
lascivi subito confligant aequore lembi
stagnaue remigibus spument inmissa canoris.

“Consul per populos idemque gravissimus auctor
eloquii, duplici vita subnixus in aevum
procedat pariter libris fastisque legendus.
accipiat patris exemplum tribuatque nepoti
filius et coeptis ne desit fascibus heres.

decurrat trabeata domus tradatque secures
mutua posteritas servatoque ordine fati
Manlia continuo numeretur consule proles.”

On the Consulship of Stilicho

BOOK I

Continuant superi pleno Romana favore
gaudia successusque novis successibus augment:
conubii necdum festivos regia cantus
sopierat, cecinit fuso Gildone triumphos,
et calidis thalami successit laurea sertis,
sumeret ut pariter princeps nomenque mariti
victorisque decus; Libya post proelia crimen
concidit Eoum, rursusque Oriente subacto
consule defensae surgunt Stilichone secures.
ordine vota meant. equidem si carmen in unum
tantarum sperem cumulos advolvere rerum,
promptius imponam glaciali Pelion Ossae.
si partem tacuisse velim, quodcumque relinquam
maius erit. veteres actus primamque iuventam
prosequar? ad sese mentem praesentia ducunt.
narrem iustitiam? resplendet gloria Martis.
armati referam vires? plus egit inermis.
quod floret Latium, Latio quod reddita servit
Africa, vicinum quod nescit Hiberia Maurum,
tuta quod imbellem miratur Gallia Rhenum,
aut gelidam Thracen decertatosque labores
Hebro teste canam? magnum mihi panditur aequor,
ipsaque Pierios lassant proclivia currus laudibus innumeris.

Etenim mortalibus ex quo
tellus coepta coli, numquam sincera bonorum
sors ulli concessa viro. quem vultus honestat,
dedecorant mores; animus quem pulchrior ornat,
corpus destituit. bellis insignior ille,
sed pacem foedat vitiis. hic publica felix,
sed privata minus. partitum; singula quemque
nobilitant: hunc forma decens, hunc robur in armis,
hunc rigor, hunc pietas, illum sollertia iuris,
hunc suboles castique tori. sparguntur in omnes,
in te mixta fluunt; et quae divisa beatos
efficiunt, collecta tenes.

Ne facta revolvam
militiamque patris, cuius producere famam,
si nihil egisset clarum nec fida Valenti
dextera duxisset rutilantes crinibus alas,
sufficeret natus Stilicho: mens ardua semper
a puero, tenerisque etiam fulgebat in annis
fortunae maioris honos. erectus et acer

nil breve moliri, nullis haerere potentum
liminibus fatisque loqui iam digna futuris.
iam tum conspicuus, iam tum venerabilis ibas
spondebatque ducem celsi nitor igneus oris
membrorumque modus, qualem nec carmina fingunt
semideis. quacumque alte gradereris in urbe,
cedentes spatiis adsurgentesque videbas
quamvis miles adhuc. taciti suffragi vulgi
iam tibi detulerant, quidquid mox debuit aula.

Vix primaevus eras, pacis cum mitteris auctor
Assyriae; tanta foedus cum gente ferire
commissum iuveni. Tigrim transgressus et altum
Euphraten Babylona petis. stupuere severi
Parthorum proceres, et plebs pharetrata videndi
flagravit studio, defixaeque hospite pulchro
Persides arcanum suspiravere calorem.
turis odoratae cumulis et messe Sabaea
pacem conciliant arae; penetralibus ignem
sacratum rapuere adytis ritumque iuvencos
Chaldaeo stravere magi. rex ipse micantem
inclinat dextra pateram secretaque Beli
et vaga testatur volventem sidera Mithram.
si quando sociis tecum venatibus ibant,
quis Stilichone prior ferro penetrare leones
comminus aut longe virgatas figere tigres?
flectenti faciles cessit tibi Medus habenas;
torquebas refugum Parthis mirantibus arcum.

Nubilis interea maturae virginis aetas
urgebat patrias suspenso principe curas,
quem simul imperioque ducem nataeque maritum
prospiceret; dubius toto quaerebat ab axe
dignum coniugio generum thalamisque Serenae.
iudicium virtutis erat; per castra, per urbes,
per populos animi cunctantis libra cucurrit.
tu legeris tantosque viros, quos obtulit orbis,
intra consilium vincis sensumque legentis,
et gener Augustis olim socer ipse futurus
accedis. radiis auri Tyriaque superbit
maiestate torus; comitata parentibus exit
purpureis virgo. stabat pater inde tropaeis
inclitus; inde pium matris regina gerebat
obsequium gravibus subnectens flammea gemmis.
tunc et Solis equos, tunc exultasse choreis

astra ferunt mellisque lacus et flumina lactis
erupisse solo, cum floribus aequora vernis
Bosphorus indueret roseisque evincta coronis
certantes Asiae taedas Europa levaret.

Felix arbitrii princeps, qui congrua mundo
iudicat et primus censet, quod cernimus omnes.
talem quippe virum natis adiunxit et aulae,
cui neque luxuries bello nec blanda periculis
otia nec lucis fructus pretiosior umquam
laude fuit. quis enim Visos in plaustra feroces
reppulit aut saeva Promoti caede tumentes
Bastarnas una potuit delere ruina?
Pallantis iugulum Turno moriente piavit
Aeneas, tractusque rotis ultricibus Hector
irato vindicta fuit vel quaesitus Achilli.
tu neque vesano raptas venalia curru
funera nec vanam corpus meditaris in unum
saevitiam; turmas equitum peditumque catervas
hostilesque globos tumulo prosternis amici;
inferiis gens tota datur. nec Mulciber auctor
mendacis clipei fabricataque vatibus arma
conatus iuvere tuos: tot barbara solus
milia iam pridem miseram vastantia Thracen
finibus exiguae vallis conclusa tenebas.
nec et terrisonus stridor venientis Alani
nec vaga Chunorum feritas, non falce Gelonus,
non arcu pepulere Getae, non Sarmata conto.
extinctique forent penitus, ni more maligno
falleret Augustas occultus proditor aures
obstrueretque moras strictumque reconderet ense,
solveret obsessos, praeberet foedera captis.

Adsiduus castris aderat, rarissimus urbi,
si quando trepida princeps pietate vocaret;
vixque salutatis Laribus, vix coniuge visa,
deterso necdum repetebat sanguine campum.
nec stetit Eucherii dum carperet oscula saltem
per galeam. patris stimulos ignisque mariti
vicit cura ducis. quotiens sub pellibus egit
Edonas hiemes et tardi flabra Bootae
sub divo Rhiphaea tulit! cumque igne propinquo
frigora vix ferrent alii, tunc iste rigentem
Danuvium calcabat eques nivibusque profundum
scandebat cristatus Athon lateque corusco

curvatas glacies silvas umbone ruebat.
nunc prope Cimmerii tendebat litora Ponti,
nunc dabat hibernum Rhodope nimbose cubile.
vos Haemi gelidae valles, quas saepe cruentis
stragibus aequavit Stilicho, vos Thracia testor
flumina, quae largo mutastis sanguine fluctus;
dicite, Bisaltae vel qui Pangaea iuvenecis
scinditis, offenso quantae sub vomere putres
dissiliant glaebis galeae vel qualia rastris
ossa peremptorum resonent inmania regum.

Singula complecti cuperem; sed densior instat
gestorum series laudumque sequentibus undis
obruimur. genitor caesi post bella tyranni
iam tibi commissis conscenderat aethera terris.
incipites rerum ruituro culmine lapsus
aequali cervice subis: sic Hercule quondam
sustentante polum melius librata pependit
machina nec dubiis titubavit Signifer astris
perpetuaque senex subductus mole parumper
obstupuit proprii spectator ponderis Atlas.

Nulli barbariae motus; nil turbida rupto
ordine temptavit novitas, tantoque remoto
perpetuum mutatas orbis non sensit habenas.
nil inter geminas acies, ceu libera frenis,
ausa manus. certe nec tantis dissona linguis
turba nec armorum cultu diversior umquam
confluxit populus: totam pater undique secum
moverat Auroram; mixtis hic Colchus Hiberis,
hic mitra velatus Arabs, hic crine decorus
Armenius; hic picta Saces fucataque Medus,
hic gemmata niger tentoria fixerat Indus;
hic Rhodani procera cohors, hic miles alumnus
Oceani. ductor Stilicho tot gentibus unus,
quot vel progrediens vel conspicit occiduus sol.
in quo tam vario vocum generumque tumultu
tanta quies iurisque metus servator honesti
te moderante fuit, nullis ut vinea furtis
vel seges erepta fraudaret messe colonum,
ut nihil aut saevum rabies aut turpe libido
suaderet, placidi servirent legibus enses.
scilicet in vulgus manant exempla regentum,
utque ducum lituos, sic mores castra sequuntur.

Denique felices aquilas quocumque moveres,
arebant tantis epoti milibus amnes.
Illyricum peteres: campi montesque latebant.
vexillum navale dares: sub puppibus ibat
Ionium. nullas succincta Ceraunia nimbis
nec iuga Leucatae feriens spumantia fluctu
deterrebat hiems. tu si glaciale iuberis
vestigare fretum, securo milite ducti
stagna reluctantes quaterent Saturnia remi;
si deserta Noti, fontem si quaerere Nili,
Aethiopum medios penetrassent vela vapores.

Te memor Eurotas, te rustica Musa Lycaeï,
te pastorali modulantur Maenala cantu
Partheniumque nemus, quod te pugnante resurgens
aegra caput mediis erexit Graecia flammis.
plurima Parrhasius tunc inter corpora Ladon
haesit et Alpheus Geticis angustus acervis
tardior ad Siculos etiamnunc pergit amores.

Miramur rapidis hostem succumbere bellis,
cum solo terrore ruant? non classica Francis
intulimus: iacuerunt tamen. non Marte Suebos
contudimus, quis iura damus. quis credere possit?
ante tubam nobis audax Germania servit.
cedant, Druse, tui, cedant, Traiane, labores:
vestra manus dubio quidquid discrimine gessit,
transcurrens egit Stilicho totidemque diebus
edomuit Rhenum, quot vos potuistis in annis;
quem ferro, adloquiis; quem vos cum milite, solus.
impiger a primo descendens fluminis ortu
ad bifidos tractus et iuncta paludibus ora
fulmineum perstrinxit iter; ducis impetus undas
vincebat celeres, et pax a fonte profecta
cum Rheni crescebat aquis. ingentia quondam
nomina, crinigero flaventes vertice reges,
qui nec principibus donis precibusque vocati
paruerant, iussi properant segnique verentur
offendisse mora; transvecti lintribus amnem
occursant ubicumque velit. nec fama fefellit
iustitiae: videre pium, videre fidelem.
quem veniens timuit, rediens Germanus amavit.
illi terribilis, quibus otia vendere semper
mos erat et foeda requiem mercede pacisci,
natis obsidibus pacem tam supplice vultu

captivoque rogant, quam si post terga revincti
Tarpeias pressis subeant cervicibus arces.
omne, quod Oceanum fontesque interiacet Histri,
unius incursu tremuit; sine caede subactus
servitio Boreas exarmatique Triones.

Tempore tam parvo tot proelia sanguine nullo
perficis et luna nuper nascente profectus
ante redis, quam tota fuit, Rhenumque minacem
cornibus infractis adeo mitescere cogis,
ut Salius iam rura colat flexosque Sygambus
in falcem curvet gladios, geminasque viator
cum videat ripas, quae sit Romana, requirat;
ut iam trans fluvium non indignante Chauco
pascat Belga pecus, mediumque ingressa per Albim
Gallica Francorum montes armenta pererrent;
ut procul Hercyniae per vasta silentia silvae
venari tuto liceat, lucosque vetusta
religione truces et robur numinis instar
barbarici nostrae feriant impune bipennes.

Utro quin etiam devota mente tuentur
victorique favent. quotiens sociare catervas
oravit iungique tuis Alamannia signis!
nec doluit contempta tamen, spretoque recessit
auxilio laudata fides. provincia missos
expellet citius fasces quam Francia reges,
quos dederis. acie nec iam pulsare rebelles,
sed vinclis punire licet; sub iudice nostro
regia Romanus disquirat crimina carcer:
Marcomeres Sunnoque docet; quorum alter Etruscum
pertulit exilium; cum se promitteret alter
exulis ultorem, iacuit mucrone suorum:
res avidi concire novas odioque furentes
pacis et ingenio scelerumque cupidine fratres.

Post domitas Arctos alio prorupit ab axe
tempestas et, ne qua tuis intacta tropaeis
pars foret, Australi sonuit tuba. moverat omnes
Maurorum Gildo populos, quibus inminet Atlas
et quos interior nimio plaga sole relegat:
quos vagus umectat Cinyps et proximus hortis
Hesperidum Triton et Gir notissimus amnis
Aethiopum, simili mentitus gurgite Nilum;
venerat et parvis redimitus Nuba sagittis

et velox Garamas, nec quamvis tristibus Hammon
responsis alacrem potuit Nasamona morari.
stipantur Numidae campi, stant pulvere Syrtes
Gaetulae, Poenus iaculis obtexitur aër.
hi virga moderantur equos; his fulva leones
velamenta dabant ignotarumque ferarum
exuviae, vasti Meroë quas nutrit harenis;
serpentum patulos gestant pro casside rictus;
pendent viperae squamosa pelle pharetrae.
non sic intremuit Simois, cum montibus Idae
nigra coloratus produceret agmina Memnon,
non Ganges, cum tela procul vibrantibus Indis
inmanis medium vectaret belua Porum.
Porus Alexandro, Memnon prostratus Achilli,
Gildo nempe tibi.

Nec solum fervidus Austrum,
sed partes etiam Mavors agitabat Eoas.
quamvis obstreperet pietas, his ille regendae
transtulerat nomen Libyae scelerique profano
fallax legitimam regni praetenderat umbram.
surgebat geminum varia formidine bellum,
hoc armis, hoc triste dolis. hoc Africa saevis
cinxerat auxiliis, hoc coniuratus alebat
insidiis Oriens. illinc edicta meabant
corruptura duces; hinc frugibus atra negatis
urgebat trepidamque fames obsederat urbem.
exitiale palam Libycum; civile pudoris obtentu tacitum.

Tales utrimque procellae
cum fremerent lacerumque alternis ictibus anceps
imperium pulsaret hiems, nil fessa emisit
officii virtus contraque minantia fata
pervigil eventusque sibi latura secundos
maior in adversis micuit: velut arbiter alni,
nubilus Aegaeo quam turbine vexat Orion,
exiguo clavi flexu declinat aquarum
verbera, nunc recta, nunc obliquante carina
callidus, et pelagi caelique obnuitur irae.

Quid primum, Stilicho, mirer? quod cautus ad omnes
restiteris fraudes, ut te nec noxia furto
littera nec pretio manus inflammata lateret?
quod nihil in tanto circum terrore locutus
indignum Latio? responsa quod ardua semper
Eois dederis, quae mox effecta probasti —

securus, quamvis et opes et rura tenerent
insignesque domos? levis haec iactura; nec umquam
publica privatae cesserunt commoda causae.
dividis ingentes curas teque omnibus unum
obicis, inveniens animo quae mente gerenda,
efficiens patranda manu, dictare paratus
quae scriptis peragenda forent. quae brachia centum,
quis Briareus aliis numero crescente lacertis
tot simul obiectis posset confligere rebus:
evitare dolos; veteres firmare cohortes,
explorare novas; duplices disponere classes,
quae fruges aut bella ferant; aulaeque tumultum
et Romae lenire famem? quot nube soporis
inmunes oculi per tot discurrere partes,
tot loca sufficerent et tam longinqua tueri?
Argum fama canit centeno lumine cinctum
corporis excubiis unam servasse iuencam!

Unde tot adlatae segetes? quae silva carinas
texuit? unde rudis tanto tirone iuventus
emicuit senioque iterum vernante resumpsit
Gallia bis fractas Alpino vulnere vires?
non ego dilectu, Tyrii sed vomere Cadmi
tam subitas acies concepto dente draconis
exiluisse reor: Dircaeis qualis in arvis
messis cum proprio mox bellatura colono
cognatos strinxit gladios, cum semine iacto
terriginae galea matrem nascente ferirent
armifer et viridi floreret milite sulcus.
hoc quoque non parva fas est cum laude relinqui,
quod non ante fretis exercitus adstitit ultor,
ordine quam prisco censeret bella senatus.
neglectum Stilicho per tot iam saecula morem
rettulit, ut ducibus mandarent proelia patres
decretoque togae felix legionibus iret
tessera. Romuleas leges rediisse fatemur,
cum procerum iussis famulantia cernimus arma.

Tyrrhenum poteras cunctis transmittere signis
et ratibus Syrtes, Libyam complere manipulis;
consilio stetit ira minor, ne territus ille
te duce suspecto Martis graviore paratu
aut in harenosos aestus zonamque rubentem
tenderet aut solis fugiens transiret in ortus
missurusve sibi certae solacia mortis

oppida dirueret flammis. res mira relatu:
ne timeare times et, quem vindicta manebat,
desperare vetas. quantum fiducia nobis
profuit! hostilis salvae Carthaginis arces;
inlaesis Tyrii gaudent cultoribus agri,
quos potuit vastare fuga. spe captus inani
nec se subripuit poenae nostrisque pepercit:
demens, qui numero tantum, non robore mensus
Romanos rapidis ibat ceu protinus omnes
calcaturus equis et, quod iactare solebat,
solibus effetos mersurus pulvere Gallos.
sed didicit non Aethiopum geminata venenis
vulnera, non fusum crebris hastilibus imbrem,
non equitum nimbos Latiis obsistere pilis.
sternitur ignavus Nasamon, nec spicula supplex
iam torquet Garamas; repetunt deserta fugaces
Autololes; pavidus proiecit missile Mazax.
cornipedem Maurus nequiquam hortatur anhelum;
praedonem lembo profugum ventisque repulsum
suscepit merito fatalis Tabraca portu
expertum quod nulla tuis elementa paterent
hostibus, et laetae passurum iurgia plebis
fracturumque reos humili sub iudice vultus.

Nil tribuat Fortuna sibi. sit prospera semper
illa quidem; sed non uni certamina pugnae
credidimus totis nec constitit alea castris
nutatura semel; si quid licuisset iniquis
casibus, instabant aliae post terga biremes;
venturus dux maior erat.

Victoria nulla

clarior aut hominum votis optatior umquam
contigit. an quisquam Tigranen armaque Ponti
vel Pyrrhum Antiochique fugam vel vincla Iugurthae
conferat aut Persen debellatumque Philippum?
hi propagandi ruerant pro limite regni;
hic stabat Romana salus. ibi tempora tuto
traxerunt dilata moras; hic vincere tarde
vinci paene fuit. discrimine Roma supremo
inter supplicium populi deforme pependit;
et tantum Libyam fructu maiore recepit
quam peperit, quantum graviolem amissa dolorem
quam necdum quaesita movent. quis Punica gesta,
quis vos, Scipiadae, quis te iam, Regule, nosset,

quis lentum caneret Fabium, si iure perempto
insultaret atrox famula Carthagine Maurus?
haec omnes veterum revocavit adorea lauros;
restituit Stilicho cunctos tibi, Roma, triumphos.

BOOK II

Hactenus armatae laudes: nunc qualibus orbem
moribus et quanto frenet metuendus amore,
quo tandem flexus trabeas auctore rogantes
induerit fastisque suum concesserit annum,
mitior incipiat fidibus iam Musa remissis.

Principio magni custos Clementia mundi,
quae Iovis incoluit zonam, quae temperat aethram
frigoris et flammae medio, quae maxima natu
caelicolum. nam prima chaos Clementia solvit
congeriem miserata rudem vultuque sereno
discussis tenebris in lucem saecula fudit.
haec dea pro templis et ture calentibus aris
te fruitur posuitque suas hoc pectore sedes.
haec docet ut poenis hominum vel sanguine pasci
turpe ferumque putes; ut ferrum, Marte cruentum,
siccum pace feras; ut non infensus alendis
materiem praestes odiis; ut sontibus ultro
ignovisse velis, deponas ocius iram
quam moveas, precibus numquam implacabilis obstes,
obvia prosternas prostataque more leonum
despicias, alacres ardent qui frangere tauros,
transiliunt praedas humiles. hac ipse magistra
das veniam victis, hac exorante calores
horrificos et quae, numquam nocitura, timentur
iurgia contentus solo terrore coerces
aetherii patris exemplo, qui cuncta sonoro
concutiens tonitru Cyclopum spicula differt
in scopulos et monstra maris nostrique cruoris
parcus in Oetaeis exercet fulmina silvis.

Huic divae germana Fides eademque sorori
corde tuo delubra tenens sese omnibus actis
inserit. haec docuit nullo livescere fuco,
numquam falsa loqui, numquam promissa morari;
invisos odisse palam, non virus in alto
condere, non laetam speciem praemittere fraudi,
sed certum mentique parem componere vultum;
occulto saevire vetat, prodesse remittit.
haec et amicitias longo plus tempore firmat
mansuroque adamante ligat; nec mobile mutat
ingenium, parvae strepitu nec vincula noxae

dissolvi patitur, nec fastidire priorem
inlicitur veniente novo. benefacta tenere,
respuere offensas facilis, pariterque minoris
officii magnique memor superare laborat
utque hostes armis, meritis sic vincit amicos.
haec fovet absentes, haec longe sola remotis
consulit, haec nullis avidam rumoribus aurem
pandit, ut ignarum numquam laesura clientem
insidiosa tuos alienent murmura sensus.

Nec vivis adnexus amor meminisse sepultos
desinit; in prolem transcurrit gratia patrum.
hac tu Theodosium, tenuit dum sceptrā, colebas,
hac etiam post fata colis; nec pignora curas
plus tua quam natos, dederat quos ille monendos
tutandosque tibi. iustos nimiumque fideles
fama putat, qui, cum possint commissa negare,
maluerint nullo violati reddere quaestu:
at Stilicho non divitias aurique relictum
pondus, sed geminos axes tantumque reservat
depositum teneris, quantum sol igneus ambit.
quid non intrepidus credas, cui regia tuto creditur?

Hoc clipeo munitus Honorius altum
non gemit patrem vitaeque et lucis in ipso
limine, contemptus numquam, dat iura subactis
gentibus et secum sentit crevisse triumphos.
quem tu sic placida formas, sic mente severa,
ut neque desidia tradas, dum pronus ad omne
quod libet obsequeris, nec contra nixus ovantem
confringas animum: secreto consona regno
ceu iuvenem doceas, moles quid publica poscat:
ceu sanctum venerere senem patriisque gubernes
imperium monitis; dominum summissus adores;
obsequiis moderere ducem, pietate parentem.
hinc fuit ut primos in coniuge disceret ignes
ordirique virum non luxuriante iuventa,
sed cum lege tori, casto cum foedere vellet.
principe tu felix genero: felicior ille te socero.

Fratrem levior nec cura tuetur
Arcadium; nec, si quid iners atque impia turba
praetendens proprio nomen regale furori
audeat, adscribis iuveni. discordia quippe
cum fremeret, numquam Stilicho sic canduit ira,
saepe laccessitus probris gladiisque petitus,

ut bello furias ultum, quas pertulit, iret
inlicito causamque daret civilibus armis:
cuius fulta fide mediis dissensibus aulae
intemeratorum stabat reverentia fratrum.
quin et Sidonias chlamydes et cingula baxis
aspera gemmatasque togas viridesque smaragdo
loricas galeasque redundantes hyacinthis
gestatosque patri capulis radiantibus enses
et vario lapidum distinctas igne coronas
dividis ex aequo, ne non augusta supellex
ornatusque pares geminis heredibus essent.
mittitur et miles, quamvis certamine partes
iam tumeant. hostem muniri robore mavis
quam peccare fidem: permittis iusta petenti
idque negas solum, cuius mox ipse repulsa
gaudeat et quidquid fuerat deforme mereri.

Omnes praeterea, puro quae crimina pellunt
ore, deae iunxere choros unoque receptae
pectore diversos tecum cinguntur in usus.
Iustitia utilibus rectum praeponere suadet
communesque sequi leges iniustaque numquam
largiri sociis. durum Patientia corpus
instruit, ut nulli cupiat cessisse labori;
Temperies, ut casta petas; Prudentia, ne quid
inconsultus agas; Constantia, futtile^o ne quid
infirmumque geras; procul importuna fugantur
numina, monstriferis quae Tartarus edidit antris:
ac primam scelerum matrem, quae semper habendo
plus sitiens patulis rimatur faucibus aurum,
trudis Avaritiam; cuius foedissima nutrix
Ambitio, quae vestibulis foribusque potentum
excubat et pretiis commercia pascit honorum,
pulsa simul. nec te gurgis corruptior aevi
traxit ad exemplum, qui iam firmaverat annis
crimen et in legem rapiendi verterat usum.
denique non dives sub te pro rure paterno
vel laribus pallet; non insidiator oberrat
facturus quemcumque reum. non obruta virtus
paupertate latet. lectos ex omnibus oris
evehis et meritum, non quae cunabula, quaeris,
et qualis non unde satus. sub teste benigno
vivitur; egregios invitant praemia mores.
hinc priscae redeunt artes; felicibus inde

ingeniis aperitur iter despectaque Musae
colla levant, opibusque fluens et pauper eodem
nititur ad fructum studio, cum cernat uterque
quod nec inops iaceat probitas nec inertia surgat divitiis.

Nec te iucunda fronte fefellit

luxuries, praedulce malum, quae dedita semper
corporis arbitriis hebetat caligine sensus
membraque Circaeis effeminat acrius herbis,
blanda quidem vultus, sed qua non taetrius ulla
interius: fucata genas et amicta dolosis
inlecebris torvos auro circumlinit hydros.
illa voluptatum multos innexuit hamis:
te numquam conata capit. non prava libido
stupris advigilat; non tempora somnus agendi
frustratur; nullo citharae convivium cantu,
non pueri lasciva sonant. quis cernere curis
te vacuum potuit? quis tota mente remissum
aut indulgentem dapibus, ni causa iuberet
laetitiae? non indecores aeraria lassant
expensae; parvo non improba littera libro
absentium condonat opes. a milite parcus
diligentis; neque enim neglectas pace cohortes
tunc ditas, cum bella fremunt. scis nulla placere
munera, quae metuens illis, quos spreverat, offert
serus et incassum servati prodigus auri.
antevenis tempus non expectantibus ultro
munificus mensaeque adhibes et nomine quemque
compellas clari, sub te quod gesserat olim,
admonitum facti, figendaque sensibus addis
verba, quibus magni geminatur gratia nodi.

Nec, si quid tribuas, iactatum saepius idem
exprobrare soles nec, quos promoveris, alto
turgidus adloqueris fastu nec prospera flatus
attollunt nimios. quin ipsa Superbia longe
discessit, vitium rebus sollemne secundis
virtutumque ingrata comes. contingere passim
adfarique licet. non inter pocula sermo
captatur, pura sed libertate loquendi
seria quisque iocis nulla formidine miscet.
quem videt Augusti socerum regnique parentem,
miratur conviva parem, cum tanta potestas
civem lenis agat. te doctus prisca loquentem,
te matura senex audit, te fortia miles

adspersis salibus, quibus haud Amphiona quisquam
praeferat Aonios meditantem carmine muros
nec velit Orpheo migrantes pectine silvas.

Hinc amor, hinc veris et non fallacibus omnes
pro te solliciti votis; hinc nomen ubique
plausibus, auratis celebrant hinc ora figuris.
quae non incudes streperent, quae flamma vacaret
fabrilis, quantis fluerent fornacibus aera
effigies ductura tuas, quis devius esset
angulus aut regio quae non pro numine vultus
dilectos coleret, talem ni semper honorem
respueres? decus hoc rapiat, quem falsa timentum
numera decipiunt, qui se diffidit amari.
hoc solus sprevisse potest, qui iure meretur.

Undique legati properant generique sub ore
in tua centenas optant praeconia voces.
grates Gallus agit, quod limite tutus inermi
et metuens hostile nihil nova culmina totis
aedificat ripis et saevum gentibus amnem
Thybridis in morem domibus praevelat amoenis.
hinc Poeni cumulant laudes, quod rura tyranno
libera possideant; hinc obsidione solutus
Pannonius potorque Savi, quod clausa tot annis
oppida laxatis ausus iam pandere portis
rursum cote novat nigras rubigine falces
exesosque situ cogit splendere ligones
agnoscitque casas et collibus oscula notis
figit et impresso glaebis non credit aratro,
exsectis, inculta dabant quas saecula, silvis
restituit terras et opacum vitibus Histrum
conserit et patrium vectigal solvere gaudet,
inmunis qui clade fuit. te sospite fas est
vexatum laceri corpus iuvenescere regni.
sub tot principibus quaecumque amisimus olim,
tu reddis. solo poterit Stilichone medente
crescere Romanum vulnus tectura cicatrix;
inque suos tandem fines redeunte colono
Illyricis iterum ditabitur aula tributis.

Nec tamen humano cedit caeleste favori
iudicium: cingunt superi concordibus unum
praesidiis hostesque tuos aut litore produnt
aut totum oppositi claudunt fugientibus aequor

aut in se vertunt furiis aut militis ense
bacchati laniant Pentheo corpora ritu;
insidias retegunt et in ipsa cubilia fraudum
ducunt ceu tenera venantem nare Molossi.
ominibus ventura notant aut alite monstrant
aut monitos certa dignantur imagine somnos.

Pro quibus innumerae trabearum insignia terrae
certatim petiere tibi. poscentibus ipse
restiteras et mens, aliorum prona favori,
iudex dura sui, facibus succensa pudoris
tarda verecundis excusat praemia causis.
ergo avidae tantosque novi spe consulis annos
elusae dominae pergunt ad limina Romae,
si minus adnuerit precibus, vel cogere certae
cunctantem votoque moras auferre paratae.
conveniunt ad tecta deae, quae candida lucent
monte Palatino. glaucis tum prima Minervae
nexa comam foliis fulvae intexta micantem
veste Tagum tales profert Hispania voces:

“Cuncta mihi semper Stilicho, quaecumque poposci,
concessit tantumque suos invidit honores.
Augusti potuit soceri contemnere fasces:
iam negat et genero. si non ut ductor ab orbe
quem regit, accipiat saltem cognatus ab aula.
exiguumne putat, quod sic amplexus Hiberam
progeniem nostros inmoto iure nepotes
sustinet, ut patrium commendet purpura Baetim?
quod pulchro Mariae fecundat germine regnum?
quod dominis speratur avus?”

Tum flava repexo

Gallia crine ferox evinctaque torque decoro
binaque gaesa tenens animoso pectore fatur:
“qui mihi Germanos solus Francosque subegit,
cur nondum legitur fastis? cur pagina tantum
nescit adhuc nomen, quod iam numerare decebat?
usque adeone levis pacati gloria Rheni?”

Inde Caledonio velata Britannia monstro,
ferro picta genas, cuius vestigia verrit
caerulus Oceanique aestum mentitur amictus:
“me quoque vicinis pereuntem gentibus” inquit
“munivit Stilicho, totam cum Scottus Hivernen
movit et infesto spumavit remige Tethys.

illius effectum curis, ne tela timerem
Scottica, ne Pictum tremerem, ne litore toto
prospicerem dubiis venturum Saxona ventis.”

Tum spicis et dente comas inlustris eburno
et calido rubicunda die sic Africa fatur:
“sperabam nullas trabeis Gildone perempto
nasci posse moras. etiam nunc ille repugnat
et tanto dubitat fasces praebere triumpho,
qui mihi Maurorum penitus lacrimabile nomen ignorare dedit?”

Post has Oenotria lentis
vitibus intorquens hederas et palmite largo
vina fluens: “si vos adeo Stilichone curules
augeri flagratis” ait “quas sola iuvare
fama potest, quanto me dignius incitat ardor,
ut praesente fruar conscendentemque tribunal
prosequar atque anni pandentem claustra salutem?”

Talibus alternant studiis Romamque precantes,
pro cunctis, hortantur, eat. nec segnius illa
paruit officio, raptis sed protinus armis
ocior excusso per nubila sidere tendit.
transvehitur Tuscos Appenninusque volatu
stringitur. Eridanus clipei iam fulgurat umbra;
constitit ante ducem tetrica nec Pallade vultum
deterior nec Marte minor. tremit orbe corusco
iam domus et summae tangunt laquearia cistae:
tum prior attonitum gratis adfata querellis:

“Servatas, Stilicho, per te, venerande, curules,
ornatas necdum fateor. quid profuit anni
servilem pepulisse notam? defendis honorem
quem fugis, et spernis tota quem mole tueris?
respis oblatum, pro quo labente resistis?
quae iam causa morae? quo me cunctabere rursus
ingenio? nullus Boreae metus, omnis et Austri
ora silet: cecidit Maurus, Germania cessit
et Ianum pax alta ligat. te consule necdum
digna feror? titulumne levem parvique nitoris
credimus, Augusti quo se decorare fatentur,
sub iuga quo gentes captivis regibus egi?

“Non, si prodigiis casus natura futuros
signat, polluimur macula. quod reris, Eois
omen erat. quamquam nullis mihi cognita rebus

fabula; vix tanto risit de crimine rumor.
opprobrii stat nulla fides nec littera venit
vulgatura nefas: in quo vel maxima virtus
est tua quod, nostros qui consulis omnia patres,
de monstis taceas. pellendi denique nulla
dedecoris sanctum violant oracula coetum
nec mea funestum versavit curia nomen.
pars sceleris dubitasse fuit: quaecumque profana
pagina de primo venisset limine Phoebi,
ante fretum deleta mihi, ne turpia castis
auribus Italiae fatorum exempla nocerent.
publicus ille furor, quantum tua cura peregit,
secretum meruit. laetetur quisquis Eoos
scribere desierit fastos: portenta Gabinos
ista latent; propriam labem texisse laborent.
cur ego, quem numquam didici sensive creatum,
gratuler exemptum? delicti paenitet illos: nos nec credidimus.

“Fuerit tamen omnibus unum
crimen et ad nostras manaverit usque secures:
plus ideo sumenda tibi fastigia vitas,
ne pereat tam priscus honos, qui portus honorum
semper erat. nullo sarciri consule damnum
excepto Stilichone potest. bene praescia tempus
mens tua distulerat; titulo tunc crescere posses,
nunc per te titulus. consul succurre gravatis
consulibus, quicumque fuit, quicumque futurus;
annum redde tuum, quem iam segura sequatur
posteritas nec iam doleat defensa vetustas.
sic trabeis ultor Stilicho Brutusque repertor.
libertas populi primo tunc consule Bruto
reddita per fascies; hic fascibus expulit ipsis
servitium. instituit sublimem Brutus honorem;
adseruit Stilicho. plus est servasse repertum,
quam quaesisse novum. quid tardius ore rubenti
adnuis et solitus frontem circumfluit ignis?
tandem vince tuum, vincis qui cuncta, pudorem.

“Hos etiam, quamvis corrumpi munere nullo
te certum est, mirare libens ac suscipe cinctus,
quos tibi divino mecum Tritonia duxit
pectine: tincta simul repetito murice fila
contulimus pensis et eodem nevimus auro,
aurea quo Lachesis sub te mihi saecula textit.
hic ego promissam subolem sperataque mundo

pignora praelusi. veram mox ipse probabis
me vatem nostraeque fidem venientia telae fata dabunt.”

Dixit gremioque rigentia profert
dona, graves auro trabeas. insigne Minervam
spirat opus. rutilis hic pingitur aula columnis
et sacri Mariae partus; Lucina dolores
solatur; residet fulgente puerpera lecto;
sollicitae iuxta pallescunt gaudia matris.
susceptum puerum redimitae tempora Nymphae
auri fonte lavant: teneros de stamine risus
vagitusque audire putes. iam creverat infans
ore ferens patrem: Stilicho maturior aevi
Martia recturo tradit praecepta nepoti.
parte alia spumis fucantem Serica frena
sanguineis primae signatus flore iuventae
Eucherius flectebat equum iaculisque vel arcu
aurea purpureos tollentes cornua cervos
aureus ipse ferit. Venus hic invecta columbis
tertia regali iungit conubia nexu,
pennatique nurum circumstipantur Amores
progenitam Augustis Augustorumque sororem.
Eucherius trepido iam flammea sublevat ore
virginis; adridet retro Thermantia fratri.
iam domus haec utroque petit diademata sexu
reginasque parit reginarumque maritos.

Talibus invitat donis dextraque gerendum
diva simul porrexit ebur; sollemnibus urnam
commovet auspiciis avibusque incepta secundat.
tunc habiles armis umeros iam vestibus ambit
Romuleis; Latii sederunt pectore cultus
loricaeque locum decuit toga. talis ab Histro
vel Scythico victor rediens Gradivus ab axe
deposito mitis clipeo candentibus urbem
ingreditur trabeatus equis; spatiosa Quirinus
frena regit currumque patris Bellona cruentum
ditibus exuviis tendens ad sidera quercum
praecedat, lictorque Metus cum fratre Pavore
barbara ferratis innectunt colla catenis
velati galeas lauro, propiusque iugales
formido ingentem vibrat succincta securim.

Vidit ut optato se consule Roma potitam:
“nunc” ait “Elysii lucos inrumpere campi,
nunc libet, ut tanti Curiis miracula voti

Fabriciisque feram, famae qui vulnere nuper
calcatam flevere togam: iam prata choreis
pulsent nec rigidos pudeat luisse Catones.
audiat hoc senior Brutus Poenisque tremendi
Scipiadae, geminis tandem quod libera damnis
unius auxilio fasces Libyamque recepi.
quod superest unum precibus, fortissime consul,
adde meis, urbique tuum largire parumper,
quem rogat, adventum, quam tu belloque fameque
depulsa terris iterum regnare dedisti.
splendida suscipiant alium te rostra Camillum,
ultorem videant servatoremque Quirites
et populus quem ductor ames: quibus Africa per te
nec prius auditas Rhodanus iam donat aristas,
ut mihi vel Massyla Ceres vel Gallica prosit
fertilitas messesque vehat nunc umidus Auster,
nunc Aquilo, cunctis ditescant horrea ventis.

“Quae tunc Flaminiam stipabunt milia vulgi!
fallax o quotiens pulvis deludet amorem
suspensum, veniens omni dum crederis hora!
spectabunt cupidae matres, spargentur et omnes
flore viae, superet cum Pincia culmina consul
arduus, antiqui species Romana senatus.
Pompeiana dabunt quantos proscaenia plausus!
ad caelum quotiens vallis tibi Murcia ducet
nomen Aventino Pallanteoque recussum!
nunc te conspiciam castris, permitte, relictis
mox et cum genero trabeis visura secundis.”

Haec dum Roma refert, iam Fama loquacibus alis
pervolat Oceanum, linguis et mille citatos
festinare iubet proceres, nullique senectus,
non iter hibernis obstant nec flatibus Alpes:
vincit amor. meriti pridem clarique vetustis
fascibus ad socii properant et vindicis annum.
sic ubi fecunda reparavit morte iuventam
et patrios idem cineres collectaque portat
unguibus ossa piis Nilique ad litora tendens
unicus extremo Phoenix procedit ab Euro:
conveniunt aquilae cunctaeque ex orbe volucres,
ut Solis mirentur avem; procul ignea lucet
ales, odorati redolent cui cinnama busti.

Nec minor in caelo chorus est; exultat uterque

Theodosius divique tui; Sol ipse quadrigis
vere coronatis dignum tibi praeparat annum.

Est ignota procul nostraeque impervia menti,
vix adeunda deis, annorum squalida mater,
inmensi spelunca aevi, quae tempora vasto
suppeditat revocatque sinu. complectitur antrum,
omnia qui placido consumit numine, serpens
perpetuumque viret squamis caudamque reductam
ore vorat tacito relegens exordia lapsu.

vestibuli custos vultu longaeva decoro
ante fores Natura sedet, cunctisque volantes
dependent membris animae. mansura verendus
scribit iura senex, numeros qui dividit astris
et cursus stabilesque moras, quibus omnia vivunt
ac pereunt fixis cum legibus. ille recenset,
incertum quid Martis iter certumque Tonantis
prospiciat mundo; quid velox semita Lunae
pigraque Saturni; quantum Cytherea sereno
curriculo Phoebique comes Cyllenius erret.

Illius ut magno Sol limine constitit antri,
occurrit Natura potens seniorque superbis
canitiem inclinat radiis. tum sponte reclusus
laxavit postes adamas, penetrale profundum
panditur et sedes aevique arcana patescunt.
hic habitant vario facies distincta metallo
saecula certa locis: illic glomerantur aena,
hic ferrata rigent, illic argentea candent.
eximia regione domus, contingere terris
difficilis, rutili stabat grex aureus anni:
quorum praecipuum pretioso corpore Titan
signandum Stilichone legit; tunc imperat omnes
pone sequi dictisque simul compellat euntes:

“En, cui distulimus melioris saecula metalli,
consul adest. ite optati mortalibus anni,
ducite virtutes; hominum florescite rursus
ingeniis hilares Baccho frugumque feraces.
non inter geminos Anguis glaciale Triones
sibilet, inmodico nec frigore saeviat Ursa.
non toto fremat ore Leo, nec brachia Cancri.
urat atrox aestas, madidae nec prodigus urnae
semina praeupto dissolvat Aquarius imbre.
Phrixus roseo producat fertile cornu

ver Aries, pingues nec grandine tundat olivas
Scorpius; autumni maturet germina Virgo,
lenior et gravidis adlatret Sirius uvis.”

Sic fatus croceis rorantes ignibus hortos
ingreditur vallemque suam, quam flammeus ambit
rivus et inriguis largum iubar ingerit herbis,
quas Solis pascuntur equi; flagrantibus inde
caesariem sertis et lutea lora iubasque
subligat alipedum. gelidas hinc Lucifer ornat,
hinc Aurora comas iuxtaque adludit habenis
aureus et nomen praetendit consulis Annus:
inque novos iterum revoluti cardine cursus
scribunt aetheriis Stilichonem sidera fastis.

BOOK III

PREFACE.

(XXIII)

Maior Scipiades, Italis qui solus ab oris
in proprium vertit Punica bella caput,
non sine Pieriis exercuit artibus arma:
semper erat vatium maxima cura duci.
gaudet enim virtus testes sibi iungere Musas;
carmen amat quisquis carmine digna gerit.
ergo seu patriis primaevus manibus ultor
subderet Hispanum legibus Oceanum,
seu Tyrias certa fracturus cuspide vires
inferret Libyco signa tremenda mari,
haerebat doctus lateri castrisque solebat
omnibus in medias Ennius ire tubas.
illi post lituos pedites favere canenti
laudavitque nova caede cruentus eques.
cumque triumpharet gemina Carthagine victa
(hanc vindex patri vicerat, hanc patriae),
cum longi Libyam tandem post funera belli
ante suas maestam cogeret ire rotas:
advexit reduces secum Victoria Musas
et sertum vati Martia laurus erat.
Noster Scipiades Stilicho, quo concidit alter
Hannibal antiquo saevior Hannibale,
te mihi post quintos annorum Roma recursus
reddidit et votis iussit adesse suis.

BOOK III.

Quem populi plausu, procerum quem voce petebas,
adspice, Roma, virum. iam tempora desine longae
dinumerare viae visoque adsurgere semper
pulvere: non dubiis ultra torquebere votis.
totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim,
spe maior, fama melior. venerare curulem,
quae tibi restituit fasces; complectere dextram,
sub iuga quae Poenos iterum Romana redegit.
excipe magnanimum pectus, quo frena reguntur
imperii, cuius libratur sensibus orbis.
os sacrum, quod in aere colis, miraris in auro,
cerne libens: hic est felix bellator ubique,
defensor Libyae, Rheni pacator et Histri.

Ostentare suos prisco si more labores
et gentes cuperet vulgo monstrare subactas,
certassent utroque pares a cardine laurus:
haec Alamannorum spoliis, Australibus illa
ditior exuviis; illinc flavente Sygambri
caesarie, nigris hinc Mauri crinibus irent.
ipse albis veheretur equis currumque secutus
laurigerum festo fremuisset carmine miles.
hi famulos traherent reges; hi facta metallo
oppida vel montes captivaeque flumina ferrent.
hinc Libyci fractis lugerent cornibus amnes;
inde catenato gemeret Germania Rheno.
sed non inmodicus proprii iactator honoris
consul, Roma, tuus. non illum praemia tantum
quam labor ipse iuvat; strepitus fastidit inanes
inque animis hominum pompa meliore triumphat.

Non alium certe Romanae clarius arces
suscepere ducem, nec cum cedente rediret
Fabricius Pyrrho nec cum Capitolia curru
Pellaeae domitor Paullus conscenderet aulae.
nec similis Laias patefecit gloria portas
post Numidas Mario, post classica Martis Eoi
Pompeio. nulli pars aemula defuit umquam,
quae gravis obstreperet laudi, stimulisque malignis
facta sequebatur quamvis ingentia livor:
solus hic invidiae fines virtute reliquit
humanumque modum. quis enim livescere possit,

quod numquam pereant stellae? quod Iuppiter olim
possideat caelum? quod noverit omnia Phoebus?
est aliquod meriti spatium, quod nulla furentis
invidiae mensura capit. ductoribus illis
praeterea diversus erat favor: aequior ille
patribus invisus plebi; popularibus illi
munto studiis languebat gratia patrum.
omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
ordinibus; laetatur eques plauditque senator
votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.

O felix servata vocat quem Roma parentem!
o mundi communis amor, cui militat omnis
Gallia, quem regum thalamis Hispania nectit,
cuius et adventum crebris petiere Quirites
vocibus et genero meruit praestante senatus!
non sic virginibus flores, non frugibus imbres,
prospera non fessis optantur flamina nautis,
ut tuus adspectus populo. quae numine tanto
litora fatidicas attollunt Delia laurus,
venturi quotiens adfulsit Apollinis arcus?
quae sic aurifero Pactoli fonte tumescit
Lydia, cum domitis adparuit Euhius Indis?
nonne vides et plebe vias et tecta latere
matribus? his, Stilicho, cunctis inopina reluxit
te victore salus! septem circumspice montes,
qui solis radios auri fulgore lacessunt,
indutosque arcus spoliis aequataque templa
nubibus et quidquid tanti struxere triumphi.
quantum profueris, quantam servaveris urbem,
attonitis metire oculis. haec fabula certe
cuncta forent, si Poenus adhuc incumberet Austro.

Mos erat in veterum castris, ut tempora quercu
velaret, validis fuso qui viribus hoste
casurum potuit morti subducere civem.
at tibi quae poterit pro tantis civica reddi
moenibus? aut quantae pensabunt facta coronae?
nec solam populi vitam debere fatetur
armis Roma tuis; sed, quo iucundior esset
lucis honoratae fructus, venerabile famae
pondus et amissas vires et regna recepit.
iam non praetumidi supplex Orientis ademptam
legatis poscit Libyam famulosve precatur
(dictu turpe) suos: sed robore freta Gabino

te duce Romana tandem se vindicat ira.
ipsos iubet signis bellaturoque togatus
imperat et spectant aquilae decreta senatus.
ipsa tibi trabeas ultro dedit, ipsa curulem
obtulit ultori fastosque ornare coëgit.

Nil perdit decoris prisci nec libera quaerit
saecula, cum donet fascēs, cum proelia mandet;
seque etiam crevisse videt. quis Gallica rura,
quis meminit Latio Senonum servisse ligones?
aut quibus exemplis fecunda Thybris ab Arcto
vexit Lingonico sudatas vomere messes?
illa seges non auxilium modo praebuit urbi,
sed fuit indicio, quantum tibi, Roma, liceret:
admonuit dominae gentes instarque tropaei
rettulit ignotum gelidis vectigal ab oris.

Hoc quoque maiestas augecit plena Quirini,
rectores Libyae populo quod iudice pallent
et post emeritas moderator quisque secures
discrimen letale subit, quid Poenus arator
intulerit, madidus quantum transmiserit Auster.
ardua qui late terris responsa dedere,
hic trepidant humiles; tremuit quos Africa nuper,
cernunt rostra reos. canī virtutibus aevi
materiam pandit Stilicho populumque vetusti
culminis inmemorem dominandi rursus in usum
excitat, ut magnos calcet metuendus honores,
pendat iustitia crimen, pietate remittat
errorem purosque probet damnetque nocentes

et patrias iterum clemens exerceat artes.
Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credit
servitium. numquam libertas gratior extat
quam sub rege pio. quos praeficit ipse regendis
rebus, ad arbitrium plebis patrumque reducit
conceditque libens, meritis seu praemia poscant
seu punire velint. posito iam purpura fastu
de se iudicium non indignatur haberi.
sic docuit regnare socer, sic cauta iuventae
frena dedit, teneros sic moribus induit annos
verior Augusti genitor, fiducia belli,
pacis consilium: per quem squalore remoto
pristina Romuleis in floruit artibus aetas,
per quem fracta diu translataque paene potestas

non oblita sui servilibus exulat arvis,
in proprium sed ducta larem victricia reddit
fata solo fruiturque iterum, quibus haeserat olim,
auspiciis capitique errantia membra reponit.

Proxime dis consul, tantae qui prospicis urbi,
qua nihil in terris complectitur altius aether,
cuius nec spatium visus nec corda decorem
nec laudem vox ulla capit; quae luce metalli
aemula vicinis fastigia conserit astris;
quae septem scopulis zonas imitatur Olympi;
armorum legumque parens quae fundit in omnes
imperium primique dedit cunabula iuris.
haec est exiguis quae finibus orta tetendit
in geminos axes parvae a sede profecta
dispersit cum sole manus. haec obvia fati
inmunera uno gereret cum tempore pugas,
Hispanas caperet, Siculas obsideret urbes
et Gallum terris prosterneret, aequore Poenum,
numquam succubuit damnis et territa nullo
vulnere post Cannas maior Trebiamque fremebat
et, cum iam premerent flammae murumque feriret
hostis, in extremos aciem mittebat Hiberos
nec stetit Oceano remisque ingressa profundum
vincendos alio quaesivit in orbe Britannos.
haec est in gremium victos quae sola recepit
humanumque genus communi nomine fovit
matris, non dominae ritu, civesque vocavit
quos domuit nexu pio longinqua revinxit.
huius pacificis debemus moribus omnes,
quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes;
quod sedem mutare licet; quod cernere Thylen
lulus et horrendos quondam penetrare recessus;
quod bibimus passim Rhodanum, potamus Orontem;
quod cuncti gens una sumus. nec terminus umquam
Romanae ditionis erit, nam cetera regna
luxuries vitiis odiisque superbia vertit:
sic male sublimes fregit Spartanus Athenas
atque idem Thebis cecidit; sic Medus ademit
Assyrio Medoque tulit moderamina Perses;
subiecit Persen macedo, cessurus et ipse
Romanis. haec auguriis firmata Sibyllae,
haec sacris animata Numae. huic fulmina vibrat
Iuppiter; hanc tota Tritonia Gorgone velat.

arcanas huc Vesta faces, huc orgia Bacchus
transtulit et Phrygios genetrix turrita leones;
huc defensurus morbos Epidaurius hospes
reptavit placido tractu, vectumque per undas
insula Paeonium texit Tiberina draconem.

Hanc tu cum superis, Stilicho praeclare, tueris,
protegis hanc clipeo patriam regumque ducumque
praecipueque tuam. dedit haec exordia lucis
Eucherio puerumque ferens hic regia mater
Augusto monstravit avo; laetatus at ille
sustulit in Tyria reptantem veste nepotem,
Romaque venturi gaudebat praescia fati,
quod te iam tanto meruisset pignore civem.

Nec tamen ingratum nec, qui benefacta referre
nesciat, hunc credas populum. si volvere priscos
annales libeat: quotiens hic proelia sumpsit
pro sociis! quotiens dono concessit amicis
regibus Ausonio quaesitas sanguine terras!
publica sed numquam tanto se gratia fudit
adsensu: quis enim princeps non omnibus egit
obsequiis dominum sese patremque vocari,
quod tibi continuis resonant convexa diebus?
macte novis consul titulis! Mavortia plebes
te dominum Bruto non indignante fatetur
et, quod adhuc nullo potuit terrore coacta
libertas Romana pati, Stilichonis amor
detulit. exultant avidi, quocumque decorus
conspiciare loco, nomenque ad sidera tollunt
nec vaga dilecto satiantur lumina vultu:
seu circum trabeis fulgentibus aureus intres,
seu celebres ludos, solio seu fultus eburno
cingas iure forum, denso seu turbine vulgi
circumfusa tuae conscendant rostra secures.

Quae vero procerum voces, quam certa fuere
gaudia, cum totis exurgens ardua pennis
ipsa duci sacras Victoria panderet aedes!
o palma viridi gaudens et amica tropaeis
custos imperii virgo, quae sola mederis
vulneribus nullumque doces sentire laborem,
seu tibi Dictaeae placuerunt astra Coronae
seu magis aestivo sedes vicina Leoni,
seu sceptrum sublime Iovis seu Palladis ambis

aegida, seu fessi mulces suspiria Martis,
adsis perpetuum Latio votisque senatus
adnue, diva, tui. Stilicho tua saepius ornet
limina teque simul rediens in castra reducat.
hunc bellis comitare favens, hunc redde togatum
consiliiis. semper placidis te moribus egit
servavitque piam victis nec polluit umquam
laurum saevitia. cives nec fronte superba
despicit aut trepidam vexat legionibus urbem;
sed verus patriae consul cessantibus armis
contentus lictore venit nec inutile quaerit
ferri praesidium solo munitus amore.

Magnarum nec parcus opum geminare profundas
distulit impensas, sed post miracula castris
edita vel genero Romae maiora reservat.
auratos Rhodiis imbres nascente Minerva
indulsisse Iovem perhibent, Bacchoque paternum
iam pulsante femur mutatus palluit Hermus
in pretium, votique famem passurus avari
ditabat rutilo quidquid Mida tangeret auro;
fabula seu verum canitur: tua copia vicit
fontem Hermi tactumque Midae pluviamque Tonantis.
obscurat veteres obscurabitque futuros
par donis dedit armisque manus: si solveret ignis
quot dedit inmanes vili pro pondere massas
argenti, potuere lacus et flumina fundi.

Nec tibi, quae pariter silvis dominaris et astris,
exiguam Stilicho movit, Latonia, curam:
tu quoque nobilibus spectacula nostra laboras
inlustrare feris summoque in vertice rupis
Alpinae socias arcu cessante pudicas
et pharetratarum comitum inviolabile cogis
concilium. veniunt umeros et brachia nuda
armataeque manus iaculis et terga sagittis,
incomptae pulchraeque tamen; sudoribus ora
pulverulenta rubent, sexum nec cruda fatetur
virginitas; sine lege comae; duo cingula vestem
crure tenus pendere vetant. praecedi amicas
flava Leontodame, sequitur nutrita Lycae
Nebrophone telisque domat quae Maenala Thero.
igneae Cretaea properat Britomartis ab Ida
et cursu Zephyris numquam cessura Lycaste.
iungunt se geminae metuenda feris Hecaërgae

et soror, optatum numen venantibus, Opis
progenitae Scythia: divas nemorumque potentes
fecit Hyperboreis Delos praelata pruinis.
hae septem venere duces; exercitus alter
Nympharum incedunt, acies formosa Dianae,
centum Taygeti, centum de vertice Cynthi
et totidem casto genuit quas flumine Ladon.
has ubi collectas vidit, sic Delia coepit:

“O sociae, mecum thalami quae iure perosae
virgineo gelidos percurritis agmine montes,
cernitis ut Latio superi communibus orment
hunc annum studiis? quantos Neptunus equorum
donet ab orbe greges? laudi quod nulla canendae
fratris plectra vacent? nostram quoque sentiat idem
quam meritis debemus opem. non spicula poscit
iste labor; maneant clausis nunc sicca pharetris,
omnis et a solitis noster venatibus arcus
temperet; in solam cruor hic servetur harenam.
retibus et clatris dilata morte tenendae
ducendaeque ferae. cupidus arcete sagittas;
consulis in plausum casuris parcite monstris.
acceleret divisa manus: mihi cursus anhelas
tenditur ad Syrtes, mecum Dictynna Lycaste
et comes Opis eat; steriles iuvat ire per aestus;
namque feras aliis tellus Maurusia donum
praebuit, huic soli debet sed victa tributum.
dum nos horribiles Libyae scrutamur alumnos,
Europae vos interea perquirite saltus
et scopulos. posita ludat formidine pastor
securisque canat Stilichonem fistula silvis.
pacet muneribus montesque legibus urbes.”

Dixit et extemplo frondos fertur ab Alpe
trans pelagus; cervi currum subiere iugales,
quos decus esse deae primi sub limine caeli
roscida fecundis concepit Luna cavernis:
par nitor intactis nivibus; frons discolor auro
germinat et spatio summas aequantia fagos
cornua ramoso surgunt procera metallo.
Opis frena tenet, fert retia rara Lycaste
auratasque plagas, immortalesque Molossi
latrantes mediis circum iuga nubibus ibant.
quinque aliae paribus (Phoebe sic iusserat) armis
diversa regione ruunt ducitque cohortem

quaeque suam. variae formis et gente sequuntur
ingenioque canes. illae gravioribus aptae
morsibus, hae pedibus celeres, hae nare sagaces,
hirsutaeque fremunt Cressae tenuesque Lacaenae
magnaque taurorum fracturae colla Britannae.
Dalmatiae lucos abruptaque brachia Pindi
sparsa comam Britomartis agit. tu Gallica cingis
lustra, Leontodame, Germanorumque paludes
eruis et si quis defensus harundine Rheni
vastus aper nimio dentes curvaverat aevo.
nubiferas Alpes Appenninique recessus
Garganique nives Hecaerge prompta fatigat.
speluncas canibus Thero rimatur Hiberas
informesque cavis ursos detrudit ab antris,
quorum saepe Tagus manantes sanguine rictus
non satiavit aquis et quos iam frigore segnes
Pyrenaea tegit latebrosis frondibus ilex.
Cyrnaeis Siculisque iugis venata virago
Nebrophone cervos aliasque in vincula cogit
non saevas pecudes, sed luxuriantes harenae
delicias, pompam nemorum.

Quodcumque tremendum

dentibus aut insigne iubis aut nobile cornu
aut rigidum saetis, capitur decus omne timorque
silvarum. non cauta latent, non mole resistunt
fortia, non volucris fugiunt perniciosa cursu.
hac laqueis innexa gemunt; haec clausa feruntur
ilignis domibus fabri nec tigna polire
sufficiunt; rudibus fagis texuntur et ornis
frondentes caveae. ratibus pars ibat onustis
per freta vel fluvios: exanguis dextera torpet
remigis et propriam metuebat navita mercem.
per terram pars ducta rotis, longoque morantur
ordine plaustra vias montanis plena triumphis
et fera sollicitis vehitur captiva iuvencis,
explebat quibus ante famem, quotiensque reflexi
conspexere boves, pavidi temone recedunt.

Iamque pererratis Libyae flagrantibus oris
legerat eximios Phoebi germana leones,
Hesperidas qui saepe fugant ventoque citatis
terrificant Atlanta iubis armentaque longe
vastant Aethiopum quorumque impune fragosa
murmura pastorum numquam venere per aures.

non illos taedae ardentis, non strata superne
lapsuro virgulta solo, non vocibus haedi
pendentis stimulata fames, non fossa fefellit;
ultra se voluere capi gaudentque videri
tantae praeda deae. respirant pascua tandem;
agricolae reserant iam tuta mapalia Mauri.
tum virides pardos et cetera colligit Austri
prodigia inmanesque simul Latonia dentes,
qui secti ferro in tabulas auroque micantes
inscripti rutilum caelato consule nomen
per proceres et vulgus eant. stupor omnibus Indis
plurimus ereptis elephas inglorius errat
dentibus: insedit nigra cervice gementum
et fixum dea quassat ebur penitusque cruentis
stirpibus avulsis patulos exarmat hiatus.
ipsos quin etiam nobis miracula vellet
ducere: sed pigra cunctari mole veretur.

Tyrrhenas fetus Libycos amplexa per undas
classis torva sonat, caudamque in puppe retorquem
ad proram iacet usque leo: vix subleuat unum
tarda ratis! fremitus stagnis auditur in imis
cunctaque prosiliunt cete terrenaque Nereus
confert monstra suis et non aequare fatetur.
aequora sic victor quotiens per rubra Lyaeus
navigat, intorquet clavum Silenus et acres
adsudant tonsis Satyri taurinaque pulsu
Baccharum Bromios invitant tympana remos:
transtra ligant hederarum, malum circumflua vestit
pampinus, antennae inlabitur ebria serpens,
perque mero madidos currunt saliuntque rudentes
lynxes et insolitae mirantur carbasa tigres.

Panegyric on the Sixth Consulship of the Emperor Honorius

PREFACE.

(XXVII)

Maior Scipiades, Italis qui solus ab oris
in proprium vertit Punica bella caput,
non sine Pieriis exercuit artibus arma:
semper erat vatium maxima cura duci.
gaudet enim virtus testes sibi iungere Musas;
carmen amat quisquis carmine digna gerit.
ergo seu patriis primaevus manibus ultor
subderet Hispanum legibus Oceanum,
seu Tyrias certa fracturus cuspide vires
inferret Libyco signa tremenda mari,
haerebat doctus lateri castrisque solebat
omnibus in medias Ennius ire tubas.
illi post lituos pedites favere canenti
laudavitque nova caede cruentus eques.
cumque triumpharet gemina Carthagine victa
(hanc vindex patri vicerat, hanc patriae),
cum longi Libyam tandem post funera belli
ante suas maestam cogeret ire rotas:
advexit reduces secum Victoria Musas
et sertum vati Martia laurus erat.
Noster Scipiades Stilicho, quo concidit alter
Hannibal antiquo saevior Hannibale,
te mihi post quintos annorum Roma recursus
reddidit et votis iussit adesse suis.

PANEGYRIC.

Quem populi plausu, procerum quem voce petebas,
adspice, Roma, virum. iam tempora desine longae
dinumerare viae visoque adsurgere semper
pulvere: non dubiis ultra torquebere votis.
totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim,
spe maior, fama melior. venerare curulem,
quae tibi restituit fasces; complectere dextram,
sub iuga quae Poenos iterum Romana redegit.
excipe magnanimum pectus, quo frena reguntur
imperii, cuius libratur sensibus orbis.
os sacrum, quod in aere colis, miraris in auro,
cerne libens: hic est felix bellator ubique,
defensor Libyae, Rheni pacator et Histri.

Ostentare suos prisco si more labores
et gentes cuperet vulgo monstrare subactas,
certassent utroque pares a cardine laurus:
haec Alamannorum spoliis, Australibus illa
ditior exuviis; illinc flavente Sygambri
caesarie, nigris hinc Mauri crinibus irent.
ipse albis veheretur equis currumque secutus
laurigerum festo fremuisset carmine miles.
hi famulos traherent reges; hi facta metallo
oppida vel montes captivaeque flumina ferrent.
hinc Libyci fractis lugerent cornibus amnes;
inde catenato gemeret Germania Rheno.
sed non inmodicus proprii iactator honoris
consul, Roma, tuus. non illum praemia tantum
quam labor ipse iuvat; strepitus fastidit inanes
inque animis hominum pompa meliore triumphat.

Non alium certe Romanae clarius arces
suscepere ducem, nec cum cedente rediret
Fabricius Pyrrho nec cum Capitolia curru
Pellaeae domitor Paullus conscenderet aulae.
nec similis Laias patefecit gloria portas
post Numidas Mario, post classica Martis Eoi
Pompeio. nulli pars aemula defuit umquam,
quae gravis obstreperet laudi, stimulisque malignis
facta sequebatur quamvis ingentia livor:
solus hic invidiae fines virtute reliquit
humanumque modum. quis enim livescere possit,

quod numquam pereant stellae? quod Iuppiter olim
possideat caelum? quod noverit omnia Phoebus?
est aliquod meriti spatium, quod nulla furentis
invidiae mensura capit. ductoribus illis
praeterea diversus erat favor: aequior ille
patribus invisus plebi; popularibus illi
munto studiis languebat gratia patrum.
omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
ordinibus; laetatur eques plauditque senator
votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.

O felix servata vocat quem Roma parentem!
o mundi communis amor, cui militat omnis
Gallia, quem regum thalamis Hispania nectit,
cuius et adventum crebris petiere Quirites
vobis et genero meruit praestante senatus!
non sic virginibus flores, non frugibus imbres,
prospera non fessis optantur flamina nautis,
ut tuus adspectus populo. quae numine tanto
litora fatidicas attollunt Delia laurus,
venturi quotiens adfulsit Apollinis arcus?
quae sic aurifero Pactoli fonte tumescit
Lydia, cum domitis adparuit Euhius Indis?
nonne vides et plebe vias et tecta latere
matribus? his, Stilicho, cunctis inopina reluxit
te victore salus! septem circumspice montes,
qui solis radios auri fulgore lacessunt,
indutosque arcus spoliis aequataque templa
nubibus et quidquid tanti struxere triumphi.
quantum profueris, quantam servaveris urbem,
attonitis metire oculis. haec fabula certe
cuncta forent, si Poenus adhuc incumberet Austro.

Mos erat in veterum castris, ut tempora quercu
velaret, validis fuso qui viribus hoste
casurum potuit morti subducere civem.
at tibi quae poterit pro tantis civica reddi
moenibus? aut quantae pensabunt facta coronae?
nec solam populi vitam debere fatetur
armis Roma tuis; sed, quo iucundior esset
lucis honoratae fructus, venerabile famae
pondus et amissas vires et regna recepit.
iam non praetumidi supplex Orientis ademptam
legatis poscit Libyam famulosve precatur
(dictu turpe) suos: sed robore freta Gabino

te duce Romana tandem se vindicat ira.
ipsos iubet signis bellaturoque togatus
imperat et spectant aquilae decreta senatus.
ipsa tibi trabeas ultro dedit, ipsa curulem
obtulit ultori fastosque ornare coëgit.

Nil perdit decoris prisci nec libera quaerit
saecula, cum donet fascēs, cum proelia mandet;
seque etiam crevisse videt. quis Gallica rura,
quis meminit Latio Senonum servisse ligones?
aut quibus exemplis fecunda Thybris ab Arcto
vexit Lingonico sudatas vomere messes?
illa seges non auxilium modo praebuit urbi,
sed fuit indicio, quantum tibi, Roma, liceret:
admonuit dominae gentes instarque tropaei
rettulit ignotum gelidis vectigal ab oris.

Hoc quoque maiestas augescit plena Quirini,
rectores Libyae populo quod iudice pallent
et post emeritas moderator quisque secures
discrimen letale subit, quid Poenus arator
intulerit, madidus quantum transmiserit Auster.
ardua qui late terris responsa dedere,
hic trepidant humiles; tremuit quos Africa nuper,
cernunt rostra reos. canī virtutibus aevi
materiam pandit Stilicho populumque vetusti
culminis inmemorem dominandi rursus in usum
excitat, ut magnos calcet metuendus honores,
pendat iustitia crimen, pietate remittat
errorem purosque probet damnetque nocentes

et patrias iterum clemens exerceat artes.
Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credit
servitium. numquam libertas gratior extat
quam sub rege pio. quos praeficit ipse regendis
rebus, ad arbitrium plebis patrumque reducit
conceditque libens, meritis seu praemia poscant
seu punire velint. posito iam purpura fastu
de se iudicium non indignatur haberi.
sic docuit regnare socer, sic cauta iuventae
frena dedit, teneros sic moribus induit annos
verior Augusti genitor, fiducia belli,
pacis consilium: per quem squalore remoto
pristina Romuleis infloruit artibus aetas,
per quem fracta diu translataque paene potestas

non oblita sui servilibus exulat arvis,
in proprium sed ducta larem victricia reddit
fata solo fruiturque iterum, quibus haeserat olim,
auspiciis capitique errantia membra reponit.

Proxime dis consul, tantae qui prospicis urbi,
qua nihil in terris complectitur altius aether,
cuius nec spatium visus nec corda decorem
nec laudem vox ulla capit; quae luce metalli
aemula vicinis fastigia conserit astris;
quae septem scopulis zonas imitatur Olympi;
armorum legumque parens quae fundit in omnes
imperium primique dedit cunabula iuris.
haec est exiguis quae finibus orta tetendit
in geminos axes parvaeque a sede profecta
dispersit cum sole manus. haec obvia fati
inmunera uno gereret cum tempore pugnans,
Hispanas caperet, Siculas obsideret urbes
et Gallum terris prosterneret, aequore Poenum,
numquam succubuit damnis et territa nullo
vulnere post Cannas maior Trebiamque fremebat
et, cum iam premerent flammae murumque feriret
hostis, in extremos aciem mittebat Hiberos
nec stetit Oceano remisque ingressa profundum
vincendos alio quaesivit in orbe Britannos.
haec est in gremium victos quae sola recepit
humanumque genus communi nomine fovit
matris, non dominae ritu, civesque vocavit
quos domuit nexu pio longinqua revinxit.
huius pacificis debemus moribus omnes,
quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes;
quod sedem mutare licet; quod cernere Thylen
lulus et horrendos quondam penetrare recessus;
quod bibimus passim Rhodanum, potamus Orontem;
quod cuncti gens una sumus. nec terminus umquam
Romanae ditionis erit, nam cetera regna
luxuries vitiis odiisque superbia vertit:
sic male sublimes fregit Spartanus Athenas
atque idem Thebis cecidit; sic Medus ademit
Assyrio Medoque tulit moderamina Perses;
subiecit Persen macedo, cessurus et ipse
Romanis. haec auguriis firmata Sibyllae,
haec sacris animata Numae. huic fulmina vibrat
Iuppiter; hanc tota Tritonia Gorgone velat.

arcanas huc Vesta faces, huc orgia Bacchus
transtulit et Phrygios genetrix turrita leones;
huc defensurus morbos Epidaurius hospes
reptavit placido tractu, vectumque per undas
insula Paeonium texit Tiberina draconem.

Hanc tu cum superis, Stilicho praeclare, tueris,
protegis hanc clipeo patriam regumque ducumque
praecipueque tuam. dedit haec exordia lucis
Eucherio puerumque ferens hic regia mater
Augusto monstravit avo; laetatus at ille
sustulit in Tyria reptantem veste nepotem,
Romaque venturi gaudebat praescia fati,
quod te iam tanto meruisset pignore civem.

Nec tamen ingratum nec, qui benefacta referre
nesciat, hunc credas populum. si volvere priscos
annales libeat: quotiens hic proelia sumpsit
pro sociis! quotiens dono concessit amicis
regibus Ausonio quaesitas sanguine terras!
publica sed numquam tanto se gratia fudit
adsensu: quis enim princeps non omnibus egit
obsequiis dominum sese patremque vocari,
quod tibi continuis resonant convexa diebus?
macte novis consul titulis! Mavortia plebes
te dominum Bruto non indignante fatetur
et, quod adhuc nullo potuit terrore coacta
libertas Romana pati, Stilichonis amor
detulit. exultant avidi, quocumque decorus
conspiciare loco, nomenque ad sidera tollunt
nec vaga dilecto satiantur lumina vultu:
seu circum trabeis fulgentibus aureus intres,
seu celebres ludos, solio seu fultus eburno
cingas iure forum, denso seu turbine vulgi
circumfusa tuae conscendant rostra secures.

Quae vero procerum voces, quam certa fuere
gaudia, cum totis exurgens ardua pennis
ipsa duci sacras Victoria panderet aedes!
o palma viridi gaudens et amica tropaeis
custos imperii virgo, quae sola mederis
vulneribus nullumque doces sentire laborem,
seu tibi Dictaeae placuerunt astra Coronae
seu magis aestivo sedes vicina Leoni,
seu sceptrum sublime Iovis seu Palladis ambis

aegida, seu fessi mulces suspiria Martis,
adsis perpetuum Latio votisque senatus
adnue, diva, tui. Stilicho tua saepius ornet
limina teque simul rediens in castra reducat.
hunc bellis comitare favens, hunc redde togatum
consiliiis. semper placidis te moribus egit
servavitque piam victis nec polluit umquam
laurum saevitia. cives nec fronte superba
despicit aut trepidam vexat legionibus urbem;
sed verus patriae consul cessantibus armis
contentus lictore venit nec inutile quaerit
ferri praesidium solo munitus amore.

Magnarum nec parcus opum geminare profundas
distulit impensas, sed post miracula castris
edita vel genero Romae maiora reservat.
auratos Rhodiis imbres nascente Minerva
indulsisse Iovem perhibent, Bacchoque paternum
iam pulsante femur mutatus palluit Hermus
in pretium, votique famem passurus avari
ditabat rutilo quidquid Mida tangeret auro;
fabula seu verum canitur: tua copia vicit
fontem Hermi tactumque Midae pluviamque Tonantis.
obscurat veteres obscurabitque futuros
par donis dedit armisque manus: si solveret ignis
quot dedit inmanes vili pro pondere massas
argenti, potuere lacus et flumina fundi.

Nec tibi, quae pariter silvis dominaris et astris,
exiguam Stilicho movit, Latonia, curam:
tu quoque nobilibus spectacula nostra laboras
inlustrare feris summoque in vertice rupis
Alpinae socias arcu cessante pudicas
et pharetratarum comitum inviolabile cogis
concilium. veniunt umeros et brachia nuda
armataeque manus iaculis et terga sagittis,
incomptae pulchraeque tamen; sudoribus ora
pulverulenta rubent, sexum nec cruda fatetur
virginitas; sine lege comae; duo cingula vestem
crure tenus pendere vetant. praecedi amicas
flava Leontodame, sequitur nutrita Lycaeo
Nebrophone telisque domat quae Maenala Thero.
igneae Cretaea properat Britomartis ab Ida
et cursu Zephyris numquam cessura Lycaste.
iungunt se geminae metuenda feris Hecaërgae

et soror, optatum numen venantibus, Opis
progenitae Scythia: divas nemorumque potentes
fecit Hyperboreis Delos praelata pruinis.
hae septem venere duces; exercitus alter
Nympharum incedunt, acies formosa Dianae,
centum Taygeti, centum de vertice Cynthi
et totidem casto genuit quas flumine Ladon.
has ubi collectas vidit, sic Delia coepit:

“O sociae, mecum thalami quae iure perosae
virgineo gelidos percurritis agmine montes,
cernitis ut Latio superi communibus orment
hunc annum studiis? quantos Neptunus equorum
donet ab orbe greges? laudi quod nulla canendae
fratris plectra vacent? nostram quoque sentiat idem
quam meritis debemus opem. non spicula poscit
iste labor; maneant clausis nunc sicca pharetris,
omnis et a solitis noster venatibus arcus
temperet; in solam cruor hic servetur harenam.
retibus et clatris dilata morte tenendae
ducendaeque ferae. cupidus arcete sagittas;
consulis in plausum casuris parcite monstris.
acceleret divisa manus: mihi cursus anhelas
tenditur ad Syrtes, mecum Dictynna Lycaste
et comes Opis eat; steriles iuvat ire per aestus;
namque feras aliis tellus Maurusia donum
praebuit, huic soli debet sed victa tributum.
dum nos horribiles Libyae scrutamur alumnos,
Europae vos interea perquirite saltus
et scopulos. posita ludat formidine pastor
securisque canat Stilichonem fistula silvis.
pacet muneribus montesque legibus urbes.”

Dixit et extemplo frondos fertur ab Alpe
trans pelagus; cervi currum subiere iugales,
quos decus esse deae primi sub limine caeli
roscida fecundis concepit Luna cavernis:
par nitor intactis nivibus; frons discolor auro
germinat et spatio summas aequantia fagos
cornua ramoso surgunt procera metallo.
Opis frena tenet, fert retia rara Lycaste
auratasque plagas, immortalesque Molossi
latrantes mediis circum iuga nubibus ibant.
quinque aliae paribus (Phoebe sic iusserat) armis
diversa regione ruunt ducitque cohortem

quaeque suam. variae formis et gente sequuntur
ingenioque canes. illae gravioribus aptae
morsibus, hae pedibus celeres, hae nare sagaces,
hirsutaeque fremunt Cressae tenuesque Lacaenae
magnaque taurorum fracturae colla Britannae.
Dalmatiae lucos abruptaque brachia Pindi
sparsa comam Britomartis agit. tu Gallica cingis
lustra, Leontodame, Germanorumque paludes
eruis et si quis defensus harundine Rheni
vastus aper nimio dentes curvaverat aevo.
nubiferas Alpes Appenninique recessus
Garganique nives Hecaerge prompta fatigat.
speluncas canibus Thero rimatur Hiberas
informesque cavis ursos detrudit ab antris,
quorum saepe Tagus manantes sanguine rictus
non satiavit aquis et quos iam frigore segnes
Pyrenaea tegit latebrosis frondibus ilex.
Cyrnaeis Siculisque iugis venata virago
Nebrophone cervos aliasque in vincula cogit
non saevas pecudes, sed luxuriantes harenae
delicias, pompam nemorum.

Quodcumque tremendum

dentibus aut insigne iubis aut nobile cornu
aut rigidum saetis, capitur decus omne timorque
silvarum. non cauta latent, non mole resistunt
fortia, non volucris fugiunt pernicia cursu.
hac laqueis innexa gemunt; haec clausa feruntur
ilignis domibus fabri nec tigna polire
sufficiunt; rudibus fagis texuntur et ornis
frondentes caveae. ratibus pars ibat onustis
per freta vel fluvios: exanguis dextera torpet
remigis et propriam metuebat navita mercem.
per terram pars ducta rotis, longoque morantur
ordine plaustra vias montanis plena triumphis
et fera sollicitis vehitur captiva iuvencis,
explebat quibus ante famem, quotiensque reflexi
conspexere boves, pavidi temone recedunt.

Iamque pererratis Libyae flagrantibus oris
legerat eximios Phoebi germana leones,
Hesperidas qui saepe fugant ventoque citatis
terrificant Atlanta iubis armentaque longe
vastant Aethiopum quorumque impune fragosa
murmura pastorum numquam venere per aures.

non illos taedae ardentis, non strata superne
lapsuro virgulta solo, non vocibus haedi
pendentis stimulata fames, non fossa fefellit;
ultra se voluere capi gaudentque videri
tantae praeda deae. respirant pascua tandem;
agricolae reserant iam tuta mapalia Mauri.
tum virides pardos et cetera colligit Austri
prodigia inmanesque simul Latonia dentes,
qui secti ferro in tabulas auroque micantes
inscripti rutilum caelato consule nomen
per proceres et vulgus eant. stupor omnibus Indis
plurimus ereptis elephas inglorius errat
dentibus: insedit nigra cervice gementum
et fixum dea quassat ebur penitusque cruentis
stirpibus avulsis patulos exarmat hiatus.
ipsos quin etiam nobis miracula vellet
ducere: sed pigra cunctari mole veretur.

Tyrrhenas fetus Libycos amplexa per undas
classis torva sonat, caudamque in puppe retorquem
ad proram iacet usque leo: vix subleuat unum
tarda ratis! fremitus stagnis auditur in imis
cunctaque prosiliunt cete terrenaque Nereus
confert monstra suis et non aequare fatetur.
aequora sic victor quotiens per rubra Lyaeus
navigat, intorquet clavum Silenus et acres
adsudant tonsis Satyri taurinaque pulsu
Baccharum Bromios invitant tympana remos:
transtra ligant hederarum, malum circumflua vestit
pampinus, antennis inlabitur ebria serpens,
perque mero madidos currunt saliuntque rudentes
lynxes et insolitae mirantur carbasa tigres.

The Gothic War

Post resides annos longo velut excita somno
Romanis fruitur nostra Thalia choris.
optatos renovant eadem mihi culmina coetus,
personat et noto Pythia vate domus:
consulis hic fasces cecini Libyamque receptam,
hic mihi prostratis bella canenda Getis.

Sed prior effigiem tribuit successus aënam,
oraeque patricius nostra dicavit honos;
adnuit hic princeps titulum poscente senatu;
respice iudicium quam grave, Musa, subis!
ingenio minuit merces properata favorem:
carminibus veniam praemia tanta negant;
et magis intento studium censore laborat,
quod legimur medio conspicimurque foro.

Materies tamen ipsa iuvat solitumque timorem
dicturo magna sedula parte levat.
nam mihi conciliat gratas impensius aures
vel meritum belli vel Stilichonis amor.

XXVI

Intacti cum claustra freti, coëuntibus aequor
armatum scopulis, audax inrumperet Argo
Aetam Colchosque petens, propiore periclo
omnibus attonitis, solus post numina Tiphys
incolumem tenui damno servasse carinam
fertur et ancipitem montis vitasse ruinam
deceptoque vagae concursu rupis in altum
victricem duxisse ratem; stupuere superbae
arte viri domitae Symplegades et nova passae
iura soli cunctis faciles iam puppibus haerent,
ut vinci didicere semel. quodsi ardua Tiphyn
navis ob innocuae meritum sic gloria vexit,
quae tibi pro tanti pulso discrimine regni
sufficient laudes, Stilicho? licet omnia vates
in maius celebrata ferant ipsamque secandis
Argois trabibus iactent sudasse Minervam
nec nemoris muti iunxisse carentia sensu
robor, sed caeso Tomari Iovis augure luco
arbore praesaga tabulas animasse loquaces.
plurima sed quamvis variis miracula monstribus

ingeminent, teneras victuri carmine mentes,
Harpyiasque truces insopitisque refusum
tractibus aurati custodem velleris anguem
et iuga taurorum rapidis ambusta favillis
et virides galeis sulcos fetasque novales
Martis et in segetem crescentis semina belli:
nil veris aequale dabunt. prohibere rapaces
scilicet Harpyias unaque excludere mensa
nobilior titulus, quam tot potuisse paratas
in Latii praedam Geticas avertere fauces?
anne ego terrigenas potius mirabor in ipsis
procubuisse satis, vitae quibus attulit idem
principium finemque dies, quam caesa Getarum
agmina, quos tantis aluit Bellona tropaeis
totaque sub galeis Mavortia canuit aetas?

Per te namque unum mediis exuta tenebris
imperio sua forma redit, claustrisque solutae
tristibus exangues audent procedere leges.
iamque potestates priscus discriminat ordo
iustitiae, quas ante pares effecerat una
nube timor. tua nos urgenti dextra leto
eripuit, tectisque suis redduntur et agris
damnati fato populi, virtute renati.
iam non in pecorum morem formidine clausi
prospicimus saevos campis ardentibus ignes
alta nec incertis metimur flumina votis
excidio latura moram nec poscimus amnes
undosam servare fidem nubesque fugaces
aut coniuratum querimur splendere serenum.

Ipsa quoque internis furiis exercita plebis
securas iam Roma leva tranquillior arces;
surge, precor, veneranda parens, et certa secundis
fide deis, humilemque metum depone senectae.
urbs aequaeva polo, tum demum ferrea sumet
ius in te Lachesis, cum sic mutaverit axem
foederibus natura novis, ut flumine verso
inriget Aegyptum Tanais, Maeotida Nilus,
Eurus ab occasu, Zephyrus se promat ab Indis
Caucasiisque iugis calido nigrantibus Austro
Gaetulas Aquilo glacie constringat harenas.

Fatales hucusque manus, crebrisque notatae
prodigiis abiere minae. nec sidera pacem

semper habent, ipsumque Iovem turbante Typhoeo,
si fas est, tremuisse ferunt, cum brachia centum
montibus armaret totidem spiramque retorquens
lamberet attonitas erectis anguibus Arctos.
quid mirum, si regna labor mortalia vexat,
cum gemini fratres, genuit quos asper Aloeus,
Martem subdiderint vinclis et in astra negatas
temptarint munire vias steteritque revulsis
paene tribus scopulis caelesti machina bello?
sed caret eventu nimius furor; improba numquam
spes laetata diu, nec pervenere iuventae
robur Aloidae, dum vellere Pelion Otus
nititur, occubuit Phoebo, moriensque Ephialtes
in latus obliquam proiecit languidus Ossam.

Adspice, Roma, tuum iam vertice celsior hostem,
adspice quam rarum referens inglorius agmen
Italia detrusus eat quantumque priori
dissimilis, qui cuncta sibi cessura ruenti
pollicitus patrii numen iuraverat Histri
non nisi calcatis loricam ponere rostris.
o rerum fatique vices! qui foeda parabat
Romanas ad stupra nurus, sua pignora vidit
coniugibus permixta trahi; qui mente profundas
hauserat urbis opes, ultro victoribus ipse
praeda fuit; nostri quondam qui militis auro
adgressus temptare fidem, desertus ab omni
gente sua manibusque redit truncatus et armis.

Hoc quoque, quod veniam leti valere mereri,
si positis pendas odiis, ignoscere pulchrum
iam misero poenaeque genus vidisse precantem.
quae vindicta prior quam cum formido superbos
flectit et adsuetum spoliis adfligit egestas?
sed magis ex aliis fluxit clementia causis,
consulitur dum, Roma, tibi. tua cura coëgit
inclusis aperire fugam, ne peior in arto
saeviret rabies venturae conscia mortis;
nec tanti nomen stirpemque abolere Getarum,
ut propius peterere, fuit. procul arceat altus
Iuppiter, ut delubra Numae sedesque Quirini
barbaries oculis saltem temerare profanis
possit et arcanum tanti deprendere regni.

Quamquam, si veterum certamina rite recordor,
tunc etiam, pulchra cum libertate vigerent

et proprio late florent milite patres,
semper ab his famae petiere insignia bellis,
quae diversa procul tuto trans aequora vires
exercere dabant: currus regumque catenae
inter abundantis fati ludibria ductae.
at vero Italiam quotiens circumstetit atrox
tempestas ipsumque caput laesura pependit,
non illis vani ratio ventosa furoris,
sed graviter spectata salus ductorque placebat,
non qui praecipiti traheret semel omnia casu,
sed qui maturo vel laeta vel aspera rerum
consilio momenta regens, nec tristibus impar
nec pro successu nimius, spatiumque morandi
vincendique modum mutatis nosset habenis.
cautius ingentes morbos et proxima cordi
ulcera Paeoniae tractat sollertia curae
parcendoque secat, ferro ne largius acto
inrevocandus eat sectis vitalibus error.

Sublimi certe Curium canit ore vetustas,
Aeaciden Italo pepulit qui litore Pyrrhum,
nec magis insignis Pauli Mariique triumphus,
qui captos niveis reges egere quadrigis;
plus fuga laudatur Pyrrhi quam vincla Iugurthae;
et, quamvis gemina fessum iam clade fugavit,
post Decii lituos et nulli pervia culpae
pectora Fabricii, donis invicta vel armis,
plena datur Curio pulsi victoria Pyrrhi.
quanto maius opus solo Stilichone peractum
cernimus! hic validam gentem, quam dura nivosis
educat Ursa plagis, non Chaonas atque Molossos,
quos Epirus alit, nec Dodonaea subegit
agmina fatidicam frustra iactantia quercum.

Primus fulmineum lento luctamine Poenum
compressit Fabius, campo post ausus aperto
Marcellus vinci docuit, sed tertia virtus
Scipiadae Latiis tandem deterruit oris.
unus in hoc Stilicho diversis artibus hoste
tris potuit complere duces fregitque furem
cunctando vicitque manu victumque relegat.

Atque haec tanta brevi. miscentem incendia Pyrrhum
sustinuit toto maerens Oenotria lustris,
et prope ter senas Itali per graminis herbas

Massylus Poeno sonipes vastante cucurrit
Hannibalemque senem vix ad sua reppulit arva
vindex sera patrum post bellum nata iuventus.
hic celer effecit, bruma ne longior una
esset hiems rerum, primis sed mensibus aestas
temperiem caelo pariter patriaeque referret.

Sed quid ego Hannibalem contra Pyrrhumque tot annis
certatum memorem, vilis cum Spartacus omne
per latus Italiae ferro bacchatus et igni
consulibusque palam totiens congressus inertes
exuerit castris dominos et strage pudenda
fuderit imbelles aquilas servilibus armis?
nos terrorum expers et luxu mollior aetas
deficimus queruli, si bos abductus aratro,
si libata seges. non hanc ergastula nobis
inmisere manum nec coniurantis harenae
turba fuit; qualem Stilicho deiecerit hostem,
Thraces et Haemonii poterunt Moesique fateri.

Frigida ter decies nudatum frondibus Haemum
tendit hiems vestire gelu totiensque solutis
ver nivibus viridem monti reparavit amictum,
ex quo iam patrios gens haec oblita Triones
atque Histrum transvecta semel vestigia fixit
Threicio funesta solo. seu fata vocabant
seu gravis ira deum, seriem meditata ruinis,
ex illo, quocumque vagos impegit Erinys,
grandinis aut morbi ritu per devia rerum,
praecipites per clausa ruunt, nec contigit ullis
amnibus aut scopulis proprias defendere terras.
nil Rhodope, nil vastus Athos, nil profuit Hebrus
Odrysiis; facili contemptum Strymona saltu
et frustra rapidum damnant Haliaemona Bessi.
nubibus intactum Macedo miratur Olympum
more pererratum campi; gemit inrita Tempe
Thessalus et domitis inrisam cautibus Oeten.
Sperchiusque et virginibus dilectus Enipeus
barbaricas lavere comas. non obice Pindi
servati Dryopes nec nubifer Actia textit
litora Leucates; ipsae, quae durius olim
restiterant Medis, primo conamine ruptae
Thermopylae; vallata mari Scironia rupes
et duo continuo conectens aequora muro
Isthmos et angusti patuerunt claustra Lechaei:

nec tibi Parrhasios licuit munire colonos
frondosis, Erymanthe, iugis, equitataque summi
culmina Taygeti trepidae vidistis Amyclae.

Tandem supplicium cunctis pro montibus Alpes
exegere Getas; tandem tot flumina victor
vindicat Eridanus. docuit nunc exitus alte
fatorum secreta regi. quisquamne reclusis
Alpibus ulterius Latii fore credidit umbram?
nonne velut capta rumor miserabilis urbe
trans freta, trans Gallos Pyrenaeumque cucurrit?
Famaque nigrantes succincta pavoribus alas
secum cuncta trahens a Gadibus usque Britannum
terrui Oceanum et nostro procul axe remotam
insolito belli tremefecit murmure Thylen?

Mandemusne Noti flabris quoscumque timores
pertulimus, festae doleant ne tristibus aures?
an potius meminisse iuvat semperque vicissim
gaudia praemissi cumulant inopina dolores?
utque sub occidua iactatis Pleiade nautis
commendat placidum maris inclementia portum,
sic mihi tunc maior Stilicho, cum laeta periclis
metior atque illi redeunt in corda tumultus.

Nonne videbantur, quamvis adamante rigentes,
turribus invalidis fragiles procumbere muri
ferrataeque Getis ultro se pandere portae?
nec vallum densaeque sudes arcere volantes
cornipedum saltus? iamiam conscendere puppes
Sardoniosque habitare sinus et inhospita Cyrni
saxa parant vitamque freto spumante tueri.
ipsa etiam diffisa brevi Trinacria ponto,
si rerum natura sinat, discedere longe
optat et Ionium refugo laxare Peloro.
fultaque despiciens auro laquearia dives
tutior Aeoliis mallet vixisse cavernis;
iamque oneri creduntur opes tandemque libido
haesit avaritiae gravioribus obruta curis.
utque est ingenioque loquax et plurima fingi
permittens credique timor, tunc somnia vulgo
narrari, tunc monstra deum monitusque sinistri:
quid meditentur aves, quid cum mortalibus aether
fulmineo velit igne loqui, quid carmine poscat
fatidico custos Romani carbasus aevi.

territat adsiduus lunae labor atraque Phoebe
noctibus aerisonas crebris ululata per urbes.
nec credunt vetito fraudatam Sole sororem
telluris subeunte globo, sed castra secutas
barbara Thessalidas patriis lunare venenis
incestare iubar. tunc anni signa prioris
et si quod fortasse quies neglexerat omen,
addit cura novis: lapidosos grandinis ictus
molitasque examen apes passimque crematas
perbacchata domos nullis incendia causis
et numquam caelo spectatum impune cometem,
qui primum roseo Phoebi prolatus ab ortu,
qua micat astrigera senior cum coniuge Cepheus;
inde Lycaoniam paulatim expulsus ad Arcton
crine vago Getici foedavit sidera Plaustri,
donec in exiguum moriens vanesceret ignem.

Sed gravius mentes caesorum ostenta luporum
horrificant. duo quippe lupi sub principis ora,
dum campis exercet equos, violenter adorti
agmen et excepti telis inmane relatu
prodigium miramque notam duxere futuri.
nam simul humano geminas de corpore palmas
utraque perfossis emisit belua costis:
illo laeva tremens, hoc dextera ventre latebat
intentis ambae digitis et sanguine vivo.
scrutari si vera velis, fera nuntia Martis
ora sub Augusti casurum prodidit hostem,
utque manus utero virides patuere relecto,
Romula post ruptas virtus sic emicat Alpes.
sed malus interpret rerum metus omne trahebat
augurium peiore via, truncataque membra
nutricemque lupam Romae regnoque minari.
tunc reputant annos interceptoque volatu
vulturis incidunt properatis saecula metis.

Solus erat Stilicho, qui desperantibus augur
sponderet meliora manu, dubiaeque salutis
dux idem vatesque fuit. “durate parumper”
inquit “et excussis muliebribus ore querellis
fatorum toleremus onus. nil nautica prosunt
turbatae lamenta rati nec segnibus undae
planctibus aut vanis mitescunt flamina votis.
nunc instare manu, toto nunc robore niti
communi pro luce decet: succurrere velis,

exhaurire fretum, varios aptare rudentes
omnibus et docti iussi parere magistri.
non, si perfida nacti penetrabile tempus
inrupere Getae, nostras dum Raetia vires
occupat atque alio desudant Marte cohortes,
idcirco spes omnis abit. mirabile posset
esse mihi, si fraude nova vel calle reperto
barbarus ignotas invaderet inscius Alpes;
nunc vero geminis clades repetita tyrannis
famosum vulgavit iter nec nota fefellit
semita praestructum bellis civilibus hostem.
per solitas venere vias, aditusque sequendos
barbarico Romana dedit discordia bello.

“Sed nec praeteritis haec res incognita saeculis:
saepe lacessitam, sed non impune, fatemur
Ausoniam. haec Senonum restinxit sanguine flammas,
haec et Teutonico quondam patefacta furori
colla catenati vidit squalentia Cimbri.
vile decus, quod non erexit praevius horror;
ingentes generant discrimina magna triumphos.

“Quid turpes iam mente fugas, quid Gallica rura
respicitis Latioque libet post terga relicto
longinquum profugis Ararim praecingere castris?
scilicet Arctois concessa gentibus urbe
considet regnum Rhodano capitique superstes
truncus erit? vestros stimulant si pignora sensus,
me quoque non impar naturae cura remordet,
nec ferro sic corda rigent ut nosse recusem
quam sanctum soceri nomen, quam dulce mariti,
quantus prolis amor. sed numquam oblita decoris
obscaenam latebram pietas ignava requiret.
nec vobis fortis monitor, mihi cautior uni:
hic coniunx, hic progenies, hic carior omni
luce gener; pars nulla mei subducta procellae.
accipe tu nostrae, tellus Oenotria, mentis
vincula communes tecum subeuntia casus,
exiguamque moram muris impende tuendis,
dum redeo lectum referens in classica robur.”

His dictis pavidi firmavit inertia vulgi
pectora migrantisque fugam compescuit aulae;
ausaque tum primum tenebris emergere pulsas
Hesperia, ut secum iunxisse pericula vidit

Augustum, tantoque sui stetit obside fati.
protinus, umbrosa vestit qua litus oliva
Larius et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu,
parva puppe lacum praetervolat; ocius inde
scandit inaccessos brumali sidere montes
nil hiemis caelive memor. sic ille relinquens
ieiunos antro catulos inmanior exit
hiberna sub nocte leo tacitusque per altas
incedit furiale nives; stant colla pruinis
aspera; flavescentes adstringit stiria saetas;
nec meminit leti nimbosve aut frigora curat,
dum natis alimenta parat.

Sublimis in Arcton
prominet Hercyniae confinis Raetia silvae,
quae se Danuvii iactat Rhenique parentem
utraq; Romuleo praetendens flumina regno:
primo fonte breves, alto mox gurgite regnant
et fluvios cogunt unda coeunte minores
in nomen transire suum. te Cimbrica Tethys
divisum bifido consumit, Rhene, meatu;
Thracia quinque vadis Histria vorat Amphitrite:
ambo habiles remis, ambo glacialia secti
tergo rotis, ambo Boreae Martique sodales.
sed latus, Hesperiae quo Raetia iungitur orae,
praeclatis ferit astra iugis panditque tremendam
vix aestate viam. multi ceu Gorgone visa
obriguere gelu; multos hausere profundae
vasta mole nives, cumque ipsis saepe iuvencis
naufraga candenti merguntur plaustra barathro.
interdum subitam glacie labente ruinam
mons dedit et tepidis fundamina subruit astris
pendenti male fida solo.

Per talia tendit
frigoribus mediis Stilicho loca. nulla Lyaei
pocula; rara Ceres; raptos contentus in armis
delibasse cibos madidoque oneratus amictu
argentem pulsabat equum. nec mollia fesso
strata dedere torum; tenebris si caeca repressit
nox iter, aut spelaea subit metuenda ferarum
aut pastoralis iacuit sub culmine fultus
cervicem clipeo. stat pallidus hospite magno
pastor et ignoto praeclarum nomine vultum
rustica sordenti genetrix ostendit alumno.
illa sub horrendis praedura cubilia silvis,

illi sub nivibus somni curaeque laborque
pervigil hanc requiem terris, haec otia rebus
insperata dabant; illae tibi, Roma, salutem
Alpinae peperere casae.

Iam foedera gentes
exuerant Latiiue audita clade feroces
Vindelicos saltus et Norica rura tenebant.
ac veluti famuli, mendax quos mortis erilis
nuntius in luxum falso rumore resolvit,
dum marcent epulis atque inter vina chorosque
persultat vacuis effrena licentia tectis,
si reducem dominum sors improvisa revexit,
haerent attoniti libertatemque perosus
conscia servilis praecordia concutit horror:
sic ducis adspectu cuncti stupuere rebelles,
inque uno principes Latiumque et tota refulsit
Roma viro. frons laeta parum, non tristior aequo,
non deiecta malis, mixta sed nobilis ira:
qualis in Herculeo, quotiens infanda iubebat
Eurystheus, fuit ore dolor vel qualis in atram
sollicitus nubem maestio Iove cogitur aether.

“Tantane vos” inquit “Getici fiducia belli
erigit? hinc animo frustra tumuistis inani?
non ita Romanum fati violentia nomen
opprimit, ut vestros nequeat punire tumultus
parte sui. ne vos longe sermone petito
demorer, exemplum veteris cognoscite facti:
cum ferox Ausonias perfringeret Hannibal arces
et Trebiam saevo geminassent funere Cannae,
nequiquam Emathium pepulit spes vana Philippum,
ut velut adflictos ferro temptaret inertii.
Romanos commovit atrox iniuria patres,
urgerent maiora licet, graviterque tulere,
urbibus inter se claris de culmine rerum
congressis, aliquid gentes audere minores.
nec poenam differre placet, sed bella gerenti
Punica Laevino regis quoque proelia mandant.
paruit imperiis consul, fususque Philippus,
vilis dum gravibus populis interserit arma,
praetereunte manu didicit non esse potentum
temptandas, mediis quamvis in luctibus, iras.”

Hoc monitu pariter nascentia bella repressit
et bello quaesivit opes legitque precantes

auxilio mensus numerum, qui congruus esset
nec gravis Italiae formidandusve regenti.

Nec minus accepto nostrae rumore cohortes
(sic ducis urget amor) properantibus undique signis
conveniunt, visoque animi Stilichone recepti
singultus varios lacrimosaque gaudia miscent:
sic armenta boum, vastis quae turbida silvis
sparsit hiems, cantus ac sibila nota magistri
certatim repetunt et avitae pascua vallis
inque vicem se voce regunt gaudentque fideles
reddere mugitus et, qua sonus attigit aurem,
rara per obscuras adparent cornua frondes.
adcurrit vicina manus, quam Raetia nuper
Vandalicis auctam spoliis defensa probavit;
venit et extremis legio praetenta Britannis,
quae Scotto dat frena truci ferroque notatas
perlegit exanimes Picto moriente figuras;
agmina quin etiam flavis obiecta Sygambris
quaeque domant Chattos inmansuetosque Cheruscos,
huc omnes vertere minas tutumque remotis
excubiis Rhenum solo terrore relinquunt.
ullane posteritas credet? Germania quondam
illa ferox populis, quae vis instantibus olim
principibus tota poterat cum mole teneri,
iam sese placidam praebet Stilichonis habenis,
ut nec praesidiis nudato limite temptet
expositum calcare solum nec transeat amnem,
incustoditam metuens attingere ripam.

Celsior o cunctis unique aequande Camillo!
vestris namque armis Alarici fracta quievit
ac Brenni rabies; confusis rebus uterque
divinam tribuistis opem, sed tardior ille
iam captae vindex patriae, tu sospitis ultor.
o quantum mutata tuo fortuna regressu!
ut sese pariter diffudit in omnia regni
membra vigor vivusque redit color urbibus aegris!
creditur Herculeis lucem renovare lacertis
femina dilecti fatis impensa mariti;
et iuvenem spretae laniatum fraude novercae
non sine Circaeis Latonia reddidit herbis.
Cretaque, si verax narratur fabula, vidit
Minoum rupto puerum prodire sepulchro,
quem senior vates avium clangore repertum

gramine restituit: mirae nam munere sortis
dulcia mella necem, vitam dedit horridus anguis.
at tuus adventus non unum corpus ab umbris,
sed tot communi populos sub morte iacentes
totaque Tartareis e faucibus oppida traxit.

Ipsa Roma die (nec adhuc ostenditur auctor)
personuit venisse ducem, laetisque Quirites
vocibus auspiciū certi plausere triumphī,
muniti Stilichone suo. quis gaudia vero
principis, amplexus alacris quis disserat aulae?
pulveris ambiguam nubem speculamur ab altis
turribus, incerti socios adportet an hostes
ille globus. mentem suspensa silentia librant,
donec pulvereo sub turbine sideris instar
emicuit Stilichonis apex et cognita fulsit
canities. gavisā repens per moenia clamor
tollitur “ipse venit.” portas secūra per omnes
turba salutatis effunditur obvīa signis.
non iam dilectus miseri nec falce per agros
deposita iaculum vibrans ignobile messor
nec temptat clipeum proiectis sumere rastris
Bellona ridente Ceres humilisque novorum
seditio clamorosa ducum: sed vera iuventus,
verus ductor adest et vivida Martis imago.

Prospera sed quantum nostrae spes addita menti,
tantum exempta Getis, qui vertice proximus astris
post Alpes iam cuncta sibi promisit apertas
nil superesse ratus, postquam tot lumina pubis,
tot subitos pedites, equitum tot conspicit alas
cinctaque fluminibus crebris ac moenibus arva
seque velut clausum laqueis, sub pectore furtim
aestuāt et nimium prono fervore petitaē
iam piget Italiae, sperataque Roma teneri
visa procul. magni subeunt iam taedia coepti.
occultat tamen ore metum primosque suorum
consultare iubet bellis annisque verendos.
crinigeri sedere patres, pellita Getarum
curia, quos plagis decorat numerosa cicatrix
et tremulos regit hasta gradus et nititur altis
pro baculo contis non exarmata senectus.
hic aliquis gravior natu, cui plurima dictis
consiliisque fides, defixus lumina terrae
concutiensque comam capuloque adclinis eburno:

“Si numero non fallor” ait “tricesima currit
bruma fere, rapidum postquam transnavimus Histrum,
Romanamque manum tantis eludimus annis.
sed numquam Mavors adeo constrinxit in artum
res, Alarice, tuas. per tot certamina docto
crede seni, qui te tenero vice patris ab aevo
gestatum parva solitus donare pharetras^o
atque aptare breves umeris puerilibus arcus:
saepe quidem frustra monui, servator ut icti
foederis Emathia tutus tellure maneres;
sed quoniam calidae rapuit te flamma iuventae,
nunc saltem, si cura tibi manet ulla tuorum,
his claustris evade, precor, dumque agmina longe,
dum licet, Hesperii praeceptis elabere terris,
ne nova praedari cupiens et parta reponas
pastorique lupo scelorum delicta priorum
intra saepta luas. quid palmitis uber Etrusci,
quid mihi nescioquam proprio cum Thybride Romam
semper in ore geris? referunt si vera parentes,
hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit
laetatus violasse redit; nec numina sedem
destituunt: iactata procul dicuntur in hostem
fulmina divinique volant pro moenibus ignes,
seu caelum seu Roma tonat. si temnis Olympum,
a magno Stilichone cave, qui semper iniquos
Fortuna famulante premit. scis ipse, per oras
Arcadiae quam densa rogis cumulaverit ossa,
sanguine quam largo Graios calefecerit amnes;
extinctusque fores, ni te sub nomine legum
proditio regnique favor texisset Eoi.”

Talia grandaevum flammata fronte loquentem
obliquisque tuens oculis non pertulit ultra,
sed rupit rabidas accensa superbia voces:

“Si non mentis inops fraudataque sensibus aetas
praeberet veniam, numquam haec opprobria linguae
turpia Danuvius me sospite ferret inultus.
anne, tot Augustos Hebro qui teste fugavi,
te patiar suadente fugam, cum cesserit omnis
obsequiis natura meis? subsidere nostris
sub pedibus montes, arescere vidimus amnes.
non ita di Getici faxint manesque parentum,
ut mea converso relegam vestigia cursu.
hanc ego vel victor regno vel morte tenebo

victus humum. per tot populos urbesque cucurri,
fregi Alpes galeisque Padum victricibus hausī:
quid restat nisi Roma mihi? gens robore nostra
tum quoque pollebat, nullis cum fideret armis.
at nunc Illyrici postquam mihi tradita iura
meque suum fecere ducem, tot tela, tot enses,
tot galeas multo Thracum sudore paravi
inque meos usus vectigal vertere ferri
oppida legitimo iussu Romana cōēgi.
sic me fata foveant; ipsi, quos omnibus annis
vastabam, servire dati: nocitura gementes
arma dabant flammisque diu mollitus et arte
in sua damna chalybs fabro lugente rubebat.
hortante his adde deos. non somnia nobis
nec volucres, sed clara palam vox edita luco:
' rumpe omnes, Alarice, moras; hoc impiger anno
Alpibus Italiae ruptis penetrabis ad urbem.'
huc iter usque datur. quis iam post talia segnis
ambigat aut caelo dubitet parere vocanti?"

Sic ait hortatusque suos belloque viaeque
instruit. attollunt vanos oracula fastus.
o semper tacita sortes ambae malignae
eventuque patens et nescia vatibus ipsis
veri sera fides! Ligurum regione suprema
pervenit ad fluvium miri cognominis "Urbem,"
atque illic domitus vix tandem interprete casu
agnovit dubii inclusa vocabula fati.

Nec non et Stilicho pugnam poscentia movit
pleno castra gradu dictisque instigat euntes:
"nunc nunc, o socii, temeratae sumite tandem
Italiae poenas, obsessi principis armis
excusate nefas deploratumque Timavo
vulnus et Alpinum gladiis abolete pudorem.
hic est, quem totiens campis fudistis Achivis,
quem discors odiisque anceps civilibus orbis,
non sua vis tutata diu, dum foedera fallax
ludit et alternae periuria venditat aulae.
credite nunc omnes, quas dira Britannia gentes,
quas Hister, quas Rhenus alit, pendere paratas
in speculis: uno tot proelia vincite bello.
Romanum reparate decus molemque labantis
imperii fulcite umeris; hic omnia campus
vindicat, haec mundo pacem victoria sancit.

non in Threiciis Haemi decernimus oris
nec super Alpheas umbrantia Maenala ripas
constituimus; non hic Tegean Argosque tuemur:
visceribus mediis ipsoque in corde videtis
bella geri. patrem clipeis defendite Thybrim.”
taliam nunc peditum, turmae nunc mixtus equestri dicta dabat.

Simul externis praecepta ferebat
auxiliis. ibat patiens dicionis Alanus,
qua nostrae iussere tubae, mortemque petendam
pro Latio docuit gentes praefectus Alanae,
cui natura breves animis ingentibus artus
finxerat inmanique oculos infecerat ira;
vulneribus pars nulla vacat rescissaque contis
gloria foedati splendet iactantior oris.
ille tamen mandante procul Stilichone citatis
acceleravit equis Italique momordit harenam.
felix Elysiisque plagis et carmine dignus,
qui male suspectam nobis impensius arsit
vel leto purgare fidem; qui iudice ferro
diluit inmeritum laudato sanguine crimen!
morte viri turbatus eques flectebat habenas
totaque praeciso nutassent agmina cornu,
ni celer instructa Stilicho legione secutus
subsidiis peditum pugnam instaurasset equestrem.

Quis Musis ipsoque licet Paeane recepto
enarrare queat, quantum Gradivus in illa
luce suae dederit fundator originis urbi?
altius haud umquam toto descendimus ense
in iugulum Scythiae, tanta nec clade superbum
contudimus Tanain vel cornua fregimus Histri.
invisum miles sitiens haurire cruorem
per varias vestes onerataque plaustra metallo
transit et argenti cumulos et caedis avarus
contemptas proculcat opes; pretiosior auro
sanguis erat; passim neglecti prodiga lucra
turba furens strictis odium mucronibus explet.
purpureos cultus absumptique igne Valentis
exuvias miserisque graves crateras ab Argis
raptaque flagranti spirantia signa Corintho
callidus ante pedes venientibus obicit hostis
incassum; neque enim feralis praeda moratur,
sed iustos praebent stimulos monumenta doloris.

Adseritur ferro captivum vulgus, et omnes

diversae vocis populi, quos traxerat hostis
servitio, tandem dominorum strage redempti
blanda cruentatis adfigunt oscula dextris
desertosque lares et pignora laeta revisunt.
miratur sua quemque domus cladesque renarrant
ordine; tum grati referunt miracula belli.

Quis tibi tunc, Alarice, dolor, cum Marte perirent
divitiae spoliisque diu quaesita supellex
pulsaretque tuas ululatus coniugis aures,
coniugis, invicto dudum quae freta marito
demens Ausonidum gemmata monilia matrum
Romanasque alta famulas cervice petebat!
scilicet Argolicas Ephyreidasque puellas
coeperat et pulchras iam fastidire Lacaenas.
sed dea quae nimiis obstat Rhamnusia votis
ingemuit flexitque rotam: domat aspera victos
pauperies, unoque die Romana rependit
quidquid ter denis acies amisimus annis.

O celebranda mihi cunctis Pollentia saeculis!
o meritum nomen! felicibus apta triumphis!
virtutis fatale solum, memorabile bustum
barbariae! nam saepe locis ac finibus illis
plena lacessito rediit vindicta Quirino.
illic Oceani stagnis excita supremis
Cimbrica tempestas alias emissa per Alpes
isdem procubuit campis. iam protinus aetas
adveniens geminae gentis permisceat ossa
et duplices signet titulos commune tropaeum:
“hic Cimbros fortesque Getas, Stilichone peremptos
et Mario claris ducibus, tegit Itala tellus.
discite vesanae Romam non temnere gentes.”

Shorter Poems

I: Ad Stilichonem

Solitas galea fulgere comas,
Stilicho, molli necte corona.
cessent litui saevumque procul
Martem felix taeda releget.
5 tractus ab aula rursus in aulam
redeat sanguis. patris officiis
iunge potenti pignora dextra.
gener Augusti pridem fueras,
nunc rursus eris socer Augusti.
10 quae iam rabies livoris erit?
vel quis dabitur color invidiae?
Stilicho socer est, pater est Stilicho.

II: Descriptio portus Smyrnensis

Urbs in conspectu montana cacumina velat
tranquillo praetenta mari. ducentia portum
cornua pacatas removent Aquilonibus undas.
hic exarmatum terris cingentibus aequor
5 clauditur et placidam discit servare quietem.

III: Ad Aeternalem

Quidquid Castalio de gurgite Phoebus anhelat,
quidquid fatidico mugit cortina recessu,
carmina sunt; sed verba negant communia Musae.
carmina sola loquor: sic me meus implet Apollo.

IV: Descriptio armenti

Non tales quondam species tulit armentorum
tellus tergemino subdita Geryoni.

non tales, Clitumne, lavas in gurgite tauros,
Tarpeio referunt quos pia vota Iovi.

5 non talis Tyrias sparsisse iuvenus harenas
dicitur, optatum quando revexit onus.

non Cretaeus ager nec amati conscia tauri
Gnosos nec similes paverit Ida feros.

ipse et dispariles monstro commissus in artus

10 qui crimen matris prodidit ore novo

Cres puer haud talem potuisset reddere formam,
portassent totum si fera membra patrem.

V: Est in conspectu longe locus

Est procul ingenti regio summota recessu,
insula qua resides fluctus mitescere cogit
in longum producta latus, fractasque per undas
ardua tranquillo curvantur brachia portu.

VI: Rimanti telum ira facit

In iaculum, quodcumque gerit, dementia mutat.
omnibus armatur rabies. pro cuspide ferri
cuncta volant, dum dextra ferox in vulnera saevit.
pro telo geritur quidquid suggesserit ira.

VII: De quadriga marmorea

1.

Quis dedit innumeros uno de marmore vultus?
surgit in aurigam currus, paribusque lupatis
unanimes frenantur equi: quos forma diremit,
materies cognata tenet discrimine nullo.

2.

Vir redit in currum; ducuntur ab axe iugales;
ex alio se quisque facit. quae tanta potestas?
una silex tot membra ligat ductusque per artem
mons patiens ferri varios mutatur in artus.

VIII: De Polycaste et Perdicca

Quid non saevus Amor flammaram numine cogat?
sanguinis en fetum mater amare timet.
pectore dum niveo miserum tenet anxia nutrix,
inlicitos ignes iam foveat ipsa parens.
5 ultrices pharetras tandem depone, Cupido.
consule iam Venerem: forsitan et ipsa dolet.

IX: De hystrice

Audieram memorande tuas Stymphale volucres
spicula vulnifico quondam sparsisse volatu,
nec mihi credibilis ferratae fabula pinnae
visa diu. datur ecce fides et cognitus hystrix
5 Herculeas adfirmat aves.

Os longius illi
adsimulat porcum. mentitae cornua saetae
summa fronte rigent. oculis rubet igneus ardor.
parva sub hirsuto catuli vestigia dorso.
hanc tamen exiguam miro natura tueri
10 praesidio dignata feram: stat corpore toto
silva minax, iaculisque rigens in proelia crescit
picturata seges; corium cute fixa tenaci
alba subit radix, alternantesque colorum
tincta vices, spatiis internigrantibus, exit
15 in solidae speciem pinnae, tenuataque furtim
levis in extremum sese producit acumen.

Sed non haec acies ritu silvestris echini
fixa manet. crebris propugnat iactibus ultro
et longe sua membra tegit, tortumque per auras
20 evolat excusso nativum missile tergo.
interdum fugiens Parthorum more sequentem
vulnerat; interdum positis velut ordine castris
terrificum densa mucronem verberat unda
et consanguineis hastilibus asperat armos:
25 militat omne ferae corpus vibrataque rauco
terga fragore sonant. stimulis accensa tubarum
agmina conlatis credas configere signis:
tantus in angusto strepitus furit. additur armis
calliditas parcusque sui tumor iraque numquam
30 prodiga telorum, caute contenta minari
nec nisi servandae iactus inpendere vitae.
error abest: certum sollertia destinat ictum
nil spatio fallente modum, servatque tenorem
mota cutis doctique regit conamina nisus.
Quid labor humanus tantum ratione sagaci
proficit? eripiunt trucibus Gortynia capris
cornua; subiectis eadem lentescere cogunt
ignibus; intendunt taurino viscere nervos;
instruitur pinnis ferroque armatur harundo.
40 ecce brevis propriis munitur bestia telis

externam nec quaerit opem; fert omnia secum:
se pharetra, sese iaculo, sese utitur arcu.
unum animal cunctas bellorum possidet artes.
Quodsi omnis nostrae paulatim industria vitae
45 fluxit ab exemplis, quidquid procul appetit hostem,
hinc reor inventum, morem hinc traxisse Cydonas
bellandi Parthosque retro didicisse ferire
prima sagittiferae pecudis documenta secutos.

X: De birro castoreo

Nominis umbra manet veteris; nam dicere birrum,
si Castor iuret, castoreum nequeo.
sex emptus solidis! quid sit, iam scire potestis:
si mihi nulla fides, credite vel pretio.

XI: In sepulchrum speciosae

Pulchris stare diu Parcarum lege negatur.
magna repente ruunt; summa cadunt subito.
hic formosa iacet: Veneris sortita figuram
egregiumque decus invidiam meruit.

XII: De balneis Quintianis quae in via posita erant

Fontibus in liquidis paulum requiesce, viator,
atque tuum rursus carpe refectus iter.
lympharum dominum nimium miraberis, hospes,
inter dura viae balnea qui posuit.

XIII: In podagrum qui carmina sua non stare dicebat

Quae tibi cum pedibus ratio? quid carmina culpas?
scandere qui nescis, versiculos laceras?
“claudicat hic versus; haec” inquit “syllaba nutat”;
atque nihil prorsus stare putat podager.

XIV: Ad Maximum qui ei mel misit

Dulcia dona mihi semper tu, Maxime, mittis,
et, quidquid mittis, mella putare decet.

XV: De paupere amante

Paupertas me saeva domat dirusque Cupido:
sed toleranda fames, non tolerandus amor.

XVI: De eodem

Esuriens pauper telis incendor amoris.
inter utrumque malum deligo pauperiem.

XVII: De piis fratribus et de statu eorum quae sunt apud Catinam

XVII (L)

Adspice sudantes venerando pondere fratres,
divino meritis semper honore coli,
iusta quibus rapidae cessit reverentia flammae
et mirata vagas reppulit Aetna faces.
5 complexi manibus fultos cervice parentes
attollunt vultus accelerantque gradus.
grandaevi gemina sublimes prole feruntur
et cara natos implicuere mora.
nonne vides, ut saeva senex incendia monstret?
10 ut trepido genetrix invocet ore deos?
erexit formido comam, perque omne metallum
fusus in attonito palluit aere tremor.
in iuvenum membri animosus cernitur horror
atque oneri metuens impavidusque sui.
15 reiectae vento chlamydes. dextram exerit ille
contentus laeva sustinuisse patrem;
ast illi duplices in nodum colligit ulnas
cautior in sexu debiliore labor.
hoc quoque praeteriens oculis ne forte relinquis,
20 artificis tacitae quod meruere manus:
nam consanguineos eadem cum forma figuret,
hic propior matri fit tamen, ille patri
dissimiles annos sollertia temperat artis:
alter in alterius redditur ore parens,
25 et nova germanis paribus discrimina praebens
divisit vultus cum pietate faber.
O bene naturae memores, documenta supernae
iustitiae, iuvenum numina, vota senum:
qui spretis opibus medios properastis in ignes
30 nil praeter sanctam tollere canitiem.
haud equidem inmerito tanta virtute repressas
Enceladi fauces obriguisset reor.
ipse redundantem frenavit Mulciber Aetnam,
laederet exempli ne monumenta pii.
35 senserunt elementa fidem. pater adfuit aether
terraque maternum sedula iuvit onus.
quodsi notus amor provexit in astra Laconas,
Aenean Phrygio raptus ab igne pater,
si vetus Argolicos inlustrat gloria fratres,

40 qui sua materno colla dedere iugo:
cur non Amphinomo, cur non tibi, fortis Anapi,
aeternum Siculus templa dicavit honos?
plura licet summae dederit Trinacria laudi,
noverit hoc maius se genuisse nihil;
45 nec doleat damnis, quae devius intulit ardor,
nec gemat exustas igne furente domos.
non potuit pietas flamma cessante probari:
emptum est ingenti clade perenne decus.

XVIII: De mulabus Gallicis

Adspice morigeras Rhodani torrentis alumnas
imperio nexas imperioque vagas,
dissona quam varios flectant ad murmura cursus
et certas adeant voce regente vias.

5 quamvis quaeque sibi nullis discurrat habenis
et pateant duro libera colla iugo,
ceu constricta tamen servit patiensque laborum
barbaricos docili concipit aure sonos.

absentis longinqua valent praecepta magistri,
10 frenorumque vicem lingua virilis agit.

haec procul angustat sparsas spargitque coactas:

haec sistit rapidas, haec properare facit.

laeva iubet: laevo deducunt limite gressum.

mutavit strepitum: dexteriora petunt.

15 nec vinclis famulae nec libertate feroces,

exutae laqueis, sub ditione tamen

consensuque pares et fulvis pellibus hirtae

essedae concordēs multisonora trahunt.

miraris, si voce feras pacaverit Orpheus,

20 cum pronas pecudes Gallica verba regant?

XIX: Epistula ad Gennadium exproconsule

Italiae commune decus, Rubiconis amoeni
incola, Romani fama secunda fori,
Graiorum populis et nostro cognite Nilo
(utraque gens fasces horret amatque tuos):
5 carmina ieiunas poscis solantia fauces?
testor amicitiam nulla fuisse domi.
nam mihi mox nidum pennis confisa relinquunt
et lare contempto non reditura volant.

XX: De sene Veronensi qui Suburbium numquam egressus est

Felix, qui propriis aevum transegit in arvis,
ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem;
qui baculo nitens in qua reptavit harena
unius numerat saecula longa casae.
5 illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu,
nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.
non freta mercator tremuit, non classica miles,
non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
indocilis rerum, vicinae nescius urbis
10 adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.
frugibus alternis, non consule computat annum:
autumnus pomis, ver sibi flore notat.
idem condit ager soles idemque reducit,
metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem,
15 ingentem meminit parvo qui gemine quercum
aequaevumque videt consenuisse nemus,
proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis
Benacumque putat litora Rubra lacum.
sed tamen indomitae vires firmisque lacertis
20 aetas robustum tertia cernit avum.
erret et extremos alter scrutetur Hiberos:
plus habet hic vitae, plus habet ille viae.

XXI-XXII: De Theodoro et Hadriano; Deprecatio ad Hadrianum

Manlius indulget somno noctesque diesque;
insomnis Pharius sacra profana rapit.
omnibus hoc, Italae gentes, exoscite votis,
Manlius ut vigilet, dormiat ut Pharius.

XXIII: Deprecatio in Alethium quaestorem

Sic non Aethiopum campos aestate pererrem
nec Scythico brumam sub Iove nudus agam,
sic non imbriferam noctem ducentibus Haedis
Ionio credam turgida vela mari,
5 sic non Tartareo Furiarum verberare pulsus
irati relegam carmina grammatici:
nulla meos traxit petulans audacia sensus,
liberior iusto nec mihi lingua fuit.
versiculos, fateor, non cauta voce notavi,
10 heu miser! ignorans, quam grave crimen erat.
Orpheos alii libros impune lacesunt
nec tua securum te, Maro, fama vehit;
ipse parents vatum, princeps Heliconis, Homerus
iudicis exceptit tela severa notae.
15 sed non Vergilius, sed non accusat Homerus:
neuter enim quaestor, pauper uterque fuit.
en moveo plausus! en pallidus omnia laudo
et clarum repeto terque quaterque “sophos”!
ignoscat placidus tandem flatuque remittat
20 et tuto recitet quod libet ore: placet.

XXIV: De lucusta

Horret apex capitis; medio fera lumina surgunt
vertice; cognatus dorso durescit amictus.
armavit natura cutem dumique rubentes
cuspidibus parvis multos acuere rubores.

XXV: Epithalamium Palladio et Celerinae

Carmina per thalamum quamvis festina negare
nec volui genero nec potui socero.
hic socius, dux ille mihi nostrique per aulam
ordinis hic consors emicat, ille prior.
hunc mihi coniungit studiis communibus aetas;
hunc mihi praeponit vel senium vel honos.
carmen amor generi, soceri reverentia poscit
officio vatis, militis obsequio.

Forte Venus blando quaesitum frigore somnum
vitibus intexti gremio successerat antri
densaque sidereos per gramina fuderat artus
adclinis florum cumulo; crispatur opaca
pampinus et musto sudantem ventilat uvam.
ora decet neglecta sopor; fastidit amictum
aestus et exuto translucent pectore frondes.
Idaliae iuxta famulae triplexque vicissim
nexa sub ingenti requiescit Gratia quercu.
pennati passim puero quo quemque vocavit
umbra iacent; fluitant arcus ramisque propinquis
pendentes placido suspirant igne pharetrae.
pars vigiles ludunt aut per virgulta vagantes
scrutantur nidos avium vel roscida laeti
mala legunt donum Veneri flexusque sequuntur
palmitis et summas pennis librantur in ulmos;
defendunt alii lucum Dryadasque procaces
spectandi cupidas et rustica numina pellunt
silvestresque deos longeque tuentibus antrum
flammea lascivis intendunt spicula Faunis:
cum subito varius vicina clamor ab urbe
et fausti iuvenum plausus mixtaeque choreis
auditae per rura lyrae. Celerina per omnes
Italiae canitur montes omnisque maritum
Palladium resonabat ager.
Pervenit ad aures
vox iucunda deae strepituque excita resedit
et reliquum nitido deterisit pollice coctum
utque fuit, turbata comas, intacta papillas,
mollibus exurgit stratis interque suorum
agmen et innumeros Hymenaeum quaerit Amores
(hunc Musa genitum legit Cytherea ducemque

praefecit thalamis; nullum iunxisse cubile
hoc sine nec primas fas est attollere taedas).
conspicitur tandem. platano namque ille sub alta
fusus inaequales cera texebat avenas
Maenaiosque modos et pastoralia labris
murmura temptabat relegens orisque recursu
dissimilem tenui variabat harundine ventum.
Restitit ut vidit Venerem, digitisque remissis
ad terram tacito defluxit fistula flatu.

dulce micant oculi; niveas infecerat igni
solque pudorque genas; dubiam lanuginis umbram
caesaries intonsa tegit. prior ipsa silentem compellat:

“Numquamne, puer, dilecta relinques
carmina? maternis numquam satiabere donis
dedite Musarum studio nimiumque parentis
aemule? quid medio tecum modularis in aestu?
iamne tibi sordent citharae? iam lustra Lycae
atque pecus cordi redituraque rupibus Echo?
huc ades et tantae nobis edissere causas
laetitiae, cui pompa toro tam clara resultet,
quae nova dotetur virgo: patriamque genusque
pande, quibus terris orti, quo semine ducti.
haud ignarus enim, nec te conubia fallunt
ulla; tuo primae libantur foedere noctes.”

Ille refert: “equidem dudum te, diva, morantem
mirabar, quod adhuc tanti secura maneres
coniugii. non parva tibi mandatur origo.
fascibus insignes et legum culmine fultae
convenere domus et qui lectissimus orbi
sanguis erat. rubris quae fluctibus insula latrat,
qui locus Aethiopum, quae sic impervia famae
secessit regio, quo non rumore secundo
Palladii penetravit amor mentisque benigna
temperies doctique sales et grata senectus?

per cunctos iit ille gradus aulaeque labores
emensus tenuit summae fastigia sedis
Eoum stabili moderatus iure senatum.
hic splendor iuveni. cunabula prima puellae
Danuvius veteresque Tomi. Mavortia matris
nobilitas spoliis armisque exultat avitis
inmensamque trahit Celerini robore lucem,
qui quondam Meroën iussus Nilumque tueri,
cum sibi post obitus et Parthica fulmina Cari
scepra daret miles rebusque imponere vellet,

despexit fremitus et praetulit otia regno;
respuat ingestum, quod vi, quod poscere ferro
posthabita pietate solent. tum purpura primum
inferior virtute fuit meruitque repulsam
obvia maiestas. doluit Fortuna minorem
se confessa viro. magnum delata potestas,
maiores contempta probat.

“Cognomina sumpsit

plena ducum genitor. paulatim vectus ad altum
princeps militiae, qua non inlustrior extat
altera, cunctorum tabulas adsignat honorum,
regnorum tractat numeros, constringit in unum
sparsas imperii vires cuneosque recenset
dispositos: quae Sarmaticis custodia ripis,
quae saevis obiecta Getis, quae Saxona frenat
vel Scottum legio, quanta cinxere cohortes
Oceanum, quanto pacatur milite Rhenus.
casta domus, sincera fides, industria sollers.
elegit Stilicho; nihil ultra laudibus addi
iudicio potest. tali nubente puella
nonne tibi cessare nefas? duc protinus omnes,
duc age. marcentes cupio quassare coronas
et vibrare faces et noctem ducere ludo.

haec quoque non vilem iam fistula commodat usum responsura choris.”

Vix haec Hymenaeus; at illa

fontibus abluitur gelidis legemque capillo
reddat et ornatum formae prelisque solutae
mira Dioneae sumit velamina telae.

floribus extruitur currus; iuga floribus halant;
floreas purpureas adnectunt frena columbas.
undique concurrunt volucres, quaecumque frementem
permulcent Athesin cantu, quas Larius audit,
quas Benacus alit, quas excipit amne quieto
Mincius: ereptis obmutuit unda querellis.

Eridani ripas et raucae stagna Padusae
diffugiens nudavit olor. laetantur Amores
frenatisque truces avibus per nubila vecti
ostentant se quisque deae magnoque tumultu
confligunt pronique manus in verbera tendunt
atque impune cadunt: lapsus meliore volatu
consequitur vincitque suos auriga iugales.
Ut thalami tetigere fores, tum vere rubentes
desuper invertunt calathos largosque rosarum
imbres et violas plenis sparsere pharetris

collectas Veneris prato, quibus ipse pepercit
Sirius et teneras clementi sidere fovit.
gemmatis alii per totum balsama tectum
effudere cadis, duro quae saucius ungue
Niliacus pingui desudat vulnere cortex.
adgreditur Cytherea nurum flentemque pudico
detraxit matris gremio. matura tumescit
virginitas superatque nives ac lilia candor
et patrium flavis testatur crinibus Histrum.
tum dextram complexa viri dextramque puellae
tradit et his ultro sancit conubia dictis:
“Vivite concordēs et nostrum discite munus.
oscula mille sonent; livescant brachia nexu;
labra ligent animas. neu tu virtute proterva
confidas, iuvenis; non est terrore domanda,
sed precibus placanda tibi. concede marito
tu quoque neu Scythicas infensis unguibus iras
exercere velis: vinci patiāre, rogamus.
sic uxor, sic mater eris. quid lumina tinguīs,
virgo? crede mihi: quem nunc horrescis, amabis,”
Dixit et aligera geminos arcuque manuque
praestantes e plebe vocat. puer ilicet Aethon
et Pyrois rutilas respersi murice plumas
prosiliunt puroque imbutis melle sagittis
hic nuptam petit, ille virum. sonuere reducta
cornua; certa notos pariter sulcavit harundo
et pariter fixis haeserunt tela medullis.

XXVI: Aponus

Fons, Antenoreae vitam qui porrigis urbi
fataque vicinis noxia pellis aquis,
cum tua vel mutis tribuant miracula vocem,
cum tibi plebeius carmina dictet honos
5 et sit nulla manus, cuius non pollice ductae
testentur memores prospera vota notae:
nonne reus Musis pariter Nymphisque tenebor,
si tacitus soli praetereare mihi?
ludibrium quid enim fas est a vate relinqui
10 hunc qui tot populis pervolat ora locum?
Alto colle minor, planis erectior arvis
conspicuo clivus molliter orbe tumet
ardentis fecundus aquae; quacumque cavernas
perforat, offenso truditur igne latex.
15 spirat putre solum, conclusaque subter anhelu
pumice rimosas perfodit unda vias.
umida flammarum regio: Vulcania terrae
uber, sulphureae fervida regna plagae.
quis sterilem non credat humum? fumantia vernant
20 pascua; luxuriat gramine cocta silex
et, cum sic rigidae cautes fervore liquescant,
contemptis audax ignibus herba viret.
Praeterea grandes effosso marmore sulci
saucia longinquo limite saxa secant.
25 Herculei (sic fama refert) monstratur aratri
semita, vel casus vomeris egit opus.
in medio pelagi late flagrantis imago
caerulus inmenso panditur ore lacus
ingenti fusus spatium; sed maior in altum
30 intrat et arcanae rupis inane subit;
densus nube sua tactuque inmitis et haustu,
sed vitreis idem lucidus usque vadis.
consuluit natura sibi, ne tota lateret,
admisitque oculos, quo vetat ire calor:
35 turbidus impulsu venti cum spargitur aër
glaucaque fumiferae terga serenat aquae,
tunc omnem liquidi vallem mirabere fundi,
tunc veteres hastae, regia dona, micant
(quas inter, nigrae tenebris obscurus harenae,
40 discolor abruptum flumen hiatus agit;
adparent infra latebrae, quas gurgis opacus

inplet et abstrusos ducit in antra sinus);
tunc montis secreta patent, qui flexus in arcum
aequora pendenti margine summa ligat.
45 Viva coronatos adstringit scaena vapores,
et levis exili cortice terra natat
calcantumque oneri numquam cessura virorum
sustentat trepidum, fida ruina, pedem.
facta manu credas, sic levis circuit oras
50 ambitus et tenuis perpetuusque riget.
haerent stagna lacu plenas aequantia ripas
praescriptumque timent transiluisse modum;
quod superat, fluvius devexa rupe volutus
egerit et campi dorsa recurva petit.
55 devehit exceptum nativo spira meatu;
in patulas plumbi labitur inde vias;
nullo cum strepitu madidis infecta favillis
despumat niveum fistula cana salem.
multifidas dispergit opes artemque secutus,
60 qua iussere manus, mobile torquet iter
et iunctos rapido pontes subtermeat aestu
adflatasque vago temperat igne tholos.
acrior interius, rauci cum murmure saxi,
spumeus eliso pellitur amne vapor. —
65 hinc pigras repetunt fessi sudore lacunas,
frigora quis longae blanda dedere morae.
Salve Paeoniae largitor nobilis undae,
Dardanii salve gloria magna soli,
publica morborum requies, commune medentum
70 auxilium, praesens numen, inempta salus.
seu ruptis inferna ruunt incendia ripis
et nostro Phlegethon devius orbe calet,
sulphuris in venas gelidus seu decedit amnis
accensusque fluit (quod manifestat odor),
75 sive pares flammis undarum lance rependens
arbiter in foedus mons elementa vocat,
ne cedant superata sibi, sed legibus aequis
alterius vires possit utrumque pati:
quidquid erit causae, quocumque emitteris ortu,
80 non sine consilio currere certa fides.
quis casum meritis adscribere talibus audet?
quis negat auctores haec statuuisse deos?
ille pater rerum, qui saecula dividit astris,
inter prima poli te quoque sacra dedit
85 et fragilem nostri miseratus corporis usum

telluri medicas fundere iussit aquas,
Parcarumque colos exoratura severas
flumina laxatis emicuire iugis.
Felices, proprium qui te meruere, coloni,
90 fas quibus est Aponon iuris habere sui.
non illis terrena lues corrupta nec Austri
flamina nec saevo Sirius igne nocet,
sed, quamvis Lachesis letali stamine damnet,
in te fata sibi prosperiora petunt.
95 quodsi forte malus membris exuberat umor
languida vel nimio viscera felle rubent,
non venas reserant nec vulnere vulnera sanant
pocula nec tristi gramine mixta bibunt:
amissum lymphis reparant impune vigorem,
100 pacaturque aegro luxuriante dolor.

XXVII: Phoenix

Oceani summo circumfluus aequore lucus
trans Indos Eurumque viret, qui primus anhelis
sollicitatur equis vicinaque verbera sentit
umida roranti resonant cum limina curru,
5 unde rubet ventura dies longeque coruscis
nox adflata rotis refugo pallescit amictu:
haec fortunatus nimium Titanius ales
regna colit solusque plaga defensus iniqua
possidet intactas aegris animalibus oras
10 saeva nec humani patitur contagia mundi,
par volucer superis, stellas qui vividus aequat
durando membrisque terit redeuntibus aevum,
non epulis saturare famem, non fontibus ullis
adsuetus prohibere sitim; sed purior illum
15 solis fervor alit ventosaque pabula potat
Tethyos, innocui carpens alimenta vaporis.
arcanum radiant oculi iubar. igneus ora
cingit honos. rutilo cognatum vertice sidus
attollit cristatus apex tenebrasque serena
20 luce secat. Tyrio pinguntur crura veneno.
antevolant Zephyros pinnae, quas caerulus ambit
flore color sparsoque super ditescit in auro.
Hic neque concepto fetu nec semine surgit,
sed pater est prolesque sibi nulloque creante
25 emeritos artus fecunda morte reformat
et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam.
namque ubi mille vias longinqua retorserit aestas,
tot ruerint hiemes, totidem ver cursibus actum,
quas tulit autumnus, dederit cultoribus umbras:
30 tum multis gravior tandem subiungitur annis,
lustrorum numero victus: ceu lassa procellis
ardua Caucasio nutat de culmine pinus
seram ponderibus pronis tractura ruinam;
pars cadit adsiduo flatu, pars imbre peresa
35 rumpitur, abripuit partem vitiosa vetustas.
Iam breve decrescit lumen languetque senili
segnis stella gelu, qualis cum forte tenetur
nubibus et dubio vanescit Cynthia cornu.
iam solitae medios alae transcurrere nimbos
40 vix ima tolluntur humo. tum conscius aevi
defuncti reducisque parans exordia formae

arentes tepidis de collibus eligit herbas
et tumulum texens pretiosa fronde Sabaeum
componit, bustumque sibi partumque futurum.
45 Hic sedet et Solem blando clangore salutat
debilior miscetque preces ac supplice cantu
praestatura novas vires incendia poscit.
quem procul adductis vidit cum Phoebus habenis,
stat subito dictisque pium solatur alumnum:
50 “o senium positura rogo falsisque sepulcris
natales habitura vices, qui saepe renasci
exitio proprioque soles pubescere leto,
accipe principium rursus corpusque coactum
desere. mutata melior procede figura.”
55 Haec fatus propere flavis e crinibus unum
concussa cervice iacit missoque volentem
vitali fulgore ferit. iam sponte crematur
ut redeat gaudetque mori festinus in ortum.
fervet odoratus telis caelestibus agger
60 consumitque senem. nitidos stupefacta iuencos
Luna premit pigrosque polus non concitat axes
parturiente rogo: curis Natura laborat,
aeternam ne perdat avem, flammasque fideles
admonet, ut rerum decus inmortale remittant.
65 Continuo dispersa vigor per membra volutus
aestuat et venas recidivus sanguis inundat.
victuri cineres nullo cogente moveri
incipiunt plumaque rudem vestire favillam.
qui fuerat genitor, natus nunc prosilit idem
70 succeditque novus: geminae confinia vitae
exiguo medius discrimine separat ignis.
Protinus ad Nilum manes sacrare paternos
auctoremque globum Phariae telluris ad oras
ferre iuvat. velox alienum pergit in orbem
75 portans gramineo clausum velamine funus.
innumerae comitantur aves stipatque volentem
alituum suspensa cohors. exercitus ingens
obnubit vario late convexa meatu.
nec quisquam tantis e milibus obvius audet
80 ire duci, sed regis iter fragrantis adorant.
non ferus accipiter, non armiger ipse Tonantis
bella movet: commune facit reverentia foedus.
talis barbaricas flavo de Tigride turmas
ductor Parthus agit: gemmis et divite cultu
85 luxurians sertis apicem regalibus ornat;

auro frenat equum, perfusam murice vestem
Assyria signatur acu tumidusque regendo
celsa per famulas acies dicione superbit.
Clara per Aegyptum placidis notissima sacris
90 urbs Titana colit, centumque adcline columnis
invehitur templum Thebano monte revulsis.
illic, ut perhibent, patriam de more reponit
congeriem vultumque dei veneratus erilem
iam flammae commendat onus, iam destinat aris
95 semina reliquiasque sui: mirata relucet
limina; divino spirant altaria fumo,
et Pelusiacas productus ad usque paludes
Indus odor penetrat nares completque salubri
tempestate viros et nectare dulcior aura
100 ostia nigrantis Nili septena vaporat.
O felix heresque tui! quo solvimur omnes,
hoc tibi suppeditat vires; praebetur origo
per cinerem, moritur te non pereunte senectus.
vidisti quodcumque fuit; te saecula teste
105 cuncta revolvuntur; nosti quo tempore pontus
fuderit elatas scopulis stagnantibus undas,
quis Phaëthonteis erroribus arserit annus,
et clades te nulla rapit solusque superstes
edomita tellure manes: non stamina Parcae
110 in te dira legunt nec ius habuere nocendi.

XXVIII: Nilus

Felix, qui Pharias proscindit vomere terras:
nubila non sperat tenebris condentia caelum
nec graviter flantes pluviali frigore Cauros
invocat aut arcum variata luce rubentem.
Aegyptos sine nube ferax imbresque serenos
sola tenet; secura poli, non indiga venti
gaudet aquis, quas ipsa vehit, Niloque redundat:
qui rapido tractu mediis elatus ab Austris,
flammi feræ patiens zonæ cancrique calentis,
fluctibus ignotis nostrum procurrit in orbem
secreto de fonte cadens, qui semper inani
quaerendus ratione latet, nec contigit ulli
hoc vidisse caput: fertur sine teste creatus
flumina profundens alieni conscia caeli.
inde vago lapsu Libyam dispersus in omnem
Aethiopum per mille ruit nigrantia regna
et loca continuo solis damnata vapore
inrorat populisque salus sitientibus errat
per Meroën Blemyasque feros atramque Syenem.
hunc bibit infrenis Garamans domitorque ferarum
Gyrræus, qui vasta colit sub rupibus antra,
qui ramos ebeni, dentes qui vellit eburnos,
et gens compositis crinem vallata sagittis.
Nec vero similes causas crescentibus undis
aut tempus meruit. glacie non ille soluta
nec circumfuso scopulis exuberat imbre.
nam cum tristis hiems alias produxerit undas,
tum Nilum retinent ripae; cum languida cessant
flumina, tum Nilus mutato iure tumescit.
quippe quod ex omni fluvio spoliaverit aestas,
hoc Nilo natura refert, totumque per orbem
collectæ partes unum revocantur in amnem;
quoque die Titana canis flagrantior armat
et rapit umores madidos venasque calore
compescit radiisque potentibus aestuat axis,
Nilo bruma venit, contraria tempora mundo:
defectis solitum referens cultoribus aequor
effluit Aegæo stagnantior, acrior alto
Ionio seseque patentibus explicat arvis:
fluctuat omnis ager; remis sonuere novales;
saepius, aestivo iaceat cum forte sopore,

cernit cum stabulis armenta natantia pastor.

XXIX: De Magnete

Quisquis sollicita mundum ratione secutus
semina rimatur rerum, quo luna laborat
defectu, quae causa iubet pallescere solem,
unde rubescentes ferali crine cometae,
unde fluant venti, trepidae quis viscera terrae
concutiat motus, quis fulgura ducat hiatus,
unde tonent nubes, quo lumine floreat arcus,
hoc mihi quaerenti, si quid deprendere veri
mens valet, expediat.

Lapis est cognomine magnes
decolor obscurus vilis. non ille repexam
caesariem regum, non candida virginis ornat
colla nec insigni splendet per cingula morsu;
sed nova si nigri videas miracula saxi,
tunc pulchros superat cultus et quidquid Eois
Indus litoribus Rubra scrutatur in alga.
nam ferro meruit vitam ferrique rigore
vescitur; hoc dulces epulas, hoc pabula novit;
hinc proprias renovat vires; hinc fusa per artus
aspera secretum servant alimenta vigorem;
hoc absente perit: tristi morientia torpent
membra fame, venasque sitis consumit apertas.
Mavors, sanguinea qui cuspide verberat urbes,
et Venus, humanas quae laxat in otia curas,
aurati delubra tenent communia templi.
effigies non una deis: sed ferrea Martis
forma nitet, Venerem magnetica gemma figurat.
illis conubium celebrat de more sacerdos.
ducit flamma choros; festa frondentia myrto
limina cinguntur, roseisque cubilia surgunt
floribus, et thalamum dotalis purpura velat.
hic mirum consurgit opus: Cytherea maritum
sponte rapit caelique toros imitata priores
pectora lascivo flatu Mavortia nectit
et tantum suspendit onus galeaeque lacertos
implicat et vivis totum complexibus ambit.
ille lacessitus longo spiraminis actu
arcanis trahitur gemma de coniuge nodis.
pronuba fit Natura deis ferrumque maritat
aura tenax: subitis sociantur numina furtis.
Quis calor infudit geminis alterna metallis

foedera? quae duras iungit concordia mentes?
flagrat anhela silex et amicam saucia sentit
materiem placidosque chalybs cognoscit amores.
sic Venus horrificum belli compescere regem
et vultum mollire solet, cum sanguine praeceps
aestuat et strictis mucronibus asperat iras.
sola feris occurrit equis solvitque tumorem
pectoris et blando praecordia temperat igni.
pax animo tranquilla datur, pugnasque calentes
deserit et rutilas declinat in oscula cristas.
Quae tibi, saeve puer, non est permissa potestas?
tu magnum superas fulmen caeloque relicto
fluctibus in mediis cogis mugire Tonantem.
iam gelidas rupes vivoque carentia sensu
membra feris, iam saxa tuis obnoxia telis,
et lapides suus ardor agit, ferrumque tenetur
inlecebris; rigido regnant in marmore flammae.

XXX: Laus Serenae

Dic, mea Calliope, tanto cur tempore differs
Pierio meritam serto redimire Serenam?
vile putas donum, solitam consurgere gemmis
et Rubro radiare mari si floribus ornes
5 reginae regina comam? sed floribus illis,
quos neque frigoribus Boreas nec Sirius urit
aestibus, aeterno sed veris honore rubentes
fons Aganippea Permessius educat unda:
unde piae pascuntur apes et prata legentes
10 transmittunt saeculis Heliconia mella futuris.
Dignius an vates alios exercuit unum
femineae virtutis opus? quod sponte redempto
casta maritali successit Thessala fato
inque suos migrare virum non abnuat annos,
15 hoc Grai memorant. Latiis movet ora Camenis
praescia factorum Tanaquil rediensque per undas
Cloelia Thybrinas et eodem flumine ducens
Claudia virgineo cunctantem crine Cybeben.
anne aliud toto molitur carminis actu
20 Maeonii mens alta senis? quod stagna Charybdis
armavit, quod Scylla canes, quod pocula Circe,
Antiphatae vitata fames surdoque carina
remige Sirenum cantus transvecta tenaces,
lumine fraudatus Cyclops, contempta Calypso:
25 Penelopae decus est atque uni tanta paratur
scaena pudicitiae. terrae pelagique labores
et saevi totidem bellis quot fluctibus anni
coniugii docuere fidem. sit Claudia felix
teste dea castosque probet sub numine mores
30 absolvens puppisque moras crimenque pudoris:
Penelope trahat arte procos fallatque furentes
stamina nocturnae relegens Laërtia telae:
non tamen audebunt titulis certare Serenae.
Quodsi nobilitas cunctis exordia pandit
35 laudibus atque omnes redeunt in semina causae,
quis venerabilior sanguis, quae maior origo
quam regalis erit? non hoc privata dedere
limina nec tantum poterat contingere nomen
angustis laribus; patruo te principe celsam
40 bellipotens inlustrat avus, qui signa Britanno
intulit Oceano Gaetulaque reppulit arma.

claram Scipiadam taceat Cornelia gentem
seque minus iactet Libycis dotata trophaeis.
cardine tu gemino laurus praetendis avitas:
45 inde Caledoniis, Australibus inde parentum
cingeris exuviis. necdum moderamina mundi
sumpserat illa domus, cum te Lucina beatis
adderet astrorum radiis, o maxima rerum
gloria: post genitam didicit regnare Serenam.
50 Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris
vox humana valet? primo levat aequore solem
India: tu fessos exacta luce iugales
proluis inque tuo respirant sidera fluctu.
dives equis, frugum facilis, pretiosa metallis,
55 principibus fecunda piis, tibi saecula debent
Traianum; series his fontibus Aelia fluxit.
hinc senior pater, hinc iuvenum diademata fratrum.
namque aliae gentes, quas foedere Roma recepit
aut armis domuit, varios aptantur in usus
60 imperii; Phariae segetes et Punica messis
castrorum devota cibo; dat Gallia robur
militis; Illyricis sudant equitatibus alae:
sola novum Latiis vectigal Hiberia rebus
contulit Augustos. fruges, aeraria, miles
65 undique conveniunt totoque ex orbe leguntur:
haec generat qui cuncta regant. nec laude virorum
censeri contenta fuit, nisi matribus aequae
vinceret et gemino certatim splendida sexu
Flaccillam Mariamque daret pulchramque Serenam.
70 Te nascente ferunt per pingua culta tumentem
divitiis undasse Tagum; Callaecia risit
floribus et roseis formosus Duria ripis
vellere purpureo passim mutavit ovile.
Cantaber Oceanus vicino litore gemmas
75 expuit; effossis nec pallidus Astur oberrat
montibus: oblatum sacris natalibus aurum
vulgo vena vomit, Pyrenaeisque sub antris
igneae flumineae legere ceraunia Nymphae;
quaeque relabentes undas aestumque secutae
80 in refluos venere palam Nereides amnes
confessae plausu dominam cecinere futuris
auspiciis thalamis. alio tum parvus in axe
crescebat Stilicho votique ignarus agebat,
debita cui longe coniunx, penitusque remoto
85 orbe parabatur tanti concordia fati.

Nec tua mortalis meruit cunabula nutrix.
ubera prima dabant gremio redolente Napaeae
ternaque te nudis innectens Gratia membris
adflavit docuitque loqui. quacumque per herbam
90 reptares, fluxere rosae, candentia nasci
lilia; si placido cessissent lumina somno,
purpura surgebat violae, factura cubile
gramineum, vernatque tori regalis imago.
omina non audet genetrix tam magna fateri
95 successusque suos arcani conscia voti spe trepidante tegit.

Gestabat Honorius arto
te pater amplexu. quotiens ad limina princeps
Theodosius privatus adhuc fraterna veniret,
oscula libabat teque ad sua tecta ferebat
100 laetior; in matrem teneris conversa querellis:
“quid? me de propriis auferre penatibus?” inquis;
“imperat hic semper!” praesagia luserat error
et dedit augurium regnis infantia linguae.
defuncto genitore tuo sublimis adoptat
105 te patruus magnique animo solacia luctus
restituens propius quam si genuisset amavit
defuncti fratris subolem; nec carior olim
mutua Ledaeos devinxit cura Lacones:
addidit et proprio germana vocabula nato
110 quaque datur fratris speciem sibi reddit adempti.
denique cum rerum summas electus habenas
susciperet, non ante suis intendit amorem
pignoribus quam te pariter fidamque sororem
litus ad Eoum terris acciret Hiberis.

115 Deseritur iam ripa Tagi Zephyrique relictis
sedibus Aurorae famulas properatur ad urbes.
incedunt geminae proles fraterna puellae:
inde Serena minor, prior hinc Thermantia natu,
expertes thalami, quarum Cythereia necdum
120 sub iuga cervices niveas Hymenaeus adegit.
utraque luminibus timidum micat, utraque pulchro
excitat ore faces. quales Latonia virgo
et solo Iove nata soror cum forte revisunt
aequorei sortem patruī (spumantia cedunt
125 aequora castarum gressus venerata dearum;
non ludit Galatea procax, non improbus audet
tangere Cymothoën Triton totoque severos
indicit mores pelago pudor ipsaque Proteus
arceat ab amplexu turpi Neptunia monstra):

130 tales sceptriferi visurae tecta parentis
limen Honoriades penetrant regale sorores.
ambas ille quidem patrio complexus amore,
sed merito pietas in te proclivior ibat;
et quotiens, rerum moles ut publica cogit,
135 tristior aut ira tumidus flagrante redibat,
cum patrem nati fugerent atque ipsa timeret
commotum Flaccilla virum, tu sola frementem
frangere, tu blando poteras sermone mederi.
adloquiis haerere tuis, secreta fateri.
140 Prisca puellares reverentia transilit annos.
non talem Triviae confert laudator Homerus
Alcinoo genitam, quae dum per litora vestes
explicat et famulas exercet laeta choreis,
auratam iaculata pilam post naufraga somni
145 otia progressum foliis expavit Ulixen.
Pierius labor et veterum tibi carmina vatum
ludus erat: quos Smyrna dedit, quos Mantua libros
percurrens damnas Helenam nec parcis Elissae.
nobiliora tenent animos exempla pudicos:
150 Laodamia sequens remeantem rursus ad umbras
Phylaciden et prona ruens Capaneia coniunx
communes ardente viro mixtura favillas,
et gravis incumbens casto Lucretia ferro,
vulnere quae proprio facinus testata tyranni
155 armavit patriae iustos in bella dolores
exule Tarquinio, memorandaque concidit uno
ulta pudicitiam libertatemque cruore.
taliam facta libens non tu virtute minore,
sed fato meliore legis.
Iam nubilis aetas
160 principe sollicito votis erexerat aulam
incertis, quem tanta tori fortuna maneret.
Antiquos loquitur Musarum pagina reges,
qui dura sub lege procos certare iuberent,
empturos thalamum dubii discrimine leti,
165 et sua crudeles gauderent pignora mortis
ambitione peti. curru Pisaea marino
fugit praeda Pelops; nam perfidus obice regis
prodidit Oenomai deceptum Myrtilus axem.
Hippomenes trepidus cursu ferroque secutam
170 aurato volucrem flexit Schoeneida pomo.
Herculeas vidit Fluvio luctante palaestras
moenibus ex altis Calydon pretiumque labori

Deianira fuit, cum pectore victor anhelus
Alcides fremeret retroque Acheloius iret
175 decolor: attonitae stringebant vulnera Nymphae;
saucia truncato pallebant flumina cornu.
te non Hesperidum pomis, non amne subacto,
non socerum fallente rota, sed iudice dignus
Augusto variis Stilicho spectatus in armis
180 accipit et regni dotes virtute paravit.
saepe duces meritis bello tribuere coronas:
hunc cingit muralis honos; hunc civica quercus
nexuit; hunc domitis ambit rostrata carinis.
solus, militiae mira mercede, iugalem
185 promeruit Stilicho socero referente coronam.
Agnovit patrum similem Thermantia curam;
nupsit et illa duci; sed longe fata sororis
inferiora tuis. alio tibi lumine taedas
accendit Romana Salus magnisque coronis
190 coniugium fit causa tuum. dilectus equorum,
quos Phrygiae matres Argeaque gramina pastae
semine Cappadocum sacris praesaepibus edunt,
primus honor. gemino mox inde e germine duxit
agmina commissosque labor sic gessit honores,
195 ut semper merito princeps cum magna dedisset,
deberet maiora tamen. si bellica nubes
ingrueret, quamvis annis et iure minori
cedere grandaevos equitum peditumque magistros
aspiceres totumque palam permittere Martem,
200 nec gradus aetatisque pudor senioribus obstat,
ne iuveni parere velint. ceu flamine molli
tranquillisque fretis clavum sibi quisque regendum
vindicat; incumbat si turbidus Auster et unda
pulsat utrumque latus, posito certamine nautae
205 contenti meliore manu seseque pavere
confessi (finem studiis fecere procellae):
haud aliter Stilicho, fremuit cum Thracia belli
tempestas, cunctis pariter cedentibus unus
eligitur ductor; suffragia quippe peregit
210 index vera timor; victus ratione salutis
ambitus et pulsus iacuit formidine livor.
Quis tibi tunc per membra tremor quantaeque cadebant
ubertim lacrimae, cum saeva vocantibus arma
iam lituis madido respectans lumina vultu
215 optares reducem galeaeque inserta minaci
oscula cristati raperes festina mariti!

gaudia quae rursus, cum post victricia tandem
classica sidereas ferratum pectus in ulnas
exciperes, castae tuto per dulcia noctis
220 otia pugnarum seriem narrare iuberet!
non illo nitidos umquam bellante capillos
comere, non solitos gemmarum sumere cultus:
numinibus votisque vacas et supplice crine
verris humum: teritur neglectae gratia formae
225 cum proprio reditura viro.

Nec deside cura
segnis marcet amor: laudem prudentia belli
feminea pro parte subit. dum gentibus ille
confligit, vigili tu prospicis omnia sensu,
ne quid in absentem virtutibus obvia semper
230 audeat invidiae rabies neu fervor iniquus,
ne qua procul positus furto subsederit armis
calliditas nocitura domi. tu sedula quondam
Rufino meditante nefas, cum quaereret artes
in ducis exitium coniuratosque foveret
235 contra pila Getas, motu rimata latentes
mandatis tremebunda virum scriptisque monebas.

XXXI: Epistula ad Serenam

Orphea cum primae sociarent numina taedae
ruraque conpleret Thracia festus Hymen,
certavere ferae picturataeque volucres,
dona suo vati quae potiora darent,
5 quippe antri memores, cautes ubi saepe sonorae
praebuerant dulci mira theatra lyrae.
Caucasio crystallae ferunt de vertice lynces,
grypes Hyperborei pondera fulva soli.
furatae Veneris prato per inane columbae
10 florea conexis sarta tulere rosis,
fractaque nobilium ramis electra sororum
cycnus oloriferi vexit ab amne Padi,
et Nilo Pygmaea grues post bella remenso
ore gerunt Rubri germina cara maris.
15 venit et extremo Phoenix longaevus ab Euro
adportans unco cinnama rara pede.
nulla avium pecudumque fuit, quae ferre negaret
vectigal merita conubiale lyrae.
Tunc opibus totoque Heliconis sedula regno
20 ornabat propriam Calliopea nurum.
ipsam praeterea dominam stellantis Olympi
ad nati thalamos ausa rogare parens.
nec sprevit regina deum vel matris honore
vel iusto vatis ducta favore pii,
25 qui sibi carminibus totiens lustraverat aras
Iunonis blanda numina voce canens
proeliaque altisoni referens Phlegraea mariti,
Titanum fractas Enceladique minas.
ilicet adventu noctem dignata iugalem
30 addidit augendis munera sacra toris,
munera mortales non admittentia cultus,
munera, quae solos fas habuisse deos.
sed quod Threicio Iuno placabilis Orphei,
hoc poteris votis esse, Serena, meis.
35 illius expectent famulantia sidera nutum;
sub pedibus regitur terra fretumque tuis.
non ego, cum peterem, sollemni more procorum
promisi gregibus pascua plena meis,
nec, quod mille mihi lateant sub palmitum colles
40 fluctuet et glauca pinguis oliva coma,
nec, quod nostra Ceres numerosa falce laboret

aurataeque ferant culmina celsa trabes.
suffecit mandasse deam: tua littera nobis
et pecus et segetes et domus ampla fuit.
45 inflexit soceros et maiestate petendi
texit pauperiem nominis umbra tui.
quid non perficeret scribentis voce Serenae
vel genius regni vel pietatis amor?
Atque utinam sub luce tui contingeret oris
50 coniugis et castris et solio generi
optatum celebrare diem! me iungeret auspex
purpura, me sancto cingeret aula choro.
et mihi quam scriptis desponderat ante puellam,
coniugiis eadem pronuba dextra daret.
55 nunc medium quoniam votis maioribus aequor
invidet et Libycae dissidet ora plagae,
saltem absens, regina, fave reditusque secundos
adnue sidereo laeta supercilio.
terrarum tu pande vias, tu mitibus Euris
60 aequora pacari prosperiora iube,
ut tibi Pierides doctumque fluens Aganippe
debita servato vota cliente canant.

XXXII: de Salvatore

Christe potens rerum, redeuntis conditor aevi,
vox summi sensusque dei, quem fudit ab alta
mente pater tantique dedit consortia regni,
impia tu nostrae domuisti crimina vitae
5 passus corporea numen vestire figura
adfarique palam populos hominemque fateri;
quemque utero inclusum Mariae mox numine viso
virginei tumuere sinus, innuptaque mater
arcano stupuit compleri viscera partu
10 auctorem paritura suum: mortalia corda
artificem texere poli, mundique repertor
pars fuit humani generis, latuitque sub uno
pectore, qui totum late complectitur orbem,
et qui non spatiis terrae, non aequoris unda
15 nec capitur caelo, parvos confluit in artus.
quin et supplicii nomen nexusque subisti,
ut nos subriperes leto mortemque fugares
morte tua, mox aetherias evectus in auras
purgata repetens laetum tellure parentem.
Augustum foveas, festis ut saepe diebus
annua sinceri celebret ieiunia sacri.

XXXIII-XXXIX: De Crystallo cui aqua inerat

Possedit glacies naturae signa prioris
et fit parte lapis, frigora parte negat.
sollers lusit hiems, imperfectoque rigore
nobilior vivis gemma tumescit aquis.

XL-XLI: Epistula ad Olybrium; Ad Probinum

Quid rear, adfatus quod non mihi dirigis ullos
nec redit alterno pollice ducta salus?
scribendine labor? sed quae tam prona facultas,
carmina seu fundis seu Cicerone tonas?

5 cedere divitiis animi fortuna fatetur
et tantas oris copia vincit opes.

An rarus qui scripta ferat? quin tempore nullo
cessant Flaminiae pulverulenta viae.

cum fluat ingenium, cum sit qui dicta reportet,
10 quae, nisi contemnor, causa relictæ tibi?
despicias ergo tuum, si fas est credere, vatem
perfidus, et spatio debilitatur amor.

Excidimusne tibi? lucem iam condet Hydaspes,
et Tartesiaco, Sol, oriere vado,

15 candescet Geticis Meroë conversa pruinis
claraque se vetito proluet Ursa mari,
et, si iam nostros fastidit Olybrius ignes,
constat Oresteam nil valuisse fidem.

Quin age rumpe moras solaturusque sodalem
20 absens eloquio fertiliori doce,

crebraque facundo festinet littera cursu
libris atque animis insinuanda meis.
dignatus tenui Caesar scripsisse Maroni,
nec tibi dedecori Musa futura. vale.

XLII: De apro et leone

Torvus aper fulvusque leo coiere superbis
viribus, hic saeta saevior, ille iuba;
hunc Mars, hunc laudat Cybele. dominatur uterque
montibus; Herculeus sudor uterque fuit.

XLIII: In Curetium

Fallaces vitreo stellas componere mundo
et vaga Saturni sidera saepe queri
venturumque Iovem paucis promittere nummis
Cureti genitor noverat Uranius.
5 in prolem dilata ruunt periuria patris
et poenam merito filius ore luit.
nam spurcos avidae lambit meretricis hiatus
consumens luxu flagitiisque domum
et, quas fallacis collegit lingua parentis,
10 has eadem nati lingua refundit opes.

XLIV: In eundem Curetium

Si tua, Cureti, penitus cognoscere quaeris
sidera, patre tuo certius ipse loquar.
quod furis, adversi dedit inclementia Martis;
quod procul a Musis, debilis Arcas erat;
5 quod turpem pateris iam cano podice morbum,
femineis signis Luna Venusque fuit;
attrivit Saturnus opes. hoc prorsus in uno
haereo: quae cunnum lambere causa facit?

XLV: De concha

Transferat huc liquidos fontes Heliconia Nais
et patulo conchae divitis orbe fluat.
namque latex doctae qui laverit ora Serenae,
ultra Pegaseas numen habebit aquas.

XLVI: De chlamyde et frenis

Non semper clipei metuendum gentibus orbem
dilecto studiosa parens fabricabat Achilli,
Lemnia nec semper supplex ardentis adibat
antra dei nato galeam factura comantem,
5 sed placidos etiam cinctus et mitia pacis
ornamenta dabat, bello quibus ille peracto
conspicuus reges inter fulgeret Achivos.
ipsa manu chlamydes ostro texebat et auro,
frenaque, quae volucrem Xanthum Baliumque decerent,
10 aequore quaesitis onerabat sedula gemmis.
At tibi diversis, princeps altissime, certant
obsequiis soceri. Stilicho Mavortia confert
munera, barbaricas strages Rhenique triumphos.
reginae contenta modum servare Serena
15 in tua sollicitas urget velamina telas.

XLVII: De equo dono dato

O felix sonipes, tanti cui frena mereri
numinis et sacris licuit servire lupatis,
seu tua per campos vento iuba lussit Hiberos,
seu te Cappadocum gelida sub valle natantem
5 Argaeae lavere nives, seu laeta solebas
Thessaliae rapido perstringere pascua cursu:
accipe regales cultus et crine superbus
erecto virides spumis perfunde smaragdos.
luxurient tumido gemmata monilia collo,
10 nobilis auratos iam purpura vestiat armos,
et medium te zona liget variata colorum
floribus et castae manibus sudata Serenae,
Persarum gentile decus. sic quippe laborat
maternis studiis nec dedignatur equestres
15 moliri phaleras genero latura decorem.

XLVIII: De zona equi regii missa Honorio Augusto a Serena.

Accipe parva tuae, princeps venerande, sororis
munera, quae manibus texuit ipsa suis,
dumque auro phalerae, gemmis dum frena renident,
hac uterum zona cinge frementis equi,
5 sive illum Armeniis aluerunt gramina campis
turbidus Argaea seu nive lavit Halys,
sanguineo virides morsu vexare smaragdos
et Tyrio dignum terga rubere toro.
o quantum formae sibi conscius erigit armos
10 spargit et excussis colla superba iubis!
augescit brevis doni pietate Serenae,
quae volucres etiam fratribus ornat equos.

XLIX: De torpedine

Quis non indomitam dirae torpedinis artem
audiit et merito signatas nomine vires?

Illa quidem mollis segnique obnoxia natatu
reptat et attritis vix languida serpit harenis.

5 sed latus armavit gelido natura veneno,
et frigus, quo cuncta rigent animata, medullis
miscuit et proprias hiemes per viscera duxit.

naturam iuvat ipsa dolis et conscia sortis
utitur ingenio longeque extenta per algas

10 attactu confisa subit. immobilis haeret:
qui tetigere iacent. successu laeta resurgit
et vivos inpune ferox depascitur artus.

Si quando vestita cibus incautior aera
hauserit et curvis frenari senserit hamis,

15 non fugit aut vano conatur vellere morsu,
sed propius nigrae iungit se callida saetae
et meminit captiva sui longeque per undas

pigra venenatis effundit flamina venis.

per saetam vis alta meat fluctusque relinquit

20 absentem victura virum: metuendus ab imis
emicat horror aquis et pendula fila secutus
transit harundineos arcano frigore nodos

victricemque ligat concreto sanguine dextram.

damnosum piscator onus praedamque rebellem

25 iactat et amissa redit exarmatus avena.

L: In Iacobum magistrum equitum

Per cineres Pauli, per cani limina Petri,
ne laceres versus, dux Iacobe, meos.
sic tua pro clipeo defendat pectora Thomas
et comes ad bellum Bartholomaeus eat;
5 sic ope sanctorum non barbarus inruat Alpes,
sic tibi det vires sancta Susanna suas;
sic quicumque ferox gelidum transnaverit Histrum,
mergatur volucres ceu Pharaonis equi;
sic Geticas ultrix feriat romphaea catervas
10 Romanasque regat prospera Thecla manus;
sic tibi det magnum moriens conviva triumphum
atque tuam vincant dolia fusa sitim;
sic numquam hostili maculetur sanguine dextra:
ne laceres versus, dux Iacobe, meos.

LI: In sphaeram Archimedis

Iuppiter in parvo cum cerneret aethera vitro,
risit et ad superos talia dicta dedit:
“hucine mortalis progressa potentia curae?
iam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor?
5 iura poli rerumque fidem legesque deorum
ecce Syracusius transtulit arte senex.
inclusus variis famulatur spiritus astris
et vivum certis motibus urget opus.
percurrit proprium mentitus Signifer annum,
10 et simulata novo Cynthia mense redit,
iamque suum volvens audax industria mundum
gaudet et humana sidera mente regit.
quid falso insontem tonitru Salmonea miror?
aemula naturae parva reperta manus.”

LII: Gigantomachia

Terra parens quondam caelestibus invida regnis
Titanumque simul crebros miserata dolores
omnia monstrifero complebat Tartara fetu
invisum genitura nefas Phlegramque retextit
5 tanta prole tumens et in aethera protulit hostes.
fit sonus: erumpunt crebri necdumque creati
iam dextras in bella parant superosque lacesunt
stridula volventes gemino vestigia lapsu.
pallescunt subito stellae flectitque rubentes
10 Phoebus equos docuitque timor revocare meatus.
Oceanum petit Arctos inocciduique Triones
occasum didicere pati. tum fervida natos
talibus hortatur genetrix in proelia dictis:
“O pubes domitura deos, quodcumque videtis,
15 pugnando dabitur; praestat victoria mundum.
sentiet ille meas tandem Saturnius iras,
cognoscet, quid Terra potest, si viribus ullis
vincor, si Cybele nobis meliora creavit!
cur nullus Telluris honos? cur semper acerbis
20 me damnis urgere solet? quae forma nocendi
defuit? hinc volucrem vivo sub pectore pascit
infelix Scythica fixus convalle Prometheus;
hinc Atlantis apex flammantia pondera fulcit
et per canitiem glacies asperissima durat.
25 quid dicam Tityon, cuius sub vulture saevo
viscera nascuntur gravibus certantia poenis?
sed vos, o tandem veniens exercitus ultor,
solve Titanas vinclis, defendite matrem.
sunt freta, sunt montes: nostris ne parcite membris;
30 in Iovis exitium telum non esse recuso.
ite, precor, miscete polum, rescindite tures
sidereas. rapiat fulmen sceptrumque Typhoeus;
Enceladi iussis mare serviat; alter habenas
Aurorae pro Sole regat: te Delphica laurus
35 stringet, Porphyryon, Cirrhaeque templa tenebis.”
His ubi consiliis animos elusit inanes,
iam credunt vicisse deos mediisque revinctum
Neptunum traxisse fretis; hic sternere Martem
cogitat, hic Phoebi laceros divellere crines;
40 hic sibi promittit Venerem speratque Dianae
coniugium castamque cupit violare Minervam.

Interea superos praenuntia convocat Iris.
qui fluvios, qui stagna colunt, cinguntur et ipsi
auxilio Manes; nec te, Proserpina, longe
45 umbrosae tenuere fores; rex ipse silentum
Lethaeo vehitur curru lucemque timentes
insolitam mirantur equi trepidoque volatu
spissas caeruleis tenebras e naribus efflant.
ac velut hostilis cum machina terruit urbem,
50 undique concurrunt arcem defendere cives:
haud secus omnigenis coeuntia numina turmis
ad patris venere domos. tum Iuppiter inquit:
“O numquam peritura cohors, o debita semper
caelo progenies, nullis obnoxia fatis:
55 cernitis ut Tellus nostrum coniuret in orbem
prole nova dederitque alios interrita partus?
ergo, quot dederit natos, tot funera matri
reddamus: longo maneat per saecula luctu
tanto pro numero paribus damnata sepulcris.”
60 Iam tuba nimborum sonuit, iam signa ruendi
his Aether, his Terra dedit confusaque rursus
pro domino Natura timet. discrimina rerum
miscet turba potens: nunc insula deserit aequor,
nunc scopuli latuere mari. quot litora restant
65 nuda! quot antiquas mutarunt flumina ripas!
hic rotat Haemonium praeduris viribus Oeten;
hic iuga conexus manibus Pangaea coruscat;
hunc armat glacialis Athos; hoc Ossa movente
tollitur; hic Rhodopen Hebri cum fonte revellit
70 et socias truncavit aquas summaque levatus
rupe Giganteos umeros inrorat Enipeus:
subsedit patulis Tellus sine culmine campis in natos divisa suos.
Horrendus ubique
it fragor et pugnae spatium discriminat aër.
75 primus terrificum Mavors non segnis in agmen
Odrysius impellit equos, quibus ille Gelonos
sive Getas turbare solet: splendentior igni
aureus ardescit clipeus, galeamque nitentes
adrexere iubae. tum concitus ense Pelorum
80 transigit adverso, femorum qua fine volutus
duplex semifero conectitur ilibus anguis,
atque uno ternas animas interficit ictu.
tum super insultans avidus languentia curru
membra teri multumque rotae sparsere cruorem.
85 Occurrit pro fratre Mimas Lemnumque calentem

cum lare Vulcani spumantibus eruit undis
et prope torsisset, si non Mavortia cuspis
ante revelato cerebrum fudisset ab ore.
ille, viro toto moriens, serpentibus imis
90 vivit adhuc stridore ferox et parte rebelli
victorem post fata petit.
Tritonia virgo
prosilit ostendens rutila cum Gorgone pectus;
adspectu contenta suo non utitur hasta
(nam satis est vidisse semel) primumque furem
95 longius in faciem saxi Pallanta reformat.
ille procul subitis fixus sine vulnere nodis
ut se letifero sensit durescere visu
(et steterat iam paene lapis) “quo vertimur?” inquit,
“quae serpit per membra silex? qui torpor inertem
100 marmorea me peste ligat?” vix pauca locutus,
quod timuit, iam totus erat; saevusque Damastor,
ad depellendos iaculum cum quaereret hostes,
germani rigidum misit pro rupe cadaver.
Hic vero interitum fratris miratus Echion
105 inscius, auctorem dum vult temptare nocendo,
te, Dea, respexit, solam quam cernere nulli
bis licuit. meruit sublata audacia poenas
et didicit cum morte deam. sed turbidus ira
Palleneus, oculis aversa tuentibus atrox,
110 ingreditur caecasque manus in Pallada tendit.
hunc mucrone ferit dea comminus; ac simul angues
Gorgoneo riguere gelu corpusque per unum videndo.
pars moritur ferro, partes periere
Ecce autem medium spiris delapsus in aequor
115 Porphyryon trepidam conatur rumpere Delon,
scilicet ad superos ut torqueat improbus axes.
horruit Aegaeus; stagnantibus exilit antris
longaevum cum patre Thetis desertaque mansit
regia Neptuni famulis veneranda profundis.
120 exclamant placidae Cynthi de vertice Nymphae,
Nymphae, quae rudibus Phoebum docuere sagittis
errantes agitare feras primumque gementi
Latonae struxere torum, cum lumina caeli
parturiens geminis ornaret fetibus orbem.
125 implorat Paeana suum conterrita Delos
auxiliumque rogat: “si te gratissima fudit
in nostros Latona sinus, succurre precanti.
en iterum convulsa feror.”

The Rape of Proserpine

BOOK I. PREFACE.

(XXXII)

Inventa secuit primus qui nave profundum
et rudibus remis sollicitavit aquas,
qui dubiis ausus committere flatibus alnum
quas natura negat praebuit arte vias:
5 tranquillis primum trepidus se credidit undis
litora securo tramite summa legens;
mox longos temptare sinus et linquere terras
et leni coepit pandere vela Noto.
ast ubi paulatim praeceps audacia crevit
10 cordaque languentem dedidicere metum,
iam vagus inrumpit pelagus caelumque secutus
Aegaeas hiemes Ioniumque domat.

BOOK I.

Inferni raptoris equos adflataque curru
sidera Taenario caligantesque profundae
Iunonis thalamos audaci promere cantu
mens congesta iubet. gressus removete profani.
5 iam furor humaos nostro de pectore sensus
expulit et totum spirant praecordia Phoebum;
iam mihi cernuntur trepidis delubra moveri
sedibus et claram dispergere limina lucem
adventum testata dei; iam magnus ab imis
10 auditur fremitus terris templumque remugit
Cecropium sanctasque faces extollit Eleusis.
angues Triptolemi strident et squamea curvis
colla levant attrita iugis lapsuque sereno
erecti roseas tendunt ad carmina cristas.
15 ecce procul ternis Hecate variata figuris
exoritur, levisque simul procedit Iacchus
crinali florens hedera, quem Parthica velat
tigris et auratos in nodum colligit ungues:
ebria Maeonius firmat vestigia thyrsus.
20 Di, quibus innumerum vacui famulatur Averno
vulgus iners, opibus quorum donatur avaris
quidquid in orbe perit, quos Styx liventibus ambit
interfusa vadis et quos fumantia torquens
aequora gurgitibus Phlegethon perlustrat anhelis —
25 vos mihi sacrarum penetralia pandite rerum
et vestri secreta poli: qua lampade Ditem
flexit Amor; quo ducta ferox Proserpina raptu
possedit dotale Chaos quantasque per oras
sollicito genetrix erraverit anxia cursu;
30 unde datae populis fruges et glande relictas
cesserit inventis Dodonia quercus aristis.
Dux Erebi quondam tumidas exarsit in iras
proelia moturus superis, quod solus egeret
conubiis sterilesque diu consumeret annos
35 impatiens nescire torum nullasque mariti
inlecebras nec dulce patris cognoscere nomen.
iam quaecumque latent ferali monstra barathro
in turmas aciemque ruunt contraque Tonantem
coniurant Furiae, crinitaque sontibus hydrys
40 Tesiphone quatiens infausto lumine pinum
armatos ad castra vocat pallentia Manes.

paene reluctatis iterum pugnancia rebus
rupissent elementa fidem penitusque revulso
carcere laxatis pubes Titania vinclis
45 vidisset caeleste iubar rursusque cruentus
Aegaeon positis aucto de corpore nodis
obvia centeno vexasset fulmina motu.
Sed Parcae vetuere minas orbique timentes
ante pedes soliumque ducis fudere severam
50 canitiem genibusque suas cum supplice fletu
admoveere manus, quarum sub iure tenentur
omnia, quae seriem fatorum pollice ducunt
longaque ferratis evolvunt saecula fuis.
prima fero Lachesis clamabat talia regi
55 incultas dispersa comas:
“O maxime noctis
arbitrator umbrarumque potens, cui nostra laborant
stamina, qui finem cunctis et semina praebes
nascendique vices alterna morte rependis,
qui vitam letumque regis (nam quidquid ubique
60 gignit materies, hoc te donante creatur
debeturque tibi certisque ambagibus aevi
rursus corporeos animae mittuntur in artus):
ne pete firmatas pacis dissolvere leges,
quas dedimus nevitque colus, neu foedera fratrum
65 civili converte tuba. cur impia tollis
signa? quid incestis aperis Titanibus auras?
posce Iovem; dabitur coniunx.”
Vix illa: pepercit
erubuitque preces, animusque relanguit atrox
quamvis indocilis flecti: ceu turbine rauco
70 cum gravis armatur Boreas glacieque nivali
hispidus et Getica concretus grandine pennas
dirumpit pelagus, silvas camposque sonoro
flamine rapturus; si forte adversus aënos
Aeolus obiecit postes, vanescit inanis
75 impetus et fractae redeunt in claustra procellae.
Tunc Maia genitum, qui fervida dicta reportet,
imperat acciri. Cyllenius adstitit ales
somniaferam quatiens virgam tectusque galero.
ipse rudi fultus soli nigraque verendus
80 maiestate sedet: squalent inmania foedo
sceptra situ; sublime caput maestissima nubes
asperat et dirae riget inclementia formae;
terrorem dolor augebat. tunc talia celso

ore tonat (tremefacta silent dicente tyranno
85 atria: latratum triplicem compescuit ingens
ianitor et presso lacrimarum fonte resedit
Cocytos tacitisque acheron obmutuit undis
et Phlegethonteae requierunt murmura ripae):
“Atlantis Tegeae nepos, commune profundis
90 et superis numen, qui fas per limen utrumque
solus habes geminoque facis commercia mundo,
i celer et proscinde Notos et iussa superbo
redde Iovi: ‘tantumne tibi, saevissime frater,
in me iuris erit? sic nobis noxia vires
95 cum caelo Fortuna tulit? num robur et arma
perdidimus, si rapta dies? an forte iacentes
ignavosque putas, quod non Cyclopia tela
stringimus aut vanas tonitru deludimus auras?
nonne satis visum, grati quod luminis experts
100 tertia supremæ patior dispendia sortis
informesque plagas, cum te laetissimus ornet
Signifer et vario cingant splendore Triones;
sed thalamis etiam prohibes? Nereia glauco
Neptunum gremio complectitur Amphitrite;
105 te consanguineo recipit post fulmina fessum
Iuno sinu. quid enim narrem Latonia furta,
quid Cererem magnamque Themis? tibi tanta creandi
copia; te felix natorum turba coronat.
ast ego deserta maerens inglorius aula
110 implacidas nullo solabor pignore curas?
non adea toleranda quies. primordia testor
noctis et horrendae stagna intemerata paludis:
si dicto parere negas, patefacta ciebo
Tartara, Saturni veteres laxabo catenas,
115 obducam tenebris solem, compage soluta
lucidus umbroso miscebitur axis Averno.”
Vix ea fatus erat, iam nuntius astra tenebat.
audierat mandata Pater secumque volutat
diversos ducens animos, quæ tale sequatur
120 coniugium Stygiosque velit pro sole recessus.
certa requirenti tandem sententia sedit.
Hennæae Cereri proles optata virebat
unica, nec tribuit subolem Lucina secundam
fessaque post primos haeserunt viscera partus
125 infecunda quidem; sed cunctis altior extat
matribus et numeri damnum Proserpina pensat.
hanc fovet, hanc sequitur: vitulam non blandius ambit

torva parens, pedibus quae nondum proterit arva
nec nova lunatae curvavit germina frontis.
130 iam matura toro plenis adoleverat annis
virginitas, tenerum iam pronuba flamma pudorem
sollicitat mixtaque tremit formidine votum.
personat aula procis: pariter pro virgine certant
Mars clipeo melior, Phoebus praestantior arcu;
135 Mars donat Rhodopen, Phoebus largitur Amyclas
et Delon Clariosque lares; hinc aemula Iuno,
hinc poscit Latona nurum. despexit utrumque
flava Ceres raptusque timens (heu caeca futuri!)
commendat Siculis furtim sua gaudia terris
140 infidis Laribus natam commisit alendam,
aethera deseruit Siculasque relegat in oras] ingenio confisa loci.
Trinacria quondam
Italiae pars iuncta fuit; sed pontus et aestus
mutavere situm. rupit confinia Nereus
145 victor et abscissos interluit aequore montes,
parvaeque cognatas prohibent discrimina terras.
nunc illam socia ruptam tellure trisulcam
opposuit Natura mari: caput inde Pachyni
respuit Ionia praetentis rupibus iras;
150 hinc latrat Gaetula Thetis Lilybaeaeque pulsata
brachia consurgens; hinc indignata teneri
concutit obiectum rabies Tyrrhena Pelorum.
in medio scopulis se porrigit Aetna perustis,
Aetna Giganteos numquam tacitura triumphos,
155 Enceladi bustum, qui saucia terga revinctus
spirat inexhaustum flagranti vulnere sulphur
et, quotiens detractat onus cervice rebeli
in laevum dextrumque latus, tunc insula fundo
vellitur et dubiae nutant cum moenibus urbes.
160 Aetnaeos apices solo cognoscere visu,
non aditu temptare licet. pars cetera frondet
arboribus; teritur nullo cultore cacumen.
nunc movet indigenas nimbos piceaeque gravatum
foedat nube diem, nunc motibus astra lacessit
165 terrificis damnisque suis incendia nutrit.
sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet aestu,
scit nivibus servare fidem pariterque favillis
durescit glacies tanti securae vaporis,
arcano defensa gelu, fumoque fideli
170 lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.
quae scopulos tormenta rotant? quae tanta cavernas

vis glomerat? quo fonte ruit Vulcanius amnis?
sive quod obicibus discurrens ventus opertis
offenso rimosa furit per saxa meatu,
175 dum scrutatur iter, libertatemque reposcens
putria multivagis populatur flatibus antra;
seu mare sulphurei ductum per viscera montis
oppressis ignescit aquis et pondera librat.
Hic ubi servandum mater fidissima pignus
180 abdidit, ad Phrygios tendit secura penates
turrigeramque petit Cybelen sinuosa draconum
membra regens, volucris qui pervia nubila tractu
signant et placidis umectant frena venenis:
frontem crista tegit; pingunt maculosa virentes
185 terga notae; rutilum squamis intermicat aurum.
nunc spiris Zephyros tranant; nunc arva volatu
inferiora secant. cano rota pulvere labens
sulcatam fecundat humum: flavescit aristis
orbita; surgentes condunt vestigia fruges,
190 vestit iter comitata seges.

Iam linquitur Aetna
totaque decrescit refugio Trinacria visu.
heu quotiens praesaga mali violavit oborto
rore genas! quotiens oculos ad tecta retorsit
taliter voce movens: "salve, gratissima tellus,
195 quam nos praetulimus caelo, tibi gaudia nostri
sanguinis et caros uteri commendo labores.
praemia digna manent: nullos patiēre ligones
et nullo rigidi versabere vomeris ictu.
sponte tuus florebit ager; cessante iuvenco
200 ditior oblatas mirabitur incola messes."
sic ait et fulvis tetigit serpentibus Idam.
Hic sedes augusta deae templique colendi
religiosa silex, densis quam pinus obumbrat
frondibus et nulla lucos agitante procella
205 stridula coniferis modulatur carmina ramis.
terribiles intus thias vesanaeque mixto
concentu delubra gemunt; ululatibus Ide
bacchatur; timidas inclinant Gargara silvas.
postquam visa Ceres, mugitum tympana frenant;
210 conticuere chori; Corybas non impulit ensem,
non buxus, non aera sonant blandasque leones
submittere iubas. adytis gavisas Cybebe
exilit et pronas extendit ad oscula turres.
Viderat haec dudum summa speculatus ab arce

215 Iuppiter ac Veneri mentis penetralia pandit:
“curarum, Cytherea, tibi secreta fatebor.
candida Tartareo nuptum Proserpina regi
iam pridem decreta dari: sic Atropos urget;
sic cecinit longaeva Themis. nunc matre remota
220 rem peragi tempus. fines invade Sicanos
et Cereris prolem patulis inludere campis,
crastina puniceos cum lux detexerit ortus,
coge tuis armata dolis, quibus urere cuncta,
me quoque, saepe soles. cur ultima regna quiescunt?
225 nulla sit immunis regio nullumque sub umbris
pectus inaccensum Veneri. iam tristis Erinys
sentiat ardores; Acheron Ditisque severi
ferrea lascivis mollescant corda sagittis.”
Accelerat praecepta Venus; iussuque parentis
230 Pallas et inflexo quae terret Maenala cornu
addunt se comites. divino semita gressu
claruit, augurium qualis laturus iniquum
praepes sanguineo dilabitur igne cometes
prodigiale rubens: non illum navita tuto,
235 non impune vident populi, sed crine minaci
nuntiat aut ratibus ventos aut urbibus hostes.
devenere locum, Cereris quo tecta nitebant
Cyclopum firmata manu: stant ardua ferro
moenia, ferrati postes, inmensaque nequit
240 claustra chalybs. nullum tanto sudore Pyragmon
nec Steropes construxit opus: non talibus umquam
spiravere Notis animae nec flumine tanto
incoctum maduit lassa cervice metallum.
atria cingit ebur; trabibus solidatur aënis
245 culmen et in celsas surgunt electra columnas.
Ipsa domum tenero mulcens Proserpina cantu
inrita texebat rediturae munera matri.
hic elementorum seriem sedesque paternas
insignibat acu, veterem qua lege tumultum
250 discrevit Natura parens et semina iustis
discessere locis: quidquid leve, fertur in altum;
in medium graviora cadunt; incanduit aër;
legit flamma polum; fluxit mare; terra pependit.
nec color unus erat: stellas accendit in auro,
255 ostro fundit aquas. attollit litora gemmis
filaque mentitos iamiam caelantia fluctus
arte tument: credas inlidi cautibus algam
et raucum bibulis inserpere murmur harenis.

addit quinque plagas: mediam subtegmine rubro
260 obsessam fervore notat; squalebat inustus
limes et adsiduo sitiebant stamina sole.
vitales utrimque duas, quas mitis oberrat
temperies habitanda viris; in fine supremo
torpentes traxit geminas brumaque perenni
265 foedat et aeterno contristat frigore telas.
nec non et patruī pingit sacraria Ditis
fatalesque sibi Manes; nec defuit omen,
praescia nam subitis maduerunt fletibus ora.
Cooperat et vitreis summo iam margine texti
270 Oceanum sinuare vadis; sed cardine verso
cernit adesse deas imperfectumque laborem
deserit et niveos infecit purpura vultus
per liquidas succensa genas castaeque pudoris
illuxere faces: non sic decus ardet eburnum,
275 Lydia Sidonio quod femina tinxerit ostro.
Merserat unda diem; sparso nox umida somno
languida caeruleis invexerat otia bigis,
iamque viam Pluto superas molitur ad auras
germani monitu. torvos invisa iugales
280 Allecto temone ligat, qui pascua mandunt
Cocyti pratisque Erebi nigrantibus errant
stagnaque tranquillae potantes marcida Lethes
aegra soporatis spumant obliviae linguis:
Orphnaeus crudele micans Aethonque sagitta
285 ocior et Stygii sublimis gloria Nycteus
armenti Ditisque nota signatus Alastor.
stabant ante fores iuncti saevumque fremebant
crastina venturae spectantes gaudia praedae.

BOOK II. PREFACE.

(XXXIV)

Otia sopitis ageret cum cantibus Orpheus
neglectumque diu deposuisset opus,
lugebant erepta sibi solatia Nymphae,
quaerebant dulces flumina maesta modos.
5 saeva feris natura redit metuensque leonem
implorat citharae vacca tacentis opem.
illius et duri flevire silentia montes
silvaeque Bistoniam saepe secuta chelyn.
Sed postquam Inachiis Alcides missus ab Argis
10 Thracia pacifero contigit arva pede
diraque sanguinei vertit praesaepia regis
et Diomedeos gramine pavit equos,
tunc patriae festo laetatus tempore vates
desuetae repetit fila canora lyrae
15 et resides levi modulatus pectine nervos
pollice festivo nobile duxit ebur.
vix auditus erat: venti frenantur et undae,
pigrrior adstrictis torpuit Hebrus aquis,
porrexit Rhodope sitientes carmina rupes,
20 excussit gelidas pronior Ossa nives;
ardua nudato descendit populus Haemo
et comitem quercum pinus amica trahit,
Cirrhaeasque dei quamvis despexerit artes,
Orpheis laurus vocibus acta venit.
25 securum blandi leporem fovere Molossi
vicinumque lupo praebuit agna latus.
concordes varia ludunt cum tigride dammae;
Massylam cervi non timuere iubam.
Ille novercales stimulos actusque canebat
30 Herculis et forti monstra subacta manu,
qui timidae matri pressos ostenderit angues
intrepidusque fero riserit ore puer:
“te neque Dictaeas quatiens mugitibus urbes
taurus nec Stygii terruit ira canis,
35 non leo sidereos caeli rediturus ad axes,
non Erymanthei gloria montis aper.
solvīs Amazonios cinctus, Stymphalidas arcu
adpetis, occiduo ducis ab orbe greges
tergeminique ducis numerosos deicis artus
40 et totiens uno victor ab hoste redis.

non cadere Antaeo, non crescere profuit hydrae;
nec cervam volucres eripuerunt pedes.
Caci flamma perit; rubuit Busiride Nilus;
prostratis maduit nubigenis Pholoë.
45 te Libyci stupuere sinus, te maxima Tethys
horruit, imposito cum premerere polo:
firmior Herculeus mundus cervice pependit;
lustrarunt umeros Phoebus et astra tuos.”
Thracius haec vates. sed tu Tirynthius alter,
50 Florentine, mihi: tu mea plectra moves
antraque Musarum longo torpentia somno
excutis et placidos ducis in orbe choros.

BOOK II.

Impulit Ionios praemisso lumine fluctus
nondum pura dies; tremulis vibratur in undis
ardor et errantes ludunt per caerula flammae.
iamque audax animi fidaeque oblita parentis
5 fraude Dionaëa riguos Proserpina saltus
(sic Parcae iussere) petit. ter cardine verso
praesagum cecinere fores; ter conscia fati
flebile terrificis gemuit mugitibus Aetna.
nullis illa tamen monstribus nulloque tenetur
10 prodigio. comites gressum iunxere sorores.
Prima dolo gaudens et tanto concita voto
it Venus et raptus metitur corde futuros,
iam dirum flexura chaos, iam Dite subacto
ingenti famulos Manes ductura triumpho.
15 illi multifidos crinis sinuatur in orbes
Idalia divisus acu; sudata marito
fibula purpureos gemma suspendit amictus.
Candida Parrhasii post hanc regina Lycei
et Pandionias quae cuspidem protegit arces,
20 utraque virgo, ruunt: haec tristibus aspera bellis,
haec metuenda feris. Tritonia casside fulva
caelatum Typhona gerit, qui summa peremptus
ima parte viget, moriens et parte superstes;
hastaque terribili surgens per nubila ferro
25 instar habet silvae; tantum stridentia colla
Gorgonis obtentu pallae fulgentis inumbrat.
at Triviae lenis species et multus in ore
frater erat, Phoebique genas et lumina Phoebi
esse putes, solusque dabat discrimina sexus.
30 brachia nuda nitent; levibus proiecerat auris
indociles errare comas, arcuque remisso
otia nervus agit; pendent post terga sagittae.
crispatur gemino vestis Gortynia cinctu
poplite fusa tenus, motoque in stamine Delos
35 errat et aurato trahitur circumflua ponto.
Quas inter Cereris proles, nunc gloria matris,
mox dolor, aequali tendit per gramina passu
nec membris nec honore minor potuitque videri
Pallas, si clipeum ferret, si spicula, Phoebe.
40 collectae tereti nodantur iaspide vestes.
pectinis ingenio numquam felicior artis

contigit eventus; nulli sic consona telae
fila nec in tantum veri duxere figuras.
hic Hyperionio Solem de semine nasci
45 fecerat et pariter, forma sed dispare, Lunam,
aurorae noctisque duces; cunabula Tethys
praebet et infantes gremio solatur anhelos
caeruleusque sinus roseis radiatur alumnis.
invalidum dextro portat Titana lacerto
50 nondum luce gravem nec pubescentibus alte
cristatum radiis: primo clementior aevo
fingitur et tenerum vagitu despuat ignem.
laeva parte soror vitrei libamina potat
uberis et parvo signatur tempora cornu.
55 Tali luxuriat cultu. comitantur euntem
Naides et socia stipant utrimque caterva,
quae fontes, Crinise, tuos et saxa rotantem
Pantagiam nomenque Gelam qui praebuit urbi
concelebrant, quas pigra vado Camerina palustri,
60 quas Arethusaei latices, quas advena nutrit
Alpheus; Cyane totum supereminet agmen:
qualis Amazonidum peltis exultat aduncis
pulchra cohors, quotiens Arcton populata virago
Hippolyte niveas ducit post proelia turmas,
65 seu flavos stravere Getas seu forte rigentem
Thermodontiaca Tanaim fregere securi;
aut quales referunt Baccho sollemnia Nymphae
Maeoniae, quas Hermus alit, ripasque paternas
percurrunt auro madidae: laetatur in antro
70 amnis et undantem declinat prodigus urnam.
Viderat herboso sacrum de vertice vulgus
Henna parens florum curvaque in valle sedentem
compellat Zephyrum: “pater o gratissime veris,
qui mea lascivo regnas per prata meatu
75 semper et adsiduis inroras flatibus annum,
respice Nympharum coetus et celsa Tonantis
germina per nostros dignantia ludere campos.
nunc adsis faveasque, precor; nunc omnia fetu
pubescant virgulta velis, ut fertilis Hybla
80 invideat vincique suos non abnuat hortos.
quidquid turiferis spirat Panchaia silvis,
quidquid odoratus longe blanditur Hydaspes,
quidquid ab extremis ales longaeva colonis
colligit optato repetens exordia leto,
85 in venas disperge meas et flamine largo

rura fove. merear divino pollice carpi
et nostris cupiant ornari numina sertis.”
Dixerat; ille novo madidantes nectare pennas
concutit et glaebas fecundo rore maritat,
90 quaque volat vernus sequitur rubor; omnis in herbas
turget humus medioque patent convexa sereno;
sanguineo splendore rosas, vaccinia nigro
induit et dulci violas ferrugine pingit.
Parthica quae tantis variantur cingula gemmis
95 regales vinctura sinus? Quae velleram tantum
ditibus Assyrii spumis fucantur aëni?
non tales volucer pandit Iunonius alas,
nec sic innumeros arcu mutante colores
incipiens redimitur hiems, cum tramite flexo
100 semita discretis interviret umida nimbis.
Forma loci superat flores: curvata tumore
parvo planities et mollibus edita clivis
creverat in collem. vivo de pumice fontes
roscida mobilibus lambebant gramina rivis
105 silvaque torrentes ramorum frigore soles
temperat et medio brumam sibi vindicat aestu:
apta fretis abies, bellis accommoda cornus,
quercus amica Iovi, tumulos tectura cupressus,
ilex plena favis, venturi praescia laurus;
110 fluctuat hic denso crispata cacumine buxus,
hic hederæ serpunt, hic pampinus induit ulmos.
haud procul inde lacus (Pergum dixere Sicani)
panditur et nemorum frondoso margine cinctus
vicinis pallescit aquis: admittit in altum
115 cernentes oculos et late pervius umor
ducit inoffensos liquido sub flumine visus
imaque perspicui prodit secreta profundum.
huc elapsa cohors gaudet per florida rura.
Hortatur Cytherea legant: “nunc ite, sorores,
120 dum matutinis praesudat solibus aër,
dum meus humectat flaventes Lucifer agros
roranti praevectus equo.” sic fata doloris
carpit signa sui. varios tum cetera saltus
invasere cohors: credas examina fundi
125 Hyblaeum raptura thymum, cum cerea reges
castra movent fagique cava dimissus ab alvo
mellifer electis exercitus obstrepat herbis.
pratorum spoliatur honos: haec lilia fuscis
intexit violis; hanc mollis amaracus ornat;

130 haec graditur stellata rosis, haec alba ligustris.
te quoque, flebilibus maerens Hyacinthe figuris,
Narcissumque metunt, nunc inclita germina veris,
praestantes olim pueros: tu natus Amyclis,
hunc Helicon genuit; disci te perculit error,
135 hunc fontis decepit amor; te fronte retusa
Delius, hunc fracta Cephisus harundine luget.
Aestuat ante alias avido fervore legendi
frugiferae spes una deae: nunc vimine texto
ridentes calathos spoliis agrestibus implet;
140 nunc sociat flores seseque ignara coronat,
augurium fatale tori. quin ipsa tubarum
armorumque potens dextram, qua fortia turbat
agmina, qua stabiles portas et moenia vellit,
iam levibus laxat studiis hastamque reponit
145 insuetisque docet galeam mitescere sertis;
ferratus lascivit apex horrorque recessit
Martius et cristae pacato fulgure vernant.
nec, quae Parthenium canibus scrutatur odorem,
aspernata choros libertatemque comarum
150 iniecta voluit tantum frenare corona.
Talia virgineo passim dum more geruntur,
ecce repens mugire fragor, confligere turres
pronaque vibratis radicibus oppida verti.
causa latet; dubios agnovit sola tumultus
155 diva Paphi mixtoque metu perterrita gaudet.
iamque per anfractus animarum rector opacos
sub terris quaerebat iter gravibusque gementem
Enceladum calcabat equis: inmania findunt
membra rotae pressaque Gigas cervice laborat
160 Sicaniam cum Dite ferens temptatque moveri
debilis et fessis serpentibus impedit axem:
fumida sulphureo praelabatur orbita dorso.
ac velut occultus securum pergit in hostem
miles et effossi subter fundamina campi
165 transilit inclusos arcana limite muros
turbaque deceptas victrix erumpit in arces
terrigenas imitata viros: sic tertius heres
Saturni latebrosa vagis rimatur habenis
devia, fraternum cupiens exire sub orbem.
170 ianua nulla patet; prohibebant undique rupes
oppositae duraque deum compage tenebant:
non tulit ille moras indignatusque trabali
saxa ferit scepro. Siculae sonuere cavernae;

turbatur Lipare; stupuit fornace relictā
175 Mulciber et trepidus deiecit fulmina Cyclops.
audiit et si quem glacies Alpina coercet
et qui te, Latiis nondum praecincte tropaeis
Thybri, natat missamque Pado qui remigat alnum.
Sic, cum Thessaliam scopulis inclusa teneret
180 Peneo stagnante palus et mersa negaret
arva coli, trifida Neptunus cuspidē montes
impulit adversos: tunc forti saucius ictu
dissiluit gelido vertex Ossaeus Olympo;
carceribus laxantur aquae factoque meatu
185 redduntur fluviusque mari tellusque colonis.
Postquam victa manu duros Trinacria nexus
solvit et inmenso late discessit hiatu,
adparet subitus caelo timor; astra viarum
mutavere fidem; vetito se proluit Arctos
190 aequore; praecipitat pigrum formido Booten,
horruit Orion. audito palluit Atlas
hinnitu: rutilos obscurat anhelitus axes
discolor et longa solitos caligine pasci
terrui orbis equos; pressis haesere lupatis
195 attoniti meliore polo rursusque verendum
in chaos obliquo certant temone reverti.
mox ubi pulsato senserunt verbera tergo
et solem didicere pati, torrentius amne
hiberno tortaue ruunt perniciosus hasta:
200 quantum non iaculum Parthi, non impetus Austri,
non leve sollicitae mentis discurrit acumen.
sanguine frena calent; corrumpit spiritus auras
letifer; infectae spumis vitiantur harenae.
Diffugiunt Nymphae: rapitur Proserpina curru
205 imploratque deas. iam Gorgonis ora revelat
Pallas et intento festinat Delia telo
nec patruo cedunt: stimulat communis in arma
virginitas crimenque feri raptoris acerbatur.
ille velut stabuli decus armentique iuvencae
210 cum leo possedit nudataque viscera fodit
unguibus et rabiem totos exegit in armos:
stat crassa turpis sanie nodosque iubarum
excudit et viles pastorum despicit iras.
“Ignavi domitor vulgi, deterrime fratrum”,
215 Pallas ait “quae te stimulis facibusque profanis
Eumenides movere? tua cur sede relictā
audes Tartareis caelum incestare quadrigis?

sunt tibi deformes Dirae, sunt altera Lethes
numina, sunt tristes Furiae, te coniuge dignae.
220 fratris linque domos, alienam desere sortem;
nocte tua contentus abi. quid viva sepultis
admisces? nostrum quid proteris advena mundum?"
Talia vociferans avidos transire minaci
cornipedes umbone ferit clipeique retardat
225 obice Gorgoneisque premens adsibilat hydrys
praetentaque operit crista; libratur in ictum
fraxinus et nigros illuminat obvia currus
missaque paene foret, ni Iuppiter aethere summo
pacificas rubri torsisset fulminis alas
230 confessus socerum: nimbis hymenaeus hiulcis
intonat et testes firmant conubia flammae.
Invitae cessere deae. compescuit arcum
cum gemitu talesque dedit Latonia voces:
"Sis memor o longumque vale. reverentia patris
235 obstitit auxilio, nec nos defendere contra
possumus: imperio vinci maiore fatemur.
in te coniurat genitor populoque silenti
traderis, heu! cupidus non adspectura sorores
aequalemque chorum. quae te fortuna supernis
240 abstulit et tanto damnavit sidera luctu?
iam neque Partheniis innectere retia lustris
nec pharetram gestare libet. securus ubique
spumet aper saevique fremant impune leones.
te iuga Taygeti, posito te Maenala flebunt
245 venatu maestoque diu lugebere Cyntho.
Delphica quin etiam fratris delubra tacebunt."
Interea volucris fertur Proserpina curru
caesariem diffusa Noto planctuque lacertos
verberat et questus ad nubila tendit inanes:
250 "Cur non torsisti manibus fabricata Cyclopi
in nos tela, pater? Sic me crudelibus umbris
tradere, sic toto placuit depellere mundo?
nullane te flectit pietas nihilumque paternae
mentis inest? Tantas quo crimine movimus iras?
255 non ego, cum rapido saeviret Phlegra tumultu,
signa deis adversa tuli; non robore nostro
Ossa pruinosum vexit glacialis Olympum.
quod conata nefas aut cuius conscia culpae
exul ad inmanes Erebi detrudor hiatus?
260 o fortunatas alii quascumque tulere
raptos! saltem communi sole fruuntur.

sed mihi virginitas pariter caelumque negatur,
eripitur cum luce pudor, terrisque relictis
servitum Stygio ducor captiva tyranno.
265 o male dilecti flores despectaque matris
consilia! o Veneris deprensae serius artes!
mater, io! seu te Phrygiis in vallibus Idae
Mygdonio buxus circumsonat horrida cantu,
seu tu sanguineis ululantia Dindyma Gallis
270 incolis et strictos Curetum respicis enses:
exitio succurre meo! compesce furentem!
comprime ferales torvi praedonis habenas!”
Talibus ille ferox dictis fletuque decoro
vincitur et primi suspiria sensit amoris.
275 tunc ferrugineo lacrimas detergit amictu
et placida maestum solatur voce dolorem:
“Desine funestis animum, Proserpina, curis
et vano vexare metu. maiora dabuntur
sceptra nec indigni taedas patiere mariti.
280 ille ego Saturni proles, cui machina rerum
servit et immensum tendit per inane potestas.
amissum ne crede diem: sunt altera nobis
sidera, sunt orbis alii, lumenque videbis
purius Elysiumque magis mirabere solem
285 cultoresque pios; illic pretiosior aetas,
aurea progenies habitat, semperque tenemus
quod superi meruere semel. nec mollia desunt
prata tibi; Zephyris illic melioribus halant
perpetui flores, quos nec tua protulit Henna.
290 est etiam lucis arbor praedives opacis
fulgentes viridi ramos curvata metallo:
haec tibi sacra datur fortunatumque tenebis
autumnus et fulvis semper ditabere pomis.
parva loquor: quidquid liquidus complectitur aër,
295 quidquid alit tellus, quidquid maris aequora verrunt,
quod fluvii volvunt, quod nutrivere paludes,
cuncta tuis pariter cedent animalia regnis
lunari subiecta globo, qui septimus auras
ambit et aeternis mortalia separat astris.
300 sub tua purpurei venient vestigia reges
deposito luxu turba cum paupere mixti
(omnia mors aequat); tu damnatura nocentes,
tu requiem latura piis; te iudice sontes
improba cogentur vitae commissa fateri.
305 accipe Lethaeo famulas cum gurgite Parcas,

sit fatum quodcumque voles.”

Haec fatus ovantes

exhortatur equos et Tartara mitior intrat.

conveniunt animae, quantas violentior Auster

decutit arboribus frondes aut nubibus imbres

³¹⁰ colligit aut frangit fluctus aut torquet harenas;

cunctaque praecipiti stipantur saecula cursu

insignem visura nurum. mox ipse serenus

ingreditur facili passus mollescere risu

dissimilisque sui. dominis inrantibus ingens

³¹⁵ adsurgit Phlegethon: flagrantibus hispida ravis

barba madet totoque fluunt incendia vultu.

Occurrunt propere lecta de plebe ministri:

pars altos revocant currus frenisque solutis

vertunt emeritos ad pascua nota iugales;

³²⁰ pars aulaea tenent; alii praetexere ramis

limina et in thalamum cultas extollere vestes.

reginam casto cinxerunt agmine matres

Elysiae teneroque levant sermone timores

et sparsos religant crines et vultibus addunt

³²⁵ flammea sollicitum praevelatura pudorem.

Pallida laetatur regio gentesque sepultae

luxuriant epulisque vacant genialibus umbrae.

grata coronati peragunt convivia Manes;

rumpunt insoliti tenebrosa silentia cantus;

³³⁰ sedantur gemitus. Erebi se sponte relaxat

squalor et aeternam patitur rarescere noctem,

urna nec incertas versat Minoia sortes.

verbera nulla sonant nulloque frementia luctu

impia dilatis respirant Tartara poenis:

³³⁵ non rota suspensum praeceps Ixiona torquet;

non aqua Tantaleis subducitur invida labris.

solvitur Ixion et Tantalus invenit undas

et Tityos tandem spatiosos erigit artus

squalentisque novem detexit iugera campi

³⁴⁰ (tantus erat), laterisque piger sulcator opaci

invitus trahitur lasso de pectore vultur

abreptasque dolet iam non sibi crescere fibras.

Oblitae scelerum formidatique furoris

Eumenides cratera parant et vina feroci

³⁴⁵ crine bibunt flexisque minis iam lene canentes

extendunt socios ad pocula plena cerastas

et festas alio succendunt lumine taedas.

tunc et pestiferi pacatum flumen Avernī

innocuae transistis, aves, flatumque repressit
350 Amsanctus: fixo tacuit torrente vorago.
tunc Acheronteos mutato gurgite fontes
lacte novo tumuisse ferunt, hederisque virentem
Coccyton dulci perhibent undasse Lyaeo.
stamina nec rumpit Lachesis; nec turbida sacris
355 obstrepitant lamenta choris. mors nulla vagatur
in terris, nullique rogum planxere parentes;
navita non moritur fluctu, non cuspide miles;
oppida funerei pollent immunia leti,
impexamque senex velavit harundine frontem
360 portitor et vacuos egit cum carmine remos.
Iam suus inferno processerat Hesperus orbi:
ducitur in thalamum virgo. stat pronuba iuxta
stellantes Nox picta sinus tangensque cubile
omina perpetuo genitalia foedere sancit;
365 exultant cum voce pii Ditisque sub aula
talìa pervigili sumunt exordia plausu:
“Nostra potens Iuno tuque o germane Tonantis
et gener, unanimi consortia discite somni
mutuaeque alternis innectite vota lacertis.
370 iam felix oritur proles; iam laeta futuros
expectat Natura deos. nova numina rebus
addite et optatos Cereri proferte nepotes.”

BOOK III.

Iuppiter interea cinctam Thaumantida nimbis
ire iubet totoque deos arcessere mundo.
illa colorato Zephyros illapsa volatu
numina conclamat pelagi Nymphasque morantes
5 increpat et Fluvios umentibus evocat antris.
ancipites trepidique ruunt, quae causa quietos
excierit, tanto quae res agitanda tumultu.
ut patuit stellata domus, considerare iussi,
nec confusus honor: caelestibus ordine sedes
10 prima datur; tractum procures tenere secundum
aequorei, placidus Nereus reverendaque Phorci
canities; Glaucum series extrema biformem
accipit et certo mansurum Protea vultu.
nec non et senibus Fluviis concessa sedendi
15 gloria; plebeio stat cetera more iuventus,
mille Amnes. liquidis incumbunt patribus udae
Naides et taciti mirantur sidera Fauni.
Tum gravis ex alto genitor sic orsus Olympo:
“abduxere meas iterum mortalia curas
20 iam pridem neglecta mihi, Saturnia postquam
otia et ignavi senium cognovimus aevi;
sopitosque diu populos torpore paterno
sollicitae placuit stimulis impellere vitae,
incultis ne sponte seges grandesceret arvis,
25 undaret neu silva favis, neu vina tumerent
fontibus et totae fremerent in pocula ripae
(haud equidem invideo — neque enim livescere fas est
vel nocuisse deos — sed, quod dissuasor honesti
luxus et humanas oblimat copia mentes),
30 provocet ut segnes animos rerumque remotas
ingeniosa vias paulatim exploret egestas
utque artes pariat sollertia, nutriat usus.
“Nunc mihi cum magnis instat Natura querellis
humanum relevare genus, durumque tyrannum
35 immitemque vocat regnataque saecula patri
commemorat parcumque Iovem se divite clamat,
qui campos horrere situ dumisque repleti
rura velim, nullisque exornem fructibus annum.
se iam, quae genetrix mortalibus ante fuisset,
40 in dirae subito mores transisse novercae;
‘quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum

erexisse caput, pecudum si more pererrant
avia, si frangunt communia pabula glandes?
haecine vita iuvat silvestribus abdita lustris
45 indiscreta feris?" tales cum saepe parentis
pertulerim questus, tandem clementior orbi
Chaonio statui gentes avertere victu:
atque adeo Cererem, quae nunc ignara malorum
verberat Idaeos torva cum matre leones,
50 per mare, per terras avido discurrere luctu
decretum, natae donec laetata repertae
indicio tribuat fruges, currusque feratur
nubibus ignotas populis sparsurus aristas
et iuga caerulei subeant Actaea dracones.
55 quodsi quis Cereri raptorem prodere divum
audeat, imperii molem pacemque profundam
obtestor rerum, natus licet ille sororve
vel coniunx fuerit natarumve agminis una,
se licet illa meo conceptam vertice iactet:
60 sentiet iratum procul aegide, sentiet ictum
fulminis et genitum divina sorte pigebit
optabitque mori: tunc vulnere saucius ipsi
tradetur genero, passurus prodita regna,
et sciet an propriae conspirent Tartara causae.
65 hoc sanctum; mansura fluant hoc ordine fata."
dixit et horrendo concussit sidera motu.
At procul armisoni Cererem sub rupibus antri
securam placidamque diu iam certa peracti
terrebant simulacra mali, noctesque timorem
70 ingeminant omnique perit Proserpina somno.
namque modo adversis invadi viscera telis,
nunc sibi mutatas horret nigrescere vestes,
nunc steriles mediis frondere Penatibus ornos.
stabat praeterea luco dilectior omni
75 laurus, virgineos quondam quae fronde pudica
umbrabat thalamos: hanc imo stipite caesam
vidit et inemptos foedari pulvere ramos
quaesivitque nefas. Dryades dixere gementes
Tartarea Furias debellavisse bipenni.
80 Sed tunc ipsa sui iam non ambagibus ullis
nuntia materno facies ingesta sopori:
namque videbatur tenebroso oblecta recessu
carceris et saevis Proserpina vineta catenis,
non qualem Siculis olim mandaverat arvis
85 nec qualem roseis nuper convallibus Aetnae

suspexere deae: squalibat pulchrior auro
caesaries et nox oculorum infecerat ignes
exhaustusque gelu pallet rubor, ille superbi
flammeus oris honos, et non cessura pruinis
90 membra colorantur picei caligine regni.
ergo hanc ut dubio vix tandem agnoscere visu
evaluait: “cuius tot poenae criminis?” inquit
“unde haec informis macies? cui tanta potestas
in me saevitiae? rigidi cur vincula ferri
95 vix aptanda feris molles meruere lacerti?
tu mea, tu proles? an vana fallimur umbra?”
Illa refert: “heu dira parens nataeque peremptae
immemor! heu fulvas animo transgressa leaenas!
tantane te nostri tenuere oblivia? tantum
100 unica despicias? certe Proserpina nomen
dulce tibi, tali quae nunc, ut cernis, hiatu
suppliciis inclusa terror! tu saeva choreis
indulges? Phrygias vel nunc interstrepis urbes?
quodsi non omnem pepulisti pectore matrem,
105 si tua nata, Ceres, et non me Caspia tigris
edidit, his, oro, miseram defende cavernis
inque superna refer. prohibent si fata reverti,
vel tantum visura veni.”

Sic fata trementes
tendere conatur palmas. vis improba ferri
110 impedit et motae somnum solvere catenae.
obliguit visis; gaudet non vera fuisse;
complexu caruisse dolet. penetralibus amens
prosilat et tali compellat voce Cybeben:
“Iam non ulterius Phrygia tellure morabor,
115 sancta parens: revocat tandem custodia cari
pignoris et cunctis obiecti fraudibus anni.
Nec mihi Cyclopum quamvis extracta caminis
culmina fida satis. timeo ne fama latebras
prodiderit leviusque meum Trinacria celet
120 depositum. terret nimium vulgata locorum
nobilitas. aliis sedes obscurior oris
exquirenda mihi; gemitu flammisque propinquis
Enceladi nequeunt umbracula nostra taceri.
somnia quin etiam variis infausta figuris
125 saepe monent, nullusque dies non triste minatur
augurium. quotiens flaventiaserta comarum
sponte cadunt! quotiens exundat ab ubere sanguis!
larga vel invito prorumpunt flumina vultu

iniussaeque manus mirantia pectora tundunt.
130 si buxus inflare velim, ferale gemiscunt;
tympana si quatiā, planctus mihi tympana reddunt.
ah vereor, ne quid portendant omina veri!
heu longae nocuere morae!”

“Procul inrita venti
dicta ferant” subicit Cybele; “nec tanta Tonanti
135 segnities, ut non pro pignore fulmina mittat.
i tamen et nullo turbata revertere casu.”

Haec ubi, digreditur templis. sed nulla ruenti
mobilitas: tardos queritur non ire dracones
immeritasque movens alterno verbere pennas
140 Sicaniam quaerit, cum nondum absconderit Idam.

cuncta pavet speratque nihil. sic aestuat ales,
quae teneros humili fetus commiserit orno
adlatura cibos, et plurima cogitat absens:
ne gracilem ventus decusserit arbore nidum,
145 ne furtum pateant homini, ne praeda colubris.

Ut domus excubiis incustodita remotis
et resupinati neglecto cardine postes
flebilis et tacitae species apparuit aulae,
non expectato respectu cladis amictus
150 conscidit et fractas cum crine avellit aristas.

haeserunt lacrimae; nec vox aut spiritus oris
redditur, atque imis vibrat timor ossa medullis;
succidui titubant gressus; foribusque reclusis,
dum vacuas sedes et desolata pererrat
155 atria, semirutas confuso stamine telas
atque interceptas agnoscit pectinis artes.
divinus perit ille labor, spatiumque relictum
audax sacrilego supplebat aranea textu.

Nec deflet plangitve malum: tantum oscula telae
160 figit et abrumpit mutas in fila querellas:
attritosque manu radios proiectaque pensa
cunctaque virgineo sparsa oblectamina ludo
ceu natam pressat gremio; castumque cubile
desertosque toros et, sicubi sederat olim,
165 perlegit: attonitus stabulo ceu pastor inani,
cui pecus aut rabies Poenorum inopina leonum
aut populatrices infestavere catervae;
serus at ille redit vastataque pascua lustrans
non responsuros ciet imploratque iuencos.
170 Atque ibi secreta tectorum in parte iacentem
conspicit Electram, natae quae sedula nutrix

Oceani priscas inter notissima Nymphas.
 par Cereri pietas; haec post cunabula dulci
 ferre sinu summoque Iovi deducere parvam
 175 sueverat et genibus ludentem aptare paternis.
 haec comes, haec custos, haec proxima mater haberi.
 tunc laceras effusa comas et pulvere cano
 sordida sidereae raptus lugebat alumnae.
 Hanc adgressa Ceres, postquam suspiria tandem
 180 laxavit frenosque dolor: "quod cernimus" inquit
 "excidium? cui praeda feror? regnatne maritus
 an caelum Titanes habent? quae talia vivo
 ausa Tonante manus? rupitne Typhoia cervix
 Inarimen? fractane iugi compage Vesevi
 185 Alcyoneus Tyrrhena pedes per stagna cucurrit?
 an vicina mihi quassatis faucibus Aetna
 protulit Enceladum? nostros an forte Penates
 adpetiit centum Briareia turba lacertis?
 heu, ubi nunc es, nata, mihi? quo, mille ministrae,
 190 quo, Cyane? volucres quae vis Sirenas abegit?
 haecine vestra fides? sic fas aliena tueri pignora?"
 Contremuit nutrix, maerorque pudori
 cedit, et adspectus miserae non ferre parentis
 emptum morte velit longumque inmota moratur
 195 auctorem dubium certumque expromere funus. vix tamen haec:
 "Acies utinam vesana Gigantum
 hanc dederit cladem! levius communia tangunt.
 sed divae, multoque minus quod rere, sorores
 in nostras (nimium!) coniuravere ruinas.
 200 insidias superum, cognatae vulnera cernis
 invidiae. Phlegra nobis infensor aether.
 "Florebat tranquilla domus; nec limina virgo
 linquere nec virides audebat visere saltus
 praeceptis obstricta tuis. telae labor illi;
 205 Sirenes requies. sermonum gratia mecum,
 mecum somnus erat cautique per atria ludi:
 cum subito (dubium quonam monstrante latebras
 rescierit) Cytherea venit suspectaque nobis
 ne foret, hinc Phoeben comites, hinc Pallada iunxit.
 210 protinus effuso laetam se fingere risu
 nec semel amplecti nomenque iterare sororis
 et dura de matre queri, quae tale recessu
 maluerit damnare decus vetitamque dearum
 colloquio patriis procul amandaverit astris.
 215 nostra rudis gaudere malis et nectare largo

instaurare dapes. nunc arma habitumque Dianae
induitur digitisque attemptat mollibus arcum,
nunc crinita iubis galeam, laudante Minerva,
implet et ingentem clipeum gestare laborat.
220 “Prima Venus campos Aetnaeaeque rura maligno
ingerit adflatu. vicinos callida flores
ingeminat meritumque loci velut inscia quaerit
nec credit, quod bruma rosas innoxia servet,
quod gelidi rubeant alieno germine menses
225 verna nec iratum timeant virgulta Booten.
dum loca miratur, studio dum flagrat eundi,
persuadet; teneris heu lubrica moribus aetas!
quos ego nequidquam planctus, quas inrita fudi
ore preces! ruit illa tamen confisa sororum
230 praesidio; famulae longo post ordine Nymphae.
“Itur in aeterno vestitos gramine colles
et prima sub luce legunt, cum rore serenus
albet ager sparsosque bibunt violaria sucos.
sed postquam medio sol altior institit axi,
235 ecce polum nox foeda rapit tremefactaque nutat
insula cornipedum pulsu strepituque rotarum.
nosse nec aurigam licuit: seu mortifer ille
seu Mors ipsa fuit. livor permanat in herbas;
deficiunt rivi; squalent rubigine prata
240 et nihil adflatum vivit: pallere ligustra,
expirare rosas, decrescere lilia vidi.
ut rauco reduces tractu detorsit habenas,
nox sua prosequitur currum, lux redditur orbi.
Persephone nusquam. voto rediere peracto
245 nec mansere deae. mediis invenimus arvis
exanimem Cyanen: cervix redimita iacebat
et caligantes marcebant fronte coronae.
adgredimur subito et casus scitamus eriles
(nam propior cladi steterat): quis vultus equorum?
250 quis regat? illa nihil, tacito sed laesa veneno
solvitur in laticem: subrepat crinibus umor;
liquitur in roremque pedes et brachia manant
nostraque mox lambit vestigia perspicuus fons.
discedunt aliae. rapidis Acheloides alis
255 sublatae Siculi latus obsedere Pelori
accensaeque malo iam non impune canoras
in pestem vertere lyras: vox blanda carinas
adligat; audito frenantur carmine remi.
sola domi luctu senium tractura relinquor.”

260 Haeret adhuc suspensa Ceres et singula demens
ceu nondum transacta timet; mox lumina torquens
vultu ad caelicolas furiato pectore fertur.
arduus Hyrcana quatitur sic matre Niphates,
cuius Achaemenio regi ludibria natos
265 advexit tremebundus eques: fremit illa marito
mobilius Zephyro totamque virentibus iram
dispergit maculis timidumque hausura profundo
ore virum vitreae tardatur imagine formae.
Haud aliter toto genetrix bacchatur Olympo
270 “reddite” vociferans. “non me vagus edidit amnis;
non Dryadum de plebe sumus. turrita Cybebe
me quoque Saturno genuit. quo iura deorum,
quo leges cecidere poli? quid vivere recte
proderit? en audet noti Cytherea pudoris
275 ostentare suos post Lemnia vincula vultus!
hos animos bonus ille sopor castumque cubile
praebuit! amplexus hoc promeruere pudici!
nec mirum, si turpe nihil post talia ducit.
quid vos expertes thalami? tantumne relictus
280 virginitatis honos? tantum mutata voluntas?
iam Veneri iunctae, sociis raptoribus, itis?
o templis Scythiae atque hominem sitientibus aris
utraque digna coli! tanti quae causa furoris?
quam mea vel tenui dicto Proserpina laesit?
285 scilicet aut caris pepulit te, Delia, silvis
aut tibi commissas rapuit, Tritonia, pugnas.
an gravis eloquio? vestros an forte petebat
importuna choros? atqui Trinacria longe,
esset ne vobis oneri, deserta colebat.
290 quid latuisse iuvat? rabiem livoris acerbi
nulla potest placare quies.”
His increpat omnes
vobis. ast illae (prohibet sententia patris)
aut reticent aut nosse negant responsaque matri
dant lacrimas. quid agat? rursus se victa remittit
295 inque humiles devecta preces:
“Ignoscite, si quid
intumuit pietas, si quid flagrantius actum
quam miseros decuit. supplex miserandaque vestris
advolvor genibus: liceat cognoscere sortem:
hoc tantum liceat — certos habuisse dolores.
300 scire peto, quae forma mali; quamcumque dedistis
fortunam, sit nota: feram fatumque putabo,

non scelus. adspectum, precor, indulgete parenti;
non repetarn. quaesita manu securus habeto
quisquis es; adfirmo praedam; desiste vereri.
305 quodsi nos aliquo praevenit foedere raptor,
tu certe, Latona, refer; confessa Diana
forte tibi. nosti quid sit Lucina, quis horror
pro genitis et quantus amor, partusque tulisti
tu geminos; haec una mihi. sic crine fruaris
310 semper Apollineo, sic me felicior aevum mater agas.”
Largis tunc imbribus ora madescent.
“quid? tantum dignum fieri dignumque taceri?
hei mihi, discedunt omnes. quid vana moraris
ulterius? non bella palam caelestia sentis?
315 quin potius natam pelago terrisque requiris?
accingar lustrare diem, per devia rerum
indefessa ferar. nulla cessabitur hora,
non requies, non somnus erit, dum pignus ademptum
inveniam, gremio quamvis mergatur Hiberæ
320 Tethyos et Rubro iaceat vallata profundo.
non Rheni glacies, non me Rhiphaea tenebunt
frigora; non dubio Syrtis cunctabitur aestu.
stat finem penetrare Noti Boreaeque nivalem
vestigare domum; primo calcabitur Atlas
325 occasu facibusque meis lucebit Hydaspes.
impius errantem videat per rura, per urbes
Iuppiter; extincta satietur paelice Iuno.
insultate mihi, caelo regnate superbi,
ducite praeclarum Cereris de stirpe triumphum!”
330 Haec fatur notaeque iugis illabitur Aetnae
noctivago taedas informatura labori.
Lucus erat prope flumen Acin, quod candida praefert
saepe mari pulchroque secat Galatea natatu,
densus et innexis Aetnaea cacumina ramis
335 qua licet usque tegens. illic posuisse cruentam
aegida captivamque pater post proelia praedam
advexisse datur. Phlegraeis silva superbit
exuviis totumque nemus victoria vestit.
hic patuli rictus et prodigiosa Gigantum
340 tergora dependent, et adhuc crudele minantur
adfixae truncis facies, inmaniaque ossa
serpentum passim cumulis exanguibus albescent,
et rigidae multo suspirant fulmine pelles;
nullaque non magni iactat se nominis arbor:
345 haec centumgemini strictor Aegaeonis enses

curvata vix fronde levat; viventibus illa
exultat Coei spoliis; haec arma Mimantis
sustinet; hos onerat ramos exutus Ophion.
altior at cunctis abies umbrosaue late
350 ipsius Enceladi fumantia gestat opima,
summi terrigenum regis, caderetque gravata
pondere, ni lassam fulciret proxima quercus.
inde timor numenque loco, nemorisque senectae
parcitur, aetheriisque nefas nocuisse tropaeis.
355 pascere nullus oves nec robora laedere Cyclops
audet et ipse fugit sacra Polyphemus ab umbra.
Non tamen hoc tardata Ceres. accenditur ultro
relligione^o loci vibratque infesta securim
ipsum etiam feritura Iovem: succidere pinus
360 aut magis enodes dubitat prosternere cedros
exploratque habiles truncos rectique tenorem
stipitis et certo pertemptat brachia nisu.
sic, qui vecturus longinqua per aequora merces
molitur tellure ratem vitamque procellis
365 obiectare parat, fagos metitur et alnos
et varium rudibus silvis accommodat usum:
quae longa est, tumidis praebebit cornua velis;
quae fortis, clavo potior; quae lenta, favebit
remigio; stagni patiens aptanda carinae.
370 Tollebant geminae capita inviolata cupressus
caespite vicino: quales non rupibus Idae
miratur Simois, quales non divite ripa
lambit Apollinei nemoris nutritor Orontes.
germanas adeo credas; sic frontibus aequis
375 adstant et socio despectant vertice lucum.
hae placuere faces. pernix invadit utramque
cincta sinus, exerta manus, armata bipenni
alternasque ferit totisque obnixa trementes
viribus impellit. pariter traxere ruinam
380 et pariter posuere comas campoque recumbunt,
Faunorum Dryadumque dolor. complectitur ambas,
sicut erant, alteque levat retroque solutis
crinibus ascendit fastigia montis anhel
exuperatque aestus et nulli pervia saxa
385 atque indignantes vestigia calcat harenas:
qualis pestiferas animare ad crimina taxos
torva Megaera ruit, Cadmi seu moenia poscat
sive Thyesteis properet saevire Mycenis:
dant tenebrae Manesque locum plantisque resultant

390 Tartara ferratis, donec Phlegethontis in unda
constitit et plenos excepit lampade fluctus.
Postquam perventum scopuli flagrantis in ora,
protinus arsuras aversa fronte cupressus
faucibus iniecit mediis lateque cavernas
395 textit et undantem flammis obstruxit hiatum.
compresso mons igne tonat claususque laborat
Mulciber: obducti nequeunt exire vapores.
coniferi micuere apices crevitque favillis
Aetna novis: strident admisso sulphure rami.
400 tum, ne deficerent tantis erroribus, ignes
semper inocciduos insopitosque manere
iussit et arcano perfudit robora suco,
quo Phaëthon inrorat equos, quo Luna iuencos.
Iamque soporiferas nocturna silentia terris
405 explicuere vices: laniato pectore longas
inchoat illa vias et sic ingressa profatur:
“Non tales gestare tibi, Proserpina, taedas
sperabam; sed vota mihi communia matrum
et thalami festaeque faces caeloque canendus
410 ante oculos hymenaeus erat. sic numina fatis
volvimur et nullo Lachesis discrimine saevit?
quam nuper sublimis eram quantisque procorum
cingebar studiis! quae non mihi pignus ob unum
cedebat numerosa parens! tu prima voluptas,
415 tu postrema mihi; per te fecunda ferebar.
o decus, o requies, o grata superbia matris,
qua gessi florente deam, qua sospite numquam
inferior Iunone fui: nunc squalida, vilis.
hoc placitum patri. cur autem adscribimus illum
420 his lacrimis? ego te, fateor, crudelis ademi,
quae te deserui solamque instantibus ultro
hostibus exposui. raucis secunda fruebar
nimirum thiasis et laeta sonantibus armis
iungebam Phrygios, cum tu raperere, leones.
425 accipe quas merui poenas. en ora fatiscunt
vulneribus grandesque rubent in pectore sulci.
immemor en uterus crebro contunditur ictu.
“Qua te parte poli, quo te sub cardine quaeram?
quis monstrator erit? quae me vestigia ducent?
430 quis currus? ferus ipse quis est? terraene, marisne
incola? quae volucrum deprendam signa rotarum?
ibo, ibo quocumque pedes, quocumque iubebit
casus; sic Venerem quaerat deserta Dione.

“Efficietne labor? rursus te, nata, licebit
435 amplecti? manet ille decor, manet ille genarum
fulgor? an infelix talem fortasse videbo,
qualis nocte venis, qualem per somnia vidi?”
Sic ait et prima gressus molitur ab Aetna
exitique reos flores ipsumque rapinae
440 detestata locum sequitur dispersa viarum
indicia et pleno rimatur lumine campos
inclinatque faces. omnis madet orbita fletu;
omnibus admugit, quocumque it in aequore, sulcis.
adnatat umbra fretis extremaque lucis imago
445 Italiam Libyamque ferit: clarescit Etruscum
litus et accenso resplendent aequore Syrtes.
antra procul Scyllaea petit canibusque reductis
pars stupefacta silet, pars nondum exterrita latrat.

The Dual Text



Bra, Piemonte, Italy, close to the site of The Battle of Pollentia. Fought on 6 April 402 between the Romans and the Visigoths, it was the last important event in Claudian's lifetime.

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT



Translated by Maurice Platnauer

In this section, readers can view a section by section text of Claudius' poetry, alternating between the original Latin and Platnauer's English translation.

CONTENTS

PANEGYRICUS DICTUS PROBINO ET OLYBRIIO CONSULIBUS
PANEGYRIC ON THE CONSULS PROBINUS AND OLYBRIUS

IN RUFINUM LIBER PRIMUS

INCIPIT PRAEFATIO
THE FIRST BOOK AGAINST RUFINUS
PREFACE
LIBER I
BOOK I

IN RUFINUM LIBER SECUNDUS

INCIPIT PRAEFATIO
THE SECOND BOOK AGAINST RUFINUS
PREFACE
LIBER II
BOOK II

DE BELLO GILDONICO

LIBER I
THE WAR AGAINST GILDO⁶²
BOOK I

IN EUTROPIUM

LIBER I
AGAINST EUTROPIUS
BOOK I

IN EUTROPIUM

LIBER SECUNDUS. PRAEFATIO
AGAINST EUTROPIUS
BOOK II. PREFACE

IN EUTROPIUM

LIBER II.

AGAINST EUTROPIUS

BOOK II

FESCENNINA DE NUPTIIS HONORII AUGUSTI

I. (XI.)

FESCENNINE VERSES IN HONOUR OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE
EMPEROR HONORIUS¹²⁴

I. (XI.)

II. (XII.)

II. (XII.)

III. (XIII.)

IV. (XIV.)

III. (XIII.)

IV. (XIV.)

EPITHALAMIUM DE NUPTIIS HONORII AUGUSTI

PRAEFATIO

EPITHALAMIUM OF HONORIUS AND MARIA

PREFACE

EPITHALAMIUM

EPITHALAMIUM

PANEGYRICUS DE TERTIO CONSULATU HONORII AUGUSTI

PRAEFATIO

PANEGYRIC ON THE THIRD CONSULSHIP OF THE EMPEROR
HONORIUS (A.D. 396)

PREFACE

PANEGYRICUS

PANEGYRIC

PANEGYRICUS DE QUARTO CONSULATU HONORII AUGUSTI

PANEGYRIC ON THE FOURTH CONSULSHIP OF THE EMPEROR
HONORIUS (A.D. 398)

PANEGYRICUS DICTUS MANLIO THEODORO CONSULI

PRAEFATIO

PANEGYRIC ON THE CONSULSHIP OF FL. MANLIUS THEODORUS¹⁶⁹
(A.D. 399)

PREFACE

PANEGYRICUS

PANEGYRIC

DE CONSULATU STILICHONIS

LIBER I.

ON STILICHIO'S CONSULSHIP (A.D. 400)

BOOK I

DE CONSULATU STILICHONIS

LIBER SECUNDUS

ON STILICHO'S CONSULSHIP

BOOK II

DE CONSULATU STILICHONIS

LIBER TERTIUS

PRAEFATIO

ON STILICHO'S CONSULSHIP

BOOK III

PREFACE

LIBER TERTIUS

BOOK III

PANEGYRICUS DE SEXTO CONSULATU HONORII AUGUSTI

PRAEFATIO

PANEGYRIC ON THE SIXTH CONSULSHIP OF THE EMPEROR

HONORIUS (A.D. 404)

PREFACE

PANEGYRICUS

THE PANEGYRIC

DE BELLO GOTHICO

PRAEFATIO

THE GOTHIC WAR

PREFACE

CARMINUM MINORUM CORPUSCULUM — SHORTER POEMS

I. (XIII.)

II. (LXXXV.)

I. (XIII.)

II. (LXXXV.)

III. (LXXXI.)

IV. (LIV.)

III. (LXXXI.)

IV. (LIV.)

V. (LXXXVI.)

VI. (LXXVIII.)

VII. (LXXXVII.)

V. (LXXXVI.)

VI. (LXXVIII.)⁶⁴

VII. (LXXXVII.)
VIII. (LXIX.)
IX. (XLV.)
VIII. (LXIX.)
IX. (XLV.)
X. (XCII.)
XI. (XCI.)
XII. (LXXXIV.)
X. (XCII.)
XI. (XCI.)
XII. (LXXXIV.)
XIII. (LXXIX.)
XIV. (LXXXII.)
XV. (LXXXIX.)
XVI. (XC.)
XIII. (LXXIX.)
XIV. (LXXXII.)
XV. (LXXXIX.)
XVI. (XC.)
XVII. (L.)
XVII. (L.)
XVIII. (LI.)
XIX. (XLIII.)
XVIII. (LI.)
XIX. (XLIII.)
XX. (LII.)
XX. (LII.)
XXI. (LXXX.)
XXII. (XXXIX.)
XXI. (LXXX.)
XXII. (XXXIX.)
XXIII. (LXXIV.)
XXIII. (LXXIV.)
XXIV. (LXXXIII.)
XXIV. (LXXXIII.)
XXV. (XXX., XXXI.)
PRAEFATIO
XXV (XXX, XXXI)
PREFACE
XXVI. (XLIX.)
XXVI. (XLIX.)
XXVII. (XLIV.)
XXVII. (XLIV.)
XXVIII. (XLVII.)

XXVIII. (XLVII.)
XXIX. (XLVIII.)
XXIX. (XLVIII.)
XXX. (XXIX.)
XXX. (XXIX.)
XXXI. (XL.)
XXXI. (XL.)
XXXII. (XCV.)
XXXII. (XCV.)
XXXIII.-XXXIX.
XXXIII. (LVI.)
XXXIV. (LVII.)
XXXIII-XXXIX
XXXV. (LVIII.)
XXXVI. (LIX.)
XXXVII. (LX.)
XXXVIII. (LXI.)
XXXIX. (LXII.)
XL. (XLI.)
XL. (XLI.)
XLI. (XLII.)
XLII. (LIII.)
XLIII. (LXXV.)
XLIV. (LXXVI.)
XLII. (LIII.)
XLIII. (LXXV.)
XLIV. (LXXVI.)
XLV. (LV.)
XLVI. (LXXII.)
XLV. (LV.)
XLVI. (LXXII.)
XLVII. (LXXIII.)
XLVIII. (LXX.)
XLVII. (LXXIII.)
XLVIII. (LXX.)
XLIX. (XLVI.)
XLIX. (XLVI.)
L. (LXXVII.)
LI. (LXVIII.)
L. (LXXVII.)
LI. (LXVIII.)
LII. (XXXVII.)
LII. (XXXVII.)

DE RAPTU PROSERPINAE — RAPE OF PROSERPINE

LIBRI PRIMI

PRAEFATIO

LIBER PRIMUS

BOOK I

PREFACE

BOOK I

LIBRI SECUNDI

PRAEFATIO

BOOK II

PREFACE

LIBER SECUNDUS

BOOK II

LIBER TERTIUS

BOOK III

PANEGYRICUS DICTUS PROBINO ET OLYBRIO CONSULIBUS

I

Sol, qui flammigeris mundum complexus habenis
volvis inexhausto redeuntia saecula motu,
sparge diem meliore coma crinemque repexi
blandius elato surgant temone iugales
efflantes roseum frenis spumantibus ignem.
iam nova germanis vestigia torqueat annus
consulibus, laetique petant exordia menses.

Scis genus Auchenium, nec te latuere potentes
Anniadae; nam saepe soles ductoribus illis
instaurare vias et cursibus addere nomen. 10
his neque per dubium pendet Fortuna favorem
nec novit mutare vices, sed fixus in omnes
cognatos procedit honos. quemcumque require
hac de stirpe virum: certum est de consule nasci.

* * * * *

PANEGYRIC ON THE CONSULS PROBINUS AND OLYBRIUS

I

Sun, that encirclest the world with reins of flame and rollest in ceaseless motion the revolving centuries, scatter thy light with kindlier beams and let thy coursers, their manes combed and they breathing forth a rosy flame from their foaming bits, climb the heavens more jocund in their loftier drawn chariot. Now let the year bend its new steps for the consul brothers and the glad months take their beginning.

Thou wottest of the Auchenian⁴⁰ race nor are the powerful Anniadae unknown to thee, for thou oft hast started thy yearly journey with them as consuls and hast given their name to thy revolution. For them Fortune neither hangs on uncertain favour nor changes, but honours, firmly fixed, pass to all their kin. Select what man thou wilt from their family, 'tis certain he is a consul's son. Their ancestors are

⁴⁰ Probinus and Olybrius, the consuls for 395 (they were brothers), both belonged to the Anician gens, of which Auchenius became an alternative gentile name, Anicius becoming, in these cases, the *praenomen*. Many members of this family had been, and were to be, consuls: e.g. Anicius Auchenius Bassus in A.D. 408. The Annian gens was related by intermarriage to the Anician: e.g. Annius Bassus (cos. 331) who married the daughter of Annius Anicius Iulianus (cos. 322).

* * * * *

per fasces numerantur avi semperque renata 15
nobilitate virent, et prolem fata sequuntur
continuum simili servantia lege tenorem.
nec quisquam procerum temptat, licet aere vetusto
floreat et claro cingatur Roma senatu,
se iactare parem; sed, prima sede relictā 20
Aucheniiis, de iure licet certare secundo:
haud secus ac tacitam Luna regnante per Arcton
sidereae cedunt acies, cum fratre retuso
aemulus adversis flagraverit ignibus orbis;
tunc iubar Arcturi languet, tunc fulva Leonis 25
ira perit, Plaustro iam rara intermicat Arctos
indignata tegi, iam caligantibus armis
debilis Orion dextram miratur inertem.

Quem prius adgrediar? veteris quis facta Probini
nesciat aut nimias laudes ignoret Olybri? 30

Vivit adhuc completque vagis sermonibus aures
gloria fusa Probi, quam non ventura silebunt

lustra nec ignota rapiet sub nube vetustas.
ilium fama vehit trans aequora transque remotas
Tethyos ambages Atlanteosque recessus. 35
auduit et gelido si quem Maeotia pascit
sub Iove vel calido si quis coniunctus in axe
nascentem te, Nile, bibit. virtutibus ille
Fortunam domuit numquamque levantibus alte
intumuit rebus; sed mens circumflua luxu 40
noverat intactum vitio servare rigorem.
hic non divitias nigrantibus abdidit antris
nec tenebris damnavit opes; sed largior imbre
sueverat innumeras hominum ditare catervas.

* * * * *

counted by the fasces (for each has held them), the same recurring honours crown them, and a like destiny awaits their children in unbroken succession. No noble, though he boast of the brazen statues of his ancestors, though Rome be thronged with senators, no noble, I say, dare boast himself their equal. Give the first place to the Auchenii and let who will contest the second. It is as when the moon queens it in the calm northern sky and her orb gleams with brightness equal to that of her brother whose light she reflects; for then the starry hosts give place, Arcturus' beam grows dim and tawny Leo loses his angry glint, far-spaced shine the Bear's stars in the Wain, wroth at their eclipse, Orion's shafts grow dark as he looks in feeble amaze at his strengthless arm.

Which shall I speak of first? Who has not heard of the deeds of Probinus of ancient lineage, who knows not the endless praise of Olybrius?

The far-flung fame of Probus⁴¹ and his sire lives yet and fills all ears with widespread discourse: the years to come shall not silence it nor time o'ercloud or put an end to it. His great name carries him beyond the seas, beyond Ocean's distant windings and Atlas' mountain caverns. If any live beneath the frozen sky by Maeotis' banks, or any, near neighbours of the torrid zone, drink Nile's stripling stream, they, too, have heard. Fortune yielded to his virtues, but never was he puffed up with success that engenders pride. Though his life was surrounded with luxury he knew how to preserve his uprightness uncorrupted. He did not hide his wealth in dark cellars nor condemn his riches to the nether gloom, but in showers more abundant than rain would ever enrich countless numbers of

⁴¹ Probus was born about 332 and died about 390. He was (among many other things) proconsul of Africa and praefectus of Illyricum.

* * * * *

quippe velut denso currentia munera nimbo 45
cernere semper erat, populis undare penates,
adsiduos intrare inopes, remeare beatos.
praeceps illa manus fluvios superabat Hiberos
aurea dona vomens (sic vix⁴² tellure revulsa
sollicitis fodiens miratur collibus aurum), 50
quantum stagna Tagi rudibus stillantia venis
effluxere decus, quanto pretiosa metalli
Hermi ripa micat, quantas per Lydia culta
despumat rutilas dives Pactolus harenas.

Non, mihi centenis pateant si vocibus ora 55
multifidusque ruat centum per pectora Phoebus,
acta Probi narrare queam, quot in ordine gentes
rexerit, ad summi quotiens fastigia iuris
venerit, Italiae late cum frena teneret
Illyricosque sinus et quos arat Africa campos. 60
sed nati vicere patrem solique merentur
victores audire Probi. non contigit illi
talis honor, prima cum parte viresceret aevi,
nec consul cum fratre fuit. vos nulla fatigat
cura diu maiora petens, non anxia mentem 65
spes agit et longo tendit praecordia voto:
coepistis quo finis erat. primordia vestra
vix pauci meruere senes, metasque tenetis
ante genas dulces quam flos iuvenilis inumbret
oraeque ridenti lanugine vestiat aetas. 70
tu, precor, ignarum doceas, Parnasia, vatem,
quis deus ambobus tanti sit muneris auctor.

Postquam fulmineis impellens viribus hostem
belliger Augustus trepidas laxaverat Alpes,

⁴² MSS. *si quis*; Birt suggests *sic vix*; possibly *ecquiss* should be read. Postgate (C. Q. iv. p. 258) *quae vix ... miretur ... Astur*.

* * * * *

men. The thick cloud of his generosity was ever big with gifts, full and overflowing with clients was his mansion, and thereinto there poured a stream of paupers to issue forth again rich men. His prodigal hand outdid Spain's rivers in scattering gifts of gold (scarce so much precious metal dazzles the gaze of the miner delving in the vexed bowels of the earth), exceeding all the gold dust carried down by Tagus' water trickling from unsmelted lodes, the glittering ore that enriches Hermus' banks, the golden sand that rich Pactolus in flood deposits over the plains of Lydia.

Could my words issue from a hundred mouths, could Phoebus' manifold inspiration breathe through a hundred breasts, even so I could not tell of Probus' deeds, of all the people his ordered governance ruled, of the many times he rose to the highest honours, when he held the reins of broad-acred Italy, the Illyrian coast, and Africa's lands. But his sons o'ershadowed their sire and they alone deserve to be called Probus' vanquishers. No such honour befell Probus in his youth: he was never consul with his brother. You ambition, ever o'ervaulting itself, pricks not; no anxious hopes afflict your minds or keep your hearts in long suspense. You have begun where most end: but few seniors have attained to your earliest office. You have finished your race e'er the full flower of youth has crowned your gentle cheeks or adolescence clothed your faces with its pleasant down. Do thou, my Muse, tell their ignorant poet what god it was granted such a boon to the twain.

When the warlike emperor had with the thunderbolt of his might put his enemy to flight and freed

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Roma Probo cupiens dignas persolvere grates 75
sedula pro natis dominum flexura rogando
ire parat. famuli currum iunxere volantem
Impetus horribilisque Metus, qui semper agentes
proelia cum fremitu Romam comitantur anhelo,
sive petat Parthos seu cuspide turbet Hydaspem. 80
hic ligat axe rotas; hic sub iuga ferrea nectit
cornipedes rigidisque docet servire lupatis.
ipsa, triumphatis qua possidet aethera regnis,
adsilit innuptae ritus imitata Minervae.
nam neque caesariem crinali stringere cultu 85
colla nec ornatu patitur mollire retorto;
dextrum nuda latus, niveos exerta lacertos,
audacem reteggit mammam, laxumque coercens
mordet gemma sinum; nodus, qui sublevat ense,
album puniceo pectus discriminat ostro. 90
miscetur decori virtus pulcherque severo
armatur terrore pudor, galeaeque minaci
flava cruentarum praetenditur umbra iubarum,
et formidato clipeus Titana lacescit
lumine quem tota variarat Mulciber arte. 95
hic patrius Mavortis amor fetusque notantur
Romulei; pius amnis inest et belua nutrix;
electro Tiberis, pueri formantur in auro;
fingunt aera lupam; Mavors adamante coruscat.

Iam simul emissis rapido velocior Euro 100
fertur equis; strident Zephyri cursuque rotarum
saucia dividuis clarescunt nubila sulcis.
nec traxere moras, sed lapsu protinus uno,

* * * * *

the Alps from fear, Rome, anxious worthily to thank her Probus, hastened to beg the Emperor's favour for that hero's sons. Her slaves, Shock and horrid Fear, yoked her winged chariot; 'tis they who ever attend Rome with loud-voiced roar, setting wars afoot, whether she battle against the Parthians or vex Hydaspes' stream with her spear. The one fastens the wheels to the hubs, the other drives the horses beneath the iron yoke and makes them obey the stubborn bit. Rome herself in the guise of the virgin goddess Minerva soars aloft on the road by which she takes possession of the sky after triumphing over the realms of earth. She will not have her hair bound with a comb nor her neck made effeminate with a twisted necklace. Her right side is bare; her snowy shoulder exposed; her brooch fastens her flowing garments but loosely and boldly shows her breast: the belt that supports her sword throws a strip of scarlet across her fair skin. She looks as good as she is fair, chaste beauty armed with awe; her threatening helm of blood-red plumes casts a dark shadow and her shield challenges the sun in its fearful brilliance, that shield which Vulcan forged with all the subtlety of his skill. In it are depicted the children Romulus and Remus, and their loving father Mars, Tiber's reverent stream, and the wolf that was their nurse; Tiber is embossed in electrum, the children in pure gold, brazen is the wolf, and Mars fashioned of flashing steel.

And now Rome, loosing both her steeds together, flies swifter than the fleet east wind; the Zephyrs shrill and the clouds, cleft with the track of the wheels, glow in separate furrows. What matchless speed! One pinion's stroke and they reach their

* * * * *

quem poscunt, tetigere locum: qua fine sub imo
angustant aditum curvis anfractibus Alpes 105
claustraque congestis scopulis durissima tendunt,
non alia reseranda manu, sed pervia tantum
Augusto geminisque fidem mentita tyrannis.
semirutae turres avulsaque moenia fumant;
crescunt in cumulum strages vallemque profundam
aequavere iugis; stagnant immersa cruore 111
corpora; turbantur permixto funere manes.

Haud procul exhausto laetus certamine victor

caespitè gramineo consederat arbore fultus
adclines umeros; domimim gavisa coronat 115
terra suum, surguntque toris maioribus herbae.
sudor adhuc per membra calet creberque recurrit
halitus et placidi radiant in casside vultus:
qualis letifera populatus caede Gelonos
procubat horrendus Getico Gradivus in arvo; 120
exuvias Bellona levat, Bellona tepentes
pulvere solvit equos, immensaque cornus in hastam
porrigitur tremulisque ferit splendoribus Hebrum.

Ut stetit ante ducem discussas Roma per auras,
conscia ter sonuit rupes et inhorruit atrum 125
maiestate nemus. prior hic: "o numen amicum"
dux ait "et legum genetrix longeque regendo
circumfusa polo consors ac dicta Tonantis,
dic agedum, quae causa viae? cur deseris arces
Ausonias caelumque tuum? dic, maxima rerum! 130

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goal: it is there where in their furthestmost parts the Alps narrow their approaches into tortuous valleys and extend their adamantine bars of piled-up rocks. No other hand could unlock that gate, as, to their cost, those two tyrants⁴³ found; to the Emperor only they offer a way. The smoke of towers o'erthrown and of ruined fortresses ascends to heaven. Slaughtered men are piled up on a heap and bring the lowest valley equal with the hills; corpses welter in their blood; the very shades are confounded with the inrush of the slain.

Close at hand the victor, Theodosius, happy that his warfare is accomplished, sits upon the green sward, his shoulders leaning against a tree. Triumphant earth crowned her lord and flowers sprang up from prouder banks. The sweat is still warm upon his body, his breath comes panting, but calm shines his countenance beneath his helmet. Such is Mars, when with deadly slaughter he has devastated the Geloni and thereafter rests, a dread figure, in the Getic plain, while Bellona, goddess of war, lightens him of his armour and unyokes his dust-stained coursers; an outstretched spear, a huge cornel trunk, arms his hand and flashes its tremulous splendour over Hebrus' stream.

When Rome had ended her airy journey and now stood before her lord, thrice thundered the conscious rocks and the black wood shuddered in awe. First to speak was the hero: "Goddess and friend, mother of laws, thou whose empire is conterminous with heaven, thou that art called the consort of the Thunderer, say what hath caused thy coming: why leavest thou the towns of Italy and thy

native clime? Say, queen of the world. Were it thy

⁴³ Maximus and Eugenius. See Introduction, p. ix.

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non ego vel Libycos cessem tolerare labores
Sarmaticosve pati medio sub frigore Cauros,
si tu, Roma, velis; pro te quascumque per oras
ibimus et nulla sub tempestate timentes
solstitio Meroën, bruma temptabimus Histrum.” ¹³⁵

Tum regina refert: “non me latet, inclite rector,
quod tua pro Latio victricia castra laborant
nec quod servitium rursus Furiaeque rebelles
edomitae paribus sub te cecidere triumphis.
sed precor hoc donum cum libertate recenti ¹⁴⁰
adicias, si vera manet reverentia nostri.
sunt mihi pubentes alto de semine fratres,
pignora cara Probi, festa quos luce creatos
ipsa meo fovi gremio. cunabula parvis
ipsa dedi, cum matris onus Lucina beatum ¹⁴⁵
solveret et magnos proferrent sidera partus.
his ego nec Decios pulchros fortesve Metellos
praetulerim, non, qui Poenum domuere ferocem,
Scipiadas Gallisque genus fatale Camillos.
Pieriis pollent studiis multoque redundant ¹⁵⁰
eloquio; nec desidiis dapibusve paratis
indulgere iuvat nec tanta licentia vitae
adripit aut mores aetas lasciva relaxat:
sed gravibus curis animum sortita senilem
igneae longaevo frenatur corde iuventus. ¹⁵⁵
illis, quam propriam ducunt ab origine, sortem
oramus praebere velis annique futurum
devoveas venientis iter. non improba posco,
non insueta dabis: domus haec de more requirit.
adnue: sic nobis Scythicus famuletur Araxes, ¹⁶⁰

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wish I would not shrink from toiling neath a Libyan sun nor from the cold winds of a Russian midwinter. At thy behest I will traverse all lands and fearing no season of the year will hazard Meroë in summer and the Danube in winter.”

Then the Queen answered: “Full well know I, far-famed ruler, that thy

victorious armies toil for Italy, and that once again servitude and furious rebels have given way before thee, overthrown in one and the same battle. Yet I pray thee add to our late won liberty this further boon, if in very truth thou still reverest me. There are among my citizens two young brothers of noble lineage, the dearly loved sons of Probus, born on a festal day and reared in my own bosom. 'Twas I gave the little ones their cradles when the goddess of childbirth freed their mother's womb from its blessed burden and heaven brought to light her glorious offspring. To these I would not prefer the noble Decii nor the brave Metelli, no, nor the Scipios who overcame the warlike Carthaginians nor the Camilli, that family fraught with ruin for the Gauls. The Muses have endowed them with full measure of their skill; their eloquence knows no bounds. Theirs not to wanton in sloth and banquets spread; unbridled pleasure tempts them not, nor can the lure of youth undermine their characters. Gaining from weighty cares an old man's mind, their fiery youth is bridled by a greybeard's wisdom. That fortune to which their birth entitles them I beg thee assure them and appoint for them the path of the coming year. 'Tis no unreasonable request and will be no unheard-of boon. Their birth demands it should be so. Grant it; so may Scythian Araxes be our vassal

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sic Rhenus per utrumque latus, Medisque subactis
nostra Semiramiae timeant insignia turres;
sic fluat attonitus Romana per oppida Ganges.”

Ductor ad haec: “optata iubes ultroque volentem,
diva, rogas; non haec precibus temptanda fuissent.
usque adeone meam condunt oblivia mentem, ¹⁶⁶
ut pigeat meminisse Probi, quo vindice totam
vidimus Hesperiam fessasque resurgere gentes?
ante dabunt hiemes Nilum, per flumina dammae
errabunt glacieque niger damnabitur Indus, ¹⁷⁰
ante Thyesteis iterum conterrita mensis
intercisa dies refugos vertetur in ortus,
quam Probus a nostro possit discedere sensu.”

Dixerat et velox iam nuntius advolat urbem.
extemplo strepuere chori collesque canoris ¹⁷⁵
plausibus impulsus septena voce resultant.
laetatur veneranda parens et pollice docto
iam parat auratas trabeas cinctusque micantes
stamine, quod molli tondent de stipite Seres
frondea lanigeræ carpentes vellera silvae, ¹⁸⁰
et longum tenues tractus producit in aurum
filaque concreto cogit squalere metallo:

qualis purpureas praebebat candida vestes
numinibus Latona suis, cum sacra redirent
ad loca nutricis iam non errantia Deli, ¹⁸⁵
illa feros saltus et desolata relinquens
Maenala lassato certis venatibus arcu,
Phoebus adhuc nigris rorantia tela venenis
extincto Pythone gerens; tunc insula notos

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and Rhine's either bank; so may the Mede be o'erthrown and the towers that Semiramis built yield to our standards, while amazed Ganges flows between Roman cities."

To this the king: "Goddess, thou biddest me do what I would fain do and askest a boon that I wish to grant: thy entreaties were not needed for this. Does forgetfulness so wholly cloud my mind that I will not remember Probus, beneath whose leadership I have seen all Italy and her war-weary peoples come again to prosperity? Winter shall cause Nile's rising, hinds shall make rivers their element, dark-flowing Indus shall be ice-bound, terror-stricken once again by the banquet of Thyestes the sun shall stay his course and fly for refuge back into the east, all this ere Probus can fade from my memory."

He spake, and now the speedy messenger hies him to Rome. Straightway the choirs chant and the seven hills re-echo their tuneful applause. Joy is in the heart of that aged mother whose skilled fingers now make ready gold-embroidered vestment and garments agleam with the thread which the Seres comb out from their delicate plants, gathering the leafy fleece of the wool-bearing trees. These long threads she draws out to an equal length with the threads of gold and by intertwining them makes one golden cord; as fair Latona gave scarlet garments to her divine offspring when they returned to the now firm-fixèd shrine of Delos their foster-island, Diana leaving the forest glades and bleak Maenalus, her unerring bow wearied with much hunting, and Phoebus bearing the sword still dripping with black venom from the slaughtered Python. Then their dear island laved the feet of its acknowledged

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lambit amica pedes ridetque Aegaeus alumnis ¹⁹⁰
lenior et blando testatur gaudia fluctu.

Sic Proba praecipuo natos exornat amictu:
quae decorat mundum, cuius Romana potestas
fetibus augetur. credas ex aethere lapsam
stare Pudicitiam vel sacro ture vocatam ¹⁹⁵

Iunonem Inachiis oculos advertere templis.
talem nulla refert antiquis pagina libris
nec Latiae cecinere tubae nec Graeca vetustas.
coniuge digna Probo; nam tantum coetibus extat
femineis, quantum supereminet ille maritos. 200
ceu sibi certantes, sexus quid possit uterque,
hunc legere torum. taceat Nereida nuptam
Pelion. o duplici fecundam consule matrem
felicemque uterum, qui nomina parturit annis!

Ut sceptrum gessere manu membrisque rigentes
aptavere togas, signum dat summus hiulca 200
nube Pater gratamque facem per inane rotantes
prospera vibrati tonuerunt omina nimbi.
accepit sonitus curvis Tiberinus in antris
ima valle sedens. adrectis auribus haesit, 210
unde repentinus populi fragor. ilicet herbis
pallentes thalamos et structa cubilia musco
deserit ac Nymphis urnam commendat erilem.
illi glauca nitent hirsuto lumina vultu
caeruleis infecta notis, reddentia patrem 215
Oceanum; crispo densantur gramine colla;
vertice luxuriat toto crinalis harundo,

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deities, the Aegean smiled more gently on its nurslings, the Aegean whose soft ripples bore witness to its joy.

So Proba⁴⁴ adorns her children with vestment rare, Proba, the world's glory, by whose increase the power of Rome, too, is increased. You would have thought her Modesty's self fallen from heaven or Juno, summoned by sacred incense, turning her eyes on the shrines of Argos. No page in ancient story tells of such a mother, no Latin Muse nor old Grecian tale. Worthy is she of Probus for a husband, for he surpassed all husbands as she all wives. 'Twas as though in rivalry either sex had done its uttermost and so brought about this marriage. Let Pelion vaunt no more that Nereid bride.⁴⁵ Happy thou that art the mother of consuls twain, blessed thy womb whose offspring have given the year their name for its own.

So soon as their hands held the sceptres and the jewel-studded togas had enfolded their limbs the almighty Sire vouchsafes a sign with riven cloud and the shaken heavens, projecting a welcoming flash through the void, thundered with prosperous omen. Father Tiber, seated in that low valley, heard the sound in his labyrinthine cave. He stays with ears pricked up wondering whence this

sudden popular clamour comes. Straightway he leaves his couch of green leaves, his mossy bed, and entrusts his urn to his attendant nymphs. Grey eyes flecked with blue shine out from his shaggy countenance, recalling his father Oceanus; thick curled grasses cover his neck and lush sedge crowns his head.

⁴⁴ Anicia Faltonia Proba. She was still alive in 410 and according to Procopius (*Bell. Vand.* i. 2) opened the gates of Rome to Alaric.

⁴⁵ Thetis, daughter of Nereus, was married to Peleus on Mount Pelion in Thessaly.

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quam neque fas Zephyris frangi nec sole perustam
aestivo candore mori; sed vivida frondet
aequaeum complexa caput. taurina levantur 220
cornua temporibus raucos sudantia rivos;
distillant per pectus aquae; frons hispida manat
imbribus; in liquidos fontes se barba repectit.
palla graves umeros velat, quam neverat uxor
Ilia percurrans vitreas sub gurgite telas. 225

Est in Romuleo procumbens insula Thybri
qua medius geminas interfluit alveus urbes
discretas subeunte freto, pariterque minantes
ardua turrigeræ surgunt in culmina ripae.
hic stetit et subitum prospexit ab aggere votum: 230
unanimos⁴⁶ fratres iuncto stipante senatu
ire forum strictasque procul radiare secures
atque uno biiuges tolli de limine fascēs.
obstupuit visu suspensaue gaudia vocem
oppressam tenuere diu; mox incohat ore: 235

“Respice, si tales iactas aluisse fluentis,
Eurota Spartane, tuis. quid protulit aequum
falsus olor, valido quamvis decernere caestu
noverit et ratibus saevas arcere procellas?
en nova Ledaëis suboles fulgentior astris, 240
ecce mei cives, quorum iam Signifer optat
adventum stellisque parat convexa futuris.
iam per noctivagos dominetur Olybrius axes
pro Polluce rubens, pro Castore flamma Probinī.

⁴⁶ Birt, following MSS., *unanimos*; Koch *unanimos*.

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This the Zephyrs may not break nor the summer sun scorch to withering; it

lives and burgeons around those brows immortal as itself. From his temples sprout horns like those of a bull; from these pour babbling streamlets; water drips upon his breast, showers pour down his hair-crowned forehead, flowing rivers from his parted beard. There clothes his massy shoulders a cloak woven by his wife Ilia, who threaded the crystalline loom beneath the flood.

There lies in Roman Tiber's stream an island where the central flood washes as 'twere two cities parted by the sundering waters: with equal threatening height the tower-clad banks rise in lofty buildings. Here stood Tiber and from this eminence beheld his prayer of a sudden fulfilled, saw the twin-souled brothers enter the Forum amid the press of thronging senators, the bared axes gleam afar and both sets of fasces brought forth from one threshold. He stood amazed at the sight and for a long time incredulous joy held his voice in check. Yet soon he thus began:

"Behold, Eurotas, river of Sparta, boastest thou that thy streams have ever nurtured such as these? Did that false swan⁴⁷ beget a child to rival them, though 'tis true his sons could fight with the heavy glove and save ships from cruel tempests? Behold new offspring outshining the stars to which Leda gave birth, men of my city for whose coming the Zodiac is now awatch, making ready his hollow tract of sky for a constellation that is to be. Henceforth let Olybrius rule the nightly sky, shedding his ruddy light where Pollux once shone, and where glinted Castor's fires there let glitter Probinus'

⁴⁷ Jupiter, who courted Leda in the form of a swan, becoming byher the father of Helen, Clytemnestra, Castor and Pollux. Theselatter two were the patrons of the ring — hence "decernere caestu"(l. 238); and of sailors — hence "arcere procellas" (l. 239).

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ipsi vela regent, ipsis donantibus auras 245
navita tranquillo moderabitur aequore pinum.
nunc pateras libare deis, nunc solvere multo
nectare corda libet. niveos iam pandite coetus,
Naides, et totum violis praetexite fontem;
mella ferant silvae; iam profluat ebrius amnis 250
mutatis in vina vadis; iam sponte per agros
sudent inriguae spirantia balsama venae!
currat, qui sociae roget in convivia mensae
indigenas Fluvios, Italis quicumque suberrant
montibus Alpinasque bibunt de more pruinas: 255
Vulturnusque rapax et Nar vitiat odor
sulphure tardatusque suis erroribus Ufens
et Phaëthontae perpeusus damna ruinae
Eridanus flavaeque terens querceta Maricae
Liris et Oebaliae qui temperat arva Galaesus. 260

semper honoratus nostris celebrabitur undis
iste dies, semper dapibus recoletur opimis.”

Sic ait et Nymphae patris praecepta secutae
tectae parant epulis ostroque infecta corusco
umida gemmiferis inluxit regia mensis. 265

O bene signatum fraterno nomine tempus!
o consanguineis felix auctoribus annus,
incipi quadrifidum Phoebi torquere laborem.
prima tibi procedat hiems non frigore torpens,
non canas vestita nives, non aspera ventis, 270
sed tepido calefacta Noto; ver inde serenum
protinus et liquidi clementior aura Favoni
pratis te croceis pingat; te messibus aestas

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flame. These shall direct men’s sails and vouchsafe those breezes whereby the sailor shall guide his bark o’er the calm ocean. Let us now pour libation to the new gods and ease our hearts with copious draughts of nectar. Naiads, now spread your snowy bands, wreath every spring with violets. Let the woods bring forth honey and the drunken river roll, its waters changed to wine; let the watering streams that vein the fields give off the scent of balsam spice. Let one run and invite to the feast and banquet-board all the rivers of our land, even all that wander beneath the mountains of Italy and drink as their portion the Alpine snows, swift Vulturnus and Nar infected with ill-smelling sulphur, Ufens whose meanderings delay his course and Eridanus into whose waters Phaëthon fell headlong; Liris who laves Marica’s golden oak groves and Galaesus who tempers the fields of Sparta’s colony Tarentum. This day shall always be held in honour and observed by our rivers and its anniversary ever celebrated with rich feasting.”

So spake he, and the Nymphs, obeying their sire’s behest, made ready the rooms for the banquet, and the watery palace, ablaze with gleaming purple, shone with jewelled tables.

O happy months to bear these brothers’ name! O year blessed to own such a pair as overlords, begin thou to turn the laborious wheel of Phoebus’ four-fold circle. First let thy winter pursue its course, sans numbing cold, not clothed in white snow nor torn by rough blasts, but warmed with the south wind’s breath: next, be thy spring calm from the outset and let the limpid west wind’s gentler breeze flood thy meads with yellow flowers.

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induat autumnusque madentibus ambiat uvis.

omni nobilior lustris, tibi gloria soli 275
contigit exactum numquam memorata per aevum,
germanos habuisse duces; te cuncta loquetur
tellus; te variis scribent in floribus Horae
longaque perpetui ducent in saecula fasti.

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May summer crown thee with harvest and autumn store thee with luscious grapes. An honour that no age has ever yet known, a privilege never yet heard of in times gone by, this has been thine and thine alone — to have had brothers as thy consuls. The whole world shall tell of thee, the Hours shall inscribe thy name in various flowers, and age-long annals hand thy fame down through the long centuries.

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IN RUFINUM LIBER PRIMUS

INCIPIT PRAEFATIO

(II.)

Phoebeo domitus Python cum decidit arcu
 membraque Cirrhaeo fudit anhela iugo,
qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
 flumina, sanguineis tangeret astra iubis:
iam liber Parnasus erat nexuque soluto 5
 coeperat erecta surgere fronde nemus
concussaeque diu spatiosis tractibus orni
 securas ventis explicuere comas
et qui vipereo spumavit saepe veneno
 Cephisos nitidis purior ibat aquis. 10
omnis “io Paeon” regio sonat; omnia Phoebum
 rura canunt; tripodas plenior aura rotat,
auditoque procul Musarum carmine dulci
 ad Themidis coëunt antra severa dei.

Nunc alio domini telis Pythone perempto 15
 convenit ad nostram sacra caterva lyram,
qui stabilem servans Augustis fratribus orbem
 iustitia pacem, viribus arma regit.

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THE FIRST BOOK AGAINST RUFINUS

PREFACE

(II.)

When Python had fallen, laid low by the arrow of Phoebus, his dying limbs outspread o'er Cirrha's heights — Python, whose coils covered whole mountains, whose maw swallowed rivers and whose bloody crest touched the stars — then Parnassus was free and the woods, their serpent fetters shaken off, began to grow tall with lofty trees. The mountain-ashes, long shaken by the dragon's sinuous coils, spread their leaves securely to the breeze, and Cephissus, who had so often foamed with his poisonous venom, now flowed a purer stream with limpid wave. The whole country echoed with the cry, "hail, Healer": every land sang Phoebus' praise. A fuller wind shakes the tripod, and the gods, hearing the Muses' sweet song from afar off, gather in the dread caverns of Themis.

A blessed band comes together to hear my song, now that a second Python has been slain by the weapons of that master of ours who made the rule of the brother Emperors hold the world steady, observing justice in peace and showing vigour in war.

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LIBER I

(III.)

Saepe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,
curarent superi terras an nullus inesset
rector et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.
nam cum dispositi quaesissem foedera mundi
praescriptosque mari fines annisque meatus 5
et lucis noctisque vices: tunc omnia rebar
consilio firmata dei, qui lege moveri
sidera, qui fruges diverso tempore nasci,
qui variam Phoeben alieno iusserit igni
compleri Solemque suo, porrexerit undis 10
litora, tellurem medio libraverit axe.
sed cum res hominum tanta caligine volvi
adspicerem laetosque diu florere nocentes
vexarique pios, rursus labefacta cadebat
relligio causaeque viam non sponte sequebar 15
alterius, vacuo quae currere semina motu
adfirmat magnumque novas per inane figuras
fortuna non arte regi, quae numina sensu
ambiguo vel nulla putat vel nescia nostri.

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BOOK I

(III.)

My mind has often wavered between two opinions: have the gods a care for the world or is there no ruler therein and do mortal things drift as dubious chance dictates? For when I investigated the laws and the ordinances of heaven and observed the sea's appointed limits, the year's fixed cycle and the alternation of light and darkness, then methought everything was ordained according to the direction of a God who had bidden the stars move by fixed laws, plants grow at different seasons, the changing moon fulfil her circle with borrowed light and the sun shine by his own, who spread the shore before the waves and balanced the world in the centre of the firmament. But when I saw the impenetrable mist which surrounds human affairs, the wicked happy and long prosperous and the good discomforted, then in turn my belief in God was weakened and failed, and even against mine own will I embraced the tenets of that other philosophy⁴⁸ which teaches that atoms drift in purposeless motion and that new forms throughout the vast void are shaped by chance and not design — that philosophy which believes in God in an ambiguous sense, or holds that there be no gods, or that they are careless of our doings. At

⁴⁸ Epicureanism.

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abstulit hunc tandem Rufini poena tumultum 20
absolvitque deos. iam non ad culmina rerum
iniustos crevisse queror; tolluntur in altum,
ut lapsu graviore ruant. vos pandite vati,
Pierides, quo tanta lues eruperit ortu.

Invidiae quondam stimulis incanduit atrox 25
Allecto, placidas late cum cerneret urbes.
protinus infernas ad limina taetra sorores
concilium deforme vocat. glomerantur in unum
innumerae pestes Erebi, quascumque sinistro
Nox genuit fetu: nutrix Discordia belli, 30
imperiosa Fames, leto vicina Senectus
impatiensque sui Morbus Livorque secundis
anxius et scisso maerens velamine Luctus
et Timor et caeco praeceps Audacia vultu
et Luxus populator opum, quem semper adhaerens 35
infelix humili gressu comitatur Egestas,
foedaque Avaritiae complexae pectora matris
insomnes longo veniunt examine Curae.

complentur vario ferrata sedilia coetu
torvaeque collectis stipatur curia monstris. 40
Allecto stetit in mediis vulgusque tacere
iussit et obstantes in tergum reppulit angues
perque umeros errare dedit. tum corde sub imo
inclusam rabidis patefecit vocibus iram:

“Sicine tranquillo produci saecula cursu, 45
sic fortunatas patiemur vivere gentes?
quae nova corrumpit nostros clementia mores?
quo rabies innata perit? quid inania prosunt
verbera? quid facibus nequiquam cingimur atris?

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last Rufinus' fate has dispelled this uncertainty and freed the gods from this imputation. No longer can I complain that the unrighteous man reaches the highest pinnacle of success. He is raised aloft that he may be hurled down in more headlong ruin. Muses, unfold to your poet whence sprang this grievous pest.

Dire Allecto once kindled with jealous wrath on seeing widespread peace among the cities of men. Straightway she summons the hideous council of the nether-world sisters to her foul palace gates. Hell's numberless monsters are gathered together, Night's children of ill-omened birth. Discord, mother of war, imperious Hunger, Age, near neighbour to Death; Disease, whose life is a burden to himself; Envy that brooks not another's prosperity, woeful Sorrow with rent garments; Fear and foolhardy Rashness with sightless eyes; Luxury, destroyer of wealth, to whose side ever clings unhappy Want with humble tread, and the long company of sleepless Cares, hanging round the foul neck of their mother Avarice. The iron seats are filled with all this rout and the grim chamber is thronged with the monstrous crowd. Allecto stood in their midst and called for silence, thrusting behind her back the snaky hair that swept her face and letting it play over her shoulders. Then with mad utterance she unlocked the anger deep hidden in her heart.

“Shall we allow the centuries to roll on in this even tenour, and man to live thus blessed? What novel kindness has corrupted our characters? Where is our inbred fury? Of what use the lash with none to suffer beneath it? Why this purposeless girdle of smoky torches? Sluggards, ye,

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heu nimis ignavae, quas Iuppiter arcet Olympo, 50
Theodosius terris. en aurea nascitur aetas,

en proles antiqua redit. Concordia, Virtus
eumque Fide Pietas alta cervice vagantur
insignemque canunt nostra de plebe triumphum.
pro dolor! ipsa mihi liquidas delapsa per auras 55
Iustitia insultat vitiisque a stirpe recisis
elicit oppressas tenebroso carcere leges.
at nos indecores longo torpebimus aevo
omnibus eiectae regnis! agnoscite tandem
quid Furias deceat; consuetas sumite vires 60
conventuque nefas tanto decernite dignum.
iam cupio Stygiis invadere nubibus astra,
iam flatu violare diem, laxare profundo
frena mari, fluvios ruptis inmittere ripis
et rerum vexare fidem.”

Sic fata cruentum 65

mugiit et totos serpentum erexit hiatus
noxiaque effudit concusso crine venena.
anceps motus erat vulgi. pars maxima bellum
indicit superis, pars Ditis iura veretur,
dissensuque alitur rumor: ceu murmurat alti 70
impacata quies pelagi, cum flamine fracto
durat adhuc saevitque tumor dubiumque per aestum
lassa recedentis fluitant vestigia venti.

Improba mox surgit tristi de sede Megaera,
quam penes insani fremitus animique profanus 75
error et undantes spumis furialibus irae:
non nisi quaesitum cognata caede cruorem
illicitumve bibit, patrius quem fuderit ensis,

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whom Jove has excluded from heaven, Theodosius from earth. Lo! a golden age begins; lo! the old breed of men returns. Peace and Godliness, Love and Honour hold high their heads throughout the world and sing a proud song of triumph over our conquered folk. Justice herself (oh the pity of it!), downgliding through the limpid air, exults over me and, now that crime has been cut down to the roots, frees law from the dark prison wherein she lay oppressed. Shall we, expelled from every land, lie this long age in shameful torpor? Ere it be too late recognize a Fury's duty: resume your wonted strength and decree a crime worthy of this august assembly. Fain would I shroud the stars in Stygian darkness, smirch the light of day with our breath, unbridle the ocean deeps, hurl rivers against their shattered banks, and break the bonds of the universe.”

So spake she with cruel roar and uproused every gaping serpent mouth as she

shook her snaky locks and scattered their baneful poison. Of two minds was the band of her sisters. The greater number was for declaring war upon heaven, yet some respected still the ordinances of Dis and the uproar grew by reason of their dissension, even as the sea's calm is not at once restored, but the deep still thunders when, for all the wind be dropped, the swelling tide yet flows, and the last weary winds of the departing storm play o'er the tossing waves.

Thereupon cruel Megaera rose from her funereal seat, mistress she of madness' howlings and impious ill and wrath bathed in fury's foam. No blood her drink but that flowing from kindred slaughter and forbidden crime, shed by a father's, by a brother's

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quem dederint fratres; haec terruit Herculis ora
et defensores terrarum polluit arcus, 80
haec Athamanteae direxit spicula dextrae,
haec Agamemnonios inter bacchata penates
alternis lusit iugulis; hac auspice taedae
Oedipoden matri, natae iunxere Thyesten.
quae tune horrisonis effatur talia dictis: 85

“Signa quidem, sociae, divos attollere contra
nec fas est nec posse reor; sed laedere mundum
si libet et populis commune intendere letum.
est mihi prodigium cunctis inmanius hydrys,
tigride mobilius feta, violentius Austris 90
acribus, Euripi fulvis incertius undis
Rufinus, quem prima meo de matre cadentem
suscepi gremio. parvus reptavit in isto
saepe sinu teneroque per ardua colla volutus
ubera quaesivit fletu linguisque trisulcis 95
mollia lambentes finxerunt membra cerastae;
meque etiam tradente dolos artesque nocendi
edidicit: simulare fidem sensusque minaces
protegere et blando fraudem praetexere risu,
plenus saevitiae lucrique cupidine fervens. 100
non Tartesiakis ilium satiaret harenis
tempestas pretiosa Tagi, non stagna rubentis
aurea Pactoli; totumque exhausit Hermum,
ardebit maiore siti. quam fallere mentes
doctus et unanimos odiis turbare sodales! 105
talem progenies hominum si prisca tulisset,
Perithoum fugeret Theseus, offensus Orestem
desereret Pylades, odisset Castora Pollux.

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sword. 'Twas she made e'en Hercules afraid and brought shame upon that bow that had freed the world of monsters; she aimed the arrow in Athamas'⁴⁹ hand: she took her pleasure in murder after murder, a mad fury in Agamemnon's palace; beneath her auspices wedlock mated Oedipus with his mother and Thyestes with his daughter. Thus then she speaks with dread-sounding words:

"To raise our standards against the gods, my sisters, is neither right nor, methinks, possible; but hurt the world we may, if such our wish, and bring an universal destruction upon its inhabitants. I have a monster more savage than the hydra brood, swifter than the mother tigress, fiercer than the south wind's blast, more treacherous than Euripus' yellow flood — Rufinus. I was the first to gather him, a new-born babe, to my bosom. Often did the child nestle in mine embrace and seek my breast, his arms thrown about my neck in a flood of infant tears. My snakes shaped his soft limbs licking them with their three-forked tongues. I taught him guile whereby he learnt the arts of injury and deceit, how to conceal the intended menace and cover his treachery with a smile, full-filled with savagery and hot with lust of gain. Him nor the sands of rich Tagus' flood by Tartessus' town could satisfy nor the golden waters of ruddy Pactolus; should he drink all Hermus' stream he would parch with the greedier thirst. How skilled to deceive and wreck friendships with hate! Had that old generation of men produced such an one as he, Theseus had fled Pirithous, Pylades deserted Orestes in wrath, Pollux hated Castor. I confess myself his inferior: his quick genius has outstripped

⁴⁹ Athamas, king of Orchomenus, murdered his son Learchus in a fit of madness.

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praevenit ingenio; nec plus sermone morabor: 110
solus habet scelerum quidquid possedimus omnes.
hunc ego, si vestrae res est accommoda turbae,
regalem ad summi producam principis aulam.
sit licet ipse Numa gravior, sit denique Minos,
cedet et insidiis nostri flectetur alumni." 115

Orantem sequitur clamor cunctaeque profanas
porrexere manus inventaque tristia laudant.
illa ubi caeruleo vestes conexuit angue
nodavitque adamante comas, Phlegethonta sonorum
poscit et ambusto flagrantis ab aggere ripae 120
ingentem piceo succendit gurgite pinum
pigraque veloces per Tartara concutit alas.

Est locus extremum pandit qua Gallia litus
 Oceani praetentus aquis, ubi fertur Ulixes
 sanguine libato populum movisse silentem. 125
 illic umbrarum tenui stridore volantum
 flebilis auditur questus; simulacra coloni
 pallida defunctasque vident migrare figuras.
 hinc dea prosiluit Phoebique egressa serenos
 infecit radios ululatuque aethera rupit 130
 terrifico: sentit ferale Britannia murmur
 et Senonum quatit arva fragor revolutaque Tethys
 substitit et Rhenus proiecta torpuit urna.
 tunc in canitiem mutatis sponte colubris
 longaevum mentita senem rugisque seueras 135
 persulcata genas et ficto languida passu
 invadit muros Elusae, notissima dudum

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his preceptress: in a word (that I waste not your time further) all the wickedness that is ours in common is his alone. Him will I introduce, if the plan commend itself to you, to the kingly palace of the emperor of the world. Be he wiser than Numa, be he Minos' self, needs must he yield and succumb to the treachery of my foster child."

A shout followed her words: all stretched forth their impious hands and applauded the awful plot. When Megaera had gathered together her dress with the black serpent that girdled her, and bound her hair with combs of steel, she approached the sounding stream of Phlegethon, and seizing a tall pine-tree from the scorched summit of the flaming bank kindled it in the pitchy flood, then plied her swift wings o'er sluggish Tartarus.

There is a place where Gaul stretches her furthermost shore spread out before the waves of Ocean: 'tis there that Ulysses is said to have called up the silent ghosts with a libation of blood. There is heard the mournful weeping of the spirits of the dead as they flit by with faint sound of wings, and the inhabitants see the pale ghosts pass and the shades of the dead. 'Twas from here the goddess leapt forth, dimmed the sun's fair beams and clave the sky with horrid howlings. Britain felt the deadly sound, the noise shook the country of the Senones,⁵⁰

Tethys stayed her tide, and Rhine let fall his urn and shrank his stream. Thereupon, in the guise of an old man, her serpent locks changed at her desire to snowy hair, her dread cheeks furrowed with many a wrinkle and feigning weariness in her gait she enters the walls of Elusa,⁵¹ in search of the house she had long known so well. Long

⁵⁰ Their territory lay some sixty miles S.E. of Paris. Its chief townwas Agedincum (mod. Sens).

⁵¹ Elusa (the modern Eauze in the Department of Gers) was thebirthplace of Rufinus (cf. Zosim. iv. 51. 1).

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tecta petens, oculisque diu liventibus haesit
peiores mirata virum, tum talia fatur:

“Otia te, Rufine, iuvant frustraue iuventae 140
consumis florem patriis inglorius arvis?
heu nescis quid fata tibi, quid sidera debent,
quid Fortuna parat: toto dominabere mundo,
si parere velis! artus ne sperne seniles!
namque mihi magicae vires aevique futuri 145
praescius ardor inest; novi quo Thessala cantu
eripiat lunare iubar, quid signa sagacis
Aegypti valeant, qua gens Chaldaea vocatis
imperet arte deis, nec me latuere fluentes
arboribus suci funestarumque potestas 150
herbarum, quidquid letali gramine pollens
Caucasus et Scythicae vernant in crimina⁵² rupes,
quas legit Medea ferox et callida Circe.
saepius horrendos manes sacrisque litavi
nocturnis Hecaten et condita funera traxi 155
carminibus victura meis, multosque canendo,
quamvis Parcarum restarent fila, peremi.
ire vagas quercus et fulmen stare coegi
versaue non prono curvavi flumina lapsu
in fontes reditura suos. ne vana locutum 160
me fortasse putes, mutatos cerne penates.”
dixerat, et niveae (mirum!) coepere columnae
ditari subitoque trabes lucere metallo.

Inlecebris capitur nimiumque elatus avaro
pascitur aspectu. sic rex ad prima tumebat 165

⁵² *gramina* E: other codd. *gramine*. Birt conjectures *toxica*, Heinsius *carmina*. I take Postgate's *crimina*.

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she stood and gazed with jealous eyes, marvelling at a man worse than herself; then spake she thus: “Does ease content thee, Rufinus? Wastest thou in vain the flower of thy youth inglorious thus in thy father’s fields? Thou knowest not what fate and the stars owe thee, what fortune makes ready. So thou wilt obey me thou shalt be lord of the whole world. Despise not an old man’s feeble limbs: I have the gift of magic and the fire of prophecy is within

me. I have learned the incantations wherewith Thessalian witches pull down the bright moon, I know the meaning of the wise Egyptians' runes, the art whereby the Chaldeans impose their will upon the subject gods, the various saps that flow within trees and the power of deadly herbs; all those that grow on Caucasus rich in poisonous plants, or, to man's bane, clothe the crags of Scythia; herbs such as cruel Medea gathered and curious Circe. Often in nocturnal rites have I sought to propitiate the dread ghosts and Hecate, and recalled the shades of buried men to live again by my magic: many, too, has my wizardry brought to destruction though the Fates had yet somewhat of their life's thread to spin. I have caused oaks to walk and the thunderbolt to stay his course, aye, and made rivers reverse their course and flow backwards to their fount. Lest thou perchance think these be but idle boasts behold the change of thine own house." At these words the white pillars, to his amazement, began to turn into gold and the beams of a sudden to shine with metal.

His senses are captured by the bait, and, thrilled beyond measure, he feasts his greedy eyes on the sight. So Midas, king of Lydia, swelled at first

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Maeonius, pulchro cum verteret omnia tactu;
sed postquam riguisse dapes fulvamque revinctos
in glaciem vidit latices, tum munus acerbum
sensit et invisio votum damnavit in auro.
ergo animi victus "sequimur quocumque vocabis, 170
seu tu vir seu numen" ait, patriaque relict
Eoas Furiae iussu tendebat ad arces
instabilesque olim Symplegadas et freta remis
inclita Thessalicis, celsa qua Bosphorus urbe
splendet et Odrysiis Asiam discriminat oris. 175

Ut longum permensus iter ductusque maligno
stamine fatorum claram subrepsit in aulam,
ilicet ambitio nasci, discedere rectum,
venum cuncta dari; profert arcana, clientes
fallit et ambitos a principe vendit honores. 180
ingeminat crimen, commoti pectoris ignem
nutrit et exiguum stimulando vulnus acerbat.
ac velut innumeros amnes accedere Nereus
nescit et undantem quamvis hinc hauriat Histrum,
hinc bibat aestivum septeno gurgite Nilum, 185
par semper similisque manet: sic fluctibus auri
expleri calor ille nequit. cuicumque monile
contextum gemmis aut praedia culta fuissent,

Rufino populandus erat, dominoque parabat
exitium fecundus ager; metuenda colonis 190
fertilitas: laribus pellit, detrudit avitis

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with pride when he found he could transform everything he touched to gold: but when he beheld his food grow rigid and his drink harden into golden ice then he understood that this gift was a bane and in his loathing for the gold cursed his prayer. Thus Rufinus, overcome, cried out: "Whithersoever thou summonest me I follow, be thou man or god." Then at the Fury's bidding he left his fatherland and approached the cities of the East, threading the once floating Symplegades and the seas renowned for the voyage of the Argo, ship of Thessaly, till he came to where, beneath its high-walled town, the gleaming Bosphorus separates Asia from the Thracian coast.

When he had completed this long journey and, led by the evil thread of the fates, had won his way into the far-famed palace, then did ambition straightway come to birth and right was no more. Everything had its price. He betrayed secrets, deceived dependents, and sold honours that had been wheedled from the emperor. He followed up one crime with another, heaping fuel on the inflamed mind and probing and embittering the erstwhile trivial wound. And yet, as Nereus knows no addition from the infinitude of rivers that flow into him and though here he drains Danube's wave and there Nile's summer flood with its sevenfold mouth, yet ever remains his same and constant self, so Rufinus' thirst knew no abatement for all the streams of gold that flowed in upon him. Had any a necklace studded with jewels or a fertile demesne he was sure prey for Rufinus: a rich property assured the ruin of its own possessor: fertility was the husbandman's bane. He drives them from their homes, expels them from the lands their sires had

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finibus; aut aufert vivis aut occupat heres
congestae cumulantur opes orbisque ruinas
accipit una domus: populi servire coacti
plenaque privato succumbunt oppida regno. 195

Quo, vesane, ruis? teneas utrumque licebit
Oceanum, laxet rutilos tibi Lydia fontes,
iungatur solium Croesi Cyrique tiara:
numquam dives eris, numquam satiabere quaestu.
semper inops quicumque cupit. contentus honesto
Fabricius parvo spernebat munera regum 201
sudabatque gravi consul Serranus aratro

et casa pugnaces Curios angusta tegebat.
haec mihi paupertas opulentior, haec mihi tecta
culminibus maiora tuis. ibi quaerit inanes 205
luxuries nocitura cibos; hic donat inemptas
terra dapes. rapiunt Tyrios ibi vellera sucos
et picturatae saturantur murice vestes;
hic radiant flores et prati viva voluptas
ingenio variata suo. fulgentibus illic 210
surgunt strata toris; hic mollis panditur herba
sollicitum curis non abruptura soporem.
turba salutantum latas ibi perstrepat aedes;
hic avium cantus, labentis murmura rivi.
vivitur exiguo melius; natura beatis 215
omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.
haec si nota forent, frueremur simplice cultu,
classica non gemerent, non stridula fraxinus iret,
nec ventus quateret puppes nec machina muros.

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left them, either wresting them from the living owners or fastening upon them as an inheritor. Massed riches are piled up and a single house receives the plunder of a world; whole peoples are forced into slavery, and thronging cities bow beneath the tyranny of a private man.

Madman, what shall be the end? Though thou possess either Ocean, though Lydia pour forth for thee her golden waters, though thou join Croesus' throne to Cyrus' crown, yet shalt thou never be rich nor ever contented with thy booty. The greedy man is always poor. Fabricius, happy in his honourable poverty, despised the gifts of monarchs; the consul Serranus sweated at his heavy plough and a small cottage gave shelter to the warlike Curii. To my mind such poverty as this is richer than thy wealth, such a home greater than thy palaces. There pernicious luxury seeks for the food that satisfieth not; here the earth provides a banquet for which is nought to pay. With thee wool absorbs the dyes of Tyre; thy patterned clothes are stained with purple; here are bright flowers and the meadow's breathing charm which owes its varied hues but to itself. There are beds piled on glittering bedsteads; here stretches the soft grass, that breaks not sleep with anxious cares. There a crowd of clients din through the spacious halls, here is song of birds and the murmur of the gliding stream. A frugal life is best. Nature has given the opportunity of happiness to all, knew they but how to use it. Had we realized this we should now have been enjoying a simple life, no trumpets would be sounding, no whistling spear would speed, no ship be buffeted by the wind, no siege-engine overthrow battlements.

Crescebat scelerata sitis praedaeque recentis 220
 incestus flagrabat amor, nullusque petendi
 cogendive pudor: crebris periuria nectit
 blanditiis; sociat perituro foedere dextras.
 si semel e tantis poscenti quisque negasset,
 effera praetumido quatiebat corda furore. 225
 quae sic Gaetuli iaculo percussa leaena
 aut Hyrcana premens raptorem belua partus
 aut serpens calcata furit? iurata deorum
 maiestas teritur; nusquam reverentia mensae.
 non coniunx, non ipse simul, non pignora caesa 230
 sufficiunt odiis; non extinxisse propinquos,
 non notos egisse sat est; excindere cives
 funditus et nomen gentis delere laborat.
 nec celeri perimit leto; crudelibus ante
 suppliciis fruitur; cruciatus, vincla, tenebras 235
 dilato mucrone parat. pro saevior ense
 parcendi rabies concessaque vita dolori!
 mors adeone parum est? causis fallacibus instat,
 arguit attonitos se iudice. cetera segnis,
 ad facinus velox, penitus regione remotas 240
 impiger ire vias: non illum Sirius ardens
 brumave Riphaeo stridens Aquilone retardat.
 effera torquebant avidae praecordia curae,
 effugeret ne quis gladios neu perderet ullum
 Augusto miserante nefas. non flectitur annis, 245
 non aetate labat: iuvenum rorantia colla
 ante patrum vultus stricta cecidere securi;

Still grew Rufinus' wicked greed, and his impious passion for new-won
 wealth blazed yet fiercer; no feeling of shame kept him from demanding and
 extorting money. He combines perjury with ceaseless cajolery, ratifying with
 a hand-clasp the bond he purposes to break. Should any dare to refuse his
 demand for one thing out of so many, his fierce heart would be stirred with
 swelling wrath. Was ever lioness wounded with a Gaetulian's spear, or
 Hyrcan tiger pursuing the robber of her young, was ever bruised serpent so
 fierce? He swears by the majesty of the gods and tramples on his oath. He
 reverences not the laws of hospitality. To kill a wife and her husband with her
 and her children sates not his anger; 'tis not enough to slaughter relations and
 drive friends into exile; he strives to destroy every citizen of Rome and to blot
 out the very name of our race. Nor does he even slay with a swift death; ere

that he enjoys the infliction of cruel torture; the rack, the chain, the lightless cell, these he sets before the final blow. Why, this remission is more savage, more madly cruel, than the sword — this grant of life that agony may accompany it! Is death not enough for him? With treacherous charges he attacks; dazed wretches find him at once accuser and judge. Slow to all else he is swift to crime and tireless to visit the ends of the earth in its pursuit. Neither the Dog-star's heat nor the wintry blasts of the Thracian north wind detain him. Feverish anxiety torments his cruel heart lest any escape his sword, or an emperor's pardon lose him an opportunity for injury. Neither age nor youth can move his pity: before their father's eyes his bloody axe severs boys' heads

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ibat grandaevus nato moriente superstes
post trabeas exul. quis prodere tanta relatu
funera, quis caedes possit deflere nefandas? 250
quid tale inmanes umquam gessisse feruntur
vel Sinis Isthmiaca pinu vel rupe profunda
Sciron vel Phalaris tauro vel carcere Sulla?
o mites Diomedis equi! Busiridis arae
clementes! iam Cinna pius, iam Spartace segnis 255
Rufino collatus eris!

Deiecerat omnes
occultis odiis terror tacitique sepultos
suspirant gemitus indignarique verentur.
at non magnanimi virtus Stilichonis eodem
fracta metu; solus medio sed turbine rerum 260
contra letiferos rictus contraque rapacem
movit tela feram, volucris non praepete cursu
vectus equi, non Pegaseis adiutus habenis.
hic cunctis optata quies, hic sola pericli
turre erat clipeusque trucem porrectus in hostem,
hic profugis sedes adversaque signa furori, 266
servandis hic castra bonis.

Hucusque minatus
haerebat retroque fuga cedebat inerti:
haud secus hiberno tumidus cum vertice torrens
saxa rotat volvitque nemus pontesque revellit, 270
frangitur obiectu scopuli quaerensque meatum
spumat et inlisa montem circumtonat unda.

Qua dignum te laude feram, qui paene ruenti

from their bodies; an aged man, once a consul, survived the murder of his son but to be driven into exile. Who can bring himself to tell of so many murders, who can adequately mourn such impious slaughter? Do men tell that cruel Sinis of Corinth e'er wrought such wickedness with his pine-tree, or Sciron with his precipitous rock, or Phalaris with his brazen bull, or Sulla with his prison? O gentle horses of Diomedes! O pitiful altars of Busiris! Henceforth, compared with Rufinus thou, Cinna, shalt be loving, and thou, Spartacus, a sluggard.

All were a prey to terror, for men knew not where next his hidden hatred would break forth, they sob in silence for the tears they dare not shed and fear to show their indignation. Yet is not the spirit of great-hearted Stilicho broken by this same fear. Alone amid the general calamity he took arms against this monster of greed and his devouring maw, though not borne on the swift course of any winged steed nor aided by Pegasus' reins. In him all found the quiet they longed for, he was their one defence in danger, their shield out-held against the fierce foe, the exile's sanctuary, standard confronting the madness of Rufinus, fortress for the protection of the good.

Thus far Rufinus advanced his threats and stayed; then fell back in coward flight: even as a torrent swollen with winter rains rolls down great stones in its course, overwhelms woods, tears away bridges, yet is broken by a jutting rock, and, seeking a way through, foams and thunders about the cliff with shattered waves.

How can I praise thee worthily, thou who

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lapsuroque tuos umeros obieceris orbi?
 te nobis trepidæ sidus ceu dulce carinae 275
 ostendere dei, geminis quæ lassa procellis
 tunditur et victo trahitur iam caeca magistro.
 Inachus Rubro perhibetur in aequore Perseus
 Neptuni domuisse pecus, sed tutior alis:
 te non penna vehit; rigida cum Gorgone Perseus:
 tu non vipereo defensus crine Medusæ; 281
 ilium vilis amor suspensæ virginis egit:
 te Romana salus. taceat superata vetustas,
 Herculeos conferre tuis iam desinat actus.
 una Cleonæum pascebat silva leonem; 285
 Arcadiæ saltum vastabat dentibus unum
 saevus aper, tuque o compressa matre rebellans

non ultra Libyae fines, Antaeae, nocebas,
solaque fulmineo resonabat Creta iuvenco
Lernaeamque virens obsederat hydra paludem. 290
hoc monstrum non una palus, non una tremebat
insula, sed Latia quidquid dicione subactum
vivit, et a primis Ganges horrebat Hiberis.
hoc neque Geryon triplex nec turbidus Orci
ianitor aequabit nec si concurrat in unum 295
vis hydrae Scyllaeque fames et flamma Chimaerae.

Certamen sublime diu, sed moribus impar
virtutum scelerumque fuit. iugulare minatur:
tu prohibes; ditem spoliati: tu reddis egenti;
eruit: instauras; accendit proelia: vincis. 300

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sustainedst with thy shoulders the tottering world in its threatened fall? The gods gave thee to us as they show a welcome star to frightened mariners whose weary bark is buffeted with storms of wind and wave and drifts with blind course now that her steersman is beaten. Perseus, descendant of Inachus, is said to have overcome Neptune's monsters in the Red Sea, but he was helped by his wings; no wing bore thee aloft: Perseus was armed with the Gorgons' head that turneth all to stone; the snaky locks of Medusa protected not thee. His motive was but the love of a chained girl, thine the salvation of Rome. The days of old are surpassed; let them keep silence and cease to compare Hercules' labours with thine. 'Twas but one wood that sheltered the lion of Cleonae, the savage boar's tusks laid waste a single Arcadian vale, and thou, rebel Antaeus, holding thy mother earth in thine embrace, didst no hurt beyond the borders of Africa. Crete alone re-echoed to the bellowings of the fire-breathing bull, and the green hydra beleaguered no more than Lerna's lake. But this monster Rufinus terrified not one lake nor one island: whatsoever lives beneath the Roman rule, from distant Spain to Ganges' stream, was in fear of him. Neither triple Geryon nor Hell's fierce janitor can vie with him nor could the conjoined terrors of powerful Hydra, ravenous Scylla, and fiery Chimaera.

Long hung the contest in suspense, but the struggle betwixt vice and virtue was ill-matched in character. Rufinus threatens slaughter, thou stayest his hand; he robs the rich, thou givest back to the poor; he overthrows, thou restorest; he sets wars afoot, thou winnest them. As a pestilence, growing from day

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ac velut infecto morbus crudescere caelo

incipiens primos pecudum depascitur artus,
 mox populos urbesque rapit ventisque perustis
 corruptos Stygiam pestem desudat in amnes:
 sic avidus praedo iam non per singula saevit. 305
 sed sceptris inferre minas omnique perempto
 milite Romanas ardet prosternere vires,
 iamque Getas Histricumque movet Scythiamque receptat
 auxilio traditque suas hostilibus armis
 reliquias. mixtis descendit Sarmata Dacis 310
 et qui cornipedes in pocula vulnerat audax
 Massagetes caesamque bibens Maeotici Alanus
 membraque qui ferro gaudet pinxisse Gelonus,
 Rufino collecta manus. vetat ille domari
 innectitque moras et congrua tempora differt. 315
 nam tua cum Geticas stravisset dextra catervas,
 ulta ducis socii letum, parsque una maneret
 debilior facilisque capi, tunc impius ille
 proditor imperii coniuratusque Getarum
 distulit instantes eluso principe pugnas 320
 Hunorum laturus opem, quos adfore hello
 norat et invisus mox se coniungere castris.

Est genus extremos Scythiae vergentis in ortus
 trans gelidum Tanain, quo non famosius ullum
 Arctos alit. turpes habitus obscaenaque visu 325
 corpora; mens duro numquam cessura labori;
 praeda cibus, vitanda Ceres frontemque secari

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to day by reason of the infected air, fastens first upon the bodies of animals but soon sweeps away peoples and cities, and when the winds blow hot spreads its hellish poison to the polluted streams, so the ambitious rebel marks down no private prey, but hurls his eager threats at kings, and seeks to destroy Rome's army and overthrow her might. Now he stirs up the Getae⁵³ and the tribes on Danube's banks, allies himself with Scythia and exposes what few his cruelties have spared to the sword of the enemy. There march against us a mixed horde of Sarmatians and Dacians, the Massagetes who cruelly wound their horses that they may drink their blood, the Alans who break the ice and drink the waters of Maeotis' lake, and the Geloni who tattoo their limbs: these form Rufinus' army. And he brooks not their defeat; he frames delays and postpones the fitting season for battle. For when thy right hand, Stilicho, had scattered the Getic bands and avenged the death of thy brother general, when one section of Rufinus' army was thus weakened and made an easy prey, then that foul traitor, that conspirator with the Getae, tricked the emperor and put

off the instant day of battle, meaning to ally himself with the Huns, who, as he knew, would fight and quickly join the enemies of Rome.⁵⁴

These Huns are a tribe who live on the extreme eastern borders of Scythia, beyond frozen Tanais; most infamous of all the children of the north. Hideous to look upon are their faces and loathsome their bodies, but indefatigable is their spirit. The chase supplies their food; bread they will not eat. They love to slash their faces and hold it a

⁵³ Here and throughout his poems Claudian refers to the Visigoths as the Getae.

⁵⁴ Cf. Introduction, p. x.

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ludus et occisos pulchrum iurare parentes.
nec plus nubigenas duplex natura biformes
cognatis aptavit equis; acerrima nullo 330
ordine mobilitas insperatque recursus.

Quos tamen impavidus contra spumantis ad Hebrim
tendis aquas, sic ante tubas aciemque precatus:
“Mavors, nubifero seu tu procumbis in Haemo
seu te cana gelu Rhodope seu remige Medo 335
sollicitatus Athos seu caligantia nigris
ilicibus Pangaea tenent, accingere mecum
et Thracas defende tuos. si laetior adsit
gloria, vestita spoliis donabere quercu.”

Audiit illa pater scopulisque nivalibus Haemi 340
surgit et hortatur celeres clamore ministros:
“fer galeam, Bellona, mihi nexusque rotarum
tende, Pavor. frenet rapidos Formido iugales.
festinas urgete manus. meus ecce paratur
ad bellum Stilicho, qui me de more tropaeis 345
ditat et hostiles suspendit in arbore cristas.
communes semper litui, communia nobis
signa canunt iunctoque sequor tentoria curru.”
sic fatus campo insiluit lateque fugatas
hinc Stilicho turmas, illinc Gradivus agebat 350
et clipeis et mole pares; stat cassis utrique
sidereis hirsuta iubis loricaque cursu
aestuatur et largo saturatur vulnere cornus.

Acrior interea voto multisque Megaera
luxuriata malis maestam deprendit in arce 355

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righteous act to swear by their murdered parents. Their double nature fitted not better the two-formed Centaurs to the horses that were parts of them. Disorderly, but of incredible swiftness, they often return to the fight when little expected.

Fearless, however, against such forces, thou, Stilicho, approachest the waters of foaming Hebrus and thus prayest ere the trumpets sound and the fight begins: "Mars, whether thou reclinest on cloud-capped Haemus, or frost-white Rhodope holdeth thee, or Athos, severed to give passage to the Persian fleet, or Pangaeus, gloomy with dark holm-oaks, gird thyself at my side and defend thine own land of Thrace. If victory smile on us, thy meed shall be an oak stump adorned with spoils."

The Father heard his prayer and rose from the snowy peaks of Haemus shouting commands to his speedy servants: "Bellona, bring my helmet; fasten me, Panic, the wheels upon my chariot; harness my swift horses, Fear. Hasten: speed on your work. See, my Stilicho makes him ready for war; Stilicho whose habit it is to load me with rich trophies and hang upon the oak the plumed helmets of his enemies. For us together the trumpets ever sound the call to battle; yoking my chariot I follow wheresoever he pitch his camp." So spake he and leapt upon the plain, and on this side Stilicho scattered the enemy bands in broadcast flight and on that Mars; alike the twain in accoutrement and stature. The helmets of either tower with bristling crests, their breastplates flash as they speed along and their spears take their fill of widely dealt wounds.

Meanwhile Megaera, more eager now she has got her way, and revelling in this widespread

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Iustitiam diroque prior sic ore lacescit:
"en tibi prisca quies renovataque saecula rursus,
ut rebare, vigent? en nostra potentia cessit
nec locus est usquam Furiis? huc lumina flecte.
adspice barbaricis iaceant quot moenia flammis, 360
quas mihi Rufinus strages quantumque cruoris
praebeat et quantis epulentur caedibus hydri.
linque homines sortemque meam, pete sidera; notis
Autumni te redde plagis, qua vergit in Austrum
Signifer; aestivo sedes vicina Leoni 365
iam pridem gelidaeque vacant confinia Librae.
atque utinam per magna sequi convexa liceret!"
Diva refert: "non ulterius bacchabere demens.
iam poenas tuus iste dabit, iam debitus ultor

inminet, et, terras qui nunc ipsumque fatigat 370
aethera, non vili moriens condetur harena.
iamque aderit laeto promissus Honorius aevo
nec forti genitore minor nec fratre corusco,
qui subiget Medos, qui cuspidi proteret Indos.
sub iuga venturi reges; calcabitur asper 375
Phasis equo pontemque pati cogetur Araxes,
tuque simul gravibus ferri religata catenis
expellere die debellatasque draconum
tonsa comas imo barathri claudere recessu.
tum tellus communis erit, tum limite nullo 380

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calamity, comes upon Justice sad at heart in her palace, and thus provokes her with horrid utterance: "Is this that old reign of peace; this the return of that golden age thou fondly hopedst had come to pass? Is our power gone, and no place now left for the Furies? Turn thine eyes this way. See how many cities the barbarians' fires have laid low, how vast a slaughter, how much blood Rufinus hath procured for me, and on what widespread death my serpents gorge themselves. Leave thou the world of men; that lot is mine. Mount to the stars, return to that well-known tract of Autumn sky where the Standard-bearer dips towards the south. The space next to the summer constellation of the Lion, the neighbourhood of the winter Balance has long been empty. And would I could now follow thee through the dome of heaven."

The goddess made answer: "Thou shalt rage no further, mad that thou art. Now shall thy creature receive his due, the destined avenger hangs over him, and he who now wearies land and the very sky shall die, though no handful of dust shall cover his corpse. Soon shall come Honorius, promised of old to this fortunate age, brave as his father Theodosius, brilliant as his brother Arcadius; he shall subdue the Medes and overthrow the Indians with his spear. Kings shall pass under his yoke, frozen Phasis shall bear his horses' hooves, and Araxes submit perforce to be bridged by him. Then too shalt thou be bound with heavy chains of iron and cast out from the light of day and imprisoned in the nethermost pit, thy snaky locks overcome and shorn from thy head. Then the world shall be owned by all in common, no field marked off from another

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discernetur ager; nec vomere sulcus adunco
findetur: subitis messor gaudebit aristis.
rorabunt querceta favis; stagnantia passim
vina fluent oleique lacus; nec murice tinctis
velleribus quaeretur honos, sed sponte rubebunt 385

attonito pastore greges pontumque per omnem
ridebunt virides gemmis nascentibus algae.”

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by any dividing boundary, no furrow cleft with bended ploughshare; for the husbandman shall rejoice in corn that springs untended. Oak groves shall drip with honey, streams of wine well up on every side, lakes of oil abound. No price shall be asked for fleeces dyed scarlet, but of themselves shall the flocks grow red to the astonishment of the shepherd, and in every sea the green seaweed will laugh with flashing jewels.”

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IN RUFINUM LIBER SECUNDUS

INCIPIT PRAEFATIO

(IV.)

Pandite defensum reduces Heliconae sorores,
pandite; permissis iam licet ire choris:
nulla per Aonios hostilis bucina campos
carmina mugitu deteriore vetat.
tu quoque securis pulsa formidine Delphis 5
floribus ultorem, Deliae, cinge tuum.
nullus Castalios latices et praescia fati
flumina polluto barbarus ore bibit.
Alpheus late rubuit Siculumque per aequor
sanguineas belli rettulit unda notas 10
agnovitque novos absens Arethusa triumphos
et Geticam sensit teste cruore necem.

Inmensis, Stilicho, succedant otia curis
et nostrae patiens corda remitte lyrae,
nec pudeat longos interrupisse labores 15
et tenuem Musis constituisse moram.
fertur et indomitus tandem post proelia Mavors
lassa per Odrysias fundere membra nives
oblitusque sui posita clementior hasta
Pieriis aures pacificare modis. 20

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THE SECOND BOOK AGAINST RUFINUS

PREFACE

(IV.)

Return, ye Muses, and throw open rescued Helicon; now again may your company gather there. Nowhere now in Italy does the hostile trumpet forbid song with its viler bray. Do thou too, Delian Apollo, now that Delphi is safe and fear has been dispelled, wreath thy avenger's head with flowers. No savage foe sets profane lips to Castalia's spring or those prophetic streams. Alpheus'⁵⁵ flood ran all his length red with slaughter and the waves bore the bloody marks of war across the Sicilian sea; whereby Arethusa, though herself not present, recognized the triumphs freshly won and knew of the slaughter of the Getae, to which that blood bore witness.

Let peace, Stilicho, succeed these age-long labours and ease thine heart by graciously listening to my song. Think it no shame to interrupt thy long toil and to consecrate a few moments to the Muses. Even unwearying Mars is said to have stretched his tired limbs on the snowy Thracian plain when at last the battle was ended, and, unmindful of his wonted fierceness, to have laid aside his spear in gentler mood, soothing his ear with the Muses' melody.

⁵⁵ A reference to Stilicho's campaign against Alaric in the Peloponnese in 397 (see Introduction, p. x).

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LIBER II

(V.)

Iam post edomitas Alpes defensaue regna
Hesperiae merita complexus sede parentem
auctior adiecto fulgebat sidere mundus,
iamque tuis, Stilicho, Romana potentia curis
et rerum commissus apex, tibi credita fratrum 5
utraque maiestas geminaeque exercitus aulae.
Rufinus (neque enim patiuntur saeva quietem
crimina pollutaeque negant arescere fauces)
infandis iterum terras accendere bellis
incohat et solito pacem vexare tumultu. 10
haec etiam secum: “quanam ratione tuebor
spem vitae fragilem? qua tot depellere fluctus
arte queam? premor hinc odiis, hinc milite cingor.
heu quid agam? non arma mihi, non principis ullus
auxiliatur amor. matura pericula surgunt 15
undique et impositi radiant cervicibus enses.
quid restat, nisi cuncta novo confundere luctu
insontesque meae populos miscere ruinae?
verso iuvat orbe mori; solacia leto

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BOOK II

(V.)

After the subjugation of the Alpine tribes and the salvation of the kingdoms of Italy the heavens welcomed the Emperor Theodosius⁵⁶ to the place of honour due to his worth, and so shone the brighter by the addition of another star. Then was the power of Rome entrusted to thy care, Stilicho; in thy hands was placed the governance of the world. The brothers' twin majesty and the armies of either royal court were given into thy charge. But Rufinus (for cruelty and crime brook not peace, and a tainted mouth will not forgo its draughts of blood), Rufinus, I say, began once more to inflame the world with wicked wars and to disturb peace with accustomed sedition. Thus to himself: "How shall I assure my slender hopes of survival? By what means beat back the rising storm? On all sides are hate and the threat of arms. What am I to do? No help can I find in soldier's weapon or emperor's favour. Instant dangers ring me round and a gleaming sword hangs above my head. What is left but to plunge the world into fresh troubles and draw down innocent peoples in my ruin? Gladly will I perish if the world does too; general destruction shall console me for

⁵⁶ Theodosius died in January 395, not long after his defeat of Eugenius at the Frigidus River (near Aquileia), September 5-6, 394(see Introduction, p. ix).

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exitium commune dabit nec territus ante 20
discedam: cum luce simul linquenda potestas."

Haec fatus, ventis veluti si frena resolvat
Aeolus, abrupto gentes sic obice fudit
laxavitque viam bellis et, nequa maneret
inmunis regio, cladem divisit in orbem 25
disposuitque nefas. alii per terga ferocis
Danuvii solidata ruunt expertaque remos
frangunt stagna rotis; alii per Caspia claustra
Armeniasque nives inopino tramite ducti
invadunt Orientis opes. iam pascua fumant 30
Cappadocum volucrumque parens Argaeus equorum,
iam rubet altus Halys nec se defendit iniquo
monte Cilix. Syriae tractus vastantur amoeni
adsuetumque choris et laeta plebe canorum
proterit imbellem sonipes hostilis Orontem. 35
hinc planctus Asiae; Geticis Europa catervis
ludibrio praedaeque datur frondentis ad usque
Dalmatiae fines: omnis quae mobile Ponti

aequor et Adriacas tellus interiacet undas
squalet inops pecudum, nullis habitata colonis, 40
instar anhelantis Libyae, quae torrida semper
solibus humano nescit mansuescere cultu.
Thessalus ardet ager; reticet pastore fugato
Pelion; Emathias ignis populatur aristas.
nam plaga Pannoniae miserandaque moenia Thracum
arvae Mysorum iam nulli flebile damnum, 46
sed cursus sollemnis erat campusque furori
expositus, sensumque malis detraxerat usus.
eheu quam brevibus pereunt ingentia fatis!

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mine own death, nor will I die (for I am no coward) till I have accomplished this. I will not lay down my power before my life.”

So spake he, and as if Aeolus unchained the winds so he, breaking their bonds, let loose the nations, clearing the way for war; and, that no land should be free therefrom, apportioned ruin throughout the world, parcelling out destruction. Some pour across the frozen surface of swift-flowing Danube and break with the chariot wheel what erstwhile knew but the oar; others invade the wealthy East, led through the Caspian Gates and over the Armenian snows by a newly-discovered pass. The fields of Cappadocia reek with slaughter; Argaeus, father of swift horses, is laid waste. Halys' deep waters run red and the Cilician cannot defend himself in his precipitous mountains. The pleasant plains of Syria are devastated, and the enemy's cavalry thunders along the banks of Orontes, home hitherto of the dance and of a happy people's song. Hence comes mourning to Asia, while Europe is left to be the sport and prey of Getic hordes even to the borders of fertile Dalmatia. All that tract of land lying between the stormy Euxine and the Adriatic is laid waste and plundered, no inhabitants dwell there; 'tis like torrid Africa whose sun-scorched plains never grow kindlier through human tillage. Thessaly is afire; Pelion silent, his shepherds put to flight; flames bring destruction on Macedonia's crops. For Pannonia's plain, the Thracians' helpless cities, the fields of Mysia were ruined but now none wept; year by year came the invader, unsheltered was the countryside from havoc and custom had robbed suffering of its sting. Alas, in how swift ruin perish

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imperium tanto quaesitum sanguine, tanto 50
servatum, quod mille ducum peperere labores,
quod tantis Romana manus contexuit annis,
proditor unus iners angusto tempore vertit.

Urbs etiam, magnae quae ducitur aemula Romae
et Calchedonias contra despectat harenas, 55
iam non finitimo Martis terrore movetur,
sed propius lucere faces et rauca sonare
cornua vibratisque peti fastigia telis
adspicit. hi vigili muros statione tueri,
hi iunctis properant portus munire carinis. 60
obsessa tamen ille ferus laetatur in urbe
exultatque malis summaeque ex culmine turris
impia vicini cernit spectacula campi:
vinctas ire nurus, nunc in vada proxima mergi
seminecem, hunc subito percussum vulnere labi 65
dum fugit, hunc animam portis efflare sub ipsis;
nec canos prodesse seni puerique cruore
maternos undare sinus. inmensa voluptas
et risus plerumque subit; dolor afficit unus,
quod feriat non ipse manu. videt omnia late 70
exceptis incensa suis et crimine tanto
luxuriat carumque sibi non abnuat hostem;
iactabatque ultro, quod soli castra paterent
sermonumque foret vicibus permissa potestas.
egregii quotiens exisset foederis auctor, 75
stipatur sociis, circumque armata clientum

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even the greatest things! An empire won and kept at the expense of so much bloodshed, born from the toils of countless leaders, knit together through so many years by Roman hands, one coward traitor overthrew in the twinkling of an eye.

That city,⁵⁷ too, called of men the rival of great Rome, that looks across to Chalcedon's strand, is stricken now with terror at no neighbouring war; nearer home it observes the flash of torches, the trumpet's call, and its own roofs the target for an enemy's artillery. Some guard the walls with watchful outposts, others hasten to fortify the harbour with a chain of ships. But fierce Rufinus is full of joy in the leaguered city and exults in its misfortunes, gazing at the awful spectacle of the surrounding country from the summit of a lofty tower. He watches the procession of women in chains, sees one poor half-dead wretch drowned in the water hard by, another, stricken as he fled, sink down beneath the sudden wound, another breathe out his life at the tower's very gates; he rejoices that no respect is shown to grey hairs and that mother's breasts are drenched with their children's blood. Great is his pleasure thereat; from time to time he laughs and knows but one regret — that it is not his own hand that strikes. He sees the whole countryside (except for his own lands)

ablaze, and has joy of his great wickedness, making no secret of the fact that the city's foes are his friends. It is his boast, moreover, that to him alone the enemy camp opened its gates, and that there was allowed right of parley between them. Whene'er he issued forth to arrange some wondrous truce his companions thronged him round and an armed band of dependents

⁵⁷ Constantinople.

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agmina privatis ibant famulantia signis;
ipse inter medios, ne qua de parte relinquat
barbariem, revocat fulvas in pectora pelles
frenaque et inmanes pharetras arcusque sonoros 80
adsimulat mentemque palam proclamat amictu,
nec pudet Ausonios currus et iura regentem
sumere deformes ritus vestemque Getarum;
insignemque habitum Latii mutare coactae
maerent captivae pellito iudice leges. 85

Quis populi tum vultus erat! quae murmura furtim!
(nam miseris ne flere quidem aut lenire dolorem
colloquiis impune licet): “quonam usque feremus
exitiale iugum? durae quis terminus umquam
sortis erit? quis nos funesto turbine rerum 90
aut tantis solvet lacrimis, quos barbarus illinc,
hinc Rufinus agit, quibus arva fretumque negatur?
magna quidem per rura lues, sed maior oberrat
intra tecta timor. tandem succurre ruenti
heu patriae, Stilicho! dilecta hic pignora certe, 95
hic domus, hic thalamis primum genialibus omen,
hic tibi felices erexit regia taedas.
vel solus sperate veni. te proelia viso
languescent avidique cadet dementia monstri.”

Talibus urgetur discors Aurora procellis. 100
at Stilicho, Zephyris cum primum bruma remitti
et iuga diffusis nudari coepta pruinis,
partibus Italiae tuta sub pace relictis
utraque castra movens Phoebi properabat ad ortus,

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danced attendance on a civilian's standards. Rufinus himself in their midst drapes tawny skins of beasts about his breast (thorough in his barbarity), and uses harness and huge quivers and twanging bows like those of the Getae — his dress openly showing the temper of his mind. One who drives a consul's

chariot and enjoys a consul's powers has no shame to adopt the manners and dress of barbarians; Roman law, obliged to change her noble garment, mourns her slavery to a skin-clad judge.

What looks then on men's faces! What furtive murmurs! For, poor wretches, they could not even weep nor, without risk, ease their grief in converse. "How long shall we bear this deadly yoke? What end shall there ever be to our hard lot? Who will free us from this death-fraught anarchy, this day of tears? On this side the barbarian hems us in, on that Rufinus oppresses us; land and sea are alike denied us. A

pestilence stalks through the country: yes, but a deadlier terror haunts our houses. Stilicho, delay no more but succour thy dying land; of a truth here are thy children, here thy home, here were taken those first auspices for thy marriage, so blessed with children, here the palace was illumined with the torches of happy wedlock. Nay, come even though alone, thou for whom we long; wars will perish at thy sight and the ravening monster's rage subside."

Such were the tempests that vexed the turbulent East. But so soon as ever winter had given place to the winds of spring and the hills began to lose their covering of snow, Stilicho, leaving the fields of Italy in peace and safety, set in motion his two armies and hastened to the lands of the sunrise, combining

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Gallica discretis Eoque robora turmis 105
amplexus. numquam tantae dicione sub una
convenere manus nec tot discrimina vocum:
illinc Armeniae vibratis crinibus alae
herbida collectae facili velamina nodo;
inde truces flavo comitantur vertice Galli, 110
quos Rhodanus velox, Araris quos tardior ambit
et quos nascentes explorat gurgite Rhenus
quosque rigat retro perniciosior unda Garunnae,
Oceani pleno quotiens impellitur aestu.
mens eadem cunctis animique recentia ponunt 115
vulnera; non odit victus victorve superbit.
et quamvis praesens tumor et civilia nuper
classica bellatrixque etiamnunc ira caleret,
in ducis eximii conspiravere favorem.
haud aliter Xerxen toto simul orbe secutus. 120
narratur rapuisse vagos exercitus amnes
et telis umbrasse diem, cum classibus iret
per scopulos tectumque pedes contemneret aequor.

Vix Alpes egressus erat nec iam amplius errat
barbarus adventumque timens se cogit in unam 125

planitiem tutoque includit pascua gyro:
tum duplici fossa non exuperabile vallum
asperat alternis sudibus murique locata
in speciem caesis obtendit plaustra iuvenis.
At procul exanguis Rufinum perculit horror; ¹³⁰
infectae pallore genae; stetit ore gelato
incertus peteretne fugam, veniamne subactus

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the so different squadrons of Gaul and of the East. Never before did there meet together under one command such numerous bands, never in one army such a babel of tongues. Here were curly-haired Armenian cavalry, their green cloaks fastened with a loose knot, fierce Gauls with golden locks accompanied them, some from the banks of the swift-flowing Rhone, or the more sluggish Saône, some whose infant bodies Rhine's flood had laved, or who had been washed by the waves of the Garonne that flow more rapidly towards, than from, their source, whenever they are driven back by Ocean's full tide. One common purpose inspires them all; grudges lately harboured are laid aside; the vanquished feels no hate, the victor shows no pride. And despite of present unrest, of the trumpet's late challenge to civil strife, and of warlike rage still aglow, yet were all at one in their support of their great leader. So it is said that the army that followed Xerxes, gathered into one from all quarters of the world, drank up whole rivers in their courses, obscured the sun with the rain of their arrows, passed through mountains on board ship, and walked the bridged sea with contemptuous foot.

Scarce had Stilicho crossed the Alps when the barbarian hordes began to restrict their forays and for fear of his approach gathered together in the plain and enclosed their pasture lands within a defensive ring. They then built an impregnable fortification with a double moat, planted stakes two deep at intervals along its summit and set wagons rigged with ox-hide all round like a wall.

Panic fear seized upon Rufinus as he saw this from afar, and his cheeks grew pale. He stood with ice-cold face, not knowing whether to fly, to own himself

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posceret an fidos sese transferret in hostes.
quid nunc divitiae, quid fulvi vasta metalli
congeries, quid purpureis effulta columnis ¹³⁵
atria prolataeve iuvant ad sidera moles?
audit iter numeratque dies spatiumque viarum
metitur vitam. torquetur pace futura

nec recipit somnos et saepe cubilibus amens
 excutitur poenamque luit formidine poenae. 140
 sed redit in rabiem scelerumque inmane resumit
 ingenium sacrasque fores praedivitis aulae
 intrat et Arcadium mixto terrore precatur:
 “Per fratris regale iubar, per facta parentis
 aetherii floremque tui te deprecor aevi, 145
 eripe me gladiis; liceat Stilichonis iniquas
 evitare minas. in nostram Gallia caedem
 coniurata venit. quidquid rigat ultima Tethys,
 extremos ultra volitat gens si qua Britannos,
 mota mihi. tantis capiendi credimur armis? 150
 tot signis unum petitur caput? unde cruoris
 ista sitis? geminum caeli sibi vindicat axem
 et nullum vult esse parem. succumbere poscit
 cuncta sibi: regit Italiam Libyamque coercet;
 Hispanis Gallisque iubet; non orbita solis, 155
 non illum natura capit. quascumque paravit
 hic Augustus opes et quas post bella recepit,
 solus habet, possessa semel nec reddere curat.
 scilicet ille quidem tranquilla pace fruatur;
 nos premat obsidio? quid partem invadere temptat?
 deserat Illyricos fines; Eoa remittat 161

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beaten and sue for mercy, or go over to an enemy whose good faith his treachery had assured. Of what use now were his riches, his vast stores of golden ore, his halls upheld with red marble pillars, his sky-towering palace? He hears of Stilicho's march and counts the days, measuring his term of life according to the distance of his enemy from him. He is troubled with thoughts of coming peace and cannot sleep, often starts up distraught from his bed and suffers as punishment the fear of punishment. But his fury repossesses him and, regaining his genius for crime, he enters the sacred portal of the rich palace and addresses Arcadius with prayers and threats: "By thy brother's royal star, by the deeds of thy divine sire and the flower of thine own age, I beg thee deliver me from the edge of the sword; let me escape the cruel threatenings of Stilicho. All Gaul is sworn to my destruction. Tethys' extreme coasts, the wandering tribes beyond the farthest Britons are stirred up against me. Am I thought fit prey for all those armies? Are so many standards advanced against a solitary man? Whence comes this lust for blood? Stilicho lays claim to either hemisphere and will brook no equal. The world forsooth must lie at his feet. Italy is his kingdom, Libya his dominion, Spain and Gaul his empire. The sun's path circumscribes him not, no nor the whole universe. All the wealth collected here by Theodosius or received by him after the war

is Stilicho's alone, and he has small mind to restore what he has once acquired. Is he to enjoy his gains in peace and quietness while 'tis mine to stand a siege? Why should he encroach on thy share? Let him leave Illyria, send back his Eastern troops, divide the

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agmina; fraternas ex aequo dividat hastas,
nec sceptri tantum fueris, sed militis heres.
quodsi dissimulas nostrae succurrere morti
nec prohibere paras, Manes et sidera testor: 165
haec cervix non sola cadet; miscebitur alter
sanguis; nec Stygias ferar incommitatus ad undas
nec mea securus ridebit funera victor!"

Haec ubi, dictatur facinus missusque repente
qui ferat extortas invito principe voces. 170

Interea Stilicho iam laetior hoste propinquo
nec multo spatii distantibus aequore vallis
pugnandi cupidas accendit voce cohortes.
Armeniis frons laeva datur; per cornua Gallos
dexteriores locat. spumis ignescere frena, 175
pulveris extolli nimbos lateque videres
surgere purpureis undantes anguibus hastas
serpantumque vago caelum saevire volatu.
implet Thessaliam ferri nitor antraque docti
cornipedis, teneroque amnis reptatus Achilli 180
et nemus Oetaeum radiat. clamore nivalis
Ossa tonat pulsoque fragor geminatur Olympo.
intumuit virtus et lucis prodigus arsit
impetus; haud illos rupes, haud alta vetarent
flumina: praecipiti stravissent omnia cursu. 185

Si tunc his animis acies collata fuisset,
prodita non tantas vidisset Graecia caedes,
oppida semoto Pelopeia Marte vigerent,

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hosts fairly between the two brothers, and do thou not be heir to the sceptre only but to thy forces. But if thou neglect to come to mine aid and make not ready to prevent my death, this head of mine shall not fall alone — by the dead and the stars I swear it. The blood of another shall be mingled with mine. I will not go unaccompanied to the waters of Styx nor shall the victor be free to exult in my death."

So saying he dictates a treasonable letter and sends therewith an emissary to

bear the message extorted from the emperor's unwilling lips.

Meanwhile Stilicho, exulting in the thought of advancing upon the foe and of the narrow stretch of country that separated him from the fortifications, inflames with his words the hearts of his troops already thirsting for battle. On the left wing are posted the Armenians, farther to the right the Gauls. A beholder might have seen bits covered with warm foam, clouds of dust uprising, and on all sides waving banners bearing the device of a scarlet dragon; the very air seemed to teem with these fierce flying monsters. The glint of steel fills all Thessaly and the cave of the wise Centaur; the river whose banks supported Achilles' baby footsteps and the forests of Oeta are agleam with arms, snowy Ossa re-echoes to the sound and Olympus smitten therewith sends it back twofold. Hearts beat high with a courage that is lavish of life. Neither precipice nor deep river could check their advance: their headlong speed would have overthrown all barriers.

If the two armies had then joined battle in this temper ruined Greece would not have witnessed such disaster as she did, the cities of the Peloponnese would still have been flourishing untouched by the hand

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starent Arcadiae, starent Lacedaemonis arces;
non mare fumasset geminum flagrante Corintho 190
nec fera Cecropiae traxissent vincula matres.
illa dies potuit nostris imponere finem
cladibus et sceleris causas auferre futuri.
invida pro quantum rapuit Fortuna triumphum!
inter equos interque tubas mandata feruntur 195
regia et armati veniunt ductoris ad aures.

Obstupuit; simul ira virum, simul obruit ingens
maeror et ignavo tantum licuisse nocenti
miratur. dubios anceps sententia volvit
eventus: peragat pugnas an fortia coepta 200
deserat? Illyricis ardet succurrere damnis;
praeceptis obstare timet. reverentia frangit
virtutis stimulos: hinc publica commoda suadent,
hinc metus invidiae. tandem indignatus ad astra
extollit palmas et ab imo pectore fatur: 205

“Numina Romanis necdum satiata ruinis,
si iuvat imperium penitus de stirpe revelli,
uno si placuit deleri saecula lapsu,
si piget humani generis, prorumpat in arva
libertas effrena maris vel limite iusto 210
devius errantes Phaëthon confundat habenas.

cur per Rufinum geritur? procumbere mundum
hoc auctore pudet. mediis revocamur ab armis
(pro dolor!) et strictos deponere cogimur enses.
vos, arsuræ urbes perituraque moenia, testor: 215
cedo equidem et miserum permitto casibus orbem
flectite signa, duces. redeat iam miles Eous.

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of war, Arcadia and Sparta's citadel would have remained unravaged. Burning Corinth would not have heated the waves of her two seas, nor would cruel chains have led in captivity the matrons of Athens. That day might have set an end to our disasters and destroyed the seeds of future calamities. For shame, envious Fortune, of what a triumph didst thou rob us! The kingly mandate came to Stilicho in arms amid the cavalry and the trumpets' din.

He stood amazed; anger and great grief o'erwhelm the hero and he wonders that such power for ill is allowed a coward. His wavering mind ponders the uncertain issue: shall he continue his advance or fail his brave beginnings? He longs to stem Illyria's ruin but fears to disobey orders. Loyalty annuls the prickings-on of valour. The public good urges him one way, fear of the emperor's displeasure another. At length in his distress he raises his hands to heaven and speaks from deep within his heart: "Ye gods not yet glutted with Rome's destruction, if ye will that our empire be utterly uprooted, if ye have resolved to blot out all the centuries with one blow, if ye repent you of the race of man, then let the sea's unrestrained fury burst forth upon the land or let Phaëthon, deviating from his ordained course, drive his straying chariot at random. Shall Rufinus be your tool? 'Twere shame that such an one should be the author of the world's destruction. O the grief of it! recalled in mid fight; forced to lay down the swords we have drawn! Cities marked out for the flames, walls doomed to destruction, I call you to witness: see, I retire; I leave the unhappy world to its fate. Turn your banners, captains; to your homes, soldiers of the east. Needs must we obey.

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parendum est. taceant litui. prohibete sagittas.
parcite contiguo — Rufinus praecipit! — hosti."

His dictis omnes una fremuere manipuli 220
quantum non Italo percussa Ceraunia fluctu,
quantum non madidis elisa tonitrua Cauris,
secernique negant ereptaque proelia poscunt,
insignemque ducem populus defendit uterque
et sibi quisque trahit. magno certatur amore, 225
alternamque fidem non inlaudata lacescit

seditio talique simul clamore queruntur:

“Quis mihi nudatos enses, quis tela lacertis

excutit et solvi curvatos imperat arcus?

quisnam audet stricto leges imponere ferro? 230

inflammata semel nescit mitescere virtus.

iam mihi barbaricos sitientia pila cruores

sponte volant ultroque manus mucrone furenti

ducitur et siccum gladium vagina recusat.

non patiar. semperne Getis discordia nostra 235

proderit? en iterum belli civilis imago!

quid consanguineas acies, quid dividis olim

concordes aquilas? non dissociabile corpus

coniunctumque sumus. te qua libet ire sequemur.

te vel Hyperboreo damnatam sidere Thylen, 240

te vel ad incensas Libyae comitabor harenas.

Indorum si stagna petas Rubrique recessus

litoris, auriferum veniam poturus Hydaspem;

si calcare Notum secretaque noscere Nili

nascentis iubeas, mundum post terga relinquam; 245

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Silence, ye clarions; men, forbear to shoot. The foe is at hand, spare him; 'tis Rufinus' command.”

At these words an unanimous roar went up from all the companies. With less din are the cliffs of Ceraunia buffeted by the Italian sea or the thunders evoked from the western winds' wet storm-clouds. They will not separate, and demand the battle of which they have been defrauded. East and west claim the leadership of that illustrious chief. It is a contest of affection; insubordination that none can blame threatens to sap the loyalty of both armies who thus utter their common complaint:

“Who is it robs us of our drawn swords? Who strikes the lance from our hand and bids us unstring the bent bow? Who dares dictate to an army under arms? Valour once roused knows no abatement. Spears thirsting for barbarian blood cast themselves from out our hands; our headlong blades force our vengeful arms to follow them; our very scabbards refuse to sheath an unblooded sword. I will not bear it. Shall the Getae ever profit by our dissension? Behold once more the shadow of civil war. Why dost thou seek to separate armies whose blood is one, standards of immemorial alliance? We are a body one and indivisible. Thee will we follow whithersoever thou goest; thee will we accompany even as far as Thule lying ice-bound beneath the pole-star, or to the burning sands of Libya. Should thy path be by the waters of Ind, or the bays of the Red Sea,⁵⁸ I would go drink Hydaspes' golden stream. Shouldst thou bid me fare south and search out the hidden sources of the stripling Nile,

I
would leave behind me the world

⁵⁸ By the *mare rubrum* the ancients meant the Indian Ocean. The Hydaspes is the modern Jhyllum.

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et quocumque loco Stilicho tentoria figat,
haec patria est.”

Dux inde vetat: “desistite, quaeso.
atque avidam differte manum. cadat iste minacis
invidiae cumulus. non est victoria tanti,
ut videar vicisse mihi. vos fida iuventus 250
ite, mei quondam socii.” nec plura locutus
flexit iter: vacuo qualis discedit hiatu
impatiens remeare leo, quem plurima cuspis
et pastores pepulerunt igne catervae,
inclinatque iubas demissaque lumina velat 255
et trepidas maestis rimatur murmure silvas.

Ut sese legio vidit disiuncta relinqui,
ingentem tollit gemitum galeasque solutis
umectat lacrimis pressamque morantia vocem
thoracum validos pulsant suspiria nexu: 260
“tradimur, heu, tantumque sequi prohibemur
amorem!”

exclamant. “spernisne tuas, dux optime, dexteras,
quas tibi victrices totiens Bellona probavit?
nos adeo viles? adeo felicius axis
Hesperius, meruit qui te rectore teneri? 265
quid nobis patriam, quid cara revisere tandem
pignora dilectosve iuvat coluisse penates?
te sine dulce nihil. iam formidata tyranni
tempestas subeunda mihi, qui forte nefandas
iam parat insidias, qui nos aut turpibus Hunis 270
aut impacatis famulos praebebit Alanis;
quamquam non adeo robur defecerit omne
tantave gestandi fuerit penuria ferri.
tu, licet occiduo maneat sub cardine caeli,

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I know. Wheresoever Stilicho plants his tent there is my fatherland.”

But Stilicho said them nay: “Cease, I beg you,” he cried, “stay your eager hands. Suffer to disperse the mountain of hatred that towers over me. I hold not victory so dear that I would fain seem to win it for myself. Loyal

gentlemen, so long my fellow-soldiers, get you gone.” He said no more but turned away, as a lion loath to retire makes off with empty maw when the serried spears and the burning branches in the hands of the shepherd band drive him back and he droops his mane and closes his downcast eyes and with a disappointed roar pushes his way through the trembling forest.

When the armies saw that they had been parted and left, they groaned deeply and bedewed their helmets with a stream of tears. The sighs that refused egress to their smothered words shook the strong fastenings of their breastplates. “We are betrayed,” they cried, “and forbidden to follow him we love so well. Dost thou despise, matchless chief, thine own right hands which have so often won thee the victory? Are we thus vile? Is the Western sky to be the happier which has won the right to enjoy thy rule? What boots it to return to our country, to see once more our children dear after so long an absence, to live again in the home we love? Without thee is no joy. Now must I face the tyrant’s dread wrath; mayhap e’en now he is making ready against me some wicked snare and will make me a slave to the foul Huns or restless Alans. Yet is not my strength altogether perished nor so complete my powerlessness to wield the sword. Rest thou beneath the sun’s westering course, Stilicho, thou art still

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tu mihi dux semper, Stilicho, nostramque vel absens
experiere fidem. dabitur tibi debita pridem ²⁷⁶
victima: promissis longe placabere sacris.”

Tristior Haemoniis miles digressus ab oris
tangebatur Macetum fines murosque subibat,
Thessalonica, tuos. sensu dolor haeret in alto ²⁸⁰
abditus et tacitas vindictae praestruit iras,
spectaturque favens odiis locus aptaque leto
tempora. nec quisquam tanta de pube repertus,
proderet incautis qui corda minantia verbis.
quae non posteritas, quae non mirabitur aetas ²⁸⁵
tanti consilium vulgi potuisse taceri
aut facinus tam grande tegi mentisque calorem
non sermone viae, non inter pocula rumpi?
aequalis tantam tenuit constantia turbam
et fuit arcanum populo. percurritur Haemus, ²⁹⁰
deseritur Rhodope Thracumque per ardua tendunt,
donec ad Herculei perventum nominis urbem.

Ut cessisse ducem, propius venisse cohortes
cognita Rufino, magna cervice triumphat
omnia tuta ratus sceptrumque capessere fervet ²⁹⁵
et coniuratos hortatur voce clientes:

“vicinus, expulimus, facilis iam copia regni.
nullus ab hoste timor. quis enim, quem poscere solum
horruit, hunc tanto munitum milite vincat?
quis ferat armatum, quem non superavit inermem?
i nunc, exitium nobis meditare remotus 301

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ever our general, and though we be not together thou shalt still know our loyalty. Long has a victim been owed thee; he shall be sacrificed and thou placated by an immolation promised of old.”

Sad at heart the army left Thessaly, reached the borders of Macedon, and arrived before the walls of Thessalonica. Indignation deep hid in their hearts prepares the silent wrath of revenge. They look for a place where they may wreak their vengeance and a moment propitious for the blow, and of all that vast army not one is found to divulge with incautious speech his heart's intent. What succeeding age and time but will marvel that a plot so widespread could be kept hid, a deed of such vast import concealed; that the ardour of their minds was not rendered of no avail by the chance word of a soldier on the march or a drunkard's babbling? But discretion ruled all alike and the people's secret was kept. The army crossed the Hebrus, left Rhodope behind, and struck across the uplands of Thrace until it came to the city called after Hercules.⁵⁹

When Rufinus learned that Stilicho had retired and that his troops were approaching he held his head high in triumph, believing everything safe, and, anxious to seize the power, inflamed his traitorous minions with this speech: “We have conquered; have driven off our enemy; empire is within my grasp, nor have we anything to fear from the foe. Will one who dared not approach me when I stood alone defeat me now that I am strengthened by the addition of so great a force? Who could stand against him armed whom unarmed he could not conquer? Plot my destruction in exile, friend

⁵⁹ Probably Heraclea, at the west end of the Propontis.

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incassum, Stilicho, dum nos longissima tellus
dividat et mediis Nereus interstrepit undis.
Alpinas transire tibi me sospite rupes
haud dabitur. iaculis illinc me figere tempta. 305
quaere ferox ensem, qui nostra ad moenia tendi
possit ab Italia. non te documenta priorum,
non exempla vetant? quisnam conatus adire
has iactat vitasse manus? detrusimus orbe

te medio tantisque simul spoliavimus armis. 310
nunc epulis tempus, socii, nunc larga parare
munera donandumque novis legionibus aurum!
opportuna meis oritur lux crastina votis.
quod nolit rex ipse velit iubeatque coactus
in partem mihi regna dari. contingat in uno 315
privati fugisse modum crimenque tyranni.”

Talibus adclamat dictis infame nocentum
concilium, qui perpetuis crevere rapinis
et quos una facit Rufino causa sodales,
illicitum duxisse nihil; funesta tacere 320
nexus amicitiae. iamiam conubia laeti
despondent aliena sibi frustraue vicissim
promittunt, quae quisque petat, quas devoret urbes.

Coeperat humanos alto sopire labores
nox gremio, nigrasque sopor diffuderat alas. 325
ille diu curis animum stimulantibus aegre
labitur in somnos. toto vix corde quierat,
ecce videt diras adludere protinus umbras,

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Stilicho. What harm can that do so long as a vast stretch of country divide us and Nereus' waves thunder between? Thou shalt have no chance of crossing the rocky Alps while I live. Transfix me from thence with thine arrows, if thou canst. Seek in thy fury a sword that from Italy shall reach my city's walls. Does not the experience and the example of those who have tried before deter thee? Who that has dared approach can boast escape from my hands? I have driven thee from the centre of the civilized world and at the same time deprived thee of thy great army. Now, my friends, is come the time for feasting and making ready bountiful gifts and bestowing gold upon these new legions. To-morrow's light dawns prosperously for my purpose. Needs must the emperor will what he would not and bid a portion of his empire to be given to me. Mine alone be the happy fortune to rise above a private estate and yet escape the charge of tyranny.”

To such words they shout acclaim — that vile band of traitors, waxed fat on plunder, whom one principle makes fellows with Rufinus, the holding nothing unlawful, and whose bond of friendship is to guard guilt in silence. Straightway they joyfully promise themselves foreign wives and all to no purpose forecast the booty they will win and the cities they will sack.

Night had begun to soothe human toils in her deep bosom and sleep had spread his black wings when Rufinus, whose mind had long been a prey to anxiety, sank into a troubled slumber. Scarce had quiet fastened on his heart

when, lo, he sees flit before his eyes the dread ghosts of those whom he

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quas dedit ipse neci; quarum quae clarior una
visa loqui: “pro! surge toro. quid plurima volvis 330
anxius? haec requiem rebus finemque labori
adlatura dies: omni iam plebe redibis
altior et laeti manibus portabere vulgi.”
has canit ambages. occulto fallitur ille
omine nec capitis sentit praesagia fixi. 335

Iam summum radiis stringebat Lucifer Haemum
festinamque rotam solito properantior urget
tandem Rufini visurus funera Titan:
desiluit stratis densaeque capacia turbae
atria regifico iussit splendere paratu 340
exceptura dapes et, quod post vota daretur,
insculpi propriis aurum fatale figuris.
ipse salutatum reduces post proelia turmas
iam regale tumens et principe celsior ibat
collaque femineo solvebat mollia gestu 345
imperii certus, tegeter ceu purpura dudum
corpus et ardentes ambirent tempora gemmae.

Urbis ab angusto tractu, qua vergit in austrum,
planities vicina patet: nam cetera pontus
circuit exiguo dirimi se limite passus. 350
hic ultrix acies ornatu lucida Martis
explicuit cuneos. pedites in parte sinistra
consistunt. equites illinc poscentia cursum
ora reluctantur pressis sedare lupatis;
hinc alii saevum cristato vertice nutant 355
et tremulos umeris gaudent vibrare colores,
quos operit formatque chalybs; coniuncta per artem

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had killed. Of them one, more distinct than the rest, seemed thus to address him: “Up from thy couch! why schemes thine anxious mind further? This coming day shall bring thee rest and end thy toils. High above the people shalt thou be raised, and happy crowds shall carry thee in their arms.” Such was the ambiguous prophecy of the ghost, but Rufinus observed not the hidden omen and saw not it foretold the elevation of his severed head upon a spear.

Now Lucifer touched the peak of Haemus with his rays and Titan urged his hastening wheel quicker than his wont, so soon to see at last the death of

Rufinus. Rufinus himself leapt from his bed and bade make ready the capacious palace with regal splendour in preparation for the feast; the gold to be given in largesse he ordered to be stamped with his own fateful image. Himself went to welcome the troops returning from the battle in kingly pride and arrogance above a prince's. Sure now of empire he wore a woman's raiment about his neck; as though the purple already clothed his limbs and the jewelled crown blazed upon his brow.

Hard by a crowded quarter of the city of Constantinople, towards the south, there lies a plain. The rest is surrounded by the sea which here allows itself to be parted by a narrow way. Here the avenging army, bright with the panoply of the war god, disposes its squadrons. On the left stands the infantry. Over against them the cavalry seek to restrain their eager steeds by holding tight the reins. Here nod the savage waving plumes whose wearers rejoice to shake the flashing colours of their shoulder-armour; for steel clothes them on and gives them their shape; the limbs within

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flexilis inductis animatur lamina membris;
horribiles visu: credas simulacra moveri
ferrea cognatoque viros spirare metallo. 360
par vestitus equis: ferrata fronte minantur
ferratosque levant securi vulneris armos.
diviso stat quisque loco, metuenda voluptas
cernenti pulcherque timor, spirisque remissis
mansuescunt varii vento cessante dracones. 365

Augustus veneranda prior vexilla salutat.
Rufinus sequitur, quo fallere cuncta solebat
callidus adfatu, devotaque brachia laudat;
nomine quemque vocat; natos patresque reversis
nuntiat incolumes. illi dum plurima ficto 370
certatim sermone petunt, extendere longos
a tergo flexus insperatoque suprema
circuitu sociare parant; decrescere campus
incipit, et clipeis in se redeuntia iunctis
curvo paulatim sinuantur cornua ductu: 375
sic ligat inmensa virides indagine saltus
venator; sic attonitos ad litora pisces
aequoreus populator agit rarosque plagarum
contrahit anfractus et hiantes colligit oras.
excludunt alios. cingi se fervidus ille 380
nescit adhuc graviterque adpressa veste morantem
increpat Augustum: scandat sublime tribunal,
participem sceptri, socium declaret honoris — cum

subito stringunt gladios; vox desuper ingens
infremuit: "nobis etiam, deterrime, nobis 385

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give life to the armour's pliant scales so artfully conjoined, and strike terror into the beholder. 'Tis as though iron statues moved and men lived cast from that same metal. The horses are armed in the same way; their heads are encased in threatening iron, their forequarters move beneath steel plates protecting them from wounds; each stands alone, a pleasure yet a dread to behold, beautiful, yet terrible, and as the wind drops the parti-coloured dragons⁶⁰ sink with relaxing coils into repose.

The emperor first salutes the hallowed standards; Rufinus follows him, speaking with that crafty voice wherewith he deceived all, praising their devoted arms and addressing each by name. He tells those who have returned that their sons and fathers are still alive. The soldiers, observing a feigned rivalry in asking questions, begin to extend their long lines behind his back and to join up the ends so as to form a circle unnoticed by Rufinus. The space in the centre grows smaller and the wings meeting with serried shields gradually form into one lessening circle. Even so the huntsman surrounds the grassy glades with his widespread snares: so the spoiler of the ocean drives to land the frightened fish, narrowing the circuit of his nets and closing up all possible ways of egress. All others they exclude. In his eagerness he notes not yet that he is being surrounded and, strongly seizing his robe, chides the hesitating emperor: let him mount the lofty platform and declare him sharer in his sceptre, partaker in his dignities — when suddenly they draw their swords and above the rest there rang out a mighty voice; "Basest of the base, didst

⁶⁰ Claudian refers to the devices emblazoned upon the banners.

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sperasti famulas imponere posse catenas?
unde redi nescis? patiarne audire satelles,
qui leges aliis libertatemque reduxi?
bis domitum civile nefas, bis rupimus Alpes.
tot nos bella docent nulli servire tyranno." 390

Deriguit. spes nulla fugae; seges undique ferri
circumfusa micat; dextra laevaue revinctus
haesit et ensiferae stupuit mucrone coronae,
ut fera, quae nuper montes amisit avitos
altorumque exul nemorum damnatur harenae 395
muneribus, commota ruit; vir murmure contra
hortatur nixusque genu venabula tendit;
illa pavet strepitus cuneosque erecta theatri

respicit et tanti miratur sibila vulgi.

Unus per medios audendi pronior ense 400
prosilit exerto dictisque et vulnere torvus
impetit: "hac Stilicho, quem iactas pellere, dextra
te ferit; hoc absens invadit viscera ferro."
sic fatur meritoque latus transverberat ictu.

Felix illa manus, talem quae prima cruorem 405
hauserit et fessi poenam libaverit orbis!
mox omnes laniant hastis artusque tremantes
dilacerant; uno tot corpore tela tepescunt
et non infecto puduit mucrone reverti.

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thou hope to cast upon *us* the yoke of slavery? Knowest thou not whence I return? Shall I allow myself to be called another's servant, I who gave laws to others and restored the reign of liberty? Two civil wars have I quenched, twice forced the barrier of the Alps. These many battles have taught me to serve no tyrant."

Rufinus stood rooted to earth. There is no hope of escape, for a forest of flashing spears hems him in. Shut in on the right hand and on the left he stood and gazed in wonder on the drawn blades of the armed throng; as a beast who has lately left his native hills, driven in exile from the wooded mountains and condemned to the gladiatorial shows, rushes into the arena while over against him the gladiator, heartened by the crowd's applause kneels and holds out his spear. The beast, alarmed at the noise, gazes with head erect upon the rows of seats in the amphitheatre and hears with amazement the murmuring of the crowd.

Then one more daring than the rest drew his sword and leapt forward from the crowd and with fierce words and flashing eye rushed upon Rufinus crying: "It is the hand of Stilicho whom thou vauntest that thou didst expel that smites thee; his sword, which thou thoughtest far away, that pierces thy heart." So spake he and transfixed Rufinus' side with a well-deserved thrust.

Happy the hand that first spilt such vile blood and poured out vengeance for a world made weary. Straightway all pierce him with their spears and tear quivering limb from limb; one single body warms all these weapons with its blood; shame to him whose sword returns unstained therewith.

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hi vultus avidos et adhuc spirantia vellunt 410
lumina, truncatos alii rapuere lacertos.

amputat ille pedes, umerum quatit ille solutis
nexibus; hic fracti reserat curvamina dorsi;
hic iecur, hic cordis fibras, hic pandit anhelas
pulmonis latebras. spatium non invenit ira 415
nec locus est odiis. consumpto funere vix tum
deseritur sparsumque perit per tela cadaver.
sic mons Aonius rubuit, cum Penthea ferrent
Maenades aut subito mutatum Actaeona cornu
traderet insanis Latonia visa Molossis. 420
criminibusne tuis credis, Fortuna, mederi
et male donatum certas aequare favorem
suppliciis? una tot milia morte rependis?
eversis aedum Rufinum divide terris.
da caput Odrysiis, truncum mereantur Achivi. 425
quid reliquis dabitur? nec singula membra premissis
sufficiunt populis.

Vacuo plebs undique muro
iam segura fluit; senibus non obstitit aetas
virginibusve pudor; viduae, quibus ille maritos
abstulit, orbataeque ruunt ad gaudia matres 430
insultantque alacres. laceros iuvat ire per artus
pressaue calcato vestigia sanguine tingui.
nec minus adsiduis flagrant elidere saxis
prodigiale caput, quod iam de cuspide summa

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They stamp on that face of greed and while yet he lives pluck out his eyes; others seize and carry off his severed arms. One cuts off his foot, another wrenches a shoulder from the torn sinews; one lays bare the ribs of the cleft spine, another his liver, his heart, his still panting lungs. There is not space enough to satisfy their anger nor room to wreak their hate. Scarce when his death had been accomplished do they leave him; his body is hacked in pieces and the fragments borne on the soldiers' spears. Thus red with blood ran the Boeotian mountain when the Maenads caused Pentheus' destruction or when Latona's daughter seen by Actaeon betrayed the huntsman, suddenly transformed into a stag, to the fury of her Molossian hounds. Dost thou hope, Fortune, thus to right thy wrongs? Seekest thou to atone by this meting out of punishment for favour ill bestowed? Dost thou with one death make payment for ten thousand murders? Come, portion out Rufinus' corpse among the lands he has wronged. Give the Thracians his head; let Greece have as her due his body. What shall be given the rest? Give but a limb apiece, there are not enough for the peoples he has ruined.

The citizens leave the town and hasten exulting to the spot from every quarter,

old men and girls among them whom nor age nor sex could keep at home. Widows whose husbands he had killed, mothers whose children he had murdered hurry to the joyful scene with eager steps. They are fain to trample the torn limbs and stain their deep pressed feet with the blood. So, too, they eagerly hurl a shower of stones at the monstrous head, nodding from the summit of the spear that transfixed it as it

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nutabat digna rediens ad moenia pompa. 435
dextera quin etiam ludo concessa vagatur
aera petens poenasque animi persolvit avari
terribili lucro vivosque imitata retentus
cogitur adductis digitos inflectere nervis.

Desinat elatis quisquam confidere rebus 440
instabilesque deos ac lubrica numina discat.
illa manus, quae sceptris sibi gestanda parabat,
cuius se totiens summisit ad oscula supplex
nobilitas, inhumata diu miseroque revulsa
corpore feralem quaestum post fata reposcit. 445
adspiciat quisquis nimium sublata secundis
colla gerit: triviis calcandus spargitur ecce,
qui sibi pyramidas, qui non cedentia templis
ornatura suos extruxit culmina manes,
et qui Sidonio velari credidit ostro, 450
nudus pascit aves. iacet en, qui possidet orbem,
exiguæ telluris inops et pulvere raro
per partes tegitur nusquam totiensque sepultus.

Senserunt convexa necem tellusque nefandum
amolitur onus iam respirantibus astris. 455
infernus gravat umbra lacus. pater Aeacus horret
intransemque etiam latratu Cerberus urget.
tunc animæ, quas ille fero sub iure peremit,
circumstant nigræque trahunt ad iudicis urnam
infesto fremitu: veluti pastoris in ora 460
commotæ glomerantur apes, qui dulcia raptu
mella vehit, pennasque cunctas et spicula tendunt
et tenuis saxi per propugnacula cinctæ

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was carried back in merited splendour to the city. Nay his hand too, made over to their mockery, goes a-begging for alms, and with its awful gains pays the penalty for his greedy soul, while forced, in mimicry of its living clutch, to draw up the fingers by their sinews.

Put not now your trust in prosperity; learn that the gods are inconstant and heaven untrustworthy. That hand which sought to wield a sceptre, which a humbled nobility stooped so often to kiss, now torn from its wretched trunk and left long unburied begs after death a baneful alms. Let him gaze on this whoso carries his head high in pride of prosperity, see trodden under foot at the cross-roads him who built pyramids for himself and a tomb, large as a temple, to the glory of his own ghost. He who trusted to be clothed in Tyrian purple is now a naked corpse and food for birds. See, he who owns the world lies denied six foot of earth, half covered with a sprinkling of dust, given no grave yet given so many.

Heaven knew of his death and earth is freed of her hated burden, now that the stars can breathe again. His shade oppresses the rivers of Hell. Old Aeacus shudders and Cerberus bays to stop, in this case, the *entry* of a ghost. Then those shades which he had sent to death beneath his cruel laws flock round him and hale him away with horrid shoutings to the tribunal of the gloomy judge: even as bees whom a shepherd has disturbed swarm round his head when he would rob them of their sweet honey, and flutter their wings and put forth their stings, making them ready for battle in the fastnesses of their little rock, and seek to defend the

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rimosam patriam dilectaque pumicis antra
defendunt pronoque favos examine velant. 465
Est locus infaustis quo conciliantur in unum
Cocytos Phlegethonque vadis; inamoenus uterque
alveus; hic volvit lacrimas, hic igne redundat.
turre per geminos, flammis vicinior, amnes
porrigitur solidoque rigens adamante sinistrum 470
proluit igne latus; dextro Cocytia findit
aequora triste gemens et fletu concita plangit.
huc post emeritam mortalia saecula vitam
deveniunt. ibi nulla manent discrimina fati,
nullus honos vanoque exutum nomine regem 475
proturbat plebeius egens. quaesitor in alto
conspicuis solio pertemptat crimina Minos
et iustis dirimit soutes. quos nolle fateri
viderit, ad rigidi transmittit verbera fratris.
nam iuxta Rhadamanthys agit. cum gesta superni
curriculi totosque diu perspexerit actus, 481
exaequat damnum meritis et muta ferarum
cogit vincla pati. truculentos ingerit ursis
praedonesque lupis; fallaces vulpibus addit.
at qui desidia semper vinoque gravatus, 485

indulgens Veneri, voluit torpescere luxu,
hunc suis immundi pingues detrudit in artus.
qui iusto plus esse loquax arcanaque suevit
prodere, piscosas fertur victurus in undas,
ut nimiam pensent aeterna silentia vocem. 490
quos ubi per varias annis ter mille figuras
egit, Lethaeo purgatos flumine tandem
rursus ad humanae revocat primordia formae.

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crevices of their home, their beloved pumice-stone cave, swarming over the honeycombs therein.

There is a place where the unhallowed rivers of Cocytus and Phlegethon mingle their dread streams of tears and fire. Between the rivers yet nearer to that of Phlegethon there juts a tower stiff with solid adamant that bathes its left side in the flames; its right hand wall extends into Cocytus' stream and echoes the lamentation of the river of tears. Hither come all the children of men whose life is ended; here there abide no marks of earthly fortune; no reverence is shown; the common beggar ousts the king, now stripped of his empty title. Seen afar on his lofty throne the judge Minos examines the charges and separates the wicked from the righteous. Those whom he sees unwilling to confess their sins he remits to the lash of his stern brother; for he, Rhadamanthus, is busy close at hand. When he has closely examined the deeds of their earthly life and all that they did therein, he suits the punishment to their crimes and makes them undergo the bonds of dumb animals. The spirits of the cruel enter into bears, of the rapacious into wolves, of the treacherous into foxes. Those, on the other hand, who were ever sunk in sloth, sodden with wine, given to venery, sluggish from excesses, he compelled to enter the fat bodies of filthy swine. Was any above measure talkative, a betrayer of secrets, he was carried off, a fish, to live in the waters amid his kind, that in eternal silence he might atone for his garrulity. When for thrice a thousand years he had forced these through countless diverse shapes, he sends them back once more to the beginnings of human form purged at last with Lethe's stream.

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Tum quoque, dum lites Stygiiue negotia solvit
dura fori veteresque reos ex ordine quaerit, 495
Rufinum procul ecce notat visuque severo
lustrat et ex imo concussa sede profatur:
“Huc superum labes, huc insatiabilis auri
proluviis pretioque nihil non ause parato,

quodque mihi summum scelus est, huc improbe legum
 venditor, Arctoi stimulator perfide Martis! 501
 cuius ob innumeras strages angustus Avernī
 iam sinus et plena lassatur portitor alno.
 quid demens manifesta negas? en pectus inustae
 deformant maculae vitiisque inolevit imago 505
 nec sese commissa tegunt. genus omne dolorum
 in te ferre libet: dubio tibi pendula rupes
 immineat lapsu, volucer te torqueat axis,
 te refugi fallant latices atque ore natanti
 arescat decepta sitis, dapibusque relictis 510
 in tua mansurus migret praecordia vultur.
 quamquam omnes alii, quos haec tormenta fatigant,
 pars quota sunt, Rufine, tui! quid tale vel audax
 fulmine Salmoneus vel lingua Tantalus egit
 aut inconsulto Tityos deliquit amore? 515
 cunctorum si facta simul iungantur in unum,
 praecedes numero. cui tanta piacula quisquam
 supplicio conferre valet? quid denique dignum
 omnibus inveniam, vincant cum singula poenas?
 tollite de mediis animarum dedecus umbris. 520
 adspexisse sat est. oculis iam parcite nostris
 et Ditis purgate domos. agitate flagellis

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So then while he settles these suits, dread business of that infernal court, while
 he examines in due order the criminals of old, he marks afar Rufinus, scans
 him with a stern scrutiny and speaks, shaking his throne to its foundation.
 "Hither, Rufinus, scourge of the world, bottomless sink of gold who wouldst
 dare aught for money; hither conscienceless seller of justice (that crime of
 crimes), faithless cause of that northern war whose thousand slaughtered
 victims now throng Hell's narrow entry and weigh down Charon's crowded
 barque. Madman, why deny what all know? The foul stains of wickedness are
 branded upon thy heart, thy crimes have made their impress on thy spirit and
 thy sins cannot be hid. Right glad I am to sentence thee to every kind of
 punishment. O'er thee shall hang the threatening rock the moment of whose
 fall thou knowest not. The circling wheel shall rack thee. Thy lips the stream's
 waves shall flee, thirst shall parch thee to whose chin its elusive waters mount.
 The vulture shall leave his former prey and feast for ever on thy heart. And
 yet all these, Rufinus, whom the like punishments torment, how paltry their
 wickedness compared with thine! Did bold Salmoneus' thunderbolt or
 Tantalus'

tongue ever do like wrong or Tityos so offend with his mad love? Join all their
 crimes together yet wilt thou surpass them. What sufficient atonement can be

found for such wickedness? What to match thy sum of crimes whose single misdeeds outmatch all punishment? Shades, remove from this our ghostly company that presence that disgraces it. To have seen once is enough. Have mercy now on our eyes, and cleanse the realm of Dis. Drive

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trans Styga, trans Erebum, vacuo mandate barathro
infra Titanum tenebras infraque recessus
Tartareos ipsumque⁶¹ Chaos, qua noctis opacae 525
fundamenta latent; praeceps ibi mersus anhelet,
dum rotat astra polus, feriunt dum litora venti.”

⁶¹ MSS. have *nostrumque*.

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him with whips beyond the Styx, beyond Erebus; thrust him down into the empty pit beneath the lightless prison of the Titans, below the depths of Tartarus and Chaos’ own realm, where lie the foundations of thickest midnight; deep hidden there let him live while ever the vault of heaven carries round the stars and the winds beat upon the land.”

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DE BELLO GILDONICO

LIBER I

(XV.)

Redditus imperiis Auster subiectaque rursus
alterius convexa poli. rectore sub uno
conspirat geminus frenis communibus orbis.
iunximus Europen Libyae. concordia fratrum
plena redit. patriis solum quod defuit armis, 5
tertius occubuit nati virtute tyrannus.
horret adhuc animus manifestaue gaudia differt,
dum stupet et tanto cunctatur credere voto.
necdum Cinyphias exercitus attigit oras:
iam domitus Gildo. nullis victoria nodis 10
haesit, non spatio terrae, non obice ponti.
congressum profugum captum vox nuntiat una
rumoremque sui praevenit laurea belli.
quo, precor, haec effecta deo? robusta vetusque
tempore tam parvo potuit dementia vinci? 15
quem veniens indixit hiems, ver perculit hostem.

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The kingdom of the south is restored to our empire, the sky of that other hemisphere is once more brought into subjection. East and West live in amity and concord beneath the sway of one ruler. We have joined Europe again to Africa, and unswerving singleness of purpose unites the brother emperors. The would-be third participant of empire has fallen before the prowess of Honorius the son — that one victory that failed to grace the arms of Theodosius, the father. Still is my mind troubled and admits not the universal joy for very amazement, nor can believe the fulfilment of its heart-felt prayers. Not yet had the army landed upon Africa's⁶³ coasts when Gildo yielded to defeat. No difficulties delayed our victorious arms, neither length of march nor intervening ocean. One and the same word brings news of the conflict, the flight, the capture of Gildo. The news of victory outstripped the news of the war that occasioned it. What god wrought this for us? Could madness so strong, so deep-seated be overcome so soon? The enemy whom early winter brought upon us, spring destroyed.

⁶² For the details of Gildo's rebellion see Introduction, p. x.

⁶³ The Cinyps is a river in Libya; *cf.* Virg. *Georg.* iii. 312.

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Exitium iam Roma timens et fessa negatis
 frugibus ad rapidi limen tendebat Olympi
 non solito vultu nec qualis iura Britannis
 dividit aut trepidos summittit fascibus Indos. 20
 vox tenuis tardique gradus oculique iacentes
 interius; fugere genae; ieiuna lacertos
 exedit macies. umeris vix sustinet aegris
 squalentem clipeum; laxata casside prodit
 canitiem plenamque trahit rubiginis hastam. 25
 attigit ut tandem caelum genibusque Tonantis
 procubuit, tales orditur maesta querellas:
 "Si mea mansuris meruerunt moenia nasci,
 Iuppiter, auguriis, si stant inmota Sibyllae
 carmina, Tarpeias si necdum respuis arces: 30
 advenio supplex, non ut proculcet Araxen
 consul ovans nostraeve premant pharetrata secures
 Susa, nec ut Rubris aquilas figamus harenis.
 haec nobis, haec ante dabas; nunc pabula tantum
 Roma precor. miserere tuae, pater optinae, gentis, 35
 extremam defende famem. satiavimus iram

si qua fuit; lugenda Getis et flenda Suebis
hausimus; ipsa meos horreret Parthia casus.
quid referam morbive luem tumulosve repletos
stragibus et crebras corrupto sidere mortes? 40
aut fluvium per tecta vagum summisque minatum
collibus? ingentes vixi summersa carinas
remorumque sonos et Pyrrhae saecula sensi.
“Ei mihi, quo Latiae vires urbisque potestas

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Rome, the goddess, fearing for her city's destruction and weak with corn withheld, hastened to the threshold of revolving Olympus with looks unlike her own; not with such countenance does she assign laws to the Britons, or subject the frightened Indians to her rule. Feeble her voice, slow her step, her eyes deep buried. Her cheeks were sunken and hunger had wasted her limbs. Scarce can her weak shoulders support her unpolished shield. Her ill-fitting helmet shows her grey hairs and the spear she carries is a mass of rust. At last she reaches heaven and falls at the Thunderer's feet and utters this mournful complaint: "If prophecy rightly foretold the permanence of the rising walls of Rome; if the Sibyl's verse is unalterable; if thou art not yet wearied of our city and the Capitol, I come to thee as a suppliant. My prayer is not that a consul may march in triumph along Araxes' banks, nor that Rome's power may crush the archer Persians and Susa their capital, nor yet that we may plant our standards on the Red Sea's strand. All this thou grantedst us of old. 'Tis but food I, Rome, ask for now; father, take pity on thy chosen race and ease us of this hunger unto death. Whatever thy displeasure, we have surely sated it. The very Getae and Suebi would pity our sufferings; Parthia's self would shudder at my disasters. What need have I to mention the pestilence, the heaps of corpses, the numberless deaths wherewith the very air is corrupted? Why tell of Tiber's flooded stream, sweeping betwixt roofs and threatening the very hills? My submerged city has borne mighty ships, echoed the sound of oars, and experienced Pyrrha's flood.

“Woe is me, whither are fled the power of Latium

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decidit! in qualem paulatim fluximus umbram! 45
armato quondam populo patrumque vigebam
conciliis; domui terras urbesque revinxi
legibus: ad solem victrix utrumque cucurri.
postquam iura ferox in se communia Caesar
transtulit et lapsi mores desuetaque priscis 50
artibus in gremium pacis servile recessi,

tot mihi pro meritis Libyam Nilumque dedere,
 ut dominam plebem bellatoremque senatum
 classibus aestivis alerent geminoque vicissim
 litore diversi complerent horrea venti. 55
 stabat certa salus: Memphis si forte negasset,
 pensabam Pharium Gaetulis messibus annum,
 frugiferas certare rates lateque videbam
 Punica Niliacis concurrere carbasa velis.
 cum subiit par Roma mihi divisaque sumpsit 60
 aequales Aurora togas, Aegyptia rura
 in partem cessere novae. spes unica nobis
 restabat Libyae, quae vix aegreque fovebat;
 solo ducta Noto, numquam secura futuri,
 semper inops, ventique fidem poscebat et anni. 65
 hanc quoque nunc Gildo rapuit sub fine cadentis
 autumnus. pavido metimur caerula voto,
 puppis si qua venit, si quid fortasse potenti
 vel pudor extorsit domino vel praedo reliquit.
 pascimur arbitrio Mauri nec debita reddi, 70

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and the might of Rome? To what a shadow of our former glory are we by gradual decline arrived! Time was when my men bore arms and my greybeards met in council; mistress of the world was I and lawgiver to mankind. From rising to setting sun I sped in triumph. When proud Caesar had transferred my people's power to himself, when manners became corrupt and forgetful of war's old discipline I declined into the servile lap of peace, the emperors rewarded me with Africa and Egypt that they might nourish the sovereign people and the Senate, arbiter of peace and war, by means of summer-spiced fleets, and that the winds, blowing alternately from either shore, should fill our granaries with corn. Our provisioning was secure. Should Memphis perchance have denied us food, I would make up for the failure of Egypt's harvest by the African supply. I saw competition between grain-bearing vessels, and where'er I looked I beheld the fleet of Carthage strive in rivalry with that of the Nile. When a second Rome arose and the Eastern Empire assumed the toga of the West, Egypt fell beneath that new sway. Africa remained our only hope and scarcely did she suffice to feed us, whose corn-ships none but the south wind wafted across. Her promise for the future was insecure, as, ever helpless, she demanded the loyalty of the wind and of the season.⁶⁴ This province, too, Gildo seized towards the close of autumn. Anxiously and prayerfully we scan the blue sea to glance a coming sail in the fond hope that perchance a sense of shame has extorted somewhat from the powerful tyrant, or the conqueror left some corner unconquered. We are fed at the pleasure of the Moor,

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sed sua concedi iactat gaudetque diurnos
 ut famulae praeberere cibos vitamque famemque
 librat barbarico fastu vulgique superbit
 fletibus et tantae suspendit fata ruinae.
 Romuleas vendit segetes et possidet arva 75
 vulneribus quaesita meis. ideone tot annos
 flebile cum tumida bellum Carthagine gessi?
 idcirco voluit contempta luce reverti
 Regulus? hoc damnis, genitor, Cannensibus emi?
 incassum totiens lituis navalibus arsit 80
 Hispanum Siculumque fretum vastataque tellus
 totque duces caesi ruptaque emissus ab Alpe
 Poenus et attonitae iam proximus Hannibal urbi?
 scilicet ut domitis frueretur barbarus Afris,
 muro sustinui Martem noctesque cruentas 85
 Collina pro turre tuli? Gildonis ad usum
 Carthago ter victa ruit? hoc mille gementis
 Italiae clades impensaque saecula bellis,
 hoc Fabius fortisque mihi Marcellus agebant,
 ut Gildo cumulare opes? haurire venena 90
 compulimus dirum Syphacem fractumque Metello
 traximus inmanem Marii sub vincla Iugurtham,
 et Numidae Gildonis erunt? pro funera tanta,
 pro labor! in Bocchi regnum sudavit uterque
 Scipio. Romano vicistis sanguine Mauri. 95
 ille diu miles populus, qui praefuit orbi,
 qui trabeas et sceptrum dabat, quem semper in armis
 horribilem gentes, placidum sensere subactae,

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who boasts that he does not repay a debt but that he gives us of his own, and rejoices to apportion out my daily food to me, as though I were his slave; with a barbarian's pride he weighs me life or death by hunger, triumphs in a people's tears, and holds above our heads an universal destruction. He sells Rome's crops and possesses land won by my wounds. Was it for this that I waged lamentable war with proud Carthage for so many years? For this that Regulus reckoned his life as naught and would fain return to his captors? Is this my reward, father, for my losses on Cannae's field? Have the Spanish and Sicilian seas resounded so often to our navies' clarion for naught? For naught my lands been laid waste, so many of my generals

slain, the Carthaginian invader broken his way through the Alps, Hannibal approached my affrighted capital? Have I kept the foe at bay with my walls and spent nights of slaughter before the Colline gate to enable a barbarian to reap the fruits of conquered Africa? Has thrice-conquered Carthage fallen for Gildo's benefit? Was this the object of mourning Italy's thousand disasters, of centuries spent in war, of Fabius' and Marcellus' deeds of daring — that Gildo should heap him up riches? We forced cruel Syphax to drink poison, drove fierce Iugurtha, whose power Metellus had broken, beneath Marius' yoke — and shall Africa be Gildo's? Alas for our toil and those many deaths: the two Scipios have laboured, it seems, to further Bocchus'⁶⁵ native rule; Roman blood has given victory to the Moors. That long warlike race, lord of the world, that appointed consuls and kings, whom foreign nations found ever formidable in war, though gentle once they had

⁶⁵ Bocchus, properly a king of Mauritania, stands here typically for any native monarch.

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nunc inhonorus egens perfert miserabile pacis
supplicium nulloque palam circumdatus hoste 100
obsessi discrimen habet. per singula letum
impendet momenta mihi dubitandaque pauci
praescribunt alimenta dies, heu prospera fata!
quid mihi septenos montes turbamque dedistis,
quae parvo non possit ali? felicior essem 105
angustis opibus; mallet tolerare Sabinos
et Veios; brevior duxi securius aevum.
ipsa nocet moles. utinam remeare liceret
ad veteres fines et moenia pauperis Anci.
sufficerent Etrusca mihi Campanaque culta 110
et Quincti Curique seges, patriaeque petenti
rusticus inferret proprias dictator aristas.

“Nunc quid agam? Libyam Gildo tenet, altera Nilum.
ast ego, quae terras umeris pontumque subegi,
deseror: emeritae iam praemia nulla senectae. 115
di, quibus iratis crevi, succurrite tandem,
exorate patrem; tuque o si sponte per altum
vecta Palatinis mutasti collibus Idam
praelatoque lavas Phrygios Almone leones,
maternis precibus natum iam flecte, Cybebe. 120
sin prohibent Parcae falsisque elusa vetustas
auspiciis, alio saltem prosternite casu
et poenae mutata genus. Porsenna reducat
Tarquinius; renovet ferales Allia pugnās;
me potius saevi manibus permittite Pyrrhi, 125

been subdued, dishonoured now and poverty-stricken, bends beneath the cruel lash of peace, and though not openly beleaguered by any foe yet has all the hazard of a siege. Destruction threatens me hourly; a few days will set a limit to my uncertain food-supply. Out upon thee, prosperity! Why hast thou given me seven hills and such a population as a small supply cannot nourish?

Happier I, had my power been less. Better to have put up with the Sabines and Veii; in narrower bonds I

passed securer days. My very magnitude undoes me; would that I could return to my former boundaries and the walls of poor Ancus. Enough for me then would be the ploughlands of Etruria and Campania, the farms of Cincinnatus and Curius, and at his country's prayer the rustic dictator⁶⁶ would bring his home-grown wheat.

“What am I to do now? Gildo holds Libya, another⁶⁷ Egypt; while I, who subdued land and sea with my strong arm, am left to perish. Veteran of so many wars, can I claim no reward in mine old age? Ye gods in whose despite, it seems, I increased, now aid me at the last; pray Jove for me. And thou, Cybele, if ever of thine own free will thou wert carried over the sea and in exchange for Mount Ida tookest the hills of Rome and didst bathe thy Phrygian lions in Almo's more favoured stream, move now thy son⁶⁸ with a mother's entreaties. But if the fates forbid and our first founder was misled by augury untrue, o'erwhelm me at least in some different ruin, and change the nature of my punishment. Let Porsenna bring back the Tarquins; let Allia renew her bloody battle. Let me fall rather into the hands of cruel

⁶⁶ Doubtless a reference to Cincinnatus.

⁶⁷ Claudian means by “*altera*” the Eastern Empire.

⁶⁸ *i.e.* Jupiter.

me Senonum furiis, Brenni me reddite flammis.
cuncta fame leviora mihi.”

Sic fata refusis

obtineuit lacrimis. mater Cytherea parensque
flet Mavors sanctaeque memor Tritonia Vestae,
nec Cybele sicco nec stabat lumine Iuno. ¹³⁰
maerent indigetes et si quos Roma recepit
aut dedit ipsa deos. genitor iam corde remitti
coeperat et sacrum dextra sedare tumultum,
cum procul insanis quatiens ululatus axem
et contusa genas mediis adparet in astris ¹³⁵

Africa: rescissae vestes et spicea passim
serta iacent; lacero crinales vertice dentes
et fractum pendebat ebur, talique superbas
inrupit clamore fores:

“Quid magne moraris

Iuppiter avulso nexu pelagique solutis 140
legibus iratum populis inmittere fratrem?
mergi prima peto; veniant praeupta Pachyno
aequora, laxatis subsidant Syrtibus urbes.
si mihi Gildonem nequeunt abducere fata,
me rape Gildoni. felicior illa perustae 145
pars Libyae, nimio quae se munita calore
defendit tantique vacat securi tyranni.
crescat zona rubens; medius flagrantis Olympi
me quoque limes agat; melius deserta iacebo
vomere impatiens. pulsus dominantur aristis 150
dipsades et sitiens attollat glaeba cerastas.
quid me temperies iuvat? quid mitior aether?
Gildoni fecunda fui. iam solis habenae

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Pyrrhus; abandon me to the fury of the Senones or the flames of Brennus.
Welcome all this rather than to starve!”

So spake she, and upwelling tears choked her voice. Venus, mother of Aeneas, wept, and Mars, father of Romulus and Minerva, mindful of Vesta's sacred charge.⁶⁹ Nor Cybele nor Juno stood with dry eyes. The heroes mourn and all the gods whose worship Rome received from without or herself inaugurated. And now began the heart of Jove to soften. With hand outstretched he was checking the murmurings of the gods when, shaking heaven with distraught cries, Africa, her cheeks torn, appeared in the distance advancing amid the stars. Torn was her raiment, scattered her crown of corn. Her head was wounded and the ivory comb that secured her hair hung loose and broken. She rushed into Heaven's halls shouting thus: “Great Jove, why delayest thou to loose the bonds of sea, to break its decree and hurl thy brother⁷⁰ in wrath against the land? May I be the first to be overwhelmed. Welcome the broken waters from Pachynus' cape; sink my cities in the freed Syrtes. If so be fate cannot rid me of Gildo, rid Gildo of me. Happier that region of Libya that defends itself by means of its own excessive heat and thus knows not the irksome rule of so savage a tyrant. Let the torrid zone spread. Let the midmost path of the scorching sky burn me also. Better I lay a desert nor ever suffered the plough. Let the dust-snake lord it in a cornless land and the thirsty earth give birth to nought but vipers. What avails me a healthy climate, a milder air? My fruitfulness is but for

⁶⁹ *i.e.* the Palladium, the image of Pallas (=Minerva), rescued by Metellus from the burning temple of Vesta, 241 B.C.

⁷⁰ *i.e.* Neptune.

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bis senas torquent hiemes, cervicibus ex quo
haeret triste iugum. nostris iam luctibus ille ¹⁵⁵
consenuit regnumque sibi tot vindicat annos.
atque utinam regnum! privato iure tenemur
exigui specie fundi. quod Nilus et Atlas
dissidet, occiduis quod Gadibus arida Barce
quodque Paraetonio secedit litore Tingi, ¹⁶⁰
hoc sibi transcripsit proprium. pars tertia mundi
unius praedonis ager.

“Distantibus idem
inter se vitiis cinctus: quodcumque profunda
traxit avaritia, luxu peiore refundit.
instat terribilis vivis, morientibus heres, ¹⁶⁵
virginibus raptor, thalamis obscaenus adulter.
nulla quies: oritur praeda cessante libido,
divitibusque dies et nox metuenda maritis.
quisquis vel locuples pulchra vel coniuge notus,
crimine pulsatur falso; si crimina desunt, ¹⁷⁰
accitus conviva perit. mors nulla refugit
artificem: varios sucos spumasque requirit
serpentum virides et adhuc ignota novercis
gramina. si quisquam vultu praesentia damnet
liberiusve gemat, dapibus crudelis in ipsis ¹⁷⁵
emicat ad nutum stricto mucrone minister.
fixus quisque toro tacita formidine libat
carnifices epulas incertaque pocula pallens
haurit et intentos capiti circumspicit enses.
splendet Tartareo furialis mensa paratu ¹⁸⁰
caede madens, atrox gladio, suspecta veneno.

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Gildo. Twelve courses has the sun's chariot run since first I wore this sorry yoke. He has now grown old amid our miseries and these many years have set their seal upon his rule. Rule — would it were rule: a private owner possesses me, as it had been some pelting farm. From Nile to Atlas' mount, from scorched Barce to western Gades, from Tingi⁷¹ to Egypt's coast Gildo has appropriated the land as his own. A third of the world belongs to one robber-chief.

“He is a prey to the most diverse vices: whatsoever his bottomless greed has stolen, a yet more insatiable profligacy squanders. He is the terror of the living, the heir of the dead, the violator of the unwed, and the foul corrupter of the marriage-bed. He is never quiet; when greed is sated lust is rampant; day is a misery to the rich, night to the married. Is any wealthy or known to possess a beautiful wife, he is overwhelmed by some trumped-up charge. If no charge be brought against him, he is asked to a banquet and there murdered. No form of death but is known to this artist in crime. He investigates the properties of different poisons and serpents’ livid venom and knows of deadly herbs unknown even to stepmothers. If any condemns what he sees by a look or sighs with too much freedom, at the very festal board out darts some henchman with drawn sword at a nod from his master. Each glued to his seat tastes in silent fear of the deadly banquet; drains, pale of face, the treacherous cup, and looks around at the weapons that threaten his life. The deadly board is decked in infernal splendour, wet with slaughter, dreadful with fear of sword and suspected poison. When wine has

71 Tangiers.

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ut vino calefacta Venus, tum saevior ardet
luxuries, mixtis redolent unguenta coronis:
crinitos inter famulos pubemque canoram
orbata iubet ire nurus nuperque peremptis 185
adridere viris. Phalarim tormentaue flammae
profuit et Siculi mugitus ferre iuveni
quam tales audire choro. nec damna pudoris
turpia sufficiunt: Mauris clarissima quaeque
fastidita datur. media Carthagine ductae 190
barbara Sidoniae subeunt conubia matres;
Aethiopem nobis generum, Nasamona maritum
ingerit; exterret cunabula discolor infans.
his fretus sociis ipso iam principe maior
incedit; peditum praecurrunt agmina longe; 195
circumdant equitum turmae regesque clientes,
quos nostris ditat spoliis. proturbat avita
quemque domo; veteres detrudit rure colonos.
exiliis dispersa feror. numquamne reverti
fas erit errantesque solo iam reddere cives?” 200

Iret adhuc in verba dolor, ni Iuppiter alto
coepisset solio (voces adamante notabat
Atropos et Lachesis iungebat stamina dictis):
“nec te, Roma, diu nec te patiemur inultam,
Africa. communem prosternet Honorius hostem. 205

pergite securae. vestrum vis nulla tenorem
separat et soli famulabitur Africa Romae.”

Dixit et adflavit Romam meliore iuventa.
continuo redit ille vigor seniique colorem
mutavere comae. solidatam crista resurgens 210

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inflamed the passions, his lust rages more savagely; ‘midst the mingled smell of scents and flowers, ‘midst curled minions and youthful choirs he bids go sport the widowed wives whose husbands he but a moment ago has murdered. Better Phalaris and the torments of his furnace, better to listen to the bellowings of the Sicilian bull than to such songs as these. Nor is the base sacrifice of their good name enough. When tired of each noblest matron Gildo hands her over to the Moors. Married in Carthage city these Sidonian mothers needs must mate with barbarians. He thrusts upon me an Ethiopian as a son-in-law, a Berber as a husband. The hideous half-breed child affrights its cradle. Thanks to those base allies his state is more regal than that of the emperor himself. Before him goes a body of foot-soldiers, squadrons of cavalry surround him and client kings whom he enriches with our spoils. He drives one and all from their ancestral houses and expels husbandmen from farms so long theirs. My people are scattered in exile. Are my citizens never to return from their wanderings to their native soil?”

She would have spoken further in her grief had not Jove begun from his lofty throne — Atropos wrote down his words in adamant and Lachesis spun them in with her thread— “Neither thou, Rome, nor yet thou, Africa, will we suffer to go long unavenged. Honorius shall disperse your common foe. Go in peace. No violence shall part your companionship; Africa shall serve Rome, and Rome alone.”

He spake and breathed into Rome a youth renewed. Straightway her former strength returned, and her hair put off its grey of eld; her helmet grew solid,

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erexit galeam clipeique recanduit orbis
et levis excussa micuit rubigine cornus.

Umentes iam noctis equos Lethaeaque Somnus
frena regens tacito volvebat sidera curru.
iam duo divorum proceres, maiorque minorque 215
Theodosii, pacem laturi gentibus ibant,
qui Iovis arcanos monitus mandataque ferrent
fratribus et geminis sancirent foedera regnis:
sic cum praecipites artem vicere procellae

adsiduoque gemens undarum verberere nutat 220
 descensura ratis, caeca sub nocte vocati
 naufraga Ledaevi sustentant vela Lacones.
 circulus ut patuit Lunae, secuere meatus
 diversos: Italas senior tendebat in oras;
 at pater, intrans Pontum qua Bosphorus artat,
 Arcadii thalamis ubique inlapsus Eoae. 226
 quem simulac vidit natus (nam clara nitebat
 Cynthia), permixto tremuerunt gaudia fletu
 complexuque fovens, quos non speraverat, artus
 “O mihi post Alpes nunc primum reddite,” dixit, 230
 “unde tuis optatus ades? da tangere dextram,
 qua gentes cecidere ferae. quis tale removit
 praesidium terris? ut te mortalia pridem
 implorant longeque pium fortemque requirunt!”
 Cui pater in tales rupit suspiria voces: 235
 “hoc erat? in fratres medio discordia Mauro
 nascitur et mundus germanaque dissidet aula?

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upright stood the plumes, the round shield shone once more, and gone was
 every trace of rust from her wingèd, gleaming spear.

Sleep was now driving the dew-drenched steeds of night, guiding them with
 the reins of Lethe and carrying round the stars in her silent course, when the
 elder and the younger Theodosius,⁷² chief among the heroes divine, came to
 bring peace to men. They bore Jove's secret message and mandate to the two
 brothers and ratified the treaty between the two empires. So when at dead of
 night the driving tempest has brought the helmsman's skill to nought and the
 sinking ship groans and shudders at the waves' ceaseless shock, Leda's
 Spartan-born sons sustain the foundering bark in answer to the sailors'
 prayers. At the rise of the full moon the twain parted. The elder directed his
 steps towards the coasts of Italy, the younger visited the couch of Arcadius,
 gliding down to that Eastern city where Bosphorus narrows the entrance to the
 Euxine. As soon as the son saw his father (for the moon was shining brightly),
 he wept, yet trembled for joy, and embracing that form he had little hoped
 ever to embrace again, said: “O thou restored now to me for the first time
 since thy triumphs in the Alps, whence comest thou to thy loving son? Let me
 touch that hand that has conquered so many barbarian races! Who hath robbed
 the world of such a defender? How long a while has mankind prayed thine
 aid, and missed thy goodness and thy might!”

Sighing, the father made answer: “Was it for this? Is a Moor become a cause
 of discord between two brothers? Does the empire and court of the

⁷² Theodosius the younger is, of course, Theodosius I., the Emperor (see Introduction, p. vii). Theodosius the elder was his father. He was an able and trusted general of Valentinian I., who restored quiet in Britain (368-370), defeated the Alamanni (370), and crushed the revolt of Firmus, Gildo's brother (see line 333 of this poem) in Africa (? 372-374). His death was brought about by Merobaudes, Gratian's minister (cf. viii. 26-9).

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Gildonisne salus tanti sit palma furoris?
 scilicet egregius morum magnoque tuendus
 et cuius meritis pietas in fratre recedat! ²⁴⁰
 invito⁷³ genitore, vide, civile calebat
 discidium; dubio stabant Romana sub ictu;
 quis procul Armenius vel quis Maeotide ripa
 rex ignotus agit, qui me non iuvit euntem
 auxilio? fovere Getae, venere Geloni. ²⁴⁵
 solus at hic non puppe data, non milite misso
 subsedit fluitante fide. si signa petisset
 obvia, detecto summissius hoste dolerem:
 restitit in speculis fati turbaque reductus
 libravit geminas eventu iudice vires ²⁵⁰
 ad rerum momenta cliens seseque daturus
 victori; fortuna simul cum mente pendit.
 o si non cupidis essem praereptus ab astris,
 exemplum sequerer Tulli laniandaque dumis
 impia diversis aptarem membra quadrigis. ²⁵⁵
 germani nunc usque tui responsa colebat:
 en iterum calcat. tali te credere monstro
 post patrem fratremque paras? sed magna rependit
 inque tuam sortem numerosas transtulit urbes!
 ergo fas pretio cedit? mercede placebit ²⁶⁰
 proditio? taceo, laesi quod transfuga fratris,
 quod levis ingenio. quamvis discrimine summo
 proditor adportet suspensa morte salutem
 numquam gratus erit. damnamus luce reperta

⁷³ MSS. *in primo*; Birt suggests *invito*, Kochin *firmit*.

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East quarrel with those of the West? Can Gildo's salvation be fit guerdon for this mad rivalry? Great no doubt are his virtues, great should be the price paid to preserve them and such his merits as to banish affection in a brother. Look you, though I, thy sire, willed it not, civil war raged; the fortunes of Rome stood on a razor's edge. Was there a distant king of Armenia, an unknown monarch by Maeotis' shore but sent aid to mine enterprises? The Getae gave me succour, the Geloni came to my assistance. Gildo alone sent not a man, not a ship, but waited the

issue in wavering loyalty. Had he sought the confronting host as an open foe my wrath had been less bitter. He stood apart on Fortune's watchtower and, withdrawn from the throng, weighed this side against that, meaning to let the event decide him, dependent upon the turn things might take and ready to embrace the side of the victor. His fortune hung in the balance as well as his intention. Had I not been hurried to heaven by the impatient stars I would have followed the example of Tullus Hostilius and dragged the impious wretch limb from limb fastened to chariots driven different ways through thorn bushes.⁷⁴ Up to this time he has owed obedience to thy brother, now behold he spurns his commands. After thy father's and thy brother's fate art thou ready to trust thyself to such a villain? Is thine answer that he maketh great return and hath brought over many cities to thine allegiance? Shall honour, then, give place to utility? Can gain render treachery welcome? I make no mention of his cruel betrayal of thy brother; of his fickle nature; were a traitor to bring safety even when at peril's height death threatened, never shall he win gratitude. When our life is saved

⁷⁴ See note on viii. 401.

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perfidiam nec nos patimur committere tali. 265
 hoc genus emptori cives cum moenibus offert,
 hoc vendit patriam. plerique in tempus abusi
 mox odere tamen: tenuit sic Graia Philippus
 oppida; Pellaeo libertas concidit auro.
 Romani scelerum semper sprevere ministros. 270
 noxia pollicitum domino miscere venena
 Fabricius regi nudata fraude remisit,
 infesto quem Marte petit, bellumque negavit
 per famuli patrare nefas, ductosque Camillus
 trans murum pueros obsessae reddidit urbi. 275

"Traduntur poenis alii, cum proelia tollunt;
 hic manet ut moveat? quod respuit alter in hostem,
 suscipis in fratrem? longi pro dedecus aevi!
 cui placet, australes Gildo condonat habenas
 tantaque mutatos sequitur provincia mores. 280
 quaslibet ad partes animus nutaverit anceps,
 transfundit secum Libyam refluumque malignus
 commodat imperium. Mauri fuit Africa munus.
 tollite Massylas fraudes, removete bilingues
 insidias et verba soli spirantia virus. 285
 ne consanguineis certetur comminus armis,
 ne, precor. haec trucibus Thebis, haec digna Mycenis;
 in Mauros hoc crimen eat.

“Quid noster iniquum
molitur Stilicho? quando non ille iubenti
paruit? an quisquam nobis devinctior extat? 290

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we condemn the treachery nor brook to entrust ourselves to such protection. 'Tis this sort that offers for purchase cities and their inhabitants, that sells its fatherland. Most make use of such for the moment but soon learn to hate them. 'Twas thus that Philip held the cities of Greece; liberty fell before the attack of Macedonian gold. Rome has ever despised the ministers of guilt. Fabricius, discovering the plot, sent back to King Pyrrhus the slave who had promised to mingle deadly poison for his lord; fierce war raged between them, but Fabricius refused to end it by means of the treachery of a slave. Camillus, too, gave back to the beleaguered city the boys brought to his camp from out the walls.

“These were consigned to punishment for seeking to put an end to wars. Is Gildo to live that he may kindle them? Takest thou such measures against thy brother as another would disdain to take against an enemy? O shame for unending ages! Gildo entrusts the governance of the south to whom he will; the great province of Africa obeys a tyrant's whim. To whichever side his fickle mind inclines, he carries Libya over with him and malignantly subjects it to a rule shifting as the tide. Africa was the gift of the Moor. Away with the trickery of the Massyli, their treacherous wives and their words that breathe forth the poison of their land. Let not brother wage war on brother, I pray. That were worthy of cruel Thebes and Mycenae; let that accusation be levelled against the Moors.

“What wrong is Stilicho devising? when did he fail in his obedience? than him what more loyal

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ut sileam varios mecum quos gesserit actus,
quae vidi post fata, loquar. cum divus abirem,
res incompositas (fateor) tumidasque reliqui.
stringebat vetitos etiamnum exercitus enses
Alpinis odiis, alternaque iurgia victi 295
victoresque dabant. vix haec amentia nostris
excubiis, nedum puero rectore quiesset.
heu quantum timui vobis, quid libera tanti
militis auderet moles, cum patre remoto
ferveret iam laeta novis! dissensus acerbus 300
et gravior consensus erat. tunc ipse paterna

successit pietate mihi tenerumque rudemque
 fovit et in veros eduxit principis annos,
 Rufinumque tibi, quem tu tremuisse fateris,
 depulit. hunc solum memorem solumque fidelem 305
 experior. volui si quid, dum vita maneret,
 aut visus voluisse, gerit; venerabilis illi
 ceu praesens numenque vocor. si tanta recusas,
 at soceri reverere faces, at respice fratris
 conubium pignusque meae regale Serenae. 310
 debueras etiam fraternis obvisus ire
 hostibus, ille tuis. quae gens, quis Rhenus et Hister
 vos opibus iunctos conspirantesque tulisset?
 sed tantum permitte, cadat. nil poscimus ultra.
 ille licet sese praetentis Syrtibus armet 315
 oppositoque Atlante tegat, licet arva referta
 anguibus et solis medios obiecerit aestus:

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supporter have we? I will not mention the various brave deeds he did while
 yet with me; of those only I will tell which I saw after my death. When I was
 raised to heaven disorder — I admit it — and tumult did I leave behind me.
 The army was still drawing the forbidden sword in that Alpine war, and
 conquerors and conquered gave alternate cause for dissension. Scarce could
 this madness have been calmed by my vigilance, much less by a boy's rule.
 Ah, how I feared for you what the uncontrolled might of such vast armies
 might dare, when, your sire removed, there came the fevered delight in
 change! Dangerous was discord, more dangerous still unanimity. 'Twas then
 that Stilicho took my place in paternal love for thee, tended thine immature
 youth, and brought thee to the years and estate of an emperor. 'Twas he drove
 back Rufinus whom thou didst confess thou fearedst. Gratitude and loyalty I
 find in him alone. Did I want or seem to want aught, while yet I
 lived he accomplished it. Now I am dead he worships me as worthy of
 veneration and an ever present helper. If the thought of his goodness move
 thee not, at least show respect to thy brother's father-in-law: bethink thee of
 Honorius' marriage, the royal espousal of my niece Serena. Thou oughtest to
 face thy brother's foes, he thine. Could any nation, could the combined forces
 of Rhine and Danube have stood against you twain allied? Enough! bring
 about but the defeat of Gildo: I ask nought else. Though he entrench himself
 behind the protecting Syrtes and rely for safety on the intervening ocean;
 though he think to be defended by reason of his serpent-infested country and
 the fierce

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novi consilium, novi Stilichonis in omnes
aequalem casus animum: penetrabit harenas,
inveniet virtute viam.”

Sic divus et inde 320

sic natus: “iussis, genitor, parebitur ultro.
amplector praecepta libens, nec carior alter
cognato Stilichone mihi. commissa profanus
ille luat; redeat iam tutior Africa fratri.”

Talia dum longo secum sermone retexunt, 325

Hesperiam pervenit avus castumque cubile
ingreditur, Tyrio quo fusus Honorius ostro
carpebat teneros Maria cum coniuge somnos.
adstitit capiti; tunc sic per somnia fatur:

“Tantane devictos tenuit fiducia Mauros, 330

care nepos? iterum post me coniurat in arma
progenies vesana Iubae bellumque resumit
victoris cum stirpe sui? Firmumne iacentem
obliti Libyam nostro sudore receptam
rursus habent? ausus Latio contendere Gildo 335

germani nec fata timet? nunc ire profecto,
nunc vellem notosque senex ostendere vultus:
nonne meam fugiet Maurus cum viderit umbram?
quid dubitas? exsurge toris, invade rebellem,
captivum mihi redde meum. desiste morari. 340

hoc generi fatale tuo: dum sanguis in orbe
noster erit, semper pallebit regia Bocchi.
iungantur spoliis Firmi Gildonis opima;

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sun’s mid-day heat, yet well I know Stilicho’s ingenuity — that mind of his
equal to any emergency. He will force his way through the desert, his own
greatness will lead him.”

Thus spake the dead emperor, whereon thus the son answered: “Right
willingly, father, will I fulfil thy commands: ever ready am I to welcome thy
behests. None is dearer to me than my kinsman Stilicho. Let the impious
Gildo atone for his wrongs, and Africa be restored to my brother still safer
than before.”

While father and son thus debated in long converse, Theodosius the
grandfather made his way to Italy and entered the chaste bedchamber where
on his couch of Tyrian purple Honorius lay in sweet sleep by the side of his
wife Maria. At his head he stood and thus spake to him in a dream. “What
rash confidence is this, dear grandson, that fills the conquered Moors? Does

the mad race descended from Juba, the people whom I subdued, once more conspire to oppose Rome's power and recommence the war with its conqueror's grandson? Have they forgotten the defeat of Firmus⁷⁵? Do they think to repossess Libya won back by the sweat of battle? Dares Gildo strive with Rome? Does he not fear his brother's fate. Fain would I go myself, old though I be, and show him the face he knows but too well. Will not the Moor flee my very shade, should he behold it? Why delayest thou? Up from thy bed; attack the rebel; give me back my prisoner; waste no more time. 'Tis Fate's gift to thy family. While yet the race of Theodosius treads the earth the palace of Bocchus shall go in fear. Let the spoils of Gildo be added to those of Firmus;

⁷⁵ Firmus, brother of Gildo, had, during the reign of Valentinian, risen against the oppressive government of Romanus, count of Africa, and had been defeated by Theodosius the elder.

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exornet geminos Maurusia laurea currus:
una domus totiens una de gente triumphet. 345
di bene, quod tantis interlabentibus annis
servati Firmusque mihi fraterque nepoti.”
dixit et adflatus vicino sole refugit.

At iuvenem stimulis inmanibus aemula virtus
exacuit; iam puppe vehi, iam stagna secare 350
fervet et absentes invadere cuspide Mauros.
tum iubet acciri socerum dextramque vocato
conserit et, quae sit potior sententia, quaerit:

“Per somnos mihi, sancte pater, iam saepe futura
panduntur multaeque canunt praesagia noctes. 355
namque procul Libycos venatu cingere saltus
et iuga rimari canibus Gaetula videbar.

maerebat regio saevi vastata leonis
incursu; pecudum strages passimque iuveni
semineces et adhuc infecta mapalia tabo 360
sparsaque sanguineis pastorum funera campis.
adgredior latebras monstri mirumque relatu
conspicio: dilapsus honos, cervice minaces
defluxere iubae; fractos inglorius armos
supposuit, servile gemens; iniectaue vincla 365
unguibus et subitae collo sonuere catenae.
nunc etiam paribus secum certare tropaeis
hortator me cogit avus. quonam usque remoti
cunctamur? decuit pridem complere biremes
et pelagi superare moras. transmittere primus 370
ipse paro; quaecumque meo gens barbara nutu

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let the bays of Mauretania deck chariots twain and one house triumph thus many times over one race. Thanks be to the gods who have interposed so many years between the sacrifice of Firmus to my arms and that of Firmus' brother to those of my grandson." He spake, then fled, as he felt the breath of the approaching dawn.

Then emulous courage roused the emperor with insistent goad. He burns to set sail, to cleave the main, to assail with the spear the distant Moors. So he summons his father-in-law⁷⁶ and clasping his hand asks what course of action he advises. "Full often, reverend sire, is the future revealed to me in dreams; many a night brings prophecy. Methought I surrounded in hunting the distant glades of Africa and scoured the Gaetulian mountains with my hounds. The district was distressed by reason of the incursions of a ravening lion. On all sides were slaughtered beasts and mangled heifers, and still their homesteads ran red with blood, and corpses of many a shepherd lay weltering in the bloody fields. I approached the beast's cave and saw a sight wonderful to relate. Gone was that noble form, drooping on the neck the threatening mane; there he crouched, defeated, humbled, with slavish moans; fetters were upon his paws and a chain clanked of a sudden on his neck. Now, too, my grandsire eagerly urges me to rival his triumphs with my own. Why, he asked, did I delay and hesitate so long? Already my ships should have been manned and the sea's threatened opposition overcome. I myself am ready to cross in the first vessel. Let every foreign nation that is bound beneath my rule come to our aid. Let all Germany be transported and

⁷⁶ *i.e.* Stilicho.

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navibus et socia comitentur classe Sygambri.
pallida translatus iam sentiat Africa Rhenum. ³⁷⁴
an patiar tot probra sedens iuvenisque relinquam
quae tenui rexique puer? bis noster ad Alpes
alterius genitor defensum regna cucurrit.
nos praedae faciles insultandique iacemus?"

Finierat. Stilicho contra cui talia reddit:
"adversine tubam princeps dignabere Mauri? ³⁸⁰
auferet ignavus clari solacia leti.
te bellante mori? decernet Honorius inde,
hinc Gildo? prius astra Chaos miscebit Averno.
vindictam mandasse sat est; plus nominis horror
quam tuus ensis aget. minuit praesentia famam. ³⁸⁵

qui stetit aequatur campo, collataque nescit
maiestatem acies. sed quod magis utile factu
atque hosti gravius (sensus adverte) docebo
est illi patribus, sed non et moribus isdem
Mascezel, fugiens qui dira piacula fratris 390
spesque suas vitamque tuo commisit asylo.
hunc ubi temptatis frustra mactare nequivit
insidiis, patrias in pignora contulit iras
et, quos ipse sinu parvos gestaverat, una
occidit iuvenes inhumataque corpora vulgo 395
dispulit et tumulo cognatas arcuit umbras
naturamque simul fratremque hominemque cruentus
exiit et tenuem caesis invidit harenam.
hoc facinus refugo damnavit sole Mycenae
avertitque diem; scelere sed reddidit Atreus 400

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the Sygambri come with allied fleet. Let trembling Africa now have experience of the dwellers on Rhine's banks. Or shall I sit here and submit to such disgrace? Shall I relinquish, now that I am a man, what I ruled and governed as a boy? Twice my father hurried to the Alps to defend another's realm. Am I to be an easy prey, an object of scorn?"

He ended and Stilicho thus made answer: "Wilt thou, an emperor, deign to challenge a Moor to fight? Is that coward to have the consolation of death in battle at thy hand? Shall Honorius fight on our side and Gildo on the other? Ere that, chaos shall plunge the stars into Hell. 'Tis enough to command his punishment. Thy name shall strike greater terror into him than thy sword. Presence will minish awe; he who stands in the lists admits equality, and struggling hosts regard not majesty. Listen and I will tell thee something at once more profitable for thyself and of more effect against the enemy. Gildo has a brother of like descent but unlike in character, Mascezel, who, avoiding the evil courses of his brother, has entrusted his hopes and his life to thy keeping. When Gildo, after many vain attempts, found no means to kill Mascezel, he turned his anger from the father to the children and slew those whom himself had nursed as infants in his arms; then cast aside their unburied bodies and refused sepulchre to the shades of those that had been his kin. The bloody tyrant stifled all natural feelings, forgot he was a brother, forgot he was a man, and begrudged the slain a handful of dust. 'Twas a like deed brought its ill repute upon Mycenae, that put the sun to rout and turned back the day. But while Atreus paid back crime for crime and had excuse

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crimen et infandas excusat coniuge mensas.
hic odium, non poena fuit. te perdita iura,
te pater ultorem, te nudi pulvere manes,
te pietas polluta rogat; si flentibus aram
et proprium miseris numen statuistis, Athenae, 405
si Pandionias planctu traxere phalanges
Inachides belloque rogos meruere maritis,
si maesto squalore comae lacrimisque senatum
in Numidas pulsus solio commovit Adherbal:
hunc quoque nunc Gildo, tanto quem funere mersit,
hunc doleat venisse ducem seseque minorem 411
supplicibus sciat esse tuis. quem sede fugavit,
hunc praeceps fugiat, fregit quem clade, tremiscat
agnoscatque suum, trahitur dum victima, fratrem.”

Haec ubi sederunt genero, notissima Marti 415
robora, praecipuos electa pube maniplos
disponit portuque rates instaurat Etrusco.
Herculeam suos Alcides Ioviamque cohortem
rex ducit superum, premitur nec signifer ullo
pondere: festinant adeo vexilla moveri. 420
Nervius insequitur meritusque vocabula Felix
dictaque ab Augusto legio nomenque probantes
invicti clipeoque animosi teste Leones.

Dictis ante tamen princeps confirmat ituros

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for the bloody banquet in the unfaithfulness of his wife, Gildo's motive was hatred, not vengeance. Violated rights, the sorrowing father, the unburied dead, the unnatural crime all call upon thee as avenger. If thou, Athens, didst dedicate an altar to the sorrowing and ordain to those that mourn a special deity, if the women of Argos won to their aid the Athenian phalanx by their tears and bought burial for their slain lords at the price of war;⁷⁷ if Adherbal, driven from his throne, roused the Senate against the Numidians by the sad appeal of unkempt locks and by his tears, then let Gildo be sorry that now this man also whom he has crushed by so many murders is come into the field against him, and let him learn that he must bow before thy suppliants. Let Gildo flee headlong before him whom he put to flight and fear him whom he o'erwhelmed with the murder of his children. As he is being dragged off to the slaughter let him recognize his brother's hand.”

When this advice had been accepted by his son-in-law, Stilicho made ready for war the most famous regiments in the army, selecting therefrom special companies of picked men; he further prepared the fleet in the harbours of Etruria. Alcides himself commands the Herculean cohort; the king of the gods

leads the Jovian. No standard-bearer feels the weight of his eagle, so readily do the very standards press forward. The Nervian cohort follows and the Felix, well deserving its name, the legion, too, named after Augustus, that well called The Un-conquered, and the brave regiment of the Lion⁷⁸ to whose name their shields bear witness.

But before they start the emperor, standing upon a platform of earth, heartens them with his words:

⁷⁷ A reference to the support given by Theseus, King of Athens, to Adrastus, King of Argos, when the Thebans had refused to allow the burial of the Argives slain at Thebes; cf. Eur. *Supplices*.

⁷⁸ Orosius (vii. 36. 6) says Mascezel only had 5000 men. The legion may have been leg. viii. Augusta. The other names are those of various *numeri* (the unit of the post-Diocletianic army).

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aggere conspicuus; stat circumfusa iuventus 425
nixa hastis pronasque ferox accommodat aures:
“Gildonem domitura manus, promissa minasque
tempus agi. si quid pro me doluistis, in armis
ostentate mihi; iusto magnoque triumpho
civiles abolete notas; sciat orbis Eous 430
sitque palam Gallos causa, non robore vinci.
nec vos, barbariem quamvis collegerit omnem,
terreat. an Mauri fremitum raucosque repulsus
um bonum et vestros passuri comminus enses?
non contra clipeis tectos gladiisque micantes 435
ibitis: in solis longe fiducia telis.
exarmatus erit, cum missile torserit, hostis.
dextra movet iaculum, praetentat pallia laeva;
cetera nudus eques. sonipes ignarus habenae;
virga regit. non ulla fides, non agminis ordo: 440
arma oneri, fuga praesidio. conubia mille;
non illis generis nexus, non pignora curae:
sed numero languet pietas. haec copia vulgi.
umbratus dux ipse rosis et marcidus ibit
unguentis crudusque cibo titubansque Lyaeo, 445
confectus senio, morbis stuprisque solutus.
excitet incestos turmalis bucina somnos,
imploret citharas cantatricesque choreas
offensus stridore tubae discatque coactus,
quas vigilat Veneri, castris impendere noctes. 450

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leaning upon their spears the soldiers throng around him and attune their

ready ears to his inspiring voice. “My men, so soon to bring defeat upon Gildo, now is the time to fulfil your promises and make good your threats. If you felt indignation on my behalf, now take up arms and prove it. Wash out the stain of civil war by means of a great and deserved triumph. Let the empire of the East know, let it be plain to all the world, that Gaul can only owe defeat to the badness of a cause, not to her enemies’ strength.⁷⁹ Let not Gildo affright you though he have all barbarity at his back. Shall Moors stand up against the shock of your clashing shields and the near threat of your swords? You shall not oppose men armed with shields or shining blades. These savages put their trust in javelins hurled from afar. Once he has discharged his missile the enemy will be disarmed. With his right hand he hurls his spear, with his left he holds his cloak before him; no other armour has the horseman. His steed knows not the rein; a whip controls it. Obedience and discipline are unknown in their ranks. Their arms are a burden to them, their salvation lies in flight. Though each has many wives, ties of family bind them not, nor have they any love for their children whose very number causes affection to fail. Such are the troops. The chief will come to battle crowned with roses, drenched with scents, his last feast still undigested; drunken with wine, foredone with eld, enervated with disease and venery. Let the war trumpet rouse him from a bed of incest, let him beg aid of lutes and choirs, for he likes not the clarion’s note, and let him learn (all unwilling) to spend in war nights that he now dedicates to love.

⁷⁹ He appeals to the Gallic element of the army to atone for its previous support of Maximus and Eugenius.

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“Nonne mori satius, vitae quam ferre pudorem?
nam quae iam regio restat, si dedita Mauris
regibus Illyricis accesserit Africa damnis?
ins Latium, quod tunc Meroë Rubroque solebat
Oceano cingi, Tyrrhena clauditur unda; ⁴⁵⁵
et cui non Nilus, non intulit India metas,
Romani iam finis erit Trinacria regni.
ite recepturi, praedo quem sustulit, axem
ereptumque Notum; caput insuperabile rerum
aut ruet in vestris aut stabit Roma lacertis. ⁴⁶⁰
tot mihi debetis populos, tot rura, tot urbes
amissas. uno Libyam defendite bello.
vestros imperium remos et vestra sequatur
carbasa. despectas trans aequora ducite leges.
tertia iam solito cervix mucrone rotetur ⁴⁶⁵
tandem funereis finem positura tyrannis.”

Omina conveniunt dicto fulvusque Tonantis
armiger a liquida cunctis spectantibus aethra

corruptum pedibus curvis innexuit hydrum,
dumque reluctantem morsu partitur obunco, ⁴⁷⁰
haesit in ungue caput; truncatus decidit anguis.
ilicet auguriis alacres per saxa citati
torrentesque ruunt; nec mons aut silva retardat:
pendula ceu parvis moturae bella colonis
ingenti clangore grues aestiva relinquunt ⁴⁷⁵
Thracia, cum tepido permutant Strymona Nilo:
ordinibus variis per nubila textur ales
littera pennarumque notis conscribitur aër.
Ut fluctus tetigere maris, tunc acrior arsit

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“Is not death preferable to a life disgraced? If, in addition to the loss of Illyria, Africa is to be surrendered to Moorish kings, what lands still remain to us? The empire of Italy, once bounded by the Nile and the Red Sea, is limited to-day by the sea of Tuscany; shall Sicily now be the most distant province of Roman rule, to which in days of old neither Egypt nor India set an end? Go: win back that southern realm a rebel has reft from me. It depends on your arms whether Rome, the unconquerable mistress of the world, stands or falls. You owe me so many peoples, countries, cities lost. Fight but one battle in defence of Libya. Let empire restored attend on your oars and sails. Give back to Africa the laws of Rome she now disregards. Let history repeat itself, and the sword smite from its trunk the head of this third tyrant⁸⁰ and so end at last the series of bloody usurpers.”

An omen confirms his word and before the eyes of all, the tawny bird, armour-bearer of Jove, swoops down from the open sky and seizes a snake in his curved talons; and while the eagle tears his struggling prey with his hooked beak, his claws are embedded in its head. The severed body falls to earth. Straightway the soldiers come hurrying up, crossing rocks and streams in their eagerness at the call of this portent. Neither mountains nor woods delay them. Even as the cranes leave their summer home of Thrace clamorously to join issue in doubtful war with the Pygmies, when they desert the Strymon for warm-watered Nile, the letter⁸¹ traced by the speeding line stands out against the clouds and the heaven is stamped with the figure of their flight.

When they reached the coast still fiercer blazed

⁸⁰ The other two being Maximus and Eugenius.

⁸¹ *i.e.* the Greek Α.

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impetus; adripiunt naves ipsique rudentes 480
 expediunt et vela legunt et cornua summis
 adsociant malis; quatitur Tyrrhena tumultu
 ora nec Alpheae capiunt navalia Pisae:
 sic Agamemnoniam vindex cum Graecia classem
 solveret, innumeris fervebat vocibus Aulis. 485
 non illos strepitus impendentisque procellae
 signa nec adventus dubii deterruit Austri.
 “vellite” proclamant “socii, iam vellite funem.
 per vada Gildonem quamvis adversa petamus.
 ad bellum nos trumat hiems per devia ponti. 490
 quassatis cupio tellurem figere rostris.
 heu nimium segnes, cauta qui mente notatis,
 si revolant mergi, graditur si litore cornix.
 ora licet maculis adperserit occiduus sol
 lunaque conceptis livescat turgida Cauris 495
 et contusa vagos iaculentur sidera crines;
 imbris umescant Haedi nimbosaeque Taurum
 ducat Hyas totusque fretis descendat Orion:
 certa fides caeli, sed maior Honorius auctor;
 illius auspiciis inmensa per aequora miles, 500
 non Plaustis Arctove regor. contemne Booten,
 navita, turbinibus mediis permitte carinas.
 si mihi tempestas Libyam ventique negabunt,
 Augusti Fortuna dabit.”

Iam classis in altum
 provehitur; dextra Ligures, Etruria laeva 505
 linquitur et caecis vitatur Corsica saxis.
 humanae specie plantae se magna figurat
 insula (Sardiniam veteres dixere coloni),
 dives ager frugum, Poenos Italosve petenti

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their enthusiasm. They seize upon the ships and themselves make ready the
 hawsers; furl the sails and fix the yards to the masts. Etruria's shore is shaken
 with their uproar and Arcadian-founded Pisa cannot contain so great a number
 of ships. So Aulis rang with countless voices what time avenging Greece
 loosed the cables of Agamemnon's fleet. No storm-blast deterred them nor
 threat of coming tempest nor the presence of the treacherous south wind.
 “Seize the rope, fellow-soldiers,”
 they cry, “seize the rope: let us sail against Gildo though the very seas be
 against us. Let the storm drive us to battle by how crooked so ever a course.
 Fain would I seize upon that shore though my ships'
 beaks be shattered. Cowards ye, who cautiously observe whether or no the

sea-gulls fly back or the crow pace the beach. What if clouds fleck the face of the setting sun or a stormy moon wear the halo that betokens hurricane? What if comets wave their spreading tails, or the constellation of the Kids threatens rain, or the cloudy Hyades lead forth the Bull and all Orion sink 'neath the waves? Put your trust in the sky, but put more in Honorius. Beneath his auspices I, his soldier, range the boundless seas nor look to the Plough or the Bear to guide me. Make no account of Boötes, sailor; launch your bark in mid tempest. If winds and storms deny me Libya, my emperor's fortune will grant it."

The fleet is launched. They pass Liguria on their right hand, Etruria on their left, avoiding the sunken reefs of Corsica. There lies an island formed like a human foot (Sardinia its former inhabitants called it), an island rich in the produce of its fields, and conveniently situated for them who sail either to

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opportuna situ: quae pars vicinior Afris, 510
 plana solo, ratibus clemens; quae respicit Arcton,
 inmitis, scopulosa, procax subitisque sonora
 flatibus; insanos infamat navita montes.
 hic hominum pecudumque lues, sic⁸² pestifer aër
 saevit et exclusis regnant Aquilonibus Austri. 515

Quos ubi luctatis procul effugere carinis,
 per diversa ruunt sinuosae litora terrae.
 pars adit antiqua ductos Carthagine Sulcos;
 partem litoreo complectitur Olbia muro.
 urbs Libyam contra Tyrio fundata potenti 520
 tenditur in longum Caralis tenuemque per undas
 obvia dimittit fracturum flamina collem;
 efficitur portus medium mare, tutaque ventis
 omnibus ingenti mansuescunt stagna recessu.
 hanc omni petiere manu prorisque reductis 525
 suspensa Zephyros expectant classe faventes.

⁸² Birt, following the MSS., *si*. Older editions *huic ...huic*. I print *sic*.

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Africa or Italy. The part that faces Africa is flat and affords good anchorage for ships; the northern shore is inhospitable, rock-bound, stormy, and loud with sudden gales. The sailor curses these wild cliffs. Here the pestilence falls on men and beasts, so plague-ridden and deadly is the air, so omnipotent the South wind and the North winds banished.

When their much buffeted vessels had given a wide berth to these dangers,

they came to land at different places on the broken coast-line. Some are beached at Sulci, a city founded by Carthage of old. The sea-wall of Olbia shelters others. The city of Caralis over against the coast of Libya, a colony of great Phoenician Carthage, juts out into the sea and extends into the waves, a little promontory that breaks the force of the opposing winds. Thus in the midst a harbour is found and in a huge bay the quiet waters lie safe from every wind. For this harbour they make with every effort, and reversing their vessels they await the favouring breezes of the west wind with fleet at anchor.⁸³

⁸³ This poem was never properly finished; see Introduction, p. xi.

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IN EUTROPIUM

LIBER I

(XVIII.)

Semiferos partus metuendaque pignora matri
moenibus et mediis auditum nocte luporum
murmur et attonito pecudes pastore locutas
et lapidum duras hiemes nimboque minacem
sanguineo rubuisse Iovem puteosque cruore 5
mutatos visasque polo concurrere lunas
et geminos soles mirari desinat orbis:
omnia cesserunt eunucho consule monstra.
heu terrae caelique pudor! trabeata per urbes
ostentatur anus titulumque effeminat anni. 10
pandite pontifices Cumanae carmina vatis,
fulmineos sollers Etruria consulat ignes
inmersumque nefas fibris exploret haruspex,
quae nova portendant superi. Nilusne meatu
devius et nostri temptat iam transfuga mundi 15
se Rubro miscere mari? ruptone Niphate
rursum barbaricis Oriens vastabitur armis?
an morbi ventura lues? an nulla colono
responsura seges? quae tantas expiet iras
victima? quo diras iugulo placabimus aras? 20

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AGAINST EUTROPIUS

BOOK I

(XVIII.)

Let the world cease to wonder at the births of creatures half human, half bestial, at monstrous babes that affright their own mothers, at the howling of wolves heard by night in the cities, at beasts that speak to their astonished herds, at stones falling like rain, at the blood-red threatening storm clouds, at wells of water changed to gore, at moons that clash in mid heaven and at twin suns. All portents pale before our eunuch consul. O shame to heaven and earth! Our cities behold an old woman decked in a consul's robe who gives a woman's name to the year.⁸⁴ Open the pages of the Cumaean Sibyl, ye pontiffs; let wise Etrurian seers consult the lightning's flash, and the soothsayer search out the awful portent hidden in the entrails. What new dread warning is this the gods give? Does Nile desert his bed and leaving Roman soil seek to mix his waters with those of the Red Sea? Does cleft Niphates⁸⁵ once more let through a host of eastern barbarians to ravage our lands? Does a pestilence threaten us? Or shall no harvest repay the farmer? What victim can expiate divine anger such as this? What offering appease the cruel altars? The consul's

⁸⁴ For the consulship of Eutropius see Introduction, p. xv.

⁸⁵ A mountain in Armenia.

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consule lustrandi fasces ipsoque litandum
prodigio; quodcumque parant hoc omine fata,
Eutropius cervice luat sic omnia nobis.⁸⁶
Hoc regni, Fortuna, tenes? quaeenam ista iocandi
saevitia? humanis quantum bacchabere rebus? 25
si tibi servili placuit foedare curules
crimine, procedat laxata compede consul,
rupta Quirinales sumant ergastula cinctus;
da saltem quemcumque virum. discrimina quaedam
sunt famulis splendorque suus, maculamque minorem
condicionis habet, domino qui vixerit uno. 31
si pelagi fluctus, Libyae si discis harenas,
Eutropii numerabis eros. quot iura, quot ille
mutavit tabulas vel quanta vocabula vertit!
nudatus quotiens, medicum dum consulit emptor, 35
ne qua per occultum lateat iactura dolorem!
omnes paenituit pretii venumque redibat,
dum vendi potuit. postquam deforme cadaver
mansit et in rugas totus defluxit aniles,
iam specie doni certatim limine pellunt 40

et foedum ignaris properant obtrudere munus.
tot translata iugis summisit colla, vetustum
servitium semperque novum, nec destitit umquam,
saepe tamen coepit.

Cunabula prima cruentis
debet supplicii; rapitur castrandus ab ipso 45

⁸⁶ Birt begins the new paragraph at *sic*, printing a comma at *nobis*. Alternatively, read *volvis* for *nobis* (so Cuiacius' codd.).

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own blood must cleanse the consular insignia, the monster itself must be sacrificed. Whatever it be that fate prepares for us and shows forth by such an omen, let Eutropius' death, I pray, avert it all.

Fortune, is thy power so all-embracing? What is this savage humour of thine? To what lengths wilt thou sport with us poor mortals? If it was thy will to disgrace the consul's chair with a servile occupant let some "consul" come forward with broken chains, let an escaped jail-bird don the robes of Quirinus — but at least give us a man. There are grades even among slaves and a certain dignity; that slave who has served but one master holds a position of less infamy. Canst thou count the waves of the sea, the grains of Africa's sands, if so thou canst number Eutropius' masters. How many owners has he had, in how many sale-catalogues has he appeared, how often has he changed his name! How often has he been stripped while buyer consulted doctor whether there lurked any flaw by reason of some hidden disease! All repented having bought him and he always returned to the slave-market while he could yet fetch a price. When he became but a foul corpse-like body, a mass of senile pendulous flesh, his masters were anxious to rid their houses of him by giving him away as a present and made haste to foist the loathsome gift on an unsuspecting friend. To so many different yokes did he submit his neck, this slave, old in years but ever new to the house; there was no end to his servitude though many beginnings.

He is destined from his very cradle to bloody tortures; straight from his mother's womb he is hurried away to be made a eunuch; no sooner born

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ubere; suscipiunt matris post viscera poenae.
advolat Armenius certo mucrone recisos
edoctus mollire mares damnoque nefandum
aucturus pretium; fecundum corporis imbrem⁸⁷
sedibus exhaurit geminis unoque sub ictu 50
eripit officium patris nomenque mariti.
ambiguus vitae iacuit, penitusque supremum

in cerebrum secti traxerunt frigora nervi.

Laudemusne manum, quae vires abstulit hosti,
an potius fato causam tribuisse queramur? 55
profuerat mansisse virum; felicior extat
opprobrio; serviret adhuc, si fortior esset.

Inde per Assyriae trahitur commercia ripae;
hinc fora venalis Galata ductore frequentat
permutatque domos varias; quis nomina possit 60
tanta sequi? miles stabuli Ptolomaeus in illis
notior: hic longo lassatus paelicis usu
donat Arinthaëo; neque enim iam dignus haberi
nec maturus emi. cum fastiditus abiret,
quam gemuit, quanto planxit divortia luctu! 65
“haec erat, heu, Ptolomae, fides? hoc profuit aetas
in gremio consumpta tuo lectusque iugalis
et ducti totiens inter praesaepia somni?
libertas promissa perit? viduumne relinquis
Eutropium tantasque premunt obliviae noctes, 70
crudelis? generis pro sors durissima nostri!
femina, cum senuit, retinet conubia partu,

87 codd. *ignem*; Postgate *imbrem*.

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than he becomes a prey to suffering. Up hastens the Armenian, skilled by operating with unerring knife to make males womanish and to increase their loathly value by such loss. He drains the body's life-giving fluid from its double source and with one blow deprives his victim of a father's function and the name of husband. Eutropius lay doubtful of life, and the severed sinews drew a numbness deep down into his furthest brain.

Are we to praise the hand that robbed an enemy of his strength? Or shall we rather blame the fates? It would have been better had he remained a man; his very disgrace has proved a blessing to him. Had he had his full manly vigour he would still have been a slave.

After this he is dragged from one Assyrian mart to another; next in the train of a Galatian slave-merchant he stands for sale in many a market and knows many diverse houses. Who could tell the names of all his buyers? Among these Ptolemy, servant of the post-house,⁸⁸ was one of the better known. Then Ptolemy, tired of Eutropius' long service to his lusts, gives him to Arinthaëus; — gives, for he is no longer worth keeping nor old enough to be bought. How the scorned minion wept at his departure, with what grief did he lament that divorce! “Was this thy fidelity, Ptolemy? Is this my reward for a youth lived

in thine arms, for the bed of marriage and those many nights spent together in the inn? Must I lose my promised liberty? Leav'st thou Eutropius a widow, cruel wretch, forgetful of such wonderful nights of love? How hard is the lot of my kind! When a woman grows old her children cement the marriage tie and

⁸⁸ I take Ptolemy to have been a *stationarius*, i.e. a servant in a public post-house, but there is possibly some covert allusion to *stabulum* in the sense of *prostibulum*, a brothel.

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uxorisque decus matris reverentia pensat.
nos Lucina fugit, nec pignore nitimur ullo.
cum forma dilapsus amor; defloruit oris ⁷⁵
gratia: qua miseri scapulas tutabimur arte?
qua placeam ratione senex?"

Sic fatus acutum

adgreditur lenonis opus, nec segnis ad artem
mens erat officiique capax omnesque pudoris
hauserat insidias. custodia nulla tuendo ⁸⁰
fida toro; nulli poterant excludere vectes:
ille vel aerata Danaën in turre latentem
eliceret. fletus domini fingeat amantis,
indomitasque mora, pretio lenibat avaras
lascivasque iocis; non blandior ullus euntis ⁸⁵
ancillae tetigisse latus leviterque reductis
vestibus occulto crimen mandasse susurro
nec furtis quaesisse locum nec fraude reperta
cautior elusi fremitus vitare mariti.
haud aliter iuvenum flammis Ephyreia Lais ⁹⁰
e gemino ditata mari; cumserta refudit
cantities, iam turba procax noctisque recedit
ambitus et raro pulsatur ianua tactu,
seque reformidat speculo damnante senectus;
stat tamen atque alias succingit lena ministras ⁹⁵
dilectumque diu quamvis longaeva lupanar
circuit et retinent mores, quod perdidit aetas.

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a mother's dignity compensates for the lost charms of a wife. Me Lucina, goddess of childbirth, will not come near; I have no children on whom to rely. Love perishes with my beauty; the roses of my cheeks are faded. What wits can save my wretched back from blows? How can I, an old man, please?"

So saying he entered upon the skilled profession of a pander. His whole heart

was in his work; he knew his business well and was master of every stratagem for the undoing of chastity. No amount of vigilance could protect the marriage-bed from his attack; no bars could shut him out. He would have haled even Danaë from her refuge in the brazen tower. He would represent his patron as dying of love. Was the lady stubborn, he would win her by his patience; was she greedy, by a gift; flighty, he would corrupt her with a jest. None could arrest the attention of a maidservant with so neat a touch as he, none twitch aside a dress so lightly and whisper his shameful message in her ear. Never was any so skilled to choose a scene for the criminal meeting, or so clever at avoiding the wrath of the cuckold husband should the plot be discovered. One thought of Lais of Corinth, to whom the enamoured youth of that city brought wealth from its twin seas, who, when her grey hair could no longer go crowned with roses, when the emulous crowd of her admirers ceased nightly to haunt her doors and but few were left to knock thereat, when before the mirror's verdict age shrank back in horror from itself, yet stood, still faithful to her calling, and as a pander dressed others for the part, haunting still the brothel she had loved so well and so long, and still pandering to the tastes old age forbade her.

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Hinc honor Eutropio; cumque omnibus unica virtus
esset in eunuchis thalamos servare pudicos,
solus adulteriis crevit. nec verbera tergo 100
cessavere tamen, quotiens decepta libido
irati caluisset eri, frustra que rogantem
iactantemque suos tot iam per lustra labores
dotalem genero nutritoremque puellae
tradidit. Eous rector consulque futurus 105
pectebat dominae crines et saepe lavanti
nudus in argento lympham gestabat alumnae.
et cum se rapido fessam proiecerat aestu,
patricius roseis pavonum ventilat alis.

Iamque aevo laxata cutis, sulcisque genarum 110
corruerat passa facies rugosior uva:
flava minus presso finduntur vomere rura,
nec vento sic vela tremunt. miserabile turpes
exedere caput tineae; deserta patebant
intervalla comae: qualis sitientibus arvis 115
arida ieiunae seges interlucet aristae
vel qualis gelidis pluma labente pruinis
arboris inmoritur trunco brumalis hirundo.
scilicet ut trabeis iniuria cresceret olim,
has in fronte notas, hoc dedecus addidit oris 120
luxuriae Fortuna suae: cum pallida nudis

ossibus horrorem dominis praeberet imago
decolor et macies occursu laederet omnes,

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Hence sprang Eutropius' fame; for, though a eunuch's one virtue be to guard the chastity of the marriage-chamber, here was one (and one only) who grew great through adulteries. But the lash fell as before on his back whenever his master's criminal passion was through him frustrated. Then it was in vain that he prayed for forgiveness and reminded his lord of all those years of faithful service; he would find himself handed over to a son-in-law as part of the bride's dowry. Thus he would become a lady's-maid, and so the future consul and governor of the East would comb his mistress' locks or stand naked holding a silver vessel of water wherein his charge could wash herself. And when overcome by the heat she threw herself upon her couch, there would stand this patrician fanning her with bright peacock feathers.

And now his skin had grown loose with age; his face, more wrinkled than a raisin, had fallen in by reason of the lines in his cheeks. Less deep the furrows cloven in the cornfield by the plough, the folds wrought in the sails by the wind. Loathsome grubs ate away his head and bare patches appeared amid his hair. It was as though clumps of dry barren corn dotted a sun-parched field, or as if a swallow were dying in winter sitting on a branch, moulting in the frosty weather. Truly, that the outrage to the consul's office might one day be the greater, Fortune added to her gift of wealth this brand upon his brow, this deformity of face. When his pallor and fleshless bones had roused feelings of revulsion in his masters' hearts, and his foul complexion and lean body offended all who came

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aut pueris latura metus aut taedia mensis
aut crimen famulis aut procedentibus omen, 125
et nihil exhausto caperent in stipite luci:
(sternere quippe toros vel caedere ligna culinae
membra negant; aurum, vestes, arcana tueri
mens infida vetat; quis enim committere vellet
lenoni thalamum?): tandem ceu funus acerbum 130
infaustamque suis trusere penatibus umbram.
contemptu iam liber erat: sic pastor obesum
lacte canem ferroque ligat pascitque revinctum,
dum validus servare gregem vigilique rapaces
latratu terrere lupos; cum tardior idem 135
iam scabie laceras deiecit sordidus aures,
solvit et exuto lucratur vincula collo.

Est ubi despectus nimius iuvat. undique pulso
per cunctas licuit fraudes impune vagari
et fatis aperire viam. pro quisquis Olympi 140
summa tenes, tanto libuit mortalia risu
vertere? qui servi non est admissus in usum,
suscipitur regnis, et quem privata ministrum
dedignata domus, moderantem sustinet aula.
ut primum vetulam texere palatia vulpem, 145
quis non ingemuit? quis non inrepere sacris
obsequiis doluit totiens venale cadaver?
ipsi quin etiam tali consorte fremebant
regales famuli, quibus est inlustrior ordo
servitii, sociumque diu sprevere superbi. 150

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in contact with him, scaring children, disgusting those that sat at meat, disgracing his fellow-slaves, or terrifying as with an evil omen those that met him; when his masters ceased to derive any advantage from that withered trunk (for his wasted limbs refused even to make the beds or cut wood for the kitchen fire, while his faithless nature forbade their entrusting him with the charge of gold or vesture or the secrets of the house — who could bring him to entrust his marriage-chamber to a pander?), then at last they thrust him from their houses like a troublesome corpse or an ill-omened ghost. He was now free — for everyone despised him. So a shepherd chains up a dog and fattens him with milk while yet his strength avails to guard the flock and, ever watchful, to scare away wolves with his barking. But when later this same dog grows old and dirty and droops his mangy ears he looses him, and, taking off his collar, at least saves that.

Universal contempt is sometimes a boon. Driven out by all, he could freely range amid every sort of crime, and open a way for destiny. Oh thou, whosoe'er thou art, that holdest sway in Olympus, was it thy humour to make such mockery of mankind? He who was not suffered to perform the duties of a slave is admitted to the administration of an empire; him whom a private house scorned as a servant, a palace tolerates as its lord. When first the consular residence received this old vixen, who did not lament? Who grieved not to see an oft-sold corpse worm itself into the sacred service of the emperor? Nay, the very palace-servants, holding a prouder rank in slavery, murmured at such a colleague and long haughtily scorned his company.

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Cernite, quem Latiis poscant adnectere fastis:
cuius et eunuchos pudit! sed vilior ante

obscurae latuit pars ignotissima turbae,
donec Abundanti furiis — qui rebus Eois
exitium primumque sibi produxit — ab imis 155
evectus thalamis summos invasit honores.
quam bene dispositum terris, ut dignus iniqui
fructus consilii primis auctoribus instet.
sic multos fluvio vates arente per annos
hospite qui caeso monuit placare Tonantem, 160
inventas primus Busiridis imbuit aras
et cecidit saevi, quod dixerat, hostia sacri.
sic opifex tauri tormentorumque repertor,
qui funesta novo fabricaverat aera dolori,
primus inexpertum Siculo cogente tyranno 165
sensit opus docuitque suum mugire iuvencom.
nullius Eutropius, quam qui se protulit, ante
directas possedit opes nullumque priorem
perculit exilio solumque hoc rite peregit,
auctorem damnare suum.

Postquam obsitus aevo 170
semivir excelsam rerum sublatus in arcem,
quod nec vota pati nec fingere somnia possunt,
vidit sub pedibus leges subiectaque colla
nobilium tantumque sibi permittere fata,
qui nihil optasset plus libertate mereri, 175

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See what manner of man they seek to connect with the annals of Rome: the very eunuchs were ashamed of him. At first of no account, he lay hid, the most unknown unit of an unregarded throng, till thanks to the mad folly of Abundantius⁸⁹ (who brought ruin on the empire of the East and, ere that, upon himself) he was advanced from the most menial office to the highest honours. What a happy dispensation of providence it is that in this world the results of ill counsel fall first upon its instigators! Thus the seer who advised Busiris to placate the Thunderer's wrath, what time Nile's flood had long run dry, with a stranger's blood himself first stained that tyrant's altar with his own and fell a victim of the horrid sacrifice he had advised. Thus he who made the brazen bull and devised that new form of torture, casting the deadly bronze as an instrument of torment, was (at the bidding of the Sicilian tyrant) the first to make trial of the unhanselled image, and to teach his own bull to roar. So with Eutropius: on no man's goods did he sooner seize than on those of him by whom he had been raised to power; none did he drive sooner into exile and thus, by the condemnation of his patron, was to thank for one righteous action.

When this half-man, worn out with age, had been raised to that pinnacle of glory for which he never would have dared to pray, of which never to dream; when he had seen law at his feet, the heads of the nobility inclined before him, and fortune heaping such gifts upon one whose only hope and prayer had been to gain his freedom, he straightway forgot

⁸⁹ By birth a Scythian. Entered the Roman army under Gratian and reached the position of *magister utriusque militiae* under Theodosius. Consul in 393 (Zosim. v. 10. 5) and banished three years later to Pityus, thanks to the machinations of Eutropius.

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iam iam dissimulat dominos alteque tumescunt
serviles animi. procerum squalore repletus
carcer et exulibus Meroë campique gemescunt
Aethiopum; poenis hominum plaga personat ardens;
Marmaricus claris violatur caedibus Hammon. 180

Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum:
cuncta ferit dum cuncta timet, desaevit in omnes
ut se posse putent, nec belua taetrior ulla
quam servi rabies in libera terga furentis;
agnoscit gemitus et poenae parcere nescit, 185
quam subiit, dominique memor, quem verberat, odit.
adde, quod eunuchus nulla pietate movetur
nec generi natisve cavet. clementia cunctis
in similes, animosque ligant consortia damni;
iste nec eunuchis placidus.

Sed peius in aurum 190
aestuat; hoc uno fruitur succisa libido.
quid nervos secuisse iuvat? vis nulla cruentam
castrat avaritiam. parvis exercita furtis
quae vastare penum neglectaque sueverat arcae
claustra remoliri, nunc uberiore rapina 195
peccat in orbe manus. quidquid se Tigris ab Haemo
dividit, hoc certa proponit merce locandum
institor imperii, caupo famosus honorum.
hic Asiam villa pactus regit; ille redemit
coniugis ornatu Syriam; dolet ille paterna 200
Bithynos mutasse domo. subfixa patenti
vestibulo pretiis distinguit regula gentes:

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his former masters, and his slave's mind swelled high within him. The prisons were filled with degraded nobles, Meroë and the plains of Ethiopia re-echoed to the weeping of exiles; the desert rang with the punishment of men; the

temple of Jupiter Ammon in Africa was stained with gentle blood.

Nothing is so cruel as a man raised from lowly station to prosperity; he strikes everything, for he fears everything; he vents his rage on all, that all may deem he has the power. No beast so fearful as the rage of a slave let loose on free-born backs; their groans are familiar to him, and he cannot be sparing of punishment that he himself has undergone; remembering his own master he hates the man he lashes. Being a eunuch also he is moved by no natural affection and has no care for family or children. All are moved to pity by those whose circumstances are like their own; similitude of ills is a close bond. Yet he is kind not even to eunuchs.

His passion for gold increases — the only passion his mutilated body can indulge. Of what use was emasculation? The knife is powerless against reckless avarice. That hand so well practised in petty thefts, accustomed to rifle a cupboard or remove the bolt from the unwatched coffer, now finds richer spoils and the whole world to rob. All the country between the Tigris and Mount Haemus he exposes for sale at a fixed price, this huckster of empire, this infamous dealer in honours. This man governs Asia for the which his villa has paid. That man buys Syria with his wife's jewels. Another repents of having taken Bithynia in exchange for his paternal mansion. Fixed above the open doors of his hall is a list giving the provinces and their

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tot Galatae, tot Pontus eat, tot Lydia nummis;
si Lyciam tenuisse velis, tot millia ponas,
si Phrygas, adde; parum! propriae solacia sorti 205
communes vult esse notas et venditus ipse
vendere cuncta cupit. certantum saepe duorum
diversum suspendit onus; cum pondere index
vergit, et in geminas nutat provincia lances.

Non pudet heu, superi, populos venire sub hasta?
vendentis certe pudeat, quod iure sepultum 211
mancipium tot regna tenet, tot distrahit urbes.
pollentem solio Croesum victoria Cyri
fregit, ut eunucho flueret Pactolus et Hermus?
Attalus heredem voluit te, Roma, relinqui, 215
restitit Antiochus praescripto margine Tauri,
indomitos curru Servilius egit Isauros
et Pharos Augusto iacuit vel Creta Metello,
ne non Eutropio quaestus numerosior esset?
in mercem veniunt Cilices, Iudaea, Sophene 220
Romanusque labor Pompeianique triumph.

Quo struis hos auri cumulos? quae pignora tantis

succedent opibus? nugas ducasve licebit:
numquam mater eris, numquam pater; hoc tibi ferrum,
hoc natura negat. te grandibus India gemmis, ²²⁵
te foliis Arabes ditent, te vellere Seres:
nullus inops adeo, nullum sic urget egestas,
ut velit Eutropii fortunam et membra pacisci.
Iamque oblita sui nec sobria divitiis mens

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prices: so much for Galatia, for Pontus so much, so much will buy one Lydia. Would you govern Lycia? Then lay down so many thousands. Phrygia? A little more. He wishes everything to be marked with its price to console him for his own fortune and, himself so often sold, he wants to sell everything. When two are rivals he suspends in the balance their opposed payment; along with the weight the judge inclines, and a province hangs wavering in a pair of scales.

Ye gods, are ye not ashamed that whole peoples are sold beneath the hammer? At least let it shame you of the seller, when a slave, a chattel the law counts dead, possesses so many kingdoms and retails so many cities. Did Cyrus' victory oust mighty Croesus from his throne that Pactolus and Hermus should roll their waves for a eunuch? Did Attalus make you, Rome, his heir, was Antiochus confined within the appointed bounds of Taurus, did Servilius enjoy a triumph over the hitherto unconquered Isaurians, did Egypt fall before Augustus, and Crete before Metellus, to ensure Eutropius a sufficient income? ⁹⁰

Cilicia, Judaea, Sophene, all Rome's labours and Pompey's triumphs, are there to sell.

Why heap up these riches? Hast thou children to succeed to them? Marry or be married, thou canst never be a mother or a father: the former nature hath denied thee, the latter the surgeon's knife. India may enrich thee with enormous jewels, Arabia with her spices, China with her silks; none so needy, none so poverty-stricken as to wish to have Eutropius' fortune and therewith Eutropius' body.

And now his mind, forgetful of its true nature and

⁹⁰ Attalus, King of Pergamum, left his kingdom by will to Rome, 133 B.C. It became the province of Asia. The terms mentioned herewere imposed on Antiochus, King of Syria, in 189 B.C. P. Servilius crossed the Taurus and subdued the Isauri 78 B.C.; Crete was conquered by Q. Metellus between 68 and 66 B.C.

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in miseris leges hominumque negotia ludit. ²³⁰
iudicat eunuchus; quid iam de consule miror?

prodigium, quodcumque gerit. quae pagina lites
 sic actas meminit? quibus umquam saecula terris
 eunuchi videre forum? sed ne qua vacaret
 pars ignominia neu quid restaret inausum, ²³⁵
 arma etiam violare parat portentaque monstris
 aggerat et secum petulans amentia certat.
 erubuit Mavors aversaque risit Enyo
 dedecus Eoum, quotiens intenta sagittis
 et pharetra fulgens anus exercetur Amazon ²⁴⁰
 arbiter aut quotiens belli pacisque recurrit
 adloquiturque Getas. gaudet cum viderit hostis
 et sentit iam deesse viros. incendia fumant,
 muris nulla fides, squalent populatibus agri
 et medio spes sola mari. trans Phasin aguntur ²⁴⁵
 Cappadocum matres, stabulisque abducta paternis
 Caucasias captiva bibunt armenta pruinas
 et Scythicis mutant Argaei pabula silvis.
 extra Cimmerias, Taurorum claustra, paludes
 flos Syriae servit. spoliis nec sufficit atrox ²⁵⁰
 barbarus: in caedem vertunt fastidia praedae.
 Ille tamen (quid enim servum mollemque pudebit?
 aut quid in hoc poterit vultu flagrare ruboris?)
 pro victore redit: peditum vexilla sequuntur
 et turmae similes eunuchorumque manipuli, ²⁵⁵
 Hellespontiacis legio dignissima signis.
 obviis ire cliens defensoremque reversum
 complecti. placet ipse sibi laxasque laborat

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drunken with riches, makes sport of wretched law and the affairs of men. A
 eunuch is judge. Why now wonder that he is consul? Whatever he does is a
 prodigy. Can the annals of the law show cases so mishandled? What age or
 what country has ever witnessed a eunuch's jurisdiction? That nought might
 remain undisgraced, nought unattempted, he even makes him ready to outrage
 arms, heaps portent on portent and wanton folly seeks to outdo itself. Mars
 blushed, Bellona scoffed and turned her from the disgrace of the East
 whene'er with arrows strung and flashing quiver the aged Amazon practises
 battle or hurries back as arbiter of peace and war to hold parley with the
 Getae. Our enemies rejoiced at the sight and felt that at last we were lacking
 in *men*. Towns were set ablaze; walls offered no security. The countryside was
 ravaged and brought to ruin. Mid-ocean alone gave hope. Women of
 Cappadocia were driven into captivity across the river Phasis; stolen from the
 stalls of their homesteads, the captive herds drink the snowy streams of
 Caucasus, and the flocks exchange the pastures of Mount Argaeus⁹¹

for the woods of Scythia. Beyond the Cimmerian marshes, defence of the Tauric tribes, the youth of Syria are slaves. Too vast for the fierce barbarians are the spoils; gluttled with booty they turn to slaughter.

Yet Eutropius (can a slave, an effeminate, feel shame? Could a blush grace such a countenance?), Eutropius returns in triumph. There follow companies of foot, squadrons like their general, maniples of eunuchs, an army worthy Priapus' standards. His creatures meet him and embrace their saviour on his return.⁹² Great is his self-esteem; he struggles

⁹¹ A mountain in Cappadocia.

⁹² Claudian is scarcely fair to Eutropius. The reference here is to the campaign of 398 in which Eutropius succeeded in driving the Huns back behind the Caucasus.

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distendisse genas fictumque inflatus anhelat,
pulvere respersus tineas et solibus ora 260
pallidior, verbisque sonat plorabile quiddam
ultra nequitiam fractis et proelia narrat:
perque suam tremula testatur voce sororem,
defecisse vagas ad publica commoda vires;
cedere livori nec sustentare procellas 265
invidiae; mergique fretis spumantibus orat.
exoretque utinam! dum talia fatur ineptas
deterget lacrimas atque inter singula dicta
flebile suspirat: qualis venit arida socrus
longinquam visura nurum; vix lassa resedit 270
et iam vina petit.

Quid te, turpissime, bellis
inseris aut saevi pertemptas Pallada campi?
tu potes alterius studiis haerere Minervae
et telas, non tela pati, tu stamina nosse,
tu segnes operum sollers urgere puellas 275
et niveam dominae pensis involvere lanam.
vel, si sacra placent, habeas pro Marte Cybeben;
rauca Celaenaeos ad tympana disce furores.
cymbala ferre licet pectusque inlidere pinu
inguinis et reliquum Phrygiis abscidere cultris. 280
arma relinque viris. geminam quid dividis aulam
conarisque pios odiis committere fratres?
te magis, ah demens, veterem si respicis artem,
conciliare decet.

Gestis pro talibus annum

to swell out his pendulous cheeks and feigns a heavy panting; his lousy head dust-sprinkled and his face bleached whiter by the sun, he sobs out some pitiful complaint with voice more effeminate than effeminacy's self and tells of battles. In tremulous tones he calls his sister to witness that he has spent his strength for his country's need; that he yields to envy and cannot stand up against the storms of jealousy and prays to be drowned in the foaming seas. Would God his prayer had been granted! Thus speaking, he wipes away the silly tears, sighing and sobbing between each word; like a withered old dame travelled far to visit her son's daughter — scarce seated aweary and already she asks for wine.

Why busy thy foul self with wars? Why attempt battle on the bloody field? 'Tis to the arts of that other Minerva thou shouldst apply thyself. The distaff, not the dart should be thine; thine to spin the thread, and, cunning craftsman that thou art, to urge on the spinning-maids when lazy; thine to wind the snowy wool for thy mistress' weaving. Or, wouldst thou be a devotee, let Cybele, not Mars, be the object of thy worship. Learn to imitate the madness of the Corybantes to the accompaniment of rolling drums. Thou mayest carry cymbals, pierce thy breast with the sacred pine, and with Phrygian knife destroy what yet is left of thy virility. Leave arms to men. Why seek to divide the two empires and embroil loving brothers in strife? Madman, remember thy former trade; 'twere more fitting thou shouldst endeavour to reconcile them.

It is for deeds like this that Eutropius demands

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flagitet Eutropius, ne quid non polluat unus, ²⁸⁵
dux acies, iudex praetoria, tempora consul!

Nil adeo foedum, quod non exacta vetustas
ediderit longique labor commiserit aevi.

Oedipodes matrem, natam duxisse Thyestes
cantatur, peperit fratres Iocasta marito ²⁹⁰

et Pelopea sibi. Thebas ac funera Troiae
tristis Erechthei deplorat scaena theatri.

in volucrem Tereus, Cadmus se vertit in anguem.

Scylla novos mirata canes. hunc arbore figit,

elevat hunc pluma, squamis hunc fabula vestit, ²⁹⁵

hunc solvit fluvio. numquam spado consul in orbe
nec iudex ductorve fuit! quodcumque virorum

est decus, eunuchi scelus est. exempla creantur
quae socci superent risus luctusque cothurni.

Quam pulcher conspectus erat, cum tenderet artus

exanguis onerante toga cinctuque gravatus 301
indutoque senex obscaenior iret in auro:
humani qualis simulator simius oris,
quem puer adridens pretioso stamine Serum
velavit nudasque nates ac terga reliquit, 305
ludibrium mensis; erecto pectore dives
ambulat et claro sese deformat amictu.
candida pollutos comitatur curia fasces,
forsitan et dominus. praebet miracula lictor

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this year of office, to ensure that by his efforts alone he leaves nothing not dishonoured, ruining the army as its general, the courts as their judge, the imperial fasti as a consul.

No portent so monstrous but time past has given it birth and the labour of bygone centuries produced it. Legend tells us that Oedipus married his mother and Thyestes his daughter; Jocasta bare brothers to her husband, Thyestes's daughter gave birth to her own brother. Athenian tragedy tells the sad tale of Thebes and the baneful war of Troy. Tereus was changed into a bird, Cadmus into a snake; Scylla looked in amaze on the dogs that girt her waist. Ancient story relates how one was transformed into a tree and thus attached to earth, how another grew wings and flew, how a third was clothed with scales and yet another melted into a river. But no country has ever had a eunuch for a consul or judge or general. What in a man is honourable is disgraceful in an emasculate. Here is an example to surpass all that is most laughable in comedy, most lamentable in tragedy.

A pleasant sight in truth to see him strain his sapless limbs beneath the weight of the toga, borne down by the wearing of his consular dress; the gold of his raiment rendered his decrepitude even more hideous. 'Twas as though an ape, man's imitator, had been decked out in sport with precious silken garments by a boy who had left his back and quarters uncovered to amuse the guests at supper. Thus richly dressed he walks upright and seems the more loathsome by reason of his brilliant trappings. Dressed in white the senate, perhaps even his master,⁹³ accompanies the dishonoured fasces. Behold a portent! A lictor more noble than the

⁹³ *i.e.* the Emperor.

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consule nobilior libertatemque daturus, 310
quam necdum meruit. scandit sublime tribunal
atque inter proprias laudes Aegyptia iactat

somnia prostratosque canit se vate tyrannos.
scilicet in dubio vindex Bellona pependit,
dum spado Tiresias enervatusque Melampus 315
repatat ab extremo referens oracula Nilo.

Obstrepuere avium voces, exhorruit annus
nomen, et insanum gemino proclamat ab ore
eunuchumque vetat fastis accedere Ianus:
sumeret illicitos etenim si femina fasces, 320
esset turpe minus. Medis levibusque Sabaeis
imperat hic sexus, reginarumque sub armis
barbariae pars magna iacet: gens nulla probatur,
eunuchi quae sceptrata ferat. Tritonia, Phoebe,
Terra, Ceres, Cybele, Iuno, Latona coluntur: 325
eunuchi quae templa dei, quas vidimus aras?
inde sacerdotes; haec intrat pectora Phoebus;
inde canunt Delphi; Troianam sola Minervam
virginitas Vestalis adit flammasque tuetur:
hi nullas meriti vittas semperque profani. 330
nascitur ad fructum mulier prolemque futuram:
hoc genus inventum est ut serviat. Herculis arcu
concidit Hippolyte; Danaï fugere bipennem,
Penthesilea, tuam; claras Carthaginis arces
creditur et centum portis Babylona superbam 335
femineus struxisse labor. quid nobile gessit

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consul, and a man about to grant to others a liberty which he has not yet himself won. He mounts the lofty platform and amid a torrent of self-laudation boasts of a prophetic dream he had in Egypt⁹⁴ and of the defeat of tyrants which he foretold. No doubt the goddess of war stayed her avenging hand and waited till that emasculate Tiresias, that unmanned Melampus, could crawl back with oracles culled from farthest Nile.

Loud sang the prophetic birds in warning. The year shuddered at the thought of bearing Eutropius' name, and Janus proclaimed the madness of the choice from his two mouths, forbidding a eunuch to have access to his annals. Had a woman assumed the fasces, though this were illegal it were nevertheless less disgraceful. Women bear sway among the Medes and swift Sabaeans; half barbarity is governed by martial queens. We know of no people who endure a eunuch's rule. Worship is paid to Pallas, Phoebe, Vesta, Ceres, Cybele, Juno, and Latona; have we ever seen a temple built or altars raised to a eunuch god? From among women are priestesses chosen; Phoebus enters into their hearts; through their voices the Delphian oracle speaks; none but the Vestal Virgins

approach the shrine of Trojan Minerva and tend her flame: eunuchs have never deserved the fillet and are always unholy. A woman is born that she may bear children and perpetuate the human race; the tribe of eunuchs was made for servitude. Hippolyte fell but by the arrow of Hercules; the Greeks fled before Penthesilea's axe; Carthage, far-famed citadel, proud Babylon with her hundred gates, are both said to have been built by a woman's hand. What noble deed did

⁹⁴ In 394 Arcadius had sent Eutropius to the Thebaid to consult a certain Christian prophet, John, upon the result of Eugenius' revolt (Sozom. vii. 22. 7, 8).

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eunuchus? quae bella tulit? quas condidit urbes?
illas praeterea rerum natura creavit,
hos fecere manus: seu prima Semiramis astu
Assyriis mentita virum, ne vocis acutae ³⁴⁰
mollities levesve genae se prodere possent,
hos sibi coniunxit similes; seu Parthica ferro
luxuries vetuit nasci lanuginis umbram
servatoque diu puerili flore coegit
arte retardatam Veneri servire iuventam. ³⁴⁵

Fama prius falso similis vanoque videri
ficta ioco; levior volitare per oppida rumor
riderique nefas: veluti nigrantibus alis
audiretur olor, corvo certante ligustris.
atque aliquis gravior morum: "si talibus, inquit, ³⁵⁰
creditur et nimiis turgent mendacia monstis,
iam testudo volat, profert iam cornua vultur;
prona petunt retro fluvii iuga; Gadibus ortum
Carmani texere diem; iam frugibus aptum
aequor et adsuetum silvis delphina videbo; ³⁵⁵
iam cochleis homines iunctos et quidquid inane
nutrit Iudaicis quae pingitur India velis."

Subicit et mixtis salibus lascivior alter:
"miraris? nihil est, quod non in pectore magnum
concepit Eutropius. semper nova, grandia semper
diligat et celeri degustat singula sensu. ³⁶¹
nil timet a tergo; vigilantibus undique curis
nocte dieque patet; lenis facilisque moveri
supplicibus mediaque tamen mollissimus ira
nil negat et sese vel non poscentibus offert; ³⁶⁵

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a eunuch ever do? What wars did such an one fight, what cities did he found? Moreover, nature created the former, the hand of man the latter, whether it was from fear of being betrayed by her shrill woman's voice and her hairless cheeks that clever Semiramis, to disguise her sex from the Assyrians, first surrounded herself with beings like her, or the Parthians employed the knife to stop the growth of the first down of manhood and forced their boys, kept boys by artifice, to serve their lusts by thus lengthening the years of youthful charm.

At first the rumour of Eutropius' consulship seemed false and invented as a jest. A vague story spread from city to city; the crime was laughed at as one would laugh to hear of a swan with black wings or a crow as white as privet. Thus spake one of weighty character: "If such things are believed and swollen lies tell of unheard of monsters, then the tortoise can fly, the vulture grow horns, rivers flow back and mount the hills whence they spring, the sun rise behind Gades and set amid the Carmanians of India; I shall soon see ocean fit nursery for plants and the dolphin a denizen of the woods; beings half-men, half-snails and all the vain imaginings of India depicted on Jewish curtains."

Then another adds, jesting with a more wanton wit: "Dost thou wonder? Nothing great is there that Eutropius does not conceive in his heart. He ever loves novelty, ever size, and is quick to taste everything in turn. He fears no assault from the rear; night and day he is ready with watchful care; soft, easily moved by entreaty, and, even in the midst of his passion, tenderest of men, he never says 'no,' and is ever at the disposal even of

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quod libet ingenio, subigit traditque fruendum;
quidquid amas, dabit ilia manus; communiter omni
fungitur officio gaudetque potentia flecti.
hoc quoque conciliis peperit merito laborum,
accipit et trabeas argutae praemia dextrae." 370

Postquam vera fides facinus vulgavit Eoum
gentibus et Romae iam certius impulit aures,
"Eutropiumne etiam nostra dignabimur ira?
hic quoque Romani meruit pars esse doloris?"
sic effata rapit caeli per inania cursum 375

diva potens unoque Padum translapsa volatu
castra sui rectoris adit. tum forte decorus
cum Stilichone gener pacem implorantibus ultro
Germanis responsa dabat, legesque Caucis
arduus et flavis signabat iura Suebis. 380
his tribuit reges, his obside foedera sancit

indicto; bellorum alios transcribit in usus,
 militet ut nostris detonsa Sygambria signis.
 laeta subit Romam pietas et gaudia paene
 moverunt lacrimas tantoque exultat alumno: 385
 sic armenta suo iam defensante iuvenco
 celsius adsurgunt erectae cornua matri,
 sic iam terribilem stabulis dominumque ferarum
 crescere miratur genetrix Massyla leonem.
 dimovit nebulam iuvenique adparuit ingens. 390
 tum sic orsa loqui:

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those that solicit him not. Whatever the senses desire he cultivates and offers for another's enjoyment. That hand will give whatever thou wouldest have. He performs the functions of all alike; his dignity loves to unbend. His meetings⁹⁵ and his deserving labours have won him this reward,⁹⁶ and he receives the consul's robe in recompense for the work of his skilful hand."

When the rumour concerning this disgrace of the eastern empire was known to be true and had impressed belief on Roman ears, Rome's goddess thus spake: "Is Eutropius worthy of mine ire? Is such an one fit cause for Roman grief?" So saying the mighty goddess winged her way through the heavens and with one stroke of her pinions passed beyond the Po and approached the camp of her emperor. It happened that even then the august Honorius, assisted by his father-in-law Stilicho, was making answer to the Germans who had come of their own accord to sue for peace. From his lofty throne he was dictating laws to the Cauci and giving a constitution to the flaxen-haired Suebi. Over these he sets a king, with those he signs a treaty now that hostages have been demanded; others he enters on the list as serviceable allies in war, so that in future the Sygambrians will cut off their flowing locks and serve beneath our banners. Joy and love so fill the goddess' heart that she well nigh weeps, so great is her happy pride in her illustrious foster-child. So when a bullock fights in defence of the herd his mother lifts her own horns more proudly; so the African lioness gazes with admiration on her cub as he grows to be the terror of the farmsteads and the future king of beasts. Rome lays aside her veil of cloud and towers above the youthful warrior, then thus begins.

⁹⁵ With a play upon the sexual meaning of the word: indeed the whole passage, from l. 358 is a mass of obscene innuendo.

⁹⁶ *i.e.* the consulship.

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"Quantum te principe possim,

non longinqua docent, domito quod Saxone Tethys
 mitior aut fracto secura Britannia Picto;
 ante pedes humili Franco tristisque Suebo
 perfluor et nostrum video, Germanice, Rhenum. 395
 sed quid agam? discors Oriens felicibus actis
 invidet atque alio Phoebi de cardine surgunt
 crimina, ne toto conspiret corpore regnum.
 Gildonis taceo magna cum laude receptam
 perfidiam et fretos Eoo robore Mauros. 400
 quae suscepta fames, quantum discriminis urbi,
 ni tua vel soceri numquam non provida virtus
 australem Arctois pensasset frugibus annum!
 invectae Rhodani Tiberina per ostia classes
 Cinyphiisque ferax Araris successit aristis. 405
 Teutonicus vomer Pyrenaeique iuvenci
 sudavere mihi; segetes mirantur Hiberas
 horrea; nec Libyae senserunt damna rebellis
 iam transalpina contenti messe Quirites.
 ille quidem solvit meritas (scit Tabraca) poenas, 410
 ut pereat quicumque tuis conflixerit armis.
 “Ecce repens isdem clades a partibus exit
 terrorisque minus, sed plus habitura pudoris
 Eutropius consul, pridem tolerare fatemur
 hoc genus, Arsacio postquam se regia fastu 415
 sustulit et nostros corruptit Parthia mores,
 praefecti sed adhuc gemmis vestique dabantur
 custodes sacroque adhibere silentia somno;

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“Examples near at hand testify to the extent of my power now thou art emperor. The Saxon is conquered and the seas safe; the Picts have been defeated and Britain is secure. I love to see at my feet the humbled Franks and broken Suebi, and I behold the Rhine mine own, Germanicus.⁹⁷ Yet what am I to do? The discordant East envies our prosperity, and beneath that other sky, lo! wickedness flourishes to prevent our empire’s breathing in harmony with one body. I make no mention of Gildo’s treason, detected so gloriously in spite of the power of the East on which the rebel Moor relied. For what extremes of famine did we not then look? How dire a danger overhung our city, had not thy valour or the ever-provident diligence of thy father-in-law supplied corn from the north in place of that from the south! Up Tiber’s estuary there sailed ships from the Rhine, and the Saône’s fertile banks made good the lost harvests of Africa. For me the Germans ploughed and the Spaniards’ oxen sweated; my granaries marvel at Iberian corn, nor did my citizens, now satisfied with harvests from beyond the Alps, feel the defection

of revolted Africa. Gildo, however, paid the penalty for his treason as Tabraca can witness. So perish all who take up arms against thee!

“Lo! on a sudden from that same clime comes another scourge, less terrible indeed but even more shameful, the consulship of Eutropius. I admit I have long learned to tolerate this unmanned tribe, ever since the court exalted itself with Arsacid pomp and the example of Parthia corrupted our morals. But till now they were but set to guard jewels and raiment, and to secure silence for the imperial slumber. Never beyond the sleeping-chamber

⁹⁷ She calls him *Germanicus* because of his pacification of Germany; see Introduction, p. x.

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militia eunuchi numquam progressa cubili,
non vita spondente fidem, sed inertia tutum 420
mentis pignus erat. secreta monilia servant,
ornatus curent Tyrios: a fronte recedant
imperii. tenero tractari pectore nescit
publica maiestas. numquam vel in aequore puppim
vidimus eunuchi clavo parere magistri. 425
nos adeo sperni faciles? orbisque carina
vilior? auroram sane, quae talia ferre
gaudet, et adsuetas sceptris muliebribus urbes
possideant; quid belliferam communibus urunt
Italiam maculis nocituraque probra severis 430
ammiscent populis? peregrina piacula forti
pellantur longe Latio nec transeat Alpes
dedecus; in solis, quibus extitit, haereat arvis.
scribat Halys, scribat famae contemptor Orontes:
per te perque tuos obtestor Roma triumphos, 435
nesciat hoc Thybris, numquam poscentibus olim
qui dare Dentatis annos Fabiisque solebat.
Martius eunuchi repetet suffragia campus?
Aemilios inter servatoresque Camillos
Eutropius? iam Chrysogonis tua, Brute, potestas 440
Narcissisque datur? natos hoc dedere poenae
profuit et misero civem praeponere patri?
hoc mihi Ianiculo positis Etruria castris
quaesiit et tantum fluvio Porsenna remotus?
hoc meruit vel ponte Cocles vel Mucius igne? 445
visceribus frustra castum Lucretia ferrum

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did the eunuch's service pass; not their lives gave guarantee of loyalty but

their dull wits were a sure pledge. Let them guard hidden store of pearls and Tyrian-dyed vestments; they must quit high offices of state. The majesty of Rome cannot devolve upon an effeminate. Never have we seen so much as a ship at sea obey the helm in the hands of a eunuch-captain. Are we then so despicable? Is the whole world of less account than a ship? Let eunuchs govern the East by all means, for the East rejoices in such rulers, let them lord it over cities accustomed to a woman's sway: why disfigure warlike Italy with the general brand and defile her austere peoples with their deadly profligacy? Drive this foreign pollution from out the boundaries of manly Latium; suffer not this thing of shame to cross the Alps; let it remain fixed in the country of its birth. Let the river Halys or Orontes, careless of its reputation, add such a name to its annals: I, Rome, beg thee by thy life and triumphs, let not Tiber suffer this disgrace — Tiber whose way was to give the consulship to such men as Dentatus and Fabius though they asked not for it. Shall the Field of Mars witness the canvassing of an eunuch? Is Eutropius to stand with Aemilii and Camilli, saviours of their country? Is thy office, Brutus, now to be given to a Chrysogonus or a Narcissus⁹⁸? Is this the reward for giving up thy sons to punishment and setting the citizen's duty before the father's grief? Was it for this that the Tuscans made their camp on the Janiculum and Porsenna was but the river's span from our gates? For this that Horatius kept the bridge and Mucius braved the flames? Was it all to no purpose that

⁹⁸ Notorious freedmen and tools respectively of Sulla and the Emperor Claudius.

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mersit et attonitum tranavit Cloelia Thybrim?
 Eutropio fasces adservabantur adempti
 Tarquiniis? quemcumque meae vexere curules,
 laxato veniat socium aversatus Averno. ⁴⁵⁰
 impensi sacris Decii prorumpite bustis
 Torquatique truces animosaque pauperis umbra
 Fabricii tuque o, si forte inferna piorum
 iugera et Elysias scindis, Serrane, novales.
 Poeno Scipiadae, Poeno praeclare Lutati, ⁴⁵⁵
 Sicania Marcelle ferox, gens Claudia surgas⁹⁹
 et Curii veteres; et, qui sub iure negasti
 vivere Caesareo, parvo procede sepulcro
 Eutropium passure Cato; remcate tenebris,
 agmina Brutorum Corvinorumque catervae. ⁴⁶⁰
 eunuchi vestros habitus, insignia sumunt
 ambigui Romana mares; rapuere tremendas
 Hannibali Pyrrhoque togas; flabella perosi
 adspirant trabeis; iam non umbracula gestant
 virginibus, Latias ausi vibrare secures! ⁴⁶⁵

“Liquite femineas infelix turba latebras,
alter quos pepulit sexus nec suscipit alter,
execti Veneris stimulos et vulnere casti
(mixta duplex aetas; inter puerumque senemque
nil medium): falsi complete sedilia patres; ⁴⁷⁰
ite novi proceres infecundoque senatu
Eutropium stipate ducem; celebrate tribunal
pro thalamis, verso iam discite more curules,
non matrum pilenta sequi.

⁹⁹ MSS. have *surgat*.

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chaste Lucretia plunged the dagger into her bosom and Cloelia swam the astonished Tiber? Were the fasces reft from Tarquin to be given to Eutropius? Let Hell ope her jaws and all who have sat in my curule chair come and turn their backs upon their colleague. Decii, self-sacrificed for your country's good, come forth from your graves; and you, fierce Torquati; and thou, too, great-hearted shade of poor Fabricius. Serranus, come thou hither, if now thou plougest the acres of the holy dead and cleavest the fallow lands of Elysium. Come Scipios, Lutatius, famed for your victories over Carthage, Marcellus, conqueror of Sicily, rise from the dead, thou Claudian race, you progeny of Curius. Cato, thou who wouldst not live beneath Caesar's rule, come thou forth from thy simple tomb and brave the sight of Eutropius. Immortal bands of Bruti and Corvini, return to earth. Eunuchs don your robes of office, sexless beings assume the insignia of Rome. They have laid hands on the toga that inspired Hannibal and Pyrrhus with terror. They now despise the fan and aspire to the consul's cloak. No longer do they carry the maidenly parasol for they have dared to wield the axes of Latium.

“Unhappy band, leave your womanly fastnesses, you whom the male sex has discarded and the female will not adopt. The knife has cut out the stings of love and by that wounding you are pure. A mixture are you of two ages — child and greybeard and nought between. Take your seats, fathers in name alone. Come new lords, come sterile senate, throng your leader Eutropius. Fill the judgement-seat, not the bedchamber. Change your habits and learn to follow the consul's chair, not the woman's litter.

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“Ne prisca revolvam
neu numerem, quantis iniuria mille per annos ⁴⁷⁵
sit retro ducibus, quanti foedabitur aevi
canities, unam subeant quot saecula culpam:
inter Arinthaevi fastos et nomen erile

servus erit dominoque suos aequalis honores
insetet! heu semper Ptolomaei noxia mundo 480
mancia! en alio laedor graviore Pothino
et patior maius Phario scelus. ille cruorem
consulis unius Pellaeis ensibus hausit;
inquinat hic omnes.

“Si nil privata movebunt,
at tu principibus, vestrae tu prospice causae 485
regalesque averte notas. hunc accipit unum
aula magistratum: vobis patribusque recurrit
hic alternus honos. in crimen euntibus annis
parce, quater consul! contagia fascibus, oro,
defendas ignava tuis neu tradita libris 490
omina vestitusque meos, quibus omne, quod ambit
oceanus, domui, tanta caligine mergi
calcarique sinas. nam quae iam bella geramus
mollibus auspiciis? quae iam conubia prolem
vel frugem latura seges? quid fertile terris, 495
quid plenum sterili possit sub consule nasci?
eunuchi si iura dabunt legesque tenebunt,
ducant pensa viri mutatoque ordine rerum
vivat Amazonio confusa licentia ritu.

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“I would not cite examples from remote antiquity nor count the countless magistrates of past history whom he thus outrages. But think how the reverence due to all past ages will be impaired, on how many centuries one man’s shame will set its mark. Amid the annals that record the name of Arinthaëus,¹⁰⁰ his master, will be found the slave, and he will enter his own honours as equal to those of his owner. The slaves of Egypt’s kings have ever been a curse to the world; behold I suffer from a worse than Pothinus and bear a wrong more flagrant than that of which Egypt was once the scene. Pothinus’ sword at Alexandria spilled the blood of a single consul;¹⁰¹ Eutropius brings dishonour on all.

“If the fate of subjects cannot move thee, yet have thou regard for princes, for your common cause, and remove this stain on royalty. The consulship is the sole office the emperor deigns to accept; alternately the honour passes to Court and Senate. Thou who hast thyself been four times consul spare succeeding consuls this infamy. I pray thee, protect the fasces, so often thine, from the pollution of a eunuch’s hand; let not the omens handed down in our sacred books, let not those robes of mine wherewith I have subdued everything within Ocean’s stream, be plunged in so great darkness and trodden under foot. What kind of wars can we wage now that a eunuch takes

the auspices? What marriage, what harvest will be fruitful? What fertility, what abundance is possible beneath a consul stricken with sterility? If eunuchs shall give judgement and determine laws, then let men card wool and live like the Amazons, confusion and licence dispossessing the order of nature.

¹⁰⁰ Arinthaëus had held the high position of *magister peditum*. He died in 379.

¹⁰¹ Pothinus, the creature of Ptolemy Dionysius, was instrumental in killing Pompey in Egypt in 48 B.C.

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“Quid trahor ulterius? Stilicho, quid vincere differs,
dum certare pudet? nescis quod turpior hostis 501
laetitia maiore cadit? piratica Magnum
erigit, inlustrat servilis laurea Crassum.
adnuis. agnosco fremitum, quo palluit Eurus,
quo Mauri Gildoque ruit. quid Martia signa 505
sollicitas? non est iaculis hastisque petendus:
conscia succumbent audito verberare terga,
ut Scythia post multos rediens exercitus annos,
cum sibi servilis pro finibus obvia pubes
iret et arceret dominos tellure reversos, 510
armatam ostensis aciem fudere flagellis:
notus ab inceptis ignobile reppulit horror
vulgus et addictus sub verberare torpuit ensis.”

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“What need of further words? Why, Stilicho, dost thou delay to conquer because ashamed to fight? Knowest thou not that the viler a foe the greater the rejoicing at his overthrow? His defeat of the pirates extended the fame of great Pompey; his victory in the Servile War gave an added glory to Crassus. Thou acceptest my charge: I recognize the clamour that terrified the East and drove Gildo and his Moors to their destruction. Why sound the trump of war? No need to attack him with javelin or spear. At the crack of the whip will be bowed the back that has felt its blows. Even so when after many years the Scythian army came back from the wars and was met on the confines of its native land by the usurping crowd of slaves who sought to keep their returning masters from their country; with displayed whips they routed the armed ranks; back from its enterprise the familiar terror drove the servile mob, and at threat of the lash the bondsman’s sword grew dull.”

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IN EUTROPIUM

LIBER SECUNDUS. PRAEFATIO

(XIX.)

Qui modo sublimes rerum flectebat habenas
patricius, rursum verbera nota timet
et solitos tardae passurus compedis orbes
in dominos vanas luget abisse minas.
culmine deiectum vitae Fortuna priori 5
reddidit, insano iam satiata ioco.
scindere nunc alia meditatur ligna securi
fascibus et tandem vapulat ipse suis.
ille citas consul poenas se consule solvit:
annus qui trabeas hic dedit exilium. 10
infaustum populis in se quoque vertitur omen;
saevit in auctorem prodigiosus honos.
abluto penitus respirant nomine fasti
maturamque luem sanior aula vomit.
dissimulant socii coniuratique recedunt, 15
procumbit pariter cum duce tota cohors;
non acie victi, non seditione coacti;
nec pereunt ritu quo periere viri.
concidit exiguae dementia vulnere chartae;
confecit saevum littera Martis opus. 20

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AGAINST EUTROPIUS

BOOK II. PREFACE

(XIX.)

The nobly born Eutropius who but lately wielded the reins of supreme power once more fears the familiar blows; and, soon to feel the wonted shackles about his halting feet, he laments that his threats against his masters have idly vanished. Fortune, having had enough of her mad freak, has thrust him forth from his high office and restored him to his old way of life. He now prepares to hew wood with axe other than the consular and is at last scourged with the rods he once proudly carried. To the punishment set in motion by him when consul he himself as consul succumbed; the year that brought him his robe of office brought him his exile. That omen of evil augury for the people turns against itself, the portent of that consulship brings ruin to the consul. That name erased, our annals breathe once more, and better health is restored to the palace now that it has at last vomited forth its poison. His friends deny him, his accomplices abandon him; in his fall is involved all the eunuch band, overcome not in battle, subdued not by strife — they may not die a man's death. A mere stroke of the pen has wrought their undoing, a simple letter has fulfilled Mars' savage work.

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Mollis feminea detruditur arce tyrannus
et thalamo pulsus perdidit imperium:
sic iuvenis nutante fide veterique reducta
paelice defletam linquit arnica domum.
canitiem raram largo iam pulvere turpat 25
et lacrimis rugas implet anile gemens
suppliciterque pias humilis prostratus ad aras
mitigat iratas voce tremante nurus.
innumeri glomerantur eri sibi quisque petentes
mancipium solis utile suppliciis. 30
quamvis foedus enim mentemque obscaenior ore,
ira dabit pretium; poena meretur emi.

Quas, spado, nunc terras aut quem transibis in axem?
cingeris hinc odiis, inde recessit amor,
utraque te gemino sub sidere regia damnat: 35
Hesperius numquam, iam nec Eous eris.
miror cur, aliis qui pandere fata solebas,
ad propriam cladem caeca Sibylla taces.
iam tibi nulla videt fallax insomnia Nilus;
pervigilant vates iam, miserande, tui. 40
quid soror? audebit tecum conscendere puppim

et veniet longum per mare fida comes?
an fortasse toros eunuchi pauperis odit
et te nunc inopem dives amare negat?
eunuchi iugulum primus secuisse fateris; 45
sed tamen exemplo non feriere tuo.
vive pudor fatis. en quem tremuere tot urbes,
en cuius populi sustinuere iugum!

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The unsexed tyrant has been routed from out his fastness in the women's quarters and, driven from the bedchamber, has lost his power. Thus sadly, when her lover's fidelity wavers and a former favourite has been recalled, does a mistress leave his house. With handfuls of dust he sprinkles his scanty hairs and floods his wrinkles with senile tears; as he lies in humble supplication before the altars of the gods his trembling voice seeks to soften the anger of the women. His countless masters gather around, each demanding back his slave, useless except for chastisement. For loathsome though he is and fouler in mind even than in face, yet the very anger they feel against him will make them pay; he is worth buying simply to punish.

What land or country wilt thou now visit, eunuch? Here hate surrounds thee, there thy popularity is fled; both courts have uttered thy condemnation in either half of the world; never wert thou of the West, now the East repudiates thee too. I marvel that thou, blind Sibyl,¹⁰² who foretold'st the fates of others, art silent about thine own. No longer does fallacious Nile interpret thy dreams; no longer, poor wretch, do thy prophets see visions. What doth thy sister? Will she dare to embark with thee and bear thee faithful company over the distant seas? Mayhap she scorns the couch of an impoverished eunuch, and now that she herself is rich will not love thee who now art poor. Thou dost confess thou wert the first to cut a eunuch's throat, but the example will not secure thine own death. Live on that destiny may blush. Lo! this is he whom so many cities have held in awe, whose yoke so many peoples have borne. Why lament the loss of that

¹⁰² Claudian calls Eutropius the Sibyl because both were "oldwomen." He is referring to Eutropius' consultation of the Egyptian oracle; cf. *In Eutrop.* i. 312 and note.

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direptas quid plangis opes, quas natus habebit?
non aliter poteris principis esse pater. 50
improbe, quid pulsas muliebribus astra querellis,
quod tibi sub Cypri litore parta quies?
omnia barbarico per te concussa tumultu.
crede mihi, terra tutius aequor erit.

Iam non Armenios iaculis terrebis et arcu, 55
 per campos volucrem non agitabis equum;
 dilecto caruit Byzantius ore senatus;
 curia consiliis aestuat orba tuis:
 emeritam suspende togam, suspende pharetram;
 ad Veneris partes ingeniumque redi. 60
 non bene Gradivo lenonia dextera servit.
 suscipiet famulum te Cytherea libens.
 insula laeta choris, blandorum mater Amorum:
 nulla pudicitiae cura placere potest.
 prospectant Paphiae celsa de rupe puellae 65
 sollicitae, salvam dum ferat unda ratem.
 sed vereor, teneant ne te Tritones in alto
 lascivas doctum fallere Nereidas,
 aut idem cupiant pelago te mergere venti,
 Gildonis nuper qui tenuere fugam. 70
 inclita captivo memoratur Tabraca Mauro,
 naufragio Cyprus sit memoranda tuo.
 vecturum moriens frustra delphina vocabis;
 ad terram solos devehit ille viros.
 quisquis adhuc similes eunuchus tendit in actus, 75
 respiciens Cyprum desinat esse ferox.

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wealth thy son shall inherit? In no other way couldst thou have been father to an emperor.¹⁰³ Why insatiably weary heaven with a woman's plaints? A haven of refuge is prepared for thee on the shores of Cyprus. Thou hast plunged the world in war with barbarity; the sea, believe me, is safer than the land.

No longer wilt thou strike terror into the Armenians with javelin and bow, no more scour the plain on thy fleet charger. The senate of Byzantium has been deprived of thy loved voice; uncertainty holds the august assembly that is now deprived of thy counsels. Hang up thy toga, retired consul; hang up thy quiver, veteran soldier; return to Venus' service; that is thy true calling. The pander's hand knows not to serve Mars featly; Cytherea will right gladly take back her slave. Dancing fills the island of Cyprus, home of the happy loves; there purity commands no respect. Paphian maidens gaze forth from the high cliffs, anxious till the wave has brought thy bark safe to land. Yet fear I lest the Tritons detain thee in the deep to teach them how they may seduce the sportive Nereids, or that those same winds which hindered Gildo's flight may seek to drown thee in the sea. Tabraca owes its fame to the overthrow of the Moor; may Cyprus win prestige from thy shipwreck. In vain will thy last breath be spent in calling on the dolphin to carry thee to shore: his back bears only men.¹⁰⁴ Hereafter should any eunuch attempt to emulate thine actions let

him turn his eye towards Cyprus and abate his pride.

¹⁰³ Eutropius had been raised by Arcadius to the highest of all ranks, that of Patrician. These *patricii* were called the "fathers" of the Emperor. Hence Eutropius, a patrician, left (*i.e.* forfeited) his property on his banishment to Cyprus to his "son" Arcadius.

¹⁰⁴ A reference to the rescue of Arion by the dolphin.

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IN EUTROPIUM

LIBER II.

(XX.)

Mygdonii cineres et si quid restat Eoi,
quod pereat, regni: certe non augure falso
prodigii patuere minae, frustraue peracto
vulnere monstriferi praesagia discitis anni.
cautior ante tamen violentum navita Caurum 5
prospicit et tumidae subducit vela procellae.
quid iuvat errorem mersa iam puppe fateri?
quid lacrimae delicta levant? stant omina vestri
consulis: inmotis haesere piacula fatis.
tunc decuit sentire nefas, tunc ire recentes 10
detersum maculas. veteri post obruta morbo
corpora Paeonias nequiquam admoveris herbas.
ulcera possessis alte suffusa medullis
non leviori manu, ferro sanantur et igni,
ne noceat frustra mox eruptura cicatrix. 15
ad vivum penetrant flammae, quo funditus umor
defluat et vacuis corrupto sanguine venis

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AGAINST EUTROPIUS

BOOK II

(XX.)

Ashes of Phrygia and you last remnants of the ruined East (if any such remain), the augury was but too true, too clear the threats of heaven: now that the blow has fallen what use to learn the presagings of this year of portents? The sailor is more cautious; he foresees the violence of the North wind and hauls in his canvas before the swelling storm. Of what avail to acknowledge a mistake when his vessel is already sunk? Can tears extenuate a crime? The sinister auspices of your consul live on; the atonement due to unmoved fate remains fixed. Ere the deed was done you should have realized its horror; you should have erased the blot ere it had dried. When the body is overwhelmed by long-standing disease 'tis all in vain that thou makest use of healing medicines. When an ulcer has penetrated to the marrow of the bones the touch of a hand is useless, steel and fire must sane the place that the wound heal not on the surface, like any moment to re-open. The flame must penetrate to the quick to make a way for the foul humours to escape; in order that, once the veins are emptied of corrupted blood, the

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arescat fons ipse mali; truncatur et artus,
ut liceat reliquis securum degere membris.
at vos egregie purgatam creditis aulam, 20
Eutropium si Cyprus habet? vindictaque mundi
semivir exul erit? qui vos lustrare valebit
oceanus? tantum facinus quae diluet aetas?

Induerat necdum trabeas: mugitus ab axe
redditus inferno, rabies arcana cavernas 25
vibrat et alterno confligunt culmina lapsu.
bacchatus per operta tremor Calchedona movit
pronus et in geminas nutavit Bosphorus urbes.
concurrere freti fauces, radice revulsa
vitant instabilem rursum Symplegada nautae. 30
scilicet haec Stygiae praemittunt signa sorores
et sibi iam tradi populos hoc consule gaudent.
mox oritur diversa lues: hinc Mulciber ignes
sparserat, hinc victa proruperat obice Nereus;
haec flagrant, haec tecta natant. quam, numina,
poenam 35

servatis sceleris, cuius tot cladibus omen
constitit? incumbas utinam, Neptune, tridenti
pollutumque solum toto cum crimine mergas.

unam pro mundo Furiis concedimus urbem. 39

Utque semel patuit monstris iter, omnia tempus
nacta suum properant: nasci tum decolor imber
infantumque novi vultus et dissona partu
semina, tum lapidum fletus armentaque vulgo
ausa loqui mediisque ferae se credere muris;
tum vates sine more rapi lymphataque passim 45

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fountain-head of the evil may be dried up. Nay, even limbs are amputated to assure the healthy life of the rest of the body. Think you the Court fitly cleansed by Eutropius' exile in Cyprus? The world avenged by the banishment of a eunuch? Can any ocean wash away that stain? any age bring forgetfulness of so great a crime?

Ere yet he had donned the consul's robe there came a rumbling from the bowels of the earth; a hidden madness shook the subterranean caverns and buildings crashed one on another. Chalcedon, shaken to the foundations, tottered like a drunken man, and Bosphorus, straying from his course, flooded the cities on his either bank. The shores of the strait came together and the sailors once more had to avoid the Clashing Rocks, torn from their foundation and errant. Surely such presages were sent by the sister deities of Styx, rejoicing that under this consul at last all peoples were delivered into their hands. Soon arose divers forms of ruin: here the fire-god spread his flames; there Nereus, god of the sea, brake his bounds. Here men's homes were burned, there flooded. Ye gods, what punishment do ye hold in store for the scoundrel whose rise to power was marked by such portents? O'ercome us, Neptune, with thy trident and overwhelm our defiled soil along with all the guilt. One city we yield to the Furies, a scapegoat for the sins of the world.

Once the way was open for portents, prodigies of every sort hastened to disclose themselves. Rain of blood fell, children of weird form were born and offspring discordant with their breed. Statues wept, not seldom the herds dared to speak, and wild beasts braved an entrance into the city. Then seers raved

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pectora terrifici stimulis ignescere Phoebi.
fac nullos cecinisse deos: adeone retusi
quisquam cordis erit, dubitet qui partibus illis
adfore fatalem castrati consulis annum?
sed quam caecus inest vitiis amor! omne futurum 50
despicitur suadentque brevem praesentia fructum
et ruit in vetitum damni secreta libido,

dum mora supplicii lucro serumque quod instat
creditur, haud equidem contra tot signa Camillo
detulerim fascēs, nedum (pro sexus!) inerti 55
mancipio, cui, cuncta licet responsa iuberent
hortantesque licet sponderent prospera divi,
turpe fuit cessisse viros.

Exquirite retro
crimina continui lectis annalibus aevi,
prisca recensitis evolvite saecula fastis: 60
quid senis infandi Capreae, quid scaena Neronis
tale ferunt? spado Romuleo succinctus amictu
sedit in Augustis laribus. vulgata patebat
aula salutantum studiis; huc plebe senatus
permixta trepidique duces omnisque potestas 65
confluit. advolvi genibus, contingere dextram
ambitus et votum deformibus oscula rugis
figere. praesidium legum genitorque vocatur
principis et famulum dignatur regia patrem.
posteritas, admitte fidem: monumenta petuntur 70
dedecoris multisque gemunt incudibus aera
formatura nefas. haec iudicis, ilia togati,

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strangely and frenzied hearts were everywhere ablaze, stirred by the fires of the dread god Phoebus. Yet even had no god warned us, whose mind shall be so dull as to doubt that the year of an emasculate consul must be fatal to those lands? Blind folly ever accompanies crime; of the future no account is taken; sufficient for the day is its short-lived pleasure; heedless of loss passion plunges into forbidden joys, counting the postponement of punishment a gain and believing distant the retribution that even now o'erhangs. In face of such portents I would not have entrusted Camillus' self with the fascēs, let alone a sexless slave (oh! the shame of it!), to yield it to whom were, for men, a disgrace, even though every oracle decreed it, and the insistent deities gave pledges of prosperity.

Look back in the annals of crime, read o'er all past history, unroll the volumes of Rome's story. What can the Capri of Tiberius' old age, what can Nero's theatre offer like to this?¹⁰⁵ A eunuch, clad in the cloak of Romulus, sat within the house of the emperors; the staled palace lay open to the eager throng of visitors; hither hasten senators, mingling with the populace, anxious generals and magistrates of every degree; all are fain to be the first to fall at his feet and to touch his hand; the prayer of all is to set kisses on those hideous wrinkles. He is called defender of the laws, father of the emperor, and the court deigns to acknowledge a slave as its overlord. Ye who come after,

acknowledge that it is true! Men must needs erect monuments to celebrate this infamy; on many an anvil groans the bronze that is to take upon it the form of this monster. Here gleams his statue as a judge,

¹⁰⁵ Suetonius draws a lurid (and probably exaggerated) picture of the debaucheries of Tiberius' old age at Capri. The same author describes the "scaena Neronis." The curious may find the account in Suet, *Nero*, xxix.

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haec nitet armati species; numerosus ubique
fulget eques: praefert eunuchi curia vultus.
ac veluti caveant ne quo consistere virtus 75
possit pura loco, cunctas hoc ore laborant
incestare vias. maneant inmota precamur
certaque perpetui sint argumenta pudoris.
subter adulantes tituli nimiaeque leguntur
vel maribus laudes: claro quod nobilis ortu 80
(cum vivant domini!), quod maxima proelia solus
impleat (et patitur miles!), quod tertius urbis
conditor (hoc Byzas Constantinusque videbant!).
inter quae tumidus leno producere cenas
in lucem, foetere mero, dispergere plausum 85
empturas in vulgus opes, totosque theatris
indulgere dies, alieni prodigus auri.
at soror et, si quid portentis creditur, uxor
mulcebat matres epulis et more pudicae
coniugis eunuchi celebrabat vota mariti. 90
hanc amat, hanc summa de re vel pace vel armis
consulit, huic curas et clausa palatia mandat
ceu stabulum vacuumque domum. sic magna tueri
regna nihil, patiensque iugi deluditur orbis?

Mitior alternum Zephyri iam bruma teporem 95
senserat et primi laxabant germina flores,
iamque iter in gremio pacis sollemne parabant
ad muros, Ancyra, tuos, auctore repertum
Eutropio, pelagi ne taedia longa subirent,

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there as a consul, there as a warrior. On every side one sees that figure of his mounted on his horse; before the very doors of the senate-house behold a eunuch's countenance. As though to rob virtue of any place where she might sojourn undefiled, men labour to befoul every street with this vile image. May they rest for ever undisturbed, indisputable proofs of our eternal shame; such is my prayer. Beneath the statues one reads flattering titles and praises too great even for *men*. Do they tell of his noble race and lineage while his owners

are still alive? What soldier brooks to read that single-handed he, Eutropius, won great battles? Are Byzas¹⁰⁶ and Constantine to be told that he is the third founder of Rome? Meanwhile the arrogant pander prolongs his revels till the dawn, stinking of wine and scattering money amid the crowd to buy their applause. He spends whole days of amusement in the theatres, prodigal of another's money. But his sister and spouse (if such a prodigy can be conceived) wins the favour of Rome's matrons by entertainments, and, like a chaste wife, sings the praises of her eunuch husband. 'Tis her he loves, her he consults on all matters of importance, be it of peace or war, to her care he entrusts the keys of the palace, as one would of a stable or empty house. Is the guardianship of a mighty empire thus naught? Is it thus he makes a mockery of a world's obedience?

Winter, passing into spring, had now felt the returning warmth of Zephyrus' breezes and the earliest flowers had oped their buds when, in the lap of peace, they were preparing the annual journey to thy walls, Ancyra. 'Twas Eutropius' device that weariness of the sea¹⁰⁷ might not come upon him,

¹⁰⁶ Mythical founder of Byzantium (= Constantinople): said to have been contemporaneous with the Argonauts (Diod. iv. 49. 1).

¹⁰⁷ *i.e.* to prevent his being bored with the view of the Bosphorus.

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sed vaga lascivis flueret discursibus aestas: 100
unde tamen tanta sublimes mole redibant,
ceui vinctos traherent Medos Indumque bibissent.
ecce autem flavis Gradivus ab usque Gelonis
arva cruentato repetebat Thracia curru:
subsidunt Pangaea rotis altaeque sonoro 105
stridunt axe nives. ut vertice constitit Haemi
femineasque togas pressis conspexit habenis,
subrisit cradele pater cristisque micantem
quassavit galeam; tunc implacabile numen
Bellonam adloquitur, quae sanguine sordida vestem
Illyricis pingues pectebat stragibus hydros: 111
“Necdum mollitiae, necdum, germana, mederi
possumus Eoae? numquam corrupta rigescent
saecula? Cappadocum tepidis Argaeus acervis
aestuatur; infelix etiamnum pallet Orontes. 115
dum pereunt, meminere mali; si corda parumper
respirare sinas, nullo tot funera sensu
praetereunt: antiqua levis iactura cruoris!
“Adspicis obscaenum facinus? quid crinibus ora
protegis? en quales sese diffudit in actus 120

parva quies, quantum nocuerunt otia ferri!
qui caruit bellis, eunucho traditur annus.
actum de trabeis esset, si partibus una
mens foret Hesperii; rueret derisa vetustas
nullaque calcati starent vestigia iuris, ¹²⁵
ni memor imperii Stilicho morumque priorum
turpe relegasset defenso Thybride nomen

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but a roaming summer might slide away in pleasure journeys. But so magnificent was their return, you would have imagined they brought conquered Persia in their train and had drunk of the waters of Indus. Look you! Mars, returning from the distant lands of the yellow-haired Geloni, was re-seeking the lands of Thrace in his bloody chariot. Pangaeus subsided beneath his wheels, the mountain snows cried out under his sounding axle. Scarce had the father stayed on Haemus' summit and, reining in his coursers, looked upon the toga-clad woman, when he smiled a cruel smile and shook his gleaming crested helm; then he addressed Bellona, implacable goddess, who, her raiment all stained with blood, was combing her snake-hair, fattened on the slaughter of Illyrians.

"Sister, shall we never succeed in curing the East of effeminacy? Will this corrupt age never learn true manliness? Argaeus yet reeks with those heaps of dead Cappadocians not yet cold; Orontes is still pale from misery. But they only remember evil while they suffer it; give them a moment's respite and all their slaughter fades from their minds unfelt; little they reckon of bloodshed that is past.

"Seest thou this foul deed? Why veil thy face with thine hair? See what crimes a short spell of peace has wrought! what a curse has the sheathed sword proved! The year that has known no war has had a eunuch for its consul. The consulship would have been at an end had a like spirit animated Italy; this age-long office had fallen amid mockery and no traces been left of its trampled rights, had not Stilicho, heedful of the empire and of the character and morals of a past age, banished from Tiber's city

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intactamque novo servasset crimine Romam.
ille dedit portum, quo se pulsata referret
maiestas Latii deformataeque secures; ¹³⁰
ille dedit fastos, ad quos Oriente relicto
confugeret sparsum maculis servilibus aevum.
"Quam similes haec aula viros! ad moenia visus

dirige: num saltem tacita formidine mussant?
num damnant animo? plaudentem cerne senatum 135
et Byzantinos proceres Graiosque Quirites.
o patribus plebes, o digni consule patres!
quid? quod et armati cessant et nulla virilis
inter tot gladios sexum reminiscitur ira?
hucine nostrorum cinctus abiire nepotum? 140
sic Bruti despectus honos?

“Ignosce parenti,
Romule, quod serus temeratis fascibus ultor
advenio: iamiam largis haec gaudia faxo
compensent lacrimis. quid dudum inflare moraris
Tartaream, Bellona, tubam, quid stringere falcem, 145
qua populos a stirpe metis? molire tumultus,
excute delicias. Thracum Macetumque ruinae
taedet et in gentes iterum saevire sepultas.
damna minus consueta move; trans aequora saevas
verte faces; aliis exordia sume rapinis. 150
non tibi Riphaeis hostis quaerendus ab oris,
non per Caucasias accito turbine valles
est opus. Ostrogothis colitur mixtisque Gruthungis
Phryx ager: hos parvae poterunt impellere causae

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this shameful name and kept Rome unsullied by an unheard of crime. He has given us a harbour to which the exiled majesty of Latium and the disgraced fasces might retire; he has given us annals wherein, abandoning the East, an age polluted with servile stains might find a refuge.

“How like to its lord the inhabitants of the palace! Turn your eyes to the city walls. Surely they at least mutter disapprobation, though fear forbids them speak out? Do they not condemn him in their hearts? No: list the plaudits of the senate, of the lords of Byzantium, of the Grecian citizens of Rome. O people worthy of such a senate, senate worthy of such a consul! To think that all these bear arms and use them not, that manly indignation reminds not of their sex those many whose thighs bear a sword! Has my descendants’ robe of office sunk so low? Is Brutus’ renown thus brought to scorn?

“Romulus, forgive thy sire for coming so tardy an avenger of those outraged fasces. Right soon will I make them pay for this joy with liberal tears. Why delayest thou, Bellona, to sound the trumpet of hell and to arm thyself with the scythe wherewith thou mowest the people to the ground? Foment discord, banish pleasures. I am weary of the devastation of Thrace and Macedon, of vengeance twice wreaked on races already buried. Arouse less accustomed

destruction; spread fire and sword beyond the seas, make a beginning of new devastation. Seek not now thy foe on Rhiphaeus' heights: what boots it to rouse the storm of war amid Caucasia's ravines? Ostrogoths and Gruthungi together inhabit the land of Phrygia; 'twill need but a touch

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in scelus; ad mores facilis natura reverti. 155
sic eat: in nostro quando iam milite robur
torpuit et molli didicit parere magistro,
vindictet Arctous violatas advena leges;
barbara Romano succurrant arma pudori."

Sic fatus clipeo, quantum vix ipse deorum 160
arbiter infesto cum percutit aegida nimbo,
intonuit. responsat Athos Haemusque remugit;
ingeminat raucum Rhodope concussa fragorem.
cornua cana gelu mirantibus extulit undis
Hebrus et exanguem glacie timor adligat Histrum. 165
tunc, adamante gravem nodisque rigentibus hastam,
telum ingens nullique deo iaculabile, torsit.
fit late ruptis via nubibus; ilia per auras
tot freta, tot montes uno contenta volatu
transilit et Phrygiae mediis adfigitur arvis. 170
sensit humus; gemuit Nysaeo palmitum felix
Hermus et aurata Pactolus inhorruit urna
totaque summissis flevit Dindyma silvis.

Nec dea praemissae stridorem segnius hastae
consequitur, centumque vias meditata nocendi 175
tandem Tarbigilum (Geticae dux improbus alae¹⁰⁸
hic erat) adgreditur. viso tum forte redibat
Eutropio vacuus donis, feritasque dolore
creverat et, teneris etiam quae crimina suadet

¹⁰⁸ *alae* Rubenus; MSS. (followed by Birt) have *aulae*.

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to precipitate them into revolt; readily does nature return to her old ways. So be it. Since our soldiers' valour is numbed and they have learned to obey an unmanned master, let a stranger from the north avenge our outraged laws and barbarian arms bring relief to disgraced Rome."

So spake he and thundered with his shield nigh as loud as the ruler of the gods when he shakes his aegis from out the lowering cloud. Athos replies, Haemus

re-echoes; again and again shaken Rhodope repeats the hoarse uproar. Hebrus raised from out the wondering waters his horns hoary with frost, and bloodless Ister froze in fear. Then the god cast his javelin,¹⁰⁹ heavy with steel, and stiff with knotted shaft, a mighty weapon such as none other god could wield. The clouds part before its onset and give it free passage; through the air it speeds o'er seas and mountains by one mighty cast and comes to earth amid the plains of Phrygia. The ground felt the shock; Hermus blessed with Dionysus' vines groaned thereat, Pactolus' golden urn shuddered, all Dindymus bent his forest fleece and wept.

Bellona, too, hastens forth with speed no less than that of Mars' whistling spear; a hundred ways of hurt she pondered and at last approached Tarbigilus,¹¹⁰ fierce leader of the Getic squadron. It chanced he had but late returned with empty hands from a visit to Eutropius; disappointment and indignation aggravated his ferocity, and poverty, that can incite

109 Alluding to the Roman custom of casting a spear as a sign of the declaration of war; cf. Ovid, *Fasti*, vi. 207 —
Hinc solet hasta manu belli praenuntia mitti In regem et gentes cum placet arma capi.

110 Tarbigilus seems to have belonged to the nation of the Gruthungi. The exact form of his name is a matter of uncertainty. The MSS. vary: Zosimus (v. 13. 2) calls him Τριβιγίλδος. His revolt in Phrygia (cf. ll. 274, etc.) took place in 399.

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ingeniis, Scythicum pectus flammabat egestas. 180
huic sese vultu simulatae coniugis offert
mentitoque ferox incedit barbara gressu,
carbasseos induta sinus: post terga reductas
uberibus propior mordebat fibula vestes,
inque orbem tereti mitra retinente capillum 185
strinxerat et virides flavescere iusserat angues.
advolat ac niveis reducem complectitur ulnis
infunditque animo furiale per oscula virus.
principe quam largo veniat, quas inde reportet
divitias, astu rabiem motura requirit. 190
ille iter ingratum, vanos deflere labores,
quos super eunuchi fastus, quae probra tulisset.
continuo secat ungue genas et tempore pandit
adrepto gemitus:

"I nunc, devotus aratris
scinde solum positoque tuos mucrone sodales 195
ad rastros sudare doce. bene rura Gruthungus
excolet et certo disponet sidere vites.
felices aliae, quas debellata maritis
oppida, quas magnis quaesitae viribus ornant
exuviae, quibus Argivae pulchraeque ministrant 200

Thessalides, famulas et quae meruere Lacaenas.
me nimium timido, nimium iunxere remisso
fata viro, totum qui degener exuit Histrum,
qui refugit patriae ritus, quem detinet aequi
gloria concessoque cupit vixisse colonus 205
quam dominus raptō. quid pulchra vocabula pigris

* * * * *

the gentlest heart to crime, inflamed his savage breast. Taking upon her the similitude of his wife she comes to meet him; proudly she steps forth like the barbarian queen, clothed in linen raiment. Close to her breast a brooch fastened her dress that trailed behind her; she had bound her locks into a coil that a polished circlet confined, and bidden her green snakes turn to gold. She hastens to greet him on his return and throws her snowy arms about his neck, instilling the poison of the furies into his soul by her kisses. Guilefully to stir his rage she asks if the great man has been generous to him; if he brings back rich presents. With tears he recounts his profitless journey, his useless toil, the pride and insults, moreover, which he had to bear at the eunuch's hands. At once she seized the favourable moment, and tearing her cheek with her nails, discloses her complaints.

“Go then, busy thyself with the plough, cleave the soil, bid thy followers lay aside their swords and sweat o’er the harrow. The Gruthungi will make good farmers and will plant their vines in due season. Happy those other women whose glory is seen in the towns their husbands have conquered, they whose adornment is the spoils so hardly won from an enemy, whose servants are fair captives of Argos or Thessaly, and who have won them slaves from Sparta. Fate has mated me with too timid, too indolent a husband, a degenerate who has forgotten the valour of Ister’s tribes, who deserts his country’s ways, whom a vain reputation for justice attracts, while he longs to live as a husbandman by favour rather than as a prince by plunder. Why give fair names to shameful weakness?

* * * * *

praetentas vitiis? probitatis inertia nomen,
iustitiae formido subit. tolerabis iniquam
pauperiem, cum tela geras? et flebis inultus,
cum pateant tantae nullis custodibus urbes? 210

“Quippe metus poenae. pridem mos ille vigebat,
ut meritos colerent impacatisque rebelles
urgerent odiis; at nunc, qui foedera rumpit,
ditatur; qui servat, eget. vastator Achivae

gentis et Epirum nuper populates inultam 215
praesidet Illyrico; iam, quos obsedit, amicos
ingreditur muros illis responsa daturus,
quorum coniugibus potitur natosque peremit.
sic hostes punire solent, haec praemia solvunt
excidiis. cunctaris adhuc numerumque tuorum 220
respicis exiguamque manum? tu rumpe quietem;
bella dabunt socios. nec te tam prona monerem,
si contra paterere viros: nunc alter in armis
sexus et eunuchis se defensoribus orbis
credidit; hos aquilae Romanae signa sequuntur.
incipi barbaricae tandem te reddere vitae, 226
te quoque iam timeant admirenturque nocentem,
quem sprevere pium. spoliis praedaeque repletus
cum libeat Romanus eris.”

Sic fata repente
in diram se vertit avem rostroque recurvo 230
turpis et infernis tenebris obscurior alas
auspiciis veteri sedit ferale sepulcro.

Ille, pavor postquam resoluta corde quievit

* * * * *

Cowardice is called loyalty; fear, a sense of justice. Wilt thou submit to humiliating poverty though thou bearest arms? Wilt thou weep unavenged, though so many cities open to thee their undefended gates?

“Dost thou fear the consequences? Rome’s old way was to reward merit and vent on rebels a hate that knew no bound. Now he who breaks a treaty wins riches, while he who observes one lives in want. The ravager of Achaëa and recent devastator of defenceless Epirus is lord of Illyria¹¹¹; he now enters as a friend within the walls to which he was laying siege, and administers justice to those whose wives he has seduced and whose children he has murdered. Such is the punishment meted out to an enemy, such the vengeance exacted for wholesale slaughter — and dost thou still hesitate? Hast thou regard to the small numbers of thy followers? Nay, have done with peace: war will give thee allies. Nor would I urge thee so instantly hadst thou to face men. It is another sex that is in arms against thee; the world has entrusted itself to the protection of eunuchs; ’tis such leaders the eagles and standards of Rome follow. Time it is thou didst return to a barbarian life; be thou in thy turn an object of terror, and let men marvel at thy crimes who despised thy virtues. Laden with booty and plunder thou shalt be a Roman when it pleases thee.”

So saying she suddenly changed into an ill-omened bird, a loathsome sight with its hooked beak and plumage blacker than Hell's darkness, and perched, a sinister augury, on an old tomb.

So soon as repose from terror came to his freed

¹¹¹ Alaric was made *magister militum* in Illyricum: see Introduction, p. x.

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et rigidae sedere comae, non distulit atrox
iussa deae; sociis, quae viderat, ordine pandit 235
irritatque sequi. Coniurat barbara pubes
nacta ducem Latiisque palam descivit ab armis.

Pars Phrygiae, Scythicis quaecumque Trionibus alget
proxima, Bithynos, solem quae condit, Ionas,
quae levat, attingit Galatas. utrimque propinqui 240
finibus obliquis Lydi Pisidaeque feroces
continuant australe latus. gens una fuere
tot quondam populi, priscum cognomen et unum
appellata Phryges; sed (quid non longa valebit
permutare dies?) dicti post Maeona regem 245
Maeones. Aegaeos insedit Graecia portus;
Thyni Thraces arant quae nunc Bithynia fertur;
nuper ab Oceano Gallorum exercitus ingens
illis ante vagus tandem regionibus haesit
gaesaeque deposuit, Graio iam mitis amictu, 250
pro Rheno poturus Halyn. dat cuncta vetustas
principium Phrygibus; nec rex Aegyptius ultra
restitit, humani postquam puer uberis expers
in Phrygiam primum laxavit murmura vocem.

Hie cecidit Libycis iactata paludibus olim 255
tibia, foedatam cum reddidit umbra Minervam,
hic et Apollinea victus testudine pastor
suspensa memores inlustrat pelle Celaenas.

* * * * *

heart, and his stiffened hair sank down again, he made all haste to carry out the commands of the goddess. He told his followers all that he had seen and urged them to follow him. Rebellious Barbary had found a champion and openly threw off the Latin yoke.

That part of Phrygia which lies towards the north beneath the cold

constellation of the Wain borders on Bithynia; that towards the sunset on Ionia, and that towards the sunrise on Galatia. On two sides runs the transverse boundary of Lydia while the fierce Pisidians hem it in to the south. All these peoples once formed one nation and had one name: they were of old called the Phrygians, but (what changes does time not bring about?) after the reign of a king Maeon, were known as Maeones. Then the Greeks settled on the shores of the Aegean, and the Thyni from Thrace cultivated the region now called Bithynia. Not long since a vast army of Gauls, nomad hitherto, came at last to rest in the district; these laid by their spears, clothed them in the civilized robe of Greece and drank no longer from Rhine's, but from Halys', waters. All antiquity gives priority to the Phrygian, even Egypt's king had perforce to recognize it when the babe, nourished at no human breast, first opened his lips to lisp the Phrygian tongue.¹¹²

Here fell the pipe once hurled into the marshes of Libya, what time the stream reflected Minerva's disfigured countenance.¹¹³ Here, too, there perished, conquered by Apollo's lyre, the shepherd Marsyas whose flayed skin brought renown to the city of

¹¹² The reference is to Herodotus ii. 2. Psammetichus, King of Egypt, wishing to find out which was the most ancient nation, had two children reared in complete silence. As the first word they uttered was "Becos," the Phrygian word for "bread," Phrygia was accorded the honour.

¹¹³ Minerva is said to have thrown her pipe into the river when she observed in the reflection the facial contortions apparently necessary to play it; cf. Ovid, *Fasti*, vi. 699.

* * * * *

quattuor hinc magnis procedunt fontibus amnes
auriferi; nec miror aquas radiare metallo, ²⁶⁰
quae totiens lavere Midan. diversus ad Austrum
cursus et Arctoum fluviis mare. Dindyma fundunt
Sangarium, vitrei puro qui gurgite Galli
auctus Amazonii defertur ad ostia Ponti.
Icarium pelagus Mycalaeaque litora iuncti ²⁶⁵
Marsya Maeanderque petunt; sed Marsya velox,
dum suus est, flexuque carens iam flumine mixtus
mollitur, Maeandre, tuo; contraria passus,
quam Rhodano stimulatus Arar: quos inter aprica
planities Cererique favet densisque ligatur ²⁷⁰
vitibus et glaucae fructus attollit olivae,
dives equis, felix pecori pretiosaque picto
marmore purpureis, caedit quod Synnada, venis.

Talem tum Phrygiam Geticis populatibus uri
permisere dei. securas barbarus urbes ²⁷⁵
inrupit facilesque capi. spes nulla salutis,
nulla fugae: putribus iam propugnacula saxis

longo corruerant aevo pacisque senecta.

Interea gelidae secretis rupibus Idae
dum sedet et thiasos spectat de more Cybebe 280
Curetumque alacres ad tympana suscitāt enses,
aurea sanctarum decus immortale comarum
defluxit capiti turris summoque volutus
vertice crinalis violatur pulvere murus.
obstipuerunt truces omen Corybantes et uno 285
fixa metu tacitas presserunt orgia buxos.
indoluit genetrix, tum sic commota profatur:

* * * * *

Celaenae. Hence flow four broad auriferous rivers. Small wonder that the waters in which King Midas bathed so often glitter with the rare metal. Two flow north, two southwards. Dindymus gives birth to the river Sangarius, which, swollen by the clear stream of the Gallus, hastens on to the Euxine, the sea of the Amazon. The conjoined streams of Marsyas and Meander make for the Icarian main and Mycale's strand. Marsyas flows fast and straight while his course is his own; mingled with thy waters, Meander, he goes slowly — unlike the Saône whose waters are hastened by the Rhone's inflowing. Between these rivers is a sun-kissed plain; kindly is it to the corn, thick-set with vines and displaying the fruit of the grey-green olive; rich, too, in horses, fertile in flocks, and wealthy with the purple-veined marble that Synnada quarries.

Such was Phrygia then when the gods allowed it to be ravaged by Getic brigands. The barbarian burst in upon those cities so peaceful, so easy of capture. There was no hope of safety, no chance of escape. Long and peaceful ages had made the crumbling stones of their battlements to fall.

Meanwhile Cybele was seated amid the hallowed rocks of cold Ida, watching, as is her wont, the dance, and inciting the joyous Curetes to brandish their swords at the sound of the drum, when, lo, the golden-turreted crown, the eternal glory of her blessed hair, fell from off her head and, rolling from her brow, the castellated diadem is profaned in the dust. The Corybantes stopped in amazement at this omen; general alarm checked their orgies and silenced their pipes. The mother of the gods wept; then spake thus in sorrow.

* * * * *

“Hoc mihi iam pridem Lachesis grandaeva canebat
augurium: Phrygiae casus venisse supremos
delapsus testatur apex, heu sanguine qualis 290
ibit Sangarius quantasque cadavera lenti

Maeandri passura moras! immobilis haeret
terminus, haec dudum nato placuere Tonanti.
par et finitimis luctus, frustraue Lyaei
non defensuros implorat Lydia thyrsos. 295
iamque vale Phrygiae tellus perituraque flammis
moenia, conspicuas quae nunc attollitis arces,
mox campi nudumque solum! dilecta valete
flumina! non vestris ultra bacchabor in antris
nec iuga sulcabit noster Berecynthia currus.” 300
dixit et ad tristes convertit tympana planctus.
labentem patriam sacris ululatibus Attis
personat et torvi lacrimis maduere leones.

Eutropius, nequeat quamvis metuenda taceri
clades et trepidus vulgaverit omnia rumor, 305
ignorare tamen fingit regnique ruinas
dissimulat: parvam latronum errare catervam,
ad sontes tormenta magis quam tela parari
nec duce frangendas iactat, sed iudice vires:
vasta velut Libyae venantium vocibus ales 310
cum premitur calidas cursu transmittit harenas
inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
pulverulenta volat; si iam vestigia retro
clara sonent, oblita fugae stat lumine clauso
(ridendum!) revoluta caput creditque latere, 315
quem non ipsa videt. furtim tamen ardua mittit

* * * * *

“This is the portent that agèd Lachesis foretold long years ago. My fallen crown assures me that Phrygia’s final crisis is upon her. Alas for the blood that shall redden Sangarius’ waves; for all the corpses that shall retard Meander’s slow stream. The hour is fixed irrevocably; such, long since, was my son’s, the Thunderer’s, will. A like disaster awaits the neighbouring peoples; in vain does Lydia invoke the thyrsus of Bacchus in her defence. Now fare thee well, land of Phrygia, farewell, walls doomed to the flames, walls that now rear aloft proud towers but will soon be levelled with the ground and the bare earth. Farewell, dear rivers: never more shall I hold my inspired revels in your grottoes; no more shall my chariot leave the traces of its wheels on Berecynthus’ heights.” So spake she, and turned her drums to strains of mourning. Attis filled his devoted country with holy lamentations and Cybele’s tawny lions burst into tears.

Eutropius, although this terrible revolt could not be hid and although rumour had spread everywhere the dread news, none the less affects to ignore it and shuts his eyes to the empire’s peril. ’Twas some poor troop of wandering

brigands; such wretches call for punishment not war; a judge — so he brags — not a general should crush their strength. Even so the great Libyan bird, hard pressed by the cries of its pursuers, runs o'er the burning sands and flies through the dust, curving its wings like sails to catch the breeze; but when it clearly hears the footsteps close behind it, it forgets its flight, standing with closed eyes and hiding its head, believing, poor fool, it cannot be seen by those whom itself cannot see. None the less Eutropius

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cum donis promissa novis, si forte rogatus
desinat. ille semel nota dulcedine praedae
se famulo servire negat, nec grata timentum
munera; militiam nullam nec prima superbus 320
cingula dignari; nam quis non consule tali
vilis honos?

Postquam precibus mitescere nullis,
non auro cessisse videt creberque recurrit
nuntius incassum nec spes iam foederis extat:
tandem consilium belli confessus agendi 325
ad sua tecta vocat. iuvenes venere protervi
lascivique senes, quibus est insignis edendi
gloria corruptasque dapes variasse decorum,
qui ventrem invitant pretio traduntque palato
sidereas Iunonis aves et si qua loquendi 330
gnara coloratis viridis defertur ab Indis,
quaesitos trans regna cibos, quorumque profundam
ingluviem non Aegaeus, non alta Propontis,
non freta longinquis Maeotia piscibus explent.
vestis odoratae studium; laus maxima risum 335
per vanos movisse sales minimeque viriles
munditiae; compti vultus; onerique vel ipsa
serica. si Chunos feriat, si Sarmata portas,
solliciti scaenae; Romam contemnere sueti
mirarique suas, quas Bosphorus obruat! aedes; 340
saltandi dociles aurigarumque periti.

Pars humili de plebe duces; pars compede suras

* * * * *

sends towering promises with new gifts, if haply his foe may pause at his entreaty. But the barbarian, in whose heart was once waked the old love of plunder, refuses to submit to a slave; for him the gifts of fear have no charm; haughtily he disdains any rank,¹¹⁴ even the highest, for under such a consul what honour would not be disgrace?

When Eutropius saw that no prayers could move him nor any gold win him over; when messenger after messenger returned, his mission unfulfilled, and all hopes of an alliance were at an end, he at last recognized the necessity for war and summoned the council to his palace. Thither they came — wanton lads and debauched greybeards whose greatest glory was gluttony, and whose pride it was to diversify the outraged banquet. Their hunger is only aroused by costly meats, and they tickle their palates with foods imported from overseas, the flesh of the many-eyed fowl of Juno,¹¹⁵ or of that coloured bird brought from farthest Ind that knows how to speak. Not the Aegean, not deep Propontis, not Maeotis' lake afar can sate their appetites with fish. Perfumed garments are their care, their pride to move foolish laughter with their silly jests. On their adornment and toilette they bestow a woman's care and find even the silk they wear too heavy a burden. Should the Hun, the Sarmatian, strike at the city's gates yet trouble they for nought but the theatre. Rome they despise and reserve their admiration for their own houses — may Bosphorus' waters overwhelm them! Skilful dancers they and clever judges of charioteers.

Some sprung from the dregs of the people are generals; some magistrates — though their legs and

¹¹⁴ Claudian uses the word *cingulum* (= a soldier's belt) as =military service — a not uncommon late use, cf. Serv. *Aen.* viii. 724 and (frequently) *cingi* = to serve, in the Digests.

¹¹⁵ *i.e.* the peacock.

* * * * *

cruraque signati nigro liventia ferro
iura regunt, facies quamvis inscripta repugnet
seque suo prodat titulo. sed prima potestas ³⁴⁵
Eutropium praefert Hosio subnixa secundo.
dulcior hic sane cunctis prudensque movendi
iuris et admoto qui temperet omnia fumo,
fervidus, accensam sed qui bene decoquat iram.
considunt apices gemini dicionis Eoae, ³⁵⁰
hic cocus, hic leno, defossi verberare terga,
servitio, non arte pares, hic saepius emptus,
alter ad Hispanos nutritus verna penates.

Ergo ubi collecti procures, qui rebus in artis
consulerent tantisque darent solacia morbis, ³⁵⁵
obliti subito Phrygiae bellisque relictis
ad solitos coepere iocos et iurgia circi
tendere. nequiquam magna confligitur ira,
quis melius vibrata puer vertigine molli
membra rotet, verrat quis marmora crine supino? ³⁶⁰
quis magis enodes laterum detorqueat arcus,¹¹⁶

quis voci digitos, oculos quis moribus aptet?
hi tragicos meminere modos; his fabula Tereus,
his necdum commissa choro cantatur Agave.
Increpat Eutropius: non haec spectacula tempus
poscere; nunc alias armorum incumbere curas; 366
se satis Armenio fessum pro limite cingi

116 Birt *artus*; I return to the vulg. *arcus*.

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ankles are still scarred and livid with their wearing of the fetters of servitude and though their branded foreheads deny their owners' right to office and disclose their true title. Among them Eutropius holds the first place; Hosius, on whom he relies, comes next. He of a truth is more popular, a cunning artificer of justice who knows well how to steam his cases; at times boiling with anger, yet well able to render down that anger when aroused.¹¹⁷ These sit enthroned, joint rulers of the eastern empire, the one a cook the other a pander. The backs of both are scarred with the whip, each was a slave though of a different kind. The one had been bought and sold a hundred times, the other brought up a dependant in a Spanish household.

When, therefore, the chief men were gathered together for consultation in this strait and to comfort the sickness of the state, forthwith they forget Phrygia and, setting aside the question of war, start their accustomed fooling and engage in disputes about the Circus. With heat as fierce as it is pointless they wrangle what boy can best whirl quivering limbs in an easy somersault or sweep the marble floor with his drooping locks; who can most twist his flanks into a boneless arch; who can best suit his gestures to his words and his eyes to his character. Some recite speeches from tragedy, others chant the play of Tereus, others again that of Agave, never before staged.

Eutropius chides them; the present moment, says he, demands other spectacles than these; it is war which now should claim all their care. For his part (for he is an old man and a weary) it is enough to defend the frontiers of Armenia; single-handed

¹¹⁷ Hosius, by birth a Spaniard, had been a slave and a cook — whence these various double meanings. He rose to be *magisterofficiorum* at the court of Arcadius (*circa* 396-8).

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nec tantis unum subsistere posse periclis;
ignoscant senio, iuvenes ad proelia mittant: —
qualis pauperibus nutrix invisa puellis 370
adsidet et tela communem quaerere victum
rauca monet; festis illae luisse diebus

orant et positis aequaevas visere pensis,
irataeque operi iam lasso pollice fila
turbant et teneros detergent stamine fletus. 375

Emicat extemplo cunctis trepidantibus audax
crassa mole Leo, quem vix Cyclopia solum
aequatura fames, quem non ieiuna Celaeno
vinceret; hinc nomen fertur meruisse Leonis.
acer in absentes linguae iactator, abundans 380
corporis exiguusque animi, doctissimus artis
quondam lanificae, moderator pectinis unci.
non alius lanam purgatis sordibus aequae
praebuerit calathis, similis nec pinguia quisquam
vellera per tenues ferri producere rimas. 385
tunc Ajax erat Eutropii lateque fremebat,
non septem vasto quatiens umbone iuencos,
sed, quam perpetuis dapibus pigroque sedili
inter anus interque colos oneraverat, alvum.
adsurgit tandem vocemque expromit anhelam: 390

“Quis novus hic torpor, socii? quonam usque sedemus
femineis clausi thalamis patimurque periculum
gliscere desidia? graviorum turba malorum
textitur, ignavis trahimus dum tempora votis.
me petit hic sudor. numquam mea dextera segnis
ad ferrum. faveat tantum Tritonia coeptis, 396

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he cannot cope with all these perils. They must pardon his age and send younger men to the war: — it is as though a hated forewoman were sitting among a crowd of poor working-girls and bidding them in her raucous voice ply the loom and gain their livelihood, while they beg to be allowed the enjoyment of a holiday, to lay aside their tasks and visit their friends; angered at her refusal and wearied of their work they crush the threads in their hands and wipe away their gentle tears with the cloth.

Sudden from out that trembling throng upleaps bold Leo¹¹⁸ with his vast bulk, he whose single prowess Cyclopean hunger could scarce match, whom starving Celaeno could not outvie. 'Tis to this fact that he is said to have owed his name. Bold (when his foe was absent), brave (as a speaker), great in bulk but small of heart, once a highly skilled spinner of thread and a cunning carder, none other could so well cleanse the dirt from out the fleece and fill the baskets, none other pull the thick wool over the iron teeth of the comb as could he. He was then Eutropius' Ajax and far and near he raged, shaking not

a huge shield compact of seven layers of ox-hide, but that belly of his, laden with continuous feastings, as he sat lazily among old dames and distaffs. At length he arose and, panting, said, "What unwonted sluggishness is this, my friends? How long must we sit closeted in the women's apartments and suffer our perils to increase by reason of our sloth? Fate weaves for us a network of ill while we waste our time in useless vows. This difficult task demands my action; never was my hand slow to use iron. Let but Minerva favour

¹¹⁸ Gainas and Leo were sent by Eutropius to put down the revolt of Tarbigilus. Gainas, however, never left the Hellespont and Leo, advancing into Pamphylia, there met, and was defeated by, Tarbigilus (Zosim. v. 16. 5). We gather from Claudian that he had once been a weaver.

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inceptum peragetur opus. iam cuncta furorem
qui gravat, efficiam leviolem pondere lanae
Tarbigilum tumidum, desertoresque Gruthungos
ut miseras populabor oves et pace relata ⁴⁰⁰
pristina restituam Phrygias ad stamina matres."

His dictis iterum sedit; fit plausus et ingens
concilii clamor, qualis resonantibus olim
exoritur caveis, quotiens crinitus ephebus
aut rigidam Nioben aut flentem Troada fingit. ⁴⁰⁵
protinus excitis iter inremeabile signis
adripit infaustoque iubet bubone moveri
agmina Mygdonias mox impletura volucres.

Pulcher et urbanae cupiens exercitus umbrae,
adsiduus ludis, avidus splendore lavacris ⁴¹⁰
nec soles imbreve pati, multumque priori
dispar, sub clipeo Thracum qui ferre pruinas,
dum Stilicho regeret, nudoque hiemare sub axe
sueverat et duris haurire bipennibus Hebrum.
cum duce mutatae vires. Byzantia robur ⁴¹⁵
fregit luxuries Ancyranique triumpho.
non peditem praecedat eques; non commoda castris
eligitur regio; vicibus custodia nullis
advigilat vallo; non explorantur eundae
vitandaeque viae; nullo se cornua flectunt ⁴²⁰
ordine: confusi passim per opaca vagantur
lustra, per ignotas angusto tramite valles.

* * * * *

mine attempts and the work begun will be the work completed. Now will I

render proud Tarbigilus, whose madness has caused all this turmoil, of less weight than a ball of wool, the faithless Gruthungi I will drive before me like a flock of wretched sheep; and when I have restored peace I will set the women of Phrygia once more beside their ancient spinning.”

So saying he sat down again. Great clamour and applause filled the council-chamber, applause such as rises from the rows of spectators in the theatre when some curled youth impersonates Niobe turned to stone, or Hecuba in tears. Straightway Leo unfolds his banners and starts on the journey whence there is to be no return. To the accompaniment of the screech-owl's ill-omened cry he bids march the host destined so soon to feed the vultures of Mygdonia.

’Tis a well-favoured army, enamoured of the city’s shade, ever present at the games, anxious to shine in the baths, not to bear sun-scorch and rain, and oh! how different to that former army who, ‘neath the leadership of Stilicho, endured under arms the frosts of Thrace and were wont to winter in the open air and break with their axes the frozen waters of Hebrus for a draught. Changed is the leader and changed their character. Byzantium’s luxury and Ancyra’s pomp¹¹⁹

have destroyed their vigour. No longer does the cavalry ride ahead of the foot; suitable ground is not chosen for camps; no constant change of sentries safeguards the ramparts, no scouts are sent forward to discover which roads to take or which to avoid; their evolutions are performed without drill or discipline, in confusion they stray hither and thither amid dark forests, along narrow

¹¹⁹ *Triumph* is ironical. Claudian refers to Eutropius’ pleasurejourney to Ancyra; cf. l. 98 of this poem.

* * * * *

sic vacui rectoris equi, sic orba magistro
fertur in abruptum casu, non sidere, puppis;
sic ruit in rupes amisso pisce sodali 425
belua, sulcandas qui praevious edocet undas
imensumque pecus parvae moderamine caudae
temperat et tanto coniungit foedera monstro;
illa natat rationis inops et caeca profundi;
iam brevibus deprensa vadis ignara reverti 430
palpitat et vanos scopulis inlidit hiatus.

Tarbigilus simulare fugam flatusque Leonis
spe nutrire leves improvisusque repente,
dum gravibus marcent epulis hostique catenas
inter vina erepant, largo sopita Lyaeo 435
castra subit. pereunt alii, dum membra cubili

tarda levant; alii leto iunxere soporem;
 ast alios vicina palus sine more ruentes
 excipit et cumulis inmanibus aggerat undas.
 ipse Leo damma ceruoque fugacior ibat 440
 sudanti tremebundus equo: qui pondere postquam
 decidit, implicitus limo cunctantia pronus
 per vada reptabat. caeno subnixa tenaci
 mergitur et pingui suspirat corpore moles
 more suis, dapibus quae iam devota futuris 445
 turpe gemit, quotiens Hosius mucrone corusco
 armatur cingitque sinus secumque volutat,
 quas figat verubus partes, quae frustra calenti

* * * * *

paths in unexplored valleys. So goes a horse that has lost his rider, thus a ship whose helmsman has been drowned is swept to the abyss, chance guiding her and not the stars. So too the sea monster¹²⁰ is dashed to pieces against the rocks when it has lost the comrade fish that swam before it and guided its course through the waves, piloting the great beast with the motion of its tiny tail according to the compact which is between it and its huge companion. Aimlessly the monster swims all unguided through the deep; then, surprised in the shallow water and knowing not how to return to the sea, pants and to no purpose dashes its gaping jaws against the rocks.

Tarbigilus feigns retreat and raises the presumptuous hopes of Leo, then suddenly he bursts all unexpected upon the wine-sodden army, as, overcome by the heavy feast, they brag over their cups of leading the foe in chains. Some are slain as they lift their sluggish limbs from the couch, others know not any break between sleep and death. Others rush pell-mell into a neighbouring swamp and heap the marsh high with their dead bodies. Leo himself, swifter than deer or antelope, fled trembling on his foam-flecked horse, and it falling under his weight Leo sank in the mire and on all fours fought his way through the clinging slime. Held up at first by the thick mud, his fat body gradually settles down panting like a common pig, which, destined to grace the coming feast, squeals when Hosius arms him with flashing knife, and gathers up his garments, pondering the while what portions he will transfix with spits, which pieces of the flesh he will boil and how much sea-urchin

¹²⁰ The *balaena* or whale. According to ancient naturalists the *balaena* entered into an alliance with the *musculus* or sea-mousewhich, in Pliny's words, "vada praenatans demonstrat oculorumque vice fungitur" (Pliny, *H.N.* ix. 186).

* * * * *

mandet aquae quantoque cutem distendat echino.

flagrat opus; crebro pulsatus perstrepat ictu;¹²¹ 450
contextit varius penetrans Calchedona nidor.

Ecce levis frondes a tergo concutit aura:
credit tela Leo; valuit pro vulnere terror
implevitque vicem iaculi, vitamque nocentem
integer et sola formidine saucius efflat. 455
quis tibi tractandos pro pectine, degener, enses,
quis solio campum praeponere suasit avito?
quam bene textentum laudabas carmina tutus
et matutinis pellebas frigora mensis!
hic miserande iaces; hic, dum tua vellera vitas, 460
tandem fila tibi neverunt ultima Parcae.

Iam vaga pallentem densis terroribus aulam
fama quatit; stratas acies, deleta canebat
agmina, Maeonios foedari caedibus agros,
Pamphylos Pisidasque rapi. metuendus ab omni 465
Tarbigilus regione tonat; modo tendere cursum
in Galatas, modo Bithynis incumbere fertur.
sunt qui per Cilicas rupto descendere Tauro,
sunt qui correptis ratibus terraque marique
adventare ferant; geminantur vera pavoris 470
ingenio: longe spectari puppibus urbes
accensas, lucere fretum ventoque citatas
omnibus in pelago velis haerere favillas.

Hos inter strepitus funestior advolat alter

¹²¹ I print Birt's text; but unless *pulsatus* be taken as a substantive (Baehrens' suggestion, cf. P. Lat. Min. v. p. 120 l. 169) it is untranslatable. Emendations proposed are *pulsu Cos ... icta* Barthius; *pulsatus aper strepit* Buecheler; *cultri sus orpulpae ius* Birt. The sense demands, however, some such word as *Bosporus* to make a parallelism with *Calchedona*. Possibly the line ended *pulsatur Bosporus ictu, perstrepat* being a gloss on *pulsatur* and eventually ousting *Bosporus*.

* * * * *

stuffing will be needed to fill the empty skin. The work of preparation goes on apace, Bosporus echoes to many a blow and the savoury smell envelops Chalcedon.

Suddenly a gentle breeze stirs the foliage behind Leo's back. He thinks it an arrow, and terror, taking a missile's place, does duty for a wound. Untouched and stricken only by fear he breathes his last. Degenerate Roman, by whose advice didst thou exchange the comb for the sword, thine ancestral calling for the field of battle? How much better to praise in safety the work of the weavers at their looms and keep out the cold by means of morning feasts. Here thou hast suffered a wretched death; here, while thou soughtest to shirk thy spinning, the Fates have at last spun for thee the final thread.

Now spreading rumour shakes the palace, pale with terror upon terror. It told

how that the army was destroyed, the troops butchered, the plain of Maeonia red with slaughter, Pamphylia and Pisidia o'errun by the enemy. On all sides rings the dread name of Tarbigilus. He is now said to be bearing down upon Galatia, now to be meditating an attack on Bithynia. Some say he has crossed the Taurus and is descending upon Cilicia, others that he has possessed himself of a fleet and is advancing both by land and sea. Truth is doubled by panic's fancy; they say that from the ships far cities are seen ablaze, that the straits are aglow and that ashes driven by the wind catch in the sails of every ship at sea.

Amid all this confusion comes a yet more terrible

* * * * *

nuntius: armatam rursus Babylona minari 475
rege novo; resides Parthos ignava perosos
otia Romanae finem iam quaerere paci.
rarus apud Medos regum cruor; unaque cuncto
poena manet generi: quamvis crudelibus aequae
paretur dominis. sed quid non audeat annus 480
Eutropii? socium nobis fidumque Saporem
perculit et Persas in regia vulnera movit
rupturasque fidem, leto pars ne qua vacaret,
Eumenidum taedas trans flumina Tigridis egit.

Tum vero cecidere animi tantisque procellis 485
deficiunt. saepti latrantibus undique bellis
infensos tandem superos et consulis omen
agnovere sui, nec iam revocabile damnum
eventu stolido serum didicere magistro.
namque ferunt geminos uno de semine fratres 490
Iapetionidas generis primordia nostri
dissimili finxisse manu: quoscumque Prometheus
excoluit multumque innexuit aethera limo,
hi longe ventura notant dubiisque parati
casibus occurrunt fabro meliore politi. 495
deteriore luto pravus quos edidit auctor,
quem merito Grai perhibent Epimethea vates,
et nihil aetherii sparsit per membra vigoris,
hi pecudum ritu non impendentia vitant
nec res ante vident; accepta clade queruntur 500
et seri transacta gemunt.

* * * * *

rumour — that Babylon is again in arms and, under a new monarch,¹²²

threatens our Empire; the Parthians, long inactive, and now scorning slothful ease, seek to put an end to the peace imposed by Rome. Rare among the Medes is the murder of a king, for punishment falls on the regicide's whole family. Thus equal obedience is offered to their overlords, cruel as well as kind. But what would not the year of Eutropius' consulship dare? 'Tis that has stricken down our faithful ally Sapor and roused the Persians' swords against their own king; that has cast the torch of the Furies across the Euphrates, there to kindle rebellion, that no quarter of the globe may escape carnage.

Then indeed men's hearts failed them, their courage ebbed away amid all these storms; surrounded as they were on every side by the din of war, at last they recognized the wrath of heaven and their consul's evil omen, learning too late — schooled by the stubborn issue — their now irrevocable doom. They say that the twin sons of Iapetus formed our first parents of the same materials but with unequal skill. Those whom Prometheus fashioned, and with whose clay he mingled abundant ether, foresee the distant future and, thanks to their more careful making by a better workman, are thus prepared to meet what fate has in store for them. Those framed of baser clay by the sorry artificer the Greek poets so well call Epimetheus, men through whose limbs no ethereal vigour spreads — these, like sheep, cannot avoid the dangers that o'erhang them, nor foresee aught. Not till the blow has fallen do they protest and weep too late the accomplished deed.

¹²² Varanes IV., who, like his three predecessors, Artaxerxes, Sapor III., and Varanes III., had observed a truce with Rome, died in 399 and was succeeded by Isdigerdes. For all Claudian's real or simulated anxiety this monarch was as peaceably disposed as the previous ones (see *Oros.* vii. 34). Claudian seems to have made an error in calling him Sapor (l. 481).

* * * * *

Iam sola renidet
in Stilichone salus, et cuius semper acerbum
ingratumque sibi factorum conscius horror
credidit adventum, quem si procedere tantum
Alpibus audissent, mortem poenasque tremebant,
iam cuncti venisse volunt, scelerumque priorum 506
paenitet; hoc tantis bellorum sidus in undis
sperant, hoc pariter iusti sontesque precantur:
ceu pueri, quibus alta pater trans aequora merces
devehit, intenti ludo studiisque soluti 510
latius amoto passim custode vagantur;
si gravis auxilio vacuas invaserit aedes
vicinus laribusque suis proturbet inultos,
tum demum patrem implorant et nomen inani
voce ciente frustra oculos ad litora tendunt. 515
Omnes supplicio dignos letoque fatentur,
qui se tradiderint famulis Stilichone relicto.

mutati stupuere diu sensuque reducto
paulatim proprii mirantur monstra furoris
avertuntque oculos: proiectis fascibus horret 520
lictor et infames labuntur sponte secures:
quales Aonio Thebas de monte reversae
Maenades infectis Pentheo sanguine thyrsis,
cum patuit venatus atrox matrique rotatum
conspexere caput, gressus caligine figunt 525
et rabiem desisse dolent. quin protinus ipsa
tendit ad Italiam supplex Aurora potentem

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There now shone forth but one hope of salvation — Stilicho. Him the expectation of whose visits the consciousness of deeds ill-done had ever rendered bitter and unpleasant, him whose approach even as far as the Alps afflicted the Byzantines with fear of death and punishment, all now wish to come, repentant of their former wrongdoing. To him they look as to a star amid this universal shipwreck of war; to him innocent and guilty alike address their prayers. So children whose sire carries merchandise across the sea, wrapt up in their amusements and heedless of their studies, wander afield more joyfully now that their guardian is absent, yet, should a dangerous neighbour invade their defenceless home and seek to drive them forth unprotected as they are from their fireside, *then* they beg their father's help, call upon his name with useless cries and all to no purpose direct their gaze towards the shore.

All admit that they deserve punishment and death for deserting Stilicho and entrusting themselves to the governance of slaves. Long they stood dazed with altered thoughts, and as their senses slowly return they marvel at the results of their own madness and turn away their eyes; flinging down his rods the lictor shudders, and the dishonoured axes fall of their own accord. Even so the Maenads returning to Thebes from the Aonian mount, their thyrses dripping with Pentheus' blood, learning the true character of their dreadful hunting and seeing the head cast by the mother herself, hide them in the darkness and lament the end of their madness. Thereupon suppliant Aurora turned her flight towards powerful Italy, her hair no

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non radiis redimita comam, non flammea vultu
nec croceum vestita diem; stat livida luctu,
qualis erat Phrygio tegeret cum Memnona busto.
quam simul agnovit Stilicho nec causa latebat, 531
restitit; illa manum victricem amplexa moratur

altaque vix lacrimans inter suspiria fatur:

“Tantanc te nostri ceperunt taedia mundi?

sic me ludibrium famulis risumque relinquis 535

dux quondam rectorque meus? solamque tueris

Hesperiam? domiti nec te post bella tyranni

cernere iam licuit? sic te victoria nobis

eripuit Gallisque dedit? Rufinus origo

prima mali: geminas inter discordia partes 540

hoc auctore fuit. sed iam maiora moventi

occurrit iusta rediens exercitus ira,

fortis adhuc ferrique memor. brevis inde reluxit

falsaque libertas; rursum Stilichonis habenis

sperabam me posse regi. pro caeca futuri 545

gaudia! fraterno coniungi coeperat orbis

imperio (quis enim tanto terrore recentis

exempli paribus sese committeret ausis?),

cum subito (monstrousa mihi turpisque relatu

fabula) Rufini castratus prosilit heres, 550

et similes iterum luctus Fortuna reduxit,

ut solum domini sexum mutasse viderer.

“Hic primum thalami claustris delicta tegebat

clam timideque iubens; erat invidiosa potestas,

sed tamen eunuchi, necdum sibi publica iura 555

* * * * *

longer aureole-crowned and she no more bright of countenance nor clothed with the saffron of the dawn. She stands wan with woe, even as when she buried Memnon in his Phrygian grave. Stilicho recognized her and stayed, well knowing the reason of her visit. Long time she clasped his victorious hand and at length amid tears and sighs addressed him.

“Why art thou so wearied of the world whereon I shine? Leavest thou me thus to be the sport and laughing-stock of slaves and carest only for Italy, thou that wert once my guide and my leader? Since thy victory over the tyrant Eugenius I have not seen thee. Has victory thus robbed me of thee and given thee to Gaul? Rufinus was the prime cause of the trouble; 'twas he who wrought disunion between the two empires. But when he aimed at more there met him an army returning in righteous wrath, an army still strong, still mindful of its former prowess. For a moment I was dazzled by the mirage of liberty: I hoped that Stilicho would once more hold the reins of our empire. Alas for my short-sighted happiness! The world had begun to form one single empire under the rule of the two brothers (for who, with the awful example¹²³ so fresh in his mind, would dare embark upon a like venture?) when suddenly (it is a monstrous story which scarce bears the telling) a eunuch came forward as

Rufinus' heir. Thus fortune brought back my former miseries with this one difference — that of changing my master's sex.

At first he kept his crimes hidden behind the doors of his chamber, an unseen and timid ruler; power was his that all envied, yet only a eunuch's, nor dared he yet arrogate to himself the right of

123 *i.e.* that of Rufinus.

* * * * *

sumere nec totas audebat vertere leges.
at postquam pulsisque bonis et faece retenta
peiores legit socios dignusque satelles
hinc Hosius stetit, inde Leo, fiducia crevit
regnandique palam flagravat aperta libido. 560
patricius, consul maculat quos vendit honores,
plus maculat quos ipse gerit. iam signa tubaeque
mollescunt, ipsos ignavia fluxit in enses.
exultant merito gentes facilisque volenti
praeda sumus. iam Bistoniis Haemoque nivali 565
vastior expulsis Oriens squalescit aratris.
ei mihi, quas urbes et quanto tempore Martis
ignaras uno rapuerunt proelia cursu!
nuper ab extremo veniens equitatus Araxe
terrui Antiochi muros, ipsumque decorae 570
paene caput Syriae flammis hostilibus arsit.
utque gravis spoliis nulloque obstante profunda
lactus caede redit, sequitur mucrone secundo
continuum vulnus; nec iam mihi Caucasus hostes
nec mittit gelidus Phasis; nascuntur in ipso 575
bella sinu. legio pridem Romana Gruthungi,
iura quibus victis dedimus, quibus arva domusque
praebuimus, Lydos Asiaeque uberrima vastant
ignibus et si quid tempestas prima reliquit.
nec vi nec numero freti; sed inertia nutrit 580
proditioque ducum, quorum per crimina miles

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governing the state or of trampling on the laws. But when he had banished the good and, retaining the dregs of the people, had chosen therefrom advisers of no worth; when his creature Hosius stood on his one side and Leo on the other, then indeed his self-confidence waxed and his lust for power broke forth into open flame. Patrician and consul he brought defilement on the honours he sold; even greater defilement on those he carried himself. The very

standards and trumpets of war grew feeble; a palsy seized upon our swords. What wonder the nations rejoiced and we became the easy prey of any who would subdue us? Gone are ploughs and ploughmen; the East is more a desert than Thrace and snowy Haemus. Alas! how many cities, how long unused to war's alarms, have perished in a single invasion! Not long since a mounted band coming from Araxes' farthest banks threatened the walls of Antioch and all but set fire to the chief city of the fair province of Syria. Laden with spoil and rejoicing in the vast carnage it had wrought the band returned with none to bar its passage; now it pursues its victorious career inflicting on me wound upon wound. 'Tis not now Caucasus nor cold Phasis that send forces against me; wars arise in the very centre of my empire. Time was when the Gruthungi formed a Roman legion; conquered we gave them laws; fields and dwelling-places we apportioned them. Now they lay waste with fire Lydia and the richest cities of Asia, ay, and everything that escaped the earlier storm. 'Tis neither on their own valour or numbers that they rely; it is our cowardice urges them on, cowardice and the treason of generals, through whose guilt our soldiers now

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*captivis dat terga suis, quos teste subegit
Danuvio partemque timet qui reppulit omnes.*

*"Aula choris epulisque vacat nec perdita curat,
dum superest aliquid. ne quid tamen orbe reciso
venditor amittat, provincia quaeque superstes 586
dividitur geminumque duplex passura tribunal
cogitur alterius pretium sarcire peremptae.
sic mihi restituunt populos; hac arte reperta
rectorum numerum terris pereuntibus augent. 590*

*"In te iam spes una mihi. pro fronde Minervae
has tibi protendo lacrimas: succurre ruenti,
eripe me tandem, servilibus eripe regnis.
neve adeo cunctos paucorum crimine damnes
nec nova tot meritis offensa prioribus obstet. 595
iamiam flecte animum. suprema pericula semper
dant veniam culpa. quamvis iratus et exul
pro patriae flammis non distulit arma Camillus.
nec te subtrahimus Latio; defensor utrique
sufficis. armorum liceat splendore tuorum 600
in commune frui; clipeus nos protegat idem
unaque pro gemino desudet cardine virtus."*

* * * * *

flee before their own captives, whom, as Danube's stream well knows, they

once subdued; and those now fear a handful who once could drive back all.

Meanwhile the palace devotes its attention to dances and feastings, and cares not what be lost so something remain. But lest our salesman lose aught by this dismemberment of the empire he has divided each remaining province into two, and forces the two halves, each under its own governor, to compensate him for the loss of other provinces. 'Tis thus they give me back my lost peoples: by this ingenious device they increase the number of my rulers while the lands they should rule are lost.

In thee is now my only hope; in place of Minerva's supplicating branch I offer thee my tears. Help me in my distress. Save me from this tyranny of a slave master; do not condemn all for the fault of a few, and let not a recent offence cancel former merits. Grant me now my request; extreme danger ever exonerates from blame. Camillus, though justly angered at his banishment, forebore not to succour his country when in flames. I seek not to draw thee away from Italy; thou art enough defence for both empires. Let both have the benefit of thine illustrious arms; let the same shield defend us and one hero work the salvation of a twofold world"

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FESCENNINA DE NUPTIIS HONORII AUGUSTI

I. (XI.)

Princeps corusco sidere pulchrior,
Parthis sagittas tendere doctior,
eques Gelonis imperiosior,
quae digna mentis laus erit arduae?
quae digna formae laus erit igneae? 5
te Leda mallet quam dare Castorem;
praefert Achilli te proprio Thetis;
victum fatetur Delos Apollinem;
credit minorem Lydia Liberum.
tu cum per altas impiger ilices 10
praedo citatum cornipedem reges
ludentque ventis instabiles comae,
telis iacebunt sponte tuis ferae
gaudensque sacris vulneribus leo
admittet hastam morte superbior. 15
Venus reversum spernit Adonidem,
damnat reductum Cynthia Virbium.

Cum post labores sub platani voles
virentis umbra vel gelido specu
torrentiorem fallere Sirium 20
et membra somno fessa resolveris:
o quantus uret tum Dryadas calor!
quot aestuantes ancipiti gradu
furtiva carpent oscula Naidēs!

* * * * *

**FESCENNINE VERSES IN HONOUR OF THE
MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR HONORIUS¹²⁴**

I. (XI.)

Prince, fairer than the day-star, who shootest thine arrows with an aim more sure than the Parthian's, rider more daring than the Geloni, what praise shall match thy lofty mind, what praise thy brilliant beauty? Leda would rather have thee her son than Castor; Thetis counts thee dearer than her own Achilles; Delos' isle admits thee Apollo's victor; Lydia puts Bacchus second to thee. When in the heat of the chase thou guidest thy coursing steed amid the towering holm-oaks and thy tossing locks stream out upon the wind, the beasts of their own accord will fall before thine arrows and the lion, right gladly wounded by a prince's sacred hand, will welcome thy spear and be proud so to die. Venus scorns Adonis returned from the dead, Diana disapproves Hippolytus recalled to life.

When after thy toils thou seekest the shade of a green plane-tree or shunnest Sirius' extreme heat in some cool grot and freest thy wearied limbs in sleep, what a passion of love will inflame the Dryads' hearts! how many a Naiad will steal up with trembling foot and snatch an unmarked kiss! Who,

¹²⁴ The marriage of Honorius and Maria, daughter of Stilicho, tookplace at Milan, Feb. 398.

* * * * *

quis vero acerbis horridior Scythis, ²⁵
quis beluarum corde furentior,
qui, cum micantem te prope viderit,
non optet ultro servitium pati,
qui non catenas adripiat libens
colloque poscat vincula libero?
tu si nivalis per iuga Caucasii ³⁰
saevas petisses pulcher Amazonas,
peltata pugnas desereret cohors
sexu recepto; patris et inmemor
inter frementes Hippolyte tubas
strictam securim languida poneret ³⁵
et seminudo pectore cingulum
forti negatum solveret Herculi,
bellumque solus conficeret decor.

Beata, quae te mox faciet virum ⁴⁰
primisque sese iunget amoribus.

II. (XII.)

Age cuncta nuptiali
redimita vere tellus
celebra toros eriles;
omne nemus cum fluviis,
omne canat profundum 5
Ligures favete campi,
Veneti favete montes,
subitisque se rosetis
vestiat Alpinus apex
et rubeant pruinae. 10
Athesis strepat choreis
calamisque flexuosus
leve Mincius susurret

* * * * *

though he be more uncivilized than the wild Scythians and more cruel even than the beasts, but will, when he has seen near at hand thy transcendent loveliness, offer thee a ready servitude? Who will not willingly seize the chains of slavery and demand the yoke for a neck as yet free? Hadst thou o'er the heights of snowy Caucasus gone against the cruel Amazons in all thy beauty, that warrior band had fled the fight and called to mind again their proper sex; Hippolyte, amid the trumpets' din, forgetful of her sire, had weakly laid aside her drawn battle-axe, and with half-bared breast loosed the girdle all Hercules' strength availed not to loose. Thy beauty alone would have ended the war.

Blessed is she who will soon call thee husband and unite herself to thee with the bonds of first love.

II. (XII.)

Come, earth, wreathed about with nuptial spring, do honour to thy master's marriage-feast. Sing, woods and rivers all, sing, deep of ocean. Give your blessing, too, Ligurian plains and yours, Venetian hills. Let Alpine heights on a sudden clothe themselves with rose-bushes and the fields of ice grow red. Let the Adige re-echo the sound of choric lays and meandering Mincius whisper gently through his

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et Padus electriferis
admoduletur alnis; 15
epulisque iam repleto
resonet Quirite Thybris
dominique laeta votis
aurea septemgeminas
Roma coronet arces. 20
procul audiant Hiberi,
fluit unde semen aulae,
ubi plena laurearum
imperio feta domus
vix numerat triumphos. 25
habet hinc patrem maritus,
habet hinc puella matrem
gemmaeque parte ductum
Caesareum flumineo
stemma recurrit ortu. 30
decorent virecta Bactim,
Tagus intumescat auro
generisque procreator
sub vitreis Oceanus
luxurietur antris. 35
Oriensque regna fratrum
simul Occidensque plaudat;
placide iocentur urbes,
quaeque novo quaeque nitent
deficiente Phoebo. 40
Aquiloniae procellae,
rabidi tacete Cauri,
taceat sonorus Auster.
solus ovantem Zephyrus
perdominetur annum. 45

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reeds and Padus make answer with his amber-dripping alders. Let Tiber's banks now ring with the voices of Rome's full-fed citizens and the golden city, rejoicing in her lord's marriage, crown her seven hills with flowers.

Let Spain hear afar, Spain the cradle of the imperial race, where is a house that is mother of emperors, rich in crowns of laurel, whose triumphs can scarce be numbered. Hence came the bridegroom's sire, hence the bride's mother; from either branch flows the blood of the Caesars, like twin streams reunited. Let rich herbage clothe Baetis'

banks and Tagus swell his golden flood; may Ocean, ancestor of the imperial race, make merry in his crystal caves. Let East and West, the two brothers' realms, join in their applause, and peace and joy fill the cities illumined by the sun at his rising and at his setting. Be still, ye storms of the north and ye mad blasts of Caurus; sounding Auster, sink to rest. Let Zephyrus have sole rule over this year of triumph.

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III. (XIII.)

Solitas galea fulgere comas,
Stilicho, molli necte corona.
cessent litui saevumque procul
Martem felix taeda releget.
tractus ab aula rursus in aulam 5
redeat sanguis. patris officiis
iunge potenti pignora dextra.
gener Augusti pridem fueras,
nunc rursus eris socer Augusti.
quae iam rabies livoris erit? 10
vel quis dabitur color invidiae?
Stilicho socer est, pater est Stilicho.

IV. (XIV.)

Attollens thalamis Idalium iubar
dilectus Veneri nascitur Hesperus.
iam nuptae trepidat sollicitus pudor,
iam produnt lacrimas flammea simplices.
ne cessa, iuvenis, comminus adgredi, 5
impacata licet saeviat unguibus.
non quisquam fruitur veris odoribus
Hyblaeos latebris nec spoliat favos,
si fronti caveat, si timeat rubos;
armat spina rosas, mella tegunt apes. 10
crescunt difficili gaudia iurgio
accenditque magis, quae refugit, Venus.
quod flenti tuleris, plus sapit osculum.
dices “o!” quotiens, “hoc mihi dulcius
quam flavos deciens vincere Sarmatas!” 15

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III. (XIII.)

Twine with a soft garland, Stilicho, the locks whereon a helmet is wont to shine. Let the trumpets of war cease and the propitious torch of marriage banish savage Mars afar. Let regal blood unite once more with regal blood. Perform a father's office and unite these children with thine illustrious hand. Thou didst marry an emperor's daughter, now, in turn, thy daughter shall marry an emperor. What room is here for the madness of jealousy? What excuse for envy? Stilicho is father both of bride and bridegroom.

IV. (XIV.)

Hesperus, loved of Venus, rises and shines for the marriage with his Idalian¹²⁵ rays. Maiden shame now overcomes the anxious bride; her veil now shows traces of innocent tears. Hesitate not to be close in thine attacks, young lover, e'en though she oppose thee savagely with cruel finger-nail. None can enjoy the scents of spring nor steal the honey of Hybla from its fastnesses if he fears that thorns may scratch his face. Thorns arm the rose and bees find a defence for their honey. The refusals of coyness do but increase the joy; the desire for that which flies us is the more inflamed; sweeter is the kiss snatched through tears. How oft wilt thou say: "Better this than ten victories over the yellow-haired Sarmatae"!

¹²⁵ Idalian: from Idalium, a mountain in Cyprus, sacred to Venus.

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Adspirate novam pectoribus fidem
mansuramque facem tradite sensibus.
tam iunctis manibus nectite vincula,
quam frondens hederâ stringitur aesculus,
quam lento premitur palmite populus, ²⁰
et murmur querula blandius alite
linguis adsiduo reddite mutuis.
et labris animum conciliantibus
alternum rapiat somnus anhelitum.
amplexu caleat purpura regio ²⁵
et vestes Tyrio sanguine fulgidas
alter virgineus nobilitet cruor.
tum victor madido prosilias toro
nocturni referens vulnere proelii.

Ducant pervigiles carmina tibiae ³⁰
permissisque iocis turba licentior
exultet tetricis libera legibus.
passim cum ducibus ludite milites,
passim cum pueris ludite virgines.
haec vox aetheriis insonet axibus, ³⁵
haec vox per populos, per mare transeat:
"formosus Mariam ducit Honorius."

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Breathe a new loyalty into your breasts and let your senses kindle a flame that shall never be extinguished. May your clasped hands form a bond more close than that betwixt ivy and leafy oak tree or poplar and pliant vine. Be the

frequent kisses that ye give and receive breathed more softly than those of plaintive doves, and when lips have united soul to soul let sleep still your throbbing breath. Be the purple couch warm with your princely wooing, and a new stain ennoble coverlets ruddy with Tyrian dye. Then leap victorious from the marriage-bed, scarred with the night's encounter.

All night long let the music of the flute resound and the crowd, set free from law's harsh restraints, with larger licence indulge the permitted jest. Soldiers, make merry with your leaders, girls with boys. Be this the cry that re-echoes from pole to pole, among the peoples, over the seas: "Fair Honorius weds with Maria."

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EPITHALAMIUM DE NUPTIIS HONORII AUGUSTI

PRAEFATIO

(IX.)

Surgeret in thalamum ducto cum Pelion arcu
nec caperet tantos hospita terra deos,
cum socer aequoreus numerosaque turba sororum
certarent epulis continuare dies
praeberetque Iovi communia pocula Chiron, 5
molliter obliqua parte refusus equi,
Peneus gelidos mutaret nectare fontes,
Oetaeis fluerent spumea vina iugis:
Terpsichore facilem lascivo pollice movit
barbiton et molles duxit in antra choros. 10
carmina nec superis nec displicuere Tonanti,
cum teneris nossent congrua vota modis.
Centauri Faunisque negant. quae flectere Rhoeton,
quae rigidum poterant plectra movere Pholum?

Septima lux aderat caelo totiensque renato 15
viderat exactos Hesperus igne choros:
tum Phoebus, quo saxa domat, quo pertrahit ornos,
pectine temptavit nobiliore lyram
venturumque sacris fidibus iam spondet Achillem,
iam Phrygias caedes, iam Simoënta canit. 20
frondoso strepuit felix Hymenaeus Olympo;
reginam resonant Othrys et Ossa Thetim.

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EPITHALAMIUM OF HONORIUS AND MARIA

PREFACE

(IX.)

When Pelion reared his height to form a bridal chamber with long-drawn arches, and his hospitable land could not contain so many gods; when Nereus, sire of the bride, and all the throng of her sisters strove to link day to day with feastings; when Chiron, lying at ease with his horse-flanks curled under him, offered the loving-cup to Jove; when Peneus turned his cold waters to nectar and frothing wine flowed down from Oeta's summit, Terpsichore struck her ready lyre with festive hand and led the girlish bands into the caves. The gods, the Thunderer himself, disdained not these songs, for they knew that lovers' vows ever harmonized with tender strains. Centaurs and Fauns would have none of it: what lyre could touch Rhoetus or move inhuman Pholus?

The seventh day had flamed in heaven, seven times had Hesperus relumed his lamp and seen the dances completed; then Phoebus touched his lyre with that nobler quill, wherewith he leads captive rocks and mountain-ashes, and sang to his sacred strings now the promised birth of Achilles, now the slaughter of the Trojans and the river Simois. The happy marriage-cry re-echoed o'er leafy Olympus, and Othrys and Ossa gave back their mistress Thetis' name.

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EPITHALAMIUM

(X.)

Hauserat insolitos promissae virginis ignes
Augustus primoque rudis flagraverat aestu;
nec novus unde calor nec quid suspiria vellent,
noverat incipiens et adhuc ignarus amandi.
non illi venator equus, non spicula curae, 5
non iaculum torquere libet; mens omnis aberrat
in vulnus, quod fixit Amor. quam saepe medullis
erupit gemitus! quotiens incanduit ore
confessus secreta rubor nomenque beatum
iniussae scripsere manus! iam munera nuptae 10
praeparat et pulchros Mariae sed luce minores
eligit ornatus, quidquid venerabilis olim
Livia divorumque nurus gessere superbae.
incusat spes aegra moras longique videntur
stare dies segnemque rotam non flectere Phoebe. 15
Scyria sic tenerum virgo flammabat Achillem
fraudis adhuc expers bellatricesque docebat
ducere fila manus et, mox quos horruit Ide,
Thessalicos roseo nectebat pollice crines.
Haec etiam queritur secum: “quonam usque verendus 20

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EPITHALAMIUM

(X.)

Unfelt before was the fire the Emperor Honorius had conceived for his promised bride, and he burned, all unexperienced, with passion's first fever, nor knew whence came the heat, what meant the sighs — a tyro and as yet ignorant of love. Hunting, horses, javelins — for none of these he now cares nor yet to fling the spear; Love's wound occupies all his thoughts. How often he groaned from the very heart; how often a blush, mantling to his cheeks, betrayed his secret; how often, unbidden of himself, his hand would write the loved one's name. Already he prepares gifts for his betrothed and selects to adorn her (though their beauty is less than hers) the jewels once worn by noble Livia of old and all the proud women of the imperial house. The impatient lover chafes at the delay; the long days seem as though they stood still and the moon as though she moved not her slow wheel. Thus Deidamia, girl of Scyros, e'er yet she sees through his disguise, inflamed with love the young Achilles, and taught his warrior hands to draw the slender thread and passed her rosy fingers through the locks of that Thessalian of whom all Ida was soon to stand in awe.

Thus too he communed with himself: "How long

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cunctatur mea vota socer? quid iungere differt,
quam pepigit, castasque preces implere recusat?
non ego luxuriam regum moremque secutus
quaesivi vultum tabulis¹²⁶ ut nuntia formae
lena per innumeros iret pictura penates, 25
nec variis dubium thalamis lecturus¹²⁷ amorem
ardua commisi falsae conubia cerae.
non rapio praeceps alienae foedera taedae,
sed quae sponsa mihi pridem patrisque relictā
mandatis uno materni sanguinis ortu 30
communem partitur avum. fastidia supplex
deposui gessique procum; de limine sacro
oratum misi proceres, qui proxima nobis
iura tenent. fateor, Stilicho, non parva poposci,
sed certe mereor princeps, hoc principe natus 35
qui sibi te generum fraterna prole revinxit,
cui Mariam debes. faenus mihi solve paternum,
redde suos aulae. mater fortasse rogari
mollior. o patruī germen, cui nominis heres
successi, sublime decus torrentis Hiberi, 40

stirpe soror, pietate parens, tibi creditus infans
inque tuo crevi gremio, partuque remoto
tu potius Flaccilla mihi. quid dividis ergo

¹²⁶ *tabulis* vulg.; Birt reads *thalamis* with the better MSS.

¹²⁷ Birt reads *laturus* with P; other MSS. *lecturus*.

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will honoured Stilicho forbear to grant my prayers? Why postpones he the union of those whose love he has approved? Why should he refuse to fulfil my chaste desires? I follow not the example of luxurious princes in seeking the beauties of a pictured countenance, whereby the pander canvass may pass from house to house to make known the charms demanded; nor yet have I sought to choose the uncertain object of my love from this house or from that, and thus entrusted to deceptive wax the difficult selection of a bride. I sever not in violence the bonds that unite a wedded woman to her lord; her I seek who hath long been betrothed to me, who by a father's orders was left my affianced bride and who through her mother shares with me a common grandsire. A suppliant I have laid aside my rank and acted the suitor. Princes, second only to myself in rank, have I sent from my imperial palace to present my petition. 'Tis no small thing I ask, Stilicho; that I admit; yet surely to me, an emperor, son of that other emperor who, by giving thee his brother's adopted daughter to wife, made thee his son-in-law, — to me thou dost owe Maria. Pay back to the son the interest due to his sire; restore to the palace those who are its own. Mayhap her mother¹²⁸ will be less inexorable. Daughter of mine uncle Honorius, whence I derive my name, chief glory of the land of swift-flowing Ebro, cousin by birth, by mother's love a mother, to thy care was mine infancy entrusted, in thine arms I grew to boyhood; save for my birth thou, rather than Flacilla, art my mother. Why dost thou separate thy two

¹²⁸ Serena, daughter of Honorius, the elder, the brother of Theodosius the Great. Theodosius adopted Serena so that by adoption Honorius and Serena were brother and sister, by birth cousins. Serena was probably born in 376; Honorius not till Sept. 9, 384.

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pignora? quid iuveni natam non reddis alumno?
optatusne dies aderit? dabiturne iugalis 45
nox umquam?"

Tali solatur vulnera questu.
risit Amor placidaeque volat trans aequora matri
nuntius et totas iactantior explicat alas.
Mons latus Ionium Cypri praeruptus obumbrat,
inuius humano gressu, Phariumque cubile 50

Proteos et septem despectat cornua Nili.
hunc neque candentes audent vestire pruinae,
hunc venti pulsare timent, hunc laedere nimbi.
luxuriae Venerique vacat. pars acrior anni
exulat; aeterni patet indulgentia veris. 55
in campum se fundit apex; hunc aurea saepes
circuit et fulvo defendit prata metallo.
Mulciber, ut perhibent, his oscula coniugis emit
moenibus et tales uxorius obtulit arces.
intus rura micant, manibus quae subdita nullis 60
perpetuum florent, Zephyro contenta colono,
umbrosumque nemus, quo non admittitur ales,
ni probet ante suos diva sub iudice cantus:
quae placuit, fruitur ramis; quae victa, recedit.
vivunt in Venerem frondes omnisque vicissim 65
felix arbor amat; nutant ad mutua palmae
foedera, populeo suspirat populus ictu
et platani platanis alnoque adsibilat alnus.
Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
alter, et infusis corrumpunt mella venenis, 70

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children? Why not bestow a daughter born upon an adopted son? Will the longed-for day ever come; the marriage-night ever be sanctioned?"

With such complaint he assuages the wounds of love. Cupid laughed and speeding across the deep bore the news to his gentle mother, proudly spreading his wings to their full extent.

Where Cyprus looks out over the Ionian main a craggy mountain overshadows it; unapproachable by human foot it faces the isle of Pharos, the home of Proteus and the seven mouths of the Nile. The hoar frost dares not clothe its sides, nor the rude winds buffet it nor clouds obscure. It is consecrate to pleasure and to Venus. The year's less clement seasons are strangers to it, whereover ever brood the blessings of eternal spring. The mountain's height slopes down into a plain; that a golden hedge encircles, guarding its meadows with yellow metal. This demesne, men say, was the price paid by Mulciber for the kisses of his wife, these towers were the gift of a loving husband. Fair is the enclosed country, ever bright with flowers though touched with no labouring hand, for Zephyr is husbandman enough therefor. Into its shady groves no bird may enter save such as has first won the goddess' approval for its song. Those which please her may flit among the branches; they must quit who cannot pass the test. The very leaves live for love and in his season every happy tree experiences love's power: palm bends

down to mate with palm, poplar sighs its passion for poplar, plane whispers to plane, alder to alder.

Here spring two fountains, the one of sweet water, the other of bitter, honey is mingled with the first, poison with the second, and in these streams 'tis said

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unde Cupidineas armari fama sagittas.
mille pharetrati ludunt in margine fratres,
ore pares, aevo similes, gens mollis Amorum.
hos Nymphae pariunt, illum Venus aurea solum
edidit. ille deos caelumque et sidera cornu 75
temperat et summos dignatur figere reges;
hi plebem feriunt. nec cetera numina desunt:
hic habitat nullo constricta Licentia nodo
et flecti faciles Irae vinoque madentes
Excubiae Lacrimaeque rudes et gratus amantum 80
Pallor et in primis titubans Audacia furtis
iucundique Metus et non secura Voluptas;
et lasciva volant levibus Periuria ventis.
quos inter petulans alta cervice Iuventas
excludit Senium luco. 85

Procul atria divae
permutant radios silvaque obstante virescunt.
Lemnius haec etiam gemmis extruxit et auro
admiscens artem pretio trabibusque smaragdi
supposuit caesas hyacinthi rupe columnas.
beryllo paries et iaspide lubrica surgunt 90
limina despectusque solo calcatur achates.
in medio glaebis redolentibus area dives
praebet odoratas messes; hic mitis amomi,
hic casiae matura seges, Panchaeaque turgent
cinnama, nec sicco frondescunt vimina costo 95
tardaque sudanti prorepunt balsama rivo.

Quo postquam delapsus Amor longasque peregit
penna vias, alacer passuque superbior intrat.
caesariem tunc forte Venus subnixa corusco
fingeat solio. dextra laevaue sorores 100
stabant Idaliae: largos haec nectaris imbres

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that Cupid dips his arrows. A thousand brother Loves with quivers play all around upon the banks, a tender company like to Cupid himself in face and of

equal age. The nymphs are their mothers; Cupid is the only child of golden Venus. He with his bow subdues the stars and the gods and heaven, and disdains not to wound mighty kings; of the others the common people is the prey. Other deities, too, are here: Licence bound by no fetters, easily moved Anger, Wakes dripping with wine, inexperienced Tears, Pallor that lovers ever prize, Boldness trembling at his first thefts, happy Fears, unstable Pleasure, and lovers' Oaths, the sport of every lightest breeze. Amid them all wanton Youth with haughty neck shuts out Age from the grove.

Afar shines and glitters the goddess' many-coloured palace, green gleaming by reason of the encircling grove. Vulcan built this too of precious stones and gold, wedding their costliness to art. Columns cut from rock of hyacinth support emerald beams; the walls are of beryl, the high-built thresholds of polished jasper, the floor of agate trodden as dirt beneath the foot. In the midst is a courtyard rich with fragrant turf that yields a harvest of perfume; there grows sweet spikenard and ripe cassia, Panchaeon cinnamon-flowers and sprays of oozy balm, while balsam creeps forth slowly in an exuding stream.

Hither Love glided down, winging his way o'er the long journey. Joyfully and with prouder gait than e'er his wont he enters. Venus was seated on her glittering throne, tiring her hair. On her right hand and on her left stood the Italian sisters.¹²⁹ Of these one pours a rich stream of nectar over Venus'

¹²⁹ *i.e.* the Graces.

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inrigat, haec morsu numerosi dentis eburno
multifidum discrimen arat; sed tertia retro
dat varios nexus et iusto dividit orbes
ordine, neglectam partem studiosa relinquens: ¹⁰⁵
plus error decuit. speculi nec vultus egebat
iudicio; similis tecto monstratur in omni
et capitur¹³⁰ quocumque videt. dum singula cernit,
seque probat, nati venientis conspicit umbram
ambrosioque sinu puerum complexa ferocem ¹¹⁰
“quid tantum gavisus?” ait; “quae proelia sudas
improbe? quis iacuit telis? iterumne Tonantem
inter Sidonias cogis mugire iuencas?
an Titana domas? an pastoralia Lunam
rursus in antra vocas? durum magnumque videris
debellasse deum.” ¹¹⁶

Suspensus in oscula matris
ille refert: “Laetare, parens; inmane tropaeum
rettulimus, nostrum iam sensit Honorius arcum.

scis Mariam patremque ducem, qui cuspidē Gallos
Italiamque fovet, nec te praeclara Serenae ¹²⁰
fama latet. propera; regalibus adnue votis:
iunge toros.”

Gremio natum Cytherea removit
et crines festina ligat peplumque fluentem
adlevat et blando spirantem numine ceston
cingitur, impulsos pluviis quo mitigat amnes, ¹²⁵
quo mare, quo ventos irataque fulmina solvit.
ut stetit ad litus, parvos adfatur alumnos:

“Heus! quis erit, pueri, vitreas qui lapsus in undas
huc rapidum Tritona vocet, quo vecta per altum

¹³⁰ Birt, following the MSS., *rapitur; capitur* was suggested by Conington, comparing Virg. Aen. viii. 311.

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head, another parts her hair with a fine ivory comb. A third, standing behind the goddess, braids her tresses and orders her ringlets in due array, yet carefully leaving a part untended; such negligence becomes her more. Nor did her face lack the mirror's verdict; her image is reflected over all the palace and she is charmed wheresoever she looks. While she surveys each detail and approves her beauty she notes the shadow of her son as he approaches and catches the fierce boy to her fragrant bosom. “Whence comes thy joy?” she asks; “cruel child, what battles hast thou fought? What victim has thine arrow pierced? Hast thou once more compelled the Thunderer to low among the heifers of Sidon? Hast thou overcome Apollo, or again summoned Diana to a shepherd's cave? Methinks thou hast triumphed over some fierce and potent god.”

Hanging upon his mother's kisses he answered: “Mother, be thou glad; a great victory is ours. Now has Honorius felt our arrows. Thou knowest Maria and her sire, the general whose spear protects Gaul and Italy; the fame of noble Serena is not hidden from thee. Haste thee, assent to their princely prayers and seal this royal union.”

Cytherea freed her from her son's embrace, hastily bound up her hair, gathered up her flowing dress and girt herself about with the divine girdle whose all-compelling charm can stay the rain-swollen torrent and appease the sea, the winds and angry thunderbolts. Soon as she stood on the shore she thus addressed her small foster-children. “Come, children, which of you will plunge beneath the glassy wave and summon me hither fleet Triton to bear me

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deferar? haud umquam tanto mihi venerit usu. ¹³⁰

sacri, quos petimus, thalami. pernicious omnes
quaerite, seu concha Libycum circumsonat aequor,
Aegaeas seu frangit aquas. quicumque repertum
duxerit, aurata donabitur ille pharetra.”

Dixerat et sparsa diversi plebe feruntur 135
exploratores. pelagi sub fluctibus ibat
Carpathiis Triton obluctantemque petebat
Cymothoën. timet illa ferum seseque sequenti
subripit et duris elabatur uda lacertis.
“heus,” inquit speculatus Amor, “non vestra sub imis
furta tegi potuere vadis. accingere nostram 141
vecturus dominam: pretium non vile laboris
Cymothoën facilem, quae nunc detrectat, habebis.
hac mercede veni.”

Prorupit gurgite torvus
semifer; undosi verrebant brachia crines; 145
hispida tendebant bifido vestigia cornu,
qua pistrix commissa viro. ter pectora movit;
iam quarto Paphias tractu sulcabat harenas.
umbratura deam retro sinuatur in arcum
belua; tum vivo squalentia murice terga 150
purpureis mollita toris¹³¹: hoc navigat antro¹³²
fulta Venus; niveae delibant aequora plantae.
prosequitur volucer late comitatus Amorum
tranquillumque choris quatitur mare.serta per omnem
Neptuni dispersa domum. Cadmeia ludit 155
Leucothoë, frenatque rosis delphina Palaemon;
alternas violis Nereus interserit algas;

¹³¹ *toris* A, followed by Birt; but *rosis* VP is attractive.

¹³² *antro* P1; vulg. *ostro*.

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quickly o’er the deep? Never will he have come to do us better service. Sacred is the marriage that I seek. Make all speed in your search; may be the Libyan sea rings to his conch, may be he cleaves the Aegean main. Whoso shall find and bring him hither shall have a golden quiver as a reward.”

She spake and, dividing into various bands, the scouts set out. Triton was swimming beneath the waves of the Carpathian sea, pursuing reluctant Cymothoë. She feared her rough lover and eluded his pursuit, her wet form gliding through the embraces of his strong arms. One of the Loves espied him and cried, “Stay! the deeps cannot hide your amours. Make ready to carry our mistress; as a reward for thy services

(and 'tis no meagre one) thou shalt have Cymothoë, a complaisant mistress shall she be though she flout thee now. Come and win thy recompense."

The dread monster uprose from the abyss; his billowing hair swept his shoulders; hoofs of cloven horn grown round with bristles sprang from where his fishy tail joined his man's body. He swam three strokes and at the fourth stranded upon the shore of Cyprus. To shade the goddess the monster arched back his tail; then his back, rough with living purple, was bedded with scarlet coverlets; resting in such a retreat does Venus voyage, her snowy feet just dipping in the sea. A great company of wingèd Loves fly after her, troubling the calm surface of Ocean. Neptune's palace is all adorned with flowers. Leucothoë, daughter of Cadmus, sports on the water, and Palaemon drives his dolphin with a bridle of roses. Nereus sets violets here

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canitiem Glaucus ligat immortalibus herbis.
nec non et variis vectae Nereides ibant
audito rumore feris (hanc pisce voluto 160
sublevat Oceani monstrum Tartesia tigris;
hanc timor Aegaei rupturus fronte carinas
trux aries; haec caeruleae suspensa leaenae
innatat; haec viridem trahitur complexa iuvenum)
certatimque novis onerant conubia donis. 165
cingula Cymothoë, rarum Galatea monile
et gravibus Psamathe bacis diadema ferebat
intextum, Rubro quas legerat ipsa profundo.
mergit se subito vellitque corallia Doto:
vimen erat dum stagna subit; processerat undis: 170
gemma fuit.

Nudae Venerem cinxere catervae
plaudentesque simul tali cum voce sequuntur:
"hos Mariae cultus, haec munera nostra precamur
reginae regina feras. dic talia numquam
promeruisse Thetim nec cum soror Amphitrite 175
nostro nupta Iovi. devotum sentiat aequor,
agnoscat famulum virgo Stilichonia pontum.
victrices nos saepe rates classemque paternam
veximus, attritis cum tenderet ultor Achivis."

Iam Ligurum terris spumantia pectora Triton 180
adpulerat lassosque fretis extenderat orbes.
continuo sublime volans ad moenia Gallis
condita, lanigeri suis ostentantia pellem,
pervenit. adventu Veneris pulsata recedunt
nubila, clarescunt puris Aquilonibus Alpes. 185

and there among the seaweed and Glaucus wreathes his grey hair with deathless flowers. Hearing the tale the Nereids, too, came mounted on various beasts: one (maiden above but fish below) rides the dread sea-tiger of Tartessus; another is carried by that fierce ram, the terror of the Aegean, who shatters ships with his forehead; a third bestrides the neck of a sea-lion; another is borne along by the sea-calf to which she clings. They vie with one another in bringing gifts to the newly-wedded pair. Cymothoë presents a girdle, Galatea a precious necklace, Psamathe a diadem heavily encrusted with pearls gathered by herself from the depths of the Red Sea. Doto suddenly dives to gather coral, a plant so long as it is beneath the water, a jewel once it is brought forth from the waves.

The nude crowd of Nereids throng around Venus, following her and singing praises after this manner: "We beg thee, Venus, our queen, to bear these our gifts, these adornments, to queen Maria. Tell her that never did Thetis receive their like nor even our sister Amphitrite when she espoused our Jupiter.¹³³ Let the daughter of Stilicho hereby realize the devotion of the sea and know that Ocean is her slave. 'Tis we who bore up her father's fleet, the hope of his victorious land, what time he set out to avenge the ruined Greeks."

And now Triton's foam-flecked breast had touched the Ligurian shore and his wearied coils were extended over the surface of the water. Straightway Venus flew high in the air to the city founded by the Gauls, the city that shows as its device the fleece-covered pelt of a sow.¹³⁴ At the coming of the goddess the routed clouds retire; bright shine the Alps beneath

¹³³ *i.e.* Neptune.

¹³⁴ Milan; cf. Isid. *Orig.* XV. 1 *vocatam Mediolanum ab eo, quod ibi sus in medio lanæa perhibetur inventa*; Sidon. *Apol.* vii. 17 *et quæ lanigero de sue nomen habent*.

laetitiae causas ignorat dicere miles
laetaturque tamen; Mavortia signa rubescunt
floribus et subitis animantur frondibus hastae.
illa suum dictis adfatur talibus agmen:

"Gradivum, nostri comites, arcete parumper, ¹⁹⁰
ut soli vacet aula mihi. procul igneus horror
thoracum, gladiosque tegat vagina minaces.
stent bellatrices aquilae saevique dracones.
fas sit castra meis hodie succumbere signis:
tibia pro lituis et pro clangore tubarum ¹⁹⁵
molle lyrae festumque canant. epulentur ad ipsas

excubias; mediis spirent crateres in armis.
laxet terribiles maiestas regia fastus
et sociam plebem non indignata potestas
confundat turbae procures. solvantur habenis 200
gaudia nec leges pudeat ridere severas.

“Tu festas, Hymenaeae, faces, tu, Gratia, flores
elige, tu geminas, Concordia, necte coronas.
vos, pennata cohors, quocumque vocaverit usus,
divisa properate manu, neu marceat ulla 205
segnities: alii funalibus ordine ductis
plurima venturae suspendite lumina nocti;
hi nostra nitidos postes obducere myrto
contendant; pars nectareis adspargite tecta
fontibus et flamma lucos adolete Sabaeos; 210
pars infecta croco velamina lutea Serum
pandite Sidoniasque solo prosternite vestes.
ast alii thalamum docto componite textu;
stamine gemmato picturatisque columnis

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the clear North wind. The soldier rejoices though he cannot tell why. The standards of war burgeon with red flowers and the spears on a sudden sprout with living leaves. Then Venus thus addresses her attendant throng. “Comrades mine, keep away for a while the god of war that the palace may be mine and mine alone. Banish afar the terror of the flashing breastplate; let its scabbard sheath the threatening sword. Advance not the standards of war, the eagles and savage dragons. This day the camp shall yield to my standards; the flute shall sound instead of the bugle, the soft strains of the happy lyre take the place of the trumpets’ blare. Let the soldiers feast even when on guard and the beakers foam in the midst of arms. Let regal majesty lay by its awful pride and power, disdaining not to associate with the people, make one the nobles with the crowd. Let joy be unrestrained and sober Law herself be not ashamed to laugh.

“Hymen, choose thou the festal torches, and ye Graces gather flowers for the feast. Thou, Concord, weave two garlands. You, winged band, divide and hasten whithersoever you can be of use: let none be slothful or lazy. You others hang numberless lamps in order from their brackets against the coming of night. Let these haste to entwine the gleaming door-posts with my sacred myrtle. Do you sprinkle the palace with drops of nectar and kindle a whole grove of Sabaeoan incense. Let others unfold yellow-dyed silks from China and spread tapestries of Sidon on the ground. Do you employ all your arts in decorating the marriage-bed. Woven with jewels and upborne on carved columns be its canopy, such

aedificetur apex, qualem non Lydia dives 215
 erexit Pelopi nec quem struxere Lyaeo
 Indorum spoliis et opaco palmite Bacchae.
 illic exuvias omnes cumulate parentum:
 quidquid avus senior Mauro vel Saxone victis,
 quidquid ab innumeris socio Stilichone tremendus 220
 quaesivit genitor bellis, quodcumque Gelonus
 Armeniusve dedit; quantum crinita sagittis
 attulit extremo Meroë circumflua Nilo;
 misit Achaemenio quidquid de Tigride Medus,
 cum supplex emeret Romanam Parthia pacem. 225
 nobilibus gazis opibusque cubilia surgant
 barbaricis; omnes thalamo conferte triumphos.”

Sic ait et sponsae petit improvisa penates.
 illa autem securi tori taedasque parari
 nescia divinae fruitur sermone parentis 230
 maternosque bibit mores exempla discit
 prisca pudicitiae Latios nec volvere libros
 desinit aut Graios, ipsa genetrice magistra,
 Maenonius quaecumque senex aut Thracius Orpheus
 aut Mytilenaeo modulatur pectine Sappho 235
 (sic Triviam Latona monet; sic mitis in antro
 Mnemosyne docili tradit praecepta Thaliae):
 cum procul augeri nitor et iucundior aër
 attonitam lustrare domum fundique comarum
 gratus odor. mox vera fides numenque refulsit. 240
 cunctatur stupefacta Venus; nunc ora puellae,

as rich Lydia ne'er built for Pelops nor yet the Bacchae for Lyaeus, decked as his was with the spoils of Ind and the mantling vine. Heap up there all the gathered wealth of the family, all the spoil that Honorius the elder, our emperor's grandsire, won from Moor and Saxon, all that his dread father with Stilicho at his side gained from numberless wars, all that the Geloni and Armenians have contributed or Meroë added — Meroë encircled by furthest Nile whose people decorate their hair with arrows; whatever the Medes sent from the banks of Persian Tigris when suppliant Parthia bought peace of Rome. Let the lofty couch be adorned with the barbaric splendour of kings' treasures; be all the wealth of all our triumphs gathered in that marriage-chamber.”

So spake she and all unannounced sought the bride's home. But Maria, with no thoughts of wedlock nor knowing that the torches were being got ready, was listening with rapt attention to the discourse of her saintly mother, drinking in that mother's nature and learning to follow the example of old-world chastity; nor does she cease under that mother's guidance to unroll the writers of Rome and Greece, all that old Homer sang, or Thracian Orpheus, or that Sappho set to music with Lesbian quill; (even so Latona taught Diana; so gentle Mnemosyne in her cave gave instruction to meek Thalia) — when the sky from afar grows more bright, a sweeter air breathes through the astonished palace and there is spread the happy fragrance of scented locks. Soon came the proof; in all her beauty the goddess bursts upon them. Yet Venus stands amazed, admiring now the daughter's

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nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
haec modo crescenti, plenae par altera lunae:
adsurgit ceu forte minor sub matre virenti
laurus et ingentes ramos olimque futuras 245
promittit iam parva comas; vel flore sub uno
ceu geminae Paestana rosae per iugera regnant:
haec largo matura die saturataque vernis
roribus indulget spatio; latet altera nodo
nec teneris audet foliismittere soles. 250
Adstitit et blande Mariam Cytherea salutat:
“salve sidereae proles augusta Serenae,
magnorum suboles regum parituraque reges.
te propter Paphias sedes Cyprumque reliqui,
te propter libuit tantos explere labores 255
et tantum transnare maris, ne vilior ultra
privatos paterere lares neu tempore longo
dilatatos iuvenis nutrireret Honorius ignes.
accipe fortunam generis, diadema resume,
quod tribuas natis, et in haec penetralia rursus, 260
unde parens progressa, redi. fac nulla subesse
vincula cognatae: quamvis aliena fuisses
principibus, regnum poteras hoc ore mereri.
quae propior sceptris facies? qui dignior aula 264
vultus erit? non labra rosae, non colla pruinae,
non crines aequant violae, non lumina flammae.
quam iuncti leviter sese discrimine confert
umbra supercilii! miscet quam iusta pudorem
temperies nimio nec sanguine candor abundat!

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loveliness, now the snowy neck and golden hair of the mother. The one is like unto the crescent moon, the other to the full. So grows a young laurel beneath the shadow of its parent tree and, small as it now is, gives promise of great branches and thick foliage to come. Or as 'twere two roses of Paestum on one stalk; the one day's fulness has brought to maturity; steeped in the dews of spring it spreads abroad its petals; the other yet nestles in its bud nor dares receive the sun's warmth within its tender heart.

Venus stood and addressed Maria with these gentle words: "All hail! revered daughter of divine Serena, scion of great kings and destined to be the mother of kings. For thy sake have I left my home in Paphos' isle and Cyprus; for thy sake was I pleased to face so many labours and cross so many seas lest thou shouldst continue to live a private life little befitting thy true worth and lest young Honorius should still feed in his heart the flame of unrequited love. Take the rank thy birth demands, resume the crown to bequeath it to thy children and re-enter the palace whence thy mother sprang. E'en though no ties of blood united thee to the royal house, though thou wert in no way related thereto, yet would thy beauty render thee worthy of a kingdom. What face could rather win a sceptre? What countenance better adorn a palace? Redder than roses thy lips, whiter than the hoar-frost thy neck, cowslips¹³⁵ are not more yellow than thine hair, fire not more bright than thine eyes. With how fine an interspace do the delicate eyebrows meet upon thy forehead! How just the blend that makes thy blush, thy fairness not o'er mantled with too much

¹³⁵ The *viola* was probably a pansy or wallflower, Gk λευκόιον.

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Aurorae vincis digitos umerosque Dianae; ²⁷⁰
ipsam iam superas matrem. si Bacchus amator
dotali potuit caelum signare corona,
cur nullis virgo redimitur pulchrior astris?
iam tibi molitur stellantia sarta Bootes
inque decus Mariae iam sidera parturit aether. ²⁷⁵
i, digno nectenda viro tantique per orbem
consors imperii! iam te venerabitur Hister;
nomen adorabunt populi; iam Rhenus et Albis
serviet; in medios ibis regina Sygambros.
quid numerem gentes Atlanteosque recessus ²⁸⁰
Oceani? toto pariter donabere mundo."

Dixit et ornatus, dederant quos nuper ovantes
Nereides, collo membrisque micantibus aptat.
ipsa caput distinguit acu, substringit amictus;
flammea virgineis accommodat ipsa capillis. ²⁸⁵

ante fores iam pompa sonat, pilentaque sacra
praeradiant ductura nurum. calet obuius ire
iam princeps tardumque cupit discedere solem:
nobilis haud aliter sonipes, quem primus amoris
sollicitavit odor, tumidus quatiensque decoras 290
curvata cervice iubas Pharsalia rura
pervolat et notos hinnitu flagitat amnes
naribus accensis; mulcet fecunda magistros
spes gregis et pulchro gaudent armenta marito.

Candidus interea positus exercitus armis 295
exultat socerum circa; nec signifer ullus

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red! Pinker thy fingers than Aurora's, firmer thy shoulders than Diana's; even thy mother dost thou surpass. If Bacchus, Ariadne's lover, could transform his mistress' garland into a constellation how comes it that a more beauteous maid has no crown of stars? Even now Boötes is weaving for thee a starry crown, even now heaven brings new stars to birth to do thee honour. Go, mate with one who is worthy of thee and share with him an empire co-extensive with the world. Ister now shall do thee homage; all nations shall adore thy name. Now Rhine and Elbe shall be thy slaves; thou shalt be queen among the Sygambri. Why should I number the peoples and the Atlantic's distant shores? The whole world alike shall be thy dowry."

She spake and fitted to Maria's neck and shining limbs the rich gear which the happy Nereids had just given her. She parted her hair with the spear's point, girded up her dress, and with her own hands set the veil over the maiden's hair.¹³⁶ The procession is halted singing at the door; brightly gleams the holy chariot in which the new bride is to fare. The prince burns to run and meet her and longs for the sun's tardy setting. Even so the noble steed when first the smell that stirs his passions smites upon him proudly shakes his thick, disordered mane and courses over Pharsalia's plains. His nostrils are aflame and with a neighing he greets the streams that saw his birth. His masters smile at the hope of their stud's increase, and the mares take pleasure in their handsome mate.

Meanwhile the army has laid aside its swords: the soldiers are dressed in white and throng around Stilicho, the bride's father. No standard-bearer nor

¹³⁶ Venus acts as *pronuba*. The parting of the hair with the spear was a relic of marriage by capture (*cf.* Catullus lxi.).

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nec miles pluviae flores dispergere ritu
cessat purpureoque ducem perfundere nimbo.

haec quoque velati lauro myrtoque canebant:

“Dive parens, seu te complectitur axis Olympi,
seu premis Elysias animarum praemia valles, 301
en promissa tibi Stilicho iam vota peregit;
iam gratae rediere vices; cunabula pensat;
acceptum reddit thalamum natoque reponit,
quod dederat genitor. numquam te, sancte, pigebit
iudicii nec te pietas suprema fefellit. 306
dignus cui leges, dignus cui pignora tanti
principis et rerum commendarentur habenae.
dicere possemus, quae proelia gesta sub Haemo
quaeque cruentarint fumantem Strymona pugnae,
quam notus clipeo, quanta vi fulminet hostem, 311
ni prohiberet Hymen, quae tempestiva relatu,
nunc canimus. quis consilio, quis iuris et aequi
nosse modum melior? quod semper dissilit, in te
convenit, ingenio robur, prudentia forti. 315
fronte quis aequali? quem sic Romana decerent
culmina? sufficerent tantis quae pectora curis?
stes licet in populo, clamet quicumque videbit:
‘hic est, hic Stilicho!’ sic se testatur et offert
celsa potestatis species, non voce feroci, 320
non alto simulata gradu, non improba gestu.
adfectant alii quidquid fingique laborant,
hoc donat natura tibi. pudor emicat una

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common soldier fails to scatter flowers like rain and to drench their leader in a mist of purple blossoms. Crowned with laurel and myrtle they sing: “Blessed father, whether the vault of heaven is thy home, or thou walkest in Elysium, the mansion of the blest, behold Stilicho hath now fulfilled the promises he made thee. A happy interchange has now been made: he compensates thee for his upbringing, and renders marriage in return for marriage, giving back to a son what thou, that son’s father, gave to him. Never needst thou repent of thy choice; a dying father’s love misled thee not. Worthy is he to be thine heir, worthy to be entrusted with the child of so powerful a prince and to hold the reins of government. Now could I tell of the battles fought beneath the slopes of Mount Haemus, the contests wherefrom Strymon reeked red with blood; I could sing the fame of his arms and how, like a thunderbolt, he falls upon his foes, but the marriage-god says me nay. Our song must be such as now befits the singing. Who can surpass Stilicho in counsel? who in knowledge of law and equity? In thee are two opposed qualities reconciled, wisdom and strength, prudence and fortitude. Was e’er so noble a brow? Whom would Rome’s highest place more befit? What heart but thine is strong enough to

bear so many troubles? Shouldst thou stand amid the crowd whoe'er shall see thee would exclaim, 'That is Stilicho.' It is thus that the aspect of supreme majesty brings its own witness — not with arrogant voice, or pompous walk, or haughty gesture. The graces which others affect and strive to seem to possess are thine by nature's gift. Modesty shines forth together with a noble sternness,

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formosusque rigor vultusque auctura verendos
canities festina venit. cum sorte remota ³²⁵
contingat senio gravitas viresque iuventae,
utraq; te cingit propriis insignibus aetas.
ornatur Fortuna viro. non ulla nocendi
tela nec infecti iugulis civilibus enses.
non odium terrore moves nec frena resolvit ³³⁰
gratia; diligimus pariter pariterque timemus.
ipse metus te noster amat, iustissime legum
arbiter, egregiae pacis fidissime custos,
optime ductorum, fortunatissime patrum.
plus iam, plus domino cuncti debere fatemur, ³³⁵
quod gener est, invicte, tuus. vincere corona;
insere te nostris contempto iure choreis.
sic puer Eucherius superet virtute parentem;
aurea sic videat similes Thermantia taedas;
sic uterus crescat Mariae; sic natus in ostro ³⁴⁰
parvus Honoriades genibus consadat avitis."

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and white hairs come hastening to increase the reverence of thy face. Though dignity be the crown of age and strength, by a far different lot, of youth, yet either season decks thee with its own peculiar honours. Thou art the ornament of fortune. Never tookst thou up the sword for hurt nor ever didst steep its blade in citizens' blood. No cruelties on thy part aroused men's hatred; favouritism never slacks the reins of justice. We love thee, yet we fear thee. Our very fear testifies to our love, O thou most righteous interpreter of Law, guardian most sure of peace with honour, greatest of our generals, most blessed among the fathers of our country. We all confess that now we owe our emperor an even firmer allegiance for that thou, hero invincible, art the father of his bride. Crown thy head with a garland, lay aside thy rank for a moment and join our dances. An thou dost this, so may thy son Eucherius¹³⁷ surpass the virtues of his sire; so may the fair Thermantia, thy daughter, live to see a marriage such as this; so may Maria's womb grow big and a little Honorius, born in the purple, rest on his grandsire's lap."

¹³⁷ Eucherius (born about 388) was the son, and Thermantia the younger daughter, of Stilicho and Serena. After the death of Mariashe became Honorius' second wife.

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PANEGYRICUS DE TERTIO CONSULATU
HONORII AUGUSTI

PRAEFATIO

(VI.)

Parvos non aquilis fas est educere fetus
ante fidem solis iudiciumque poli.
nam pater, excusso saluit cum tegmine proles
ovaque maternus rupit hiulca tepor,
protinus implumes convertit ad aethera nidos 5
et recto flammas imperat ore pati.
consulit ardentem radios et luce magistra
natorum vires ingeniumque probat.
degenerem refugo torsit qui lumine visum,
unguibus hunc saevis ira paterna ferit. 10
exploratores oculis qui pertulit ignes
sustinuitque acie nobiliore diem,
nutritur volucrumque potens et fulminis heres,
gesturus summo tela trisulca Iovi.
me quoque Pieriis temptatum saepius antris 15
audet magna suo mittere Roma deo.
iam dominas aures, iam regia tecta meremur
et chelys Augusto iudice nostra sonat.

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**PANEGYRIC ON THE THIRD CONSULSHIP OF
THE EMPEROR HONORIUS (A.D. 396)**

PREFACE

(VI.)

Eagles may not rear their young without the sun's permission and the goodwill of heaven. So soon as the chicks have shattered their shells and issued forth, after that the warmth of their mother's body has cracked the opening egg, the father bird makes haste to carry the unfledged nestlings aloft and bids them gaze at the sun's fires with unblinking eye. He takes counsel of those bright beams and under light's schooling makes trial of the strength and temper of his sons. The angry father strikes with pitiless talons the degenerate who turns away his glance, but he whose eye can bear the searching flame, who with bolder sight can outstare the noonday sun, is brought up a king of birds, heir to the thunderbolt, destined to carry Jove's three-forked weapon. So mighty Rome fears not to send me, oft tested e'er now in the Muses' caverns, to face the emperor, her god. Now have I won an emperor's ear, the entrance to an emperor's palace and the emperor himself as judge of my lyre's song.

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PANEGYRICUS

(VII.)

Tertia Romulei sumant exordia fasces
terque tuas ducat bellatrix pompa curules;
festior annus eat cinctusque imitata Gabinos
dives Hydaspeis augescat purpura gemmis;
succedant armis trabeae, tentoria lictor 5
ambiat et Latiae redeant ad signa secures.
tuque o qui patrium curis aequalibus orbem
Eoo cum fratre regis, procede secundis
alitibus Phoebique novos ordire meatus,
spes votumque poli, quem primo a limine vitae 10
nutrix aula fovet, strictis quem fulgida telis
inter laurigeros aluerunt castra triumphos.
ardua privatos nescit Fortuna penates
et regnum cum luce dedit. cognata potestas
excepit Tyrio venerabile pignus in ostro 15
lustravitque tuos aquilis victricibus ortus
miles et in mediis cunabula praebuit hastis.
te nascente ferox toto Germania Rheno

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PANEGYRIC

(VII.)

Let the consular fasces of Romulus open a third year, and for the third time let the warlike procession accompany thy curule litter. More festal in array be the coming year, and let purple, folded in Gabine¹³⁸ guise, be proudly enriched with gems of Hydaspes; let the cloak of peace succeed the arms of war; let the lictor guard the consul's tent and the Latin axes return to the standards.¹³⁹ And do thou, Honorius, who with thy brother, lord of the East, governest with equal care a world that was once thy sire's, go thy way with favourable omens and order the sun's new course, thyself heaven's hope and desire, palace-nurtured even from life's threshold, to whom the camp, gleaming with drawn swords, gave schooling among the laurels of victory. Thy towering fortune has never known the condition of a private citizen; when thou wast born thou wast born a king. Power which was thine by birth received thee, a precious pledge, amid the purple; soldiers bearing victorious standards inaugurated thy birth and set thy cradle in the midst of arms. When thou wast born fierce Germany trembled along

¹³⁸ The *cinctus Gabinus* was one of the insignia of the consulship. It consisted in girding the toga tight round the body by means of one of its *lacinae* (= loose ends). Servius (on *Virg. Aen.* vii. 612) has a story that Gabii was invaded during the performance of a sacrifice and that the participants repulsed the enemy in their *cinctus*.

¹³⁹ Claudian suggests the uniting of civil and military power in the hands of Honorius.

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intremuit movitque suas formidine silvas
Caucasus et positis numen confessa pharetris 20
ignavas Meroë traxit de crine sagittas.
reptasti per scuta puer, regumque recentes
exuviae tibi ludus erant, primusque solebas
aspera complecti torvum post proelia patrem,
signa triumphato quotiens flexisset ab Histro 25
Arctoa de strage calens, et poscere partem
de spoliis, Scythicos arcus aut rapta Gelonis
cingula vel iaculum Daci vel frena Suebi.
ille coruscanti clipeo te saepe volentem
sustulit adridens et pectore pressit anhelus 30
intrepidum ferri galeae nec triste timentem
fulgur et ad summas tendentem brachia cristas.
tum sic laetus ait: "rex o stellantis Olympi,
talis perdomito redeat mihi filius hoste,
Hyrcanas populatus opes aut caede superbus 35
Assyria, sic ense rubens, sic flamine crebro

turbidus et grato respersus pulvere belli,
armaque gavisus referat captiva parenti.”

Mox ubi firmasti recto vestigia gressu,
non tibi desidias molles nec marcida luxu 40
otia nec somnos genitor permisit inertes,
sed nova per duros instruxit membra labores
et cruda teneras exercuit indole vires:
frigora saeva pati, gravibus non cedere nimbis,
aestivum tolerare iubar, transnare sonoras 45
torrentum furias, ascensu vincere montes,

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the Rhine’s full course, Caucasus shook his forests in fear, and the people of Meroë, confessing thy divinity, laid aside their quivers and drew the useless arrows from their hair. As a child thou didst crawl among shields, fresh-won spoils of monarchs were thy playthings, and thou wert ever the first to embrace thy stern father on his return from rude battles, when that, reeking with the blood of northern savages, he came home victorious from his conquest over the tribes of the Danube. Then wouldst thou demand thy share of the spoils, a Scythian bow or a belt won from the Geloni, a Dacian spear or Suabian bridle. Often would he smile on thee and uplift thee, eager for the honour, on his shining shield, and clasp thee to his still panting bosom. Thou fearedst not his coat of mail nor the dread gleam of his helmet but stretchedst out thy hands to grasp its lofty plumes. Then in his joy thy father cried: “King of starry Olympus, may this my son return in like manner from the lands of conquered foes, rich with the spoils of Hyrcania or proud with the slaughter of the Assyrians; his sword thus red with blood, his countenance thus roughened by the constant blasts and stained with the welcome dust of heroic combat, may he bring back to his happy father the arms of his conquered foes.”

Soon when thou couldst stand upright and walk with firm step thy sire forbade thee enervating sloth, luxurious ease, time-wasting slumbers. He strengthened thy young limbs with hard toils and rude was the training wherewith he exercised thy tender powers. Thou wert taught to bear winter’s cruel cold, to shrink not before storm and tempest, to face the heat of summer, to swim across loud-roaring torrents, to

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planitiem cursu, valles et concava saltu,
nec non in clipeo vigiles producere noctes,
in galea potare nives, nunc spicula cornu
tendere, nunc glandes Baleari spargere funda. 50

quoque magis nimium pugnae inflammaret amorem,
facta tui numerabat avi, quem litus adustae
horrescit Libyae ratibusque impervia Thule:
ille leves Mauros nec falso nomine Pictos
edomuit Scottumque vago mucrone secutus 55
fregit Hyperboreas remis audacibus undas
et geminis fulgens utroque sub axe tropaeis
Tethyos alternae refluxas calcavit harenas.
hos tibi virtutum stimulos, haec semina laudum,
haec exempla dabat. non ocius hausit Achilles 60
semiferi praecepta senis, seu cuspидis artes
sive lyrae cantus medicas seu disceret herbas.

Interea turbata fides. civilia rursus
bella tonant dubiumque quatit discordia mundum.
pro crimen superum, longi pro dedecus aevi: 65
barbarus Hesperias exul possederat urbes
sceptraque deiecto dederat Romana clienti.
iam princeps molitur iter gentesque remotas
colligit Aurorae, tumidus quascumque pererrat 69
Euphrates, quas lustrat Halys, quas ditat Orontes;
turiferos Arabes saltus, vada Caspia Medi,
Armenii Phasin, Parthi liquere Niphaten.

Quae tibi tuna Martis rabies quantusque sequendi
ardor erat? quanto flagrant pectora voto

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climb mountains, to run o'er the plain, to leap ravines and hollows, to spend sleepless nights of watching under arms, to drink melted snow from thy casque, to shoot the arrow from the bow or hurl the acorn-missiles with a Balearic sling. And the more to inflame thy heart with love of battle he would recount to thee the deeds of thy grandsire, object of dread to Libya's sun-scorched shores and Thule whither no ship can sail. He conquered the fleet Moors and the well-named¹⁴⁰ Picts; his roaming sword pursued the flying Scot; his adventurous oars broke the surface of the northern seas. Crowned with the spoils of triumphs won beneath the northern and the southern sky he trod the wave-swept strand of either Ocean. Thus did he spur thy courage, thus sow the seeds of fame; these were the examples he gave. Not more avidly did Achilles himself drink in the Centaur's precepts when he learnt of him how to wield the spear or play the lyre or discern healing plants.

Meanwhile the world forgot its loyalty: the thunder of civil war sounded afresh and discord shook the tottering earth. O ye guilty gods! O shame everlasting! — a barbarian¹⁴¹ exile had possessed himself of the cities of Italy and had entrusted the government of Rome to some low-born dependent. But

Theodosius was already afoot, rallying to his standard the distant nations of the East, the dwellers on the banks of flooding Euphrates, clear Halys, and rich Orontes. The Arabs left their spicy groves, the Medes the waters of the Caspian Sea, the Armenians the river Phasis, the Parthians the Niphates.

What lust of battle then filled thy heart, what longing to accompany thy father! What would not

¹⁴⁰ Pict, to a Roman, means "painted." They were, "well-named Picts" because they painted themselves with woad or other stain.

¹⁴¹ Arbogast is the "barbarian," Eugenius (by trade rhetorician) the "dependent." See Introduction, p. ix.

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optatas audire tubas campique cruenta 75
tempestate frui truncisque inmergere plantas?
ut leo, quem fulvae matris spelunca tegebat
uberibus solitum pasci, cum crescere sensit
ungue pedes et terga iubis et dentibus ora,
iam negat imbelles epulas et rupe relictas 80
Gaetulo comes ire patri stabulisque minari
aestuatur et celsi tabo sordere iuveni.
ille vetat rerumque tibi commendat habenas
et sacro meritis ornat diademate crines.
tantaque se rudibus pietas ostendit in annis, 85
sic aetas animo cessit, quererentur ut omnes
imperium tibi sero datum.

Victoria velox

auspiciis effecta tuis. Pugnastis uterque:
tu fatis genitorque manu. te propter et Alpes
invadi faciles cauto nec profuit hosti 90
munitis haesisse locis: spes inrita valli
concidit et scopulis patuerunt claustra revulsis.
te propter gelidis Aquilo de monte procellis
obruit adversas acies revolutaque tela
vertit in auctores et turbine reppulit hastas 95
o nimium dilecte deo, cui fundit ab antris
Aeolus armatas hiemes, cui militat aether
et coniurati veniunt ad classica venti.
Alpinae rubuere nives, et Frigidus amnis

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thine eager spirit have given to hear the beloved clarion's note and to revel in the bloody storm of battle, trampling upon the slaughtered bodies of thy foes!

Like a young lion in a cave, accustomed to look for nourishment to the teats of its tawny mother, who, so soon as he finds talons beginning to grow from out his paws and a mane sprout from his neck and teeth arm his jaws, will have none of this inglorious food but burns to leave his cavern home and accompany his Gaetulian sire, to bring death upon the herds and steep him in the gore of some tall steer. But Theodosius said thee nay, and put the reins of government into thy hands, crowning thy head with the sacred diadem it wore so meetly. And so did thy virtue show in earliest years, so did thy soul out-range thy youth that all complained that to thee empire was granted late.

Swiftly beneath thy auspices was victory achieved. Both fought for us — thou with thy happy influence, thy father with his strong right arm. Thanks to thee the Alps lay open to our armies, nor did it avail the careful foe to cling to fortified posts. Their ramparts, and the trust they put therein, fell; the rocks were torn away and their hiding-places exposed. Thanks to thine influence the wind of the frozen North overwhelmed the enemy's line with his mountain storms, hurled back their weapons upon the throwers and with the violence of his tempest drove back their spears. Verily God is with thee, when at thy behest Aeolus frees the armed tempests from his cave, when the very elements fight for thee and the allied winds come at the call of thy trumpets. The Alpine snows grew red with slaughter, the cold Frigidus, its waters turned to blood, ran hot and steaming, and would

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mutatis fumavit aquis turbaque cadentum 100
staret, ni rapidus iuvisset flumina sanguis.

At ferus inventor scelerum traiecerat altum
non uno mucrone latus, duplexque tepebat
ensis, et ultrices in se converterat iras
tandem iusta manus. iam libertate reducta, 105
quamvis emeritum peteret natura reverti
numen et auratas astrorum panderet arces
nutaretque oneris venturi conscius Atlas,
distulit Augustus cupido se credere caelo,
dum tibi pacatum praesenti traderet orbem. 110
nec mora: Bistoniis alacer consurgis ab oris,
inter barbaricas ausus transire cohortes
impavido vultu; linquis Rhodopeia saxa
Orpheis animata modis; iuga deseris Oetes
Herculeo damnata rogo; post Pelion intras 115
Nereis inlustre toris; te pulcher Enipeus
celsaque Dodone stupuit rursusque locutae
in te Chaoniae moverunt carmina quercus.
Illyrici legitur plaga litoris; arva teruntur

Dalmatiae; Phrygii numerantur stagna Timavi. 120
gaudent Italiae sublimibus oppida muris
adventu sacrata tuo, summissus adorat
Eridanus blandosque iubet mitescere fluctus
et Phaëthontas solitae deflere ruinas
roscida frondosae revocant electra sorores. 125

Quanti tum iuvenes, quanta sprevere pudorem
spectandi studio matres, puerisque severi

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have been choked with the heaps of corpses had not their own fast-flowing gore helped on its course.

Meanwhile Arbogast, the cause of this wicked war, had pierced his side deep not with a single blade: two swords¹⁴² reeked with his blood, and his own hand, learning justice at last, had turned its savage fury against himself. Thus was liberty restored; but though Nature demanded the return to heaven of divine Theodosius whose work was now accomplished, though the sky threw open the golden palaces of its starry vault and Atlas staggered knowing the burden he was to bear, yet did the emperor forbear to entrust him to expectant Olympus until he could in thy presence hand over to thee a world at peace. Straightway didst thou, Honorius, leave the coasts of Thrace, and, braving the dangers of the journey, pass without a tremor through the hordes of barbarians. Thou leavest the rocks of Rhodope to which Orpheus' lyre gave life; thou quittest the heights of Oeta, scene of Hercules' ill-omened funeral pyre; next thou climbest Pelion, famed for the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. Fair Enipeus and lofty Dodona look upon thee in amaze, and the oaks of Chaonia, finding tongues once more, utter oracles in thine honour. Thou skirtest the extreme coasts of Illyria and, passing over Dalmatia's fields, dost cross in turn the nine sources of Trojan Timavus.¹⁴³ The high-walled cities of Italy rejoice in the blessings of thy presence. Eridanus bows his head and worships, bidding his waves flow gently to the sea; and Phaëthon's leafy sisters, that ever weep their brother's death, check the flow of their dewy amber.

How many youths, how many matrons set modesty aside in eagerness to behold thee! Austere greybeards

¹⁴² This is obscure. Zosimus (iv. 58. 6) and Socrates (v. 25) merely mention suicide, but from Claudian's account it looks as though, like Nero, Arbogast's courage had failed him and an attendant had had to help him to his death.

¹⁴³ The Fons Timavi (near Aquileia and the river Frigidus) is called Trojan from the story of the colonization of Venetia by the Trojan Antenor (Livy i. 1. 3).

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certavere senes, cum tu genitoris amico
exceptus gremio mediam veherere per urbem
velaretque pios communis laurea currus! ¹³⁰
quis non Luciferum roseo cum Sole videri
credidit aut iunctum Bromio radiare Tonantem?
florete cristatis exercitus undique turmis,
quisque sua te voce canens. praestringit aena
lux oculos, nudique seges Mavortia ferri ¹³⁵
ingeminat splendore diem. pars nobilis arcu,
pars longe iaculis, pars comminus horrida contis;
hi volucres tollunt aquilas, hi picta draconum
colla levant, multusque tumet per nubila serpens
iratus stimulante Noto vivitque receptis ¹⁴⁰
flatibus et vario mentitur sibila tractu.

Ut ventum ad sedes, cunctos discedere tectis
dux iubet et generum compellat talibus ultro:
“bellipotens Stilicho, cuius mihi robur in armis,
pace probata fides: quid enim per proelia gessi ¹⁴⁵
te sine? quem merui te non sudante triumphum?
Odrysum pariter Getico foedavimus Hebrum
sanguine, Sarmaticas pariter prostravimus alas
Riphaeaeque simul fessos porreximus artus
in glacie stantemque rota sulcavimus Histrum: ¹⁵⁰
ergo age, me quoniam caelestis regia poscit,
tu curis succede meis, tu pignora solus
nostra fove: geminos dextra tu protege fratres.

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struggle with boys for places whence to see thee in the tender embraces of thy sire, borne through the midst of Rome on a triumphal chariot decked but with the shade of a simple laurel branch. Who did not then think that he beheld the morning-star together with the rosy sun, or the Thunderer shine in concert with Bacchus? On every side stretches the host of plumed warriors, each hymning thy praises in his own tongue; the brightness of bronze dazzles the eye and the martial glint of a forest of unsheathed swords redoubles the light of day. Some are decked with bows, others bristle with far-flung javelins or pikes for fighting at close quarters. These raise standards adorned with flying eagles, or with embroidered dragons or writhing serpents, that in their thousands seem to be roused to angry life by the breath of the wind which, as it blows them this way and that, causes them to rustle with a sound like the hiss of a living snake.

When they reached the palace the emperor bade all depart and thus unbidden addressed his son-in-law: “Victorious Stilicho, of whose courage in war, of

whose loyalty in peace I have made proof — what warlike feat have I performed without thine aid? What triumph have I won that thou helpedst me not in the winning? Together we caused Thracian Hebrus to run red with Getic blood, together overthrew the squadrons of the Sarmatae, together rested our weary limbs on the snows of Mount Rhipaeus and scarred the frozen Danube with our chariot's wheel — come, therefore, since heaven's halls claim me, do thou take up my task; be thou sole guardian of my children, let thy hand protect my two sons. I adjure thee by

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per consanguineos thalamos noctemque beatam,
per taedas, quas ipsa tuo regina levavit ¹⁵⁵
coniugio sociaque nurum produxit ab aula,
indue mente patrem, crescentes dilige fetus
ut ducis, ut soceri. Iamiam securus ad astra
te custode ferar; rupta si mole Typhoeus
prosiliat, vinclis Tityos si membra resolvat, ¹⁶⁰
si furor Enceladi proiecta mugiat Aetna,
opposito Stilichone cadent.”

Nec plura locutus,
sicut erat, liquido signavit tramite nubes
ingrediturque globum Lunae limenque relinquit
Arcados et Veneris clementes advolat auras. ¹⁶⁵
hinc Phoebi permensus iter flammamque nocentem
Gradivi placidumque Iovem; stetit arce suprema,
argenti qua zona riget Saturnia tractu.
machina laxatur caeli rutilaeque patescunt
sponte fores. Arctoa parat convexa Bootes, ¹⁷⁰
australes reserat portas succinctus Orion
invitantque novum sidus, pendentque vicissim
quas partes velit ipse sequi, quibus esse sodalis
dignetur stellis aut qua regione morari.
o decus aetherium, terrarum gloria quondam, ¹⁷⁵
te tuus Oceanus natali gurgite lassum
excipit et notis Hispania proluit undis.
fortunate parens, primos cum detegis ortus,
adspicis Arcadium; cum te proclivior urges,
occiduum visus remoratur Honorius ignem; ¹⁸⁰
et quocumque vagos flectas sub cardine cursus,

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that marriage that makes thee kin with me, by the night that saw its consummation, by the torch which at thy wedding-feast the queen carried in

her own hand when she led thy bride-elect from out the imperial palace, take on thee a father's spirit, guard the years of their childhood. Was not their sire thy master and thy wife's father? Now, now I shall mount untroubled to the stars for thou wilt watch over them. Even should Typhoeus rend away the rocks and leap forth, should Tityus free his captive limbs, should Enceladus, hurling Etna from him, roar in rage — each and all will fall before Stilicho's attack."

He spake no more but still in human form clove a furrow of light through the clouds; he passes to Luna's globe, leaves Mercury's threshold and hastens to the gentle airs of Venus. Hence he traverses Phoebus' path, Mars' baleful fires and Jupiter's quiet quarters, and stands upon the very crown of the sky, cold Saturn's frozen zone. Heaven's fabric opens, unbidden the shining doors swing back. Boötes prepares a place in the vault of the northern sky, sword-girt Orion unbars the portals of the south; they offer welcome to the new star, uncertain each in turn to what region he will betake himself, what constellation he will grace with his presence, or in what quarter he will elect to shine alone. O glory of heaven as once thou wert of earth, the ocean that laves the shores of the land of thy birth receives thee wearied with thy nightly course, Spain bathes thee in thy natal waves. Happy father, when first thou risest above the horizon thou lookest upon Arcadius, when thou dippest to thy setting the sight of Honorius delays thy westering fires. Through whichever hemisphere thou takest thy wandering

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natorum per regna venis, qui mente serena
maturoque regunt iunctas moderamine gentes,
saecula qui rursus formant meliore metallo.
luget Avarities Stygiis innexa catenis 185
cumque suo demens expellitur Ambitus auro.
non dominantur opes nec corrumpentia sensus
dona valent: emitur sola virtute potestas.

Unanimi fratres, quorum mare terraque fatis
debetur, quodcumque manus evasit avitas, 190
quod superest patri: vobis iam Mulciber arma
praeparat et Sicala Cyclops incude laborat,
Brontes innumeris exasperat aegida signis,
altum fulminea crispare in casside conum
festinat Steropes, nectit thoraca Pyragmon 195
ignifluisque gemit Lipare fumosa cavernis.
vobis Ionia virides Neptunus in alga
nutrit equos, qui summa freti per caerula possint
ferre viam segetemque levi percurrere motu,
nesciat ut spumas nec proterat ungula culmos. 200

iam video Babylona rapi Parthumque coactum
non ficta trepidare fuga, iam Bactra teneri
legibus et famulis Gangen pallescere ripis
gemmatosque humilem dispergere Persida cultus.
ite per extremum Tanaim pigrosque Triones, 205
ite per ardentem Libyam, superate vapores
solis et arcanos Nili deprendite fontes,
Herculeum finem, Bacchi transcurrite metas:
vestri iuris erit, quidquid complectitur axis,
vobis Rubra dabunt pretiosas aequora conchas, 210
Indus ebur, ramos Panchaia, vellera Seres.

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journey, thou passest over the domains of sons who with tranquil mind and ripe control rule over allied peoples, who once again fashion the ages from a nobler ore. Avarice is left to weep in Stygian chains, mad Ambition and his gold banished afar. Wealth does not hold sway; sense-corrupting gifts are of no avail; virtue alone can purchase power.

Brothers twain, with the heart of one, brothers to whose rule fate has entrusted sea and land, if there is aught that has escaped your grandsire's conquering hand, aught your father has left unsubdued, even now Vulcan prepares the arms for their subjection and Cyclops labours on the Sicilian anvil. Brontes carves countless figures on the shield, Steropes hastes to bend the lofty peak of the flashing helmet, Pyragmon knits the coat of mail, smoky Lipare roars throughout its fire-belching caves. 'Tis for you that Neptune pastures in the seaweed meadows of the Ionian main green sea-horses who can fly o'er the surface of the blue waters with so light a step that their hoofs are unflecked with foam, and course o'er fields of corn so delicately that the ears do not bend beneath their weight. E'en now I see the sack of Babylon and the Parthian driven to flight that is not feigned, Bactria subjected to the Law, the fearful pallor of the Ganges' servile banks, the humbled Persian throwing off his gem-encrusted robes. Mount to Tanais' source, explore the frozen North, traverse sun-scorched Libya, o'ercome the fires of Titan and surprise Nile's hidden spring; pass the Pillars of Hercules, the bourne, too, whence Bacchus returned; whatever heaven enfolds shall own your dominion. To you the Red Sea shall give precious shells, India her ivory, Panchaia perfumes, and China silk.

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PANEGYRICUS DE QUARTO CONSULATU HONORII AUGUSTI

(VIII.)

Auspiciis iterum sese regalibus annus
induit et nota fruitur iactantior aula,
limina nec passi circum privata morari
exultant reduces Augusto consule fasces,
cernis ut armorum proceres legumque potentes 5
patricios sumant¹⁴⁴ habitus? et more Gabino
discolor incedit legio positisque parumper
bellorum signis sequitur vexilla Quirini.
lictori cedunt aquilae ridetque togatus
miles et in mediis effulget curia castris. 10
ipsa Palatino circumvallata senatu
iam trabeam Bellona gerit parmamque removit
et galeam sacras umeris vectura curules.
nec te laurigeras pudeat, Gradive, secures
pacata gestare manu Latiaque micantem 15
loricam mutare toga, dum ferreus haeret
currus et Eridani ludunt per prata iugales.
Haud indigna coli nec nuper cognita Marti
Ulpia progenies et quae diademata mundo
sparsit Hibera domus. nec tantam vilior unda 20

¹⁴⁴ *sumant* B; Birt reads *sumunt*, following the other MSS.

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PANEGYRIC ON THE FOURTH CONSULSHIP OF THE EMPEROR HONORIUS (A.D. 398)

(VIII.)

Once more the year opens under royal auspices and enjoys in fuller pride its famous prince; not brooking to linger around private thresholds the returning fasces rejoice in Caesar's consulship. Seest thou how the armed chiefs and mighty judges don the raiment of senators? and the soldiers step forth in garb of peaceful hue worn Gabine¹⁴⁵ wise, and laying aside for a season the standards of war follow the banner of Quirinus. The eagles give way to the lictors, the smiling soldier wears the toga of peace and the senate-house casts its brilliance in the midst of the camp. Bellona herself, surrounded by a noble band of senators, puts on the consul's gown and lays by her shield and helmet in order to harness the sacred curule chair to her shoulders. Think it no shame, Gradivus, to bear the laurel-crowned axes in a hand of peace and to exchange thy shining breastplate for the Latin toga while thine iron chariot remains unused and thy steeds disport them in the pastures of Eridanus.

Not unworthy of reverence nor but newly acquainted with war is the family of Trajan and that Spanish house which has showered diadems upon the world. No common stream was held worthy

¹⁴⁵ As marking a festival; see note on vii. 3.

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promeruit gentis seriem: cunabula fovit
Oceanus; terrae dominos pelagique futuros
inmenso decuit rerum de principe nasci.
hinc processit avus, cui post Arctoa frementi
classica Massylas adnexuit Africa laurus, 25
ille, Caledoniis posuit qui castra pruinis,
qui medios Libyae sub casside pertulit aestus,
terribilis Mauro debellatorque Britanni
litoris ac pariter Boreae vastator et Austri.
quid rigor aeternus, caeli quid frigora prosunt 30
ignotumque fretum? maduerunt Saxone fuso
Orcades; incaluit Pictorum sanguine Thyle;
Scottorum cumulos flevit glacialis Hiverne.
quid calor obsistit forti? per vasta cucurrit
Aethiopum cinxitque novis Atlanta manipulis, 35
virgineum Tritona bibit sparsosque venenis
Gorgoneos vidit thalamos et vile virentes
Hesperidum risit, quos ditat fabula, ramos.

arx incensa Iubae, rabies Maurusia ferro
cessit et antiqui penetralia diruta Bocchi. 40

Sed laudes genitor longe transgressus avitas
subdidit Oceanum sceptris et margine caeli
clausit opes, quantum distant a Tigride Gades,
inter se Tanais quantum Nilusque relinquunt:
haec tamen innumeris per se quaesita tropaeis, 45

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to water the homeland of so illustrious a race; Ocean laved their cradle, for it befitted the future lords of earth and sea to have their origin in the great father¹⁴⁶ of all things. Hence came Theodosius, grandfather of Honorius, for whom, exultant after his northern victories, Africa twined fresh laurels won from the Massylae. 'Twas he who pitched his camp amid the snows of Caledonia,¹⁴⁷ who never doffed his helmet for all the heat of a Libyan summer, who struck terror into the Moors, brought into subjection the coasts of Britain and with equal success laid waste the north and the south. What avail against him the eternal snows, the frozen air, the uncharted sea? The Orcades ran red with Saxon slaughter; Thule was warm with the blood of Picts; ice-bound Hibernia wept for the heaps of slain Scots. Could heat stay the advance of a courageous general? No; he overran the deserts of Ethiopia, invested Atlas with troops strange to him, drank of lake Triton where was born the virgin goddess Minerva, beheld the Gorgon's empoisoned lair, and laughed to see the common verdure of those gardens of the Hesperides which story had clothed with gold. Juba's fortress was burned down, the frenzied valour of the Moor yielded to the sword and the palace of ancient Bocchus was razed to the ground.

But thy father's fame far surpassed that of thy grandsire: he subdued Ocean to his governance and set the sky for border to his kingdom, ruling from Gades to the Tigris, and all that lies 'twixt Tanais and Nile; yet all these lands won by countless triumphs of his own, he gained them not by gift

¹⁴⁶ Claudian is thinking of such passages in Homer as *e.g. Il.* xiv. 245-246:

ῥέεθρα Ὠκεανοῦ, ὅς περ γένεσις πάντεσσι τέτυκται,

or perhaps Vergil's *Oceanumque patrem rerum* (*Virg. Georg.* iv. 382).

¹⁴⁷ Cf. note on xv. 216.

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non generis dono, non ambitione potitus.
digna legi virtus. ultro se purpura supplex
obtulit et solus meruit regnare rogatus.
nam cum barbaries penitus commota gementem

inrueret Rhodopen et mixto turbine gentes 50
jam deserta suas in nos transfunderet Arctos,
Danuvii totae vomerent cum proelia ripae,
cum Geticis ingens premeretur Mysia plaustris
flavaque Bistonios operirent agmina campos,
omnibus adflictis et vel labentibus ictu 55
vel prope casuris: unus tot funera contra
restitit extinxitque faces agrisque colonos
reddidit et leti rapuit de faucibus urbes.
nulla relictæ foret Romani nominis umbra,
ni pater ille tuus iamiam ruitura subisset 60
pondera turbatamque ratem certaue levasset
naufragium commune manu: velut ordine rupto
cum procul insanae traherent Phaëthonta quadrigae
saeviretque dies terramque et stagna propinqui
haurirent radii, solito cum murmure torvis 65
sol occurrit equis; qui postquam rursus eriles
agnovere sonos, rediit meliore magistro
machina concentusque poli, currusque recepit
imperium flammaeque modum.

Sic traditus ille

servatusque Oriens. at non pars altera rerum 70
tradita: bis possessa manu, bis parta periclis.
per varium gemini scelus erupere tyranni
tractibus occiduis: hunc saeva Britannia fudit;

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of birth or from lust of power. It was his own merit secured his election. Unsought the purple begged his acceptance of itself; he alone when asked to rule was worthy to do so. For when unrest at home drove barbarian hordes over unhappy Rhodope and the now deserted north had poured its tribes in wild confusion across our borders, when all the banks of Danube poured forth battles and broad Mysia rang beneath the chariots of the Getae, when flaxen-haired hordes covered the plains of Thrace and amid this universal ruin all was either prostrate or tottering to its fall, one man alone withstood the tide of disaster, quenched the flames, restored to the husbandmen their fields and snatched the cities from the very jaws of destruction. No shadow of Rome's name had survived had not thy sire borne up the tottering mass, succoured the storm-tossed bark and with sure hand averted universal shipwreck. As when the maddened coursers broke from their path and carried Phaëthon far astray, when day's heat grew fierce and the sun's rays, brought near to earth, dried up both land and sea, Phoebus checked his fierce horses with his wonted voice; for they knew once more their master's tones, and with a happier guide heaven's harmonious order was restored; for now the chariot again accepted

government and its fires control.

Thus was the East entrusted to him and thus was its salvation assured; but the other half of the world was not so entrusted: twice was the West gained by valour, twice won by dangers. In those lands of the sunset by manifold crime there arose to power tyrants twain: wild Britain produced one (Maximus), the other (Eugenius) was chosen

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hunc sibi Germanus famulum delegerat exul:
ausus uterque nefas, domini respersus uterque 75
insontis iugulo. novitas audere priori
suadebat cautumque dabant exempla sequentem.
hic nova moliri praeceps, hic quaerere tuta
providus; hic fuis, collectis viribus ille;
hic vagus excurrens, hic intra claustra reductus. 80
dissimiles, sed morte pares, evadere neutri
dedecus aut mixtis licuit procumbere telis.
amissa specie, raptis insignibus ambo
in vultus rediere suos manibusque revinctis
oblatis gladiis summittunt colla paratis 85
et vitam veniamque rogant. pro damna pudoris!
qui modo tam densas nutu movere cohortes,
in quos iam dubius sese libraverat orbis,
non hostes victore cadunt, sed iudice sontes;
damnat voce reos, petiit quos Marte tyrannos. 90
amborum periere duces: hic sponte carina
decidit in fluctus, illum suus abstulit ensis;
hunc Alpes, hunc pontus habet. solacia caesis
fratribus haec ultor tribuit: necis auctor uterque
labitur; Augustas par victima mitigat umbras. 95
has dedit inferias tumulis, iuvenumque duorum
purpureos merito placavit sanguine manes.
Illi iustitiam confirmavere triumphi,

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as a tool by a Frankish outlaw (Arbogast). Both dared monstrous guilt; both stained their hands with an innocent emperor's¹⁴⁸ blood. Sudden elevation inspired Maximus with audacity, his failure taught his successor caution. Maximus was quick to arm rebellion, Eugenius careful to attempt only what was safe. The one o'erran the country, spreading his forces in all directions, the other kept his troops together and himself secure behind a rampart. Different were they, but in their deaths alike. To neither was it granted to

escape an ignominious end and to fall in the thick of the fight. Gone was their glory, their weapons were reft from them and they reduced to their former state; their arms were bound behind their backs and they stretched forth their necks to the sword's imminent stroke, begging for pardon and for life. What a fall did pride there suffer! They who but lately had moved such countless cohorts with but a nod, into whose palm a wavering world had hung ready to drop, fall not as warriors at a victor's hand but as malefactors before a judge; he sentences with his voice as criminals those whom he assailed in war as tyrants. With both perished their lieutenants: Andragathius hurled himself from his ship into the waves, Arbogast took his life with his own sword; the Alps mark the tomb of the one, the sea of the other. This solace at least the avenger afforded to those murdered brothers that both the authors of their deaths themselves were slain; two victims went to appease those royal ghosts. Such was Theodosius' oblation at their tomb and with the blood of the guilty he appeased the shades of the two young emperors.

Those triumphs stablished Justice on her throne

¹⁴⁸ Maximus was responsible for the murder of the Emperor Gratian, Eugenius for that of Valentinian II. See Introduction, p. viii.

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praesentes docuere deos. hinc saecula discant
indomitum nihil esse pio tutumve nocenti: ¹⁰⁰
nuntius ipse sui longas incognitus egit
praevento rumore vias, inopinus utrumque
perculit et clausos montes, ut plana, reliquit.
extruite inmanes scopulos, attollite turres,
cingite vos fluviis, vastas opponite silvas, ¹⁰⁵
Garganum Alpinis Appenninumque nivalem
permixtis sociate iugis et rupibus Haemum
addite Caucasiis, involvite Pelion Ossae:
non dabitis murum sceleri. qui vindicet, ibit:
omnia subsident meliori pervia causae. ¹¹⁰

Nec tamen oblitus civem cedentibus atrox
partibus infremuit; non insultare iacenti
malebat: mitis precibus, pietatis abundans,
poenae parcus erat; paci non intulit iram;
post acies odiis idem qui terminus armis. ¹¹⁵
profuit hoc vincente capi, multosque subactos
prospera¹⁴⁹ laturae commendavere catenae.
magnarum largitor opum, largitor honorum
pronus et in melius gaudens convertere fata.
hinc amor, hinc validum devoto milite robur. ¹²⁰
hinc natis mansura fides.

Hoc nobilis ortu
nasceris aequaeva cum maiestate creatus
nullaque privatae passus contagia sortis.
omnibus acceptis ultro te regia solum
protulit et patrio felix adolescens in ostro, 125

¹⁴⁹ Birt, with the MSS., *aspera*; I return to the *prospera* of the edit. princeps.

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and taught that heaven gives help. From them let the ages learn that righteousness need fear no foe and guilt expect no safety. Himself his own messenger, outstripping the rumour of his approach, Theodosius traversed those long journeys undetected by his enemies. Suddenly he fell on both, passing over entrenched mountains as if they were a plain. Build up monstrous rocks, raise towers, surround yourselves with rivers, set limitless forests to protect you, put Garganus and the snowy Apennines upon the summits of the Alps that all form one vast mountain barrier, plant Haemus on the crags of Caucasus, roll Pelion on Ossa, yet will ye not gain security for guilt. The avenger will come; for the better cause all things shall sink to make a path.

Yet never did Theodosius forget that he and the vanquished were fellow-citizens, nor was his anger implacable against those who yielded. Not his the choice to exult over the fallen. His ears were open to prayers, his clemency unbounded, his vengeance restrained. His anger did not survive the war to darken the days of peace; the day that set an end to the combat set an end to his wrath. Capture by such a victor was a gain; and many a conquered foe did their chains commend to future fortune.¹⁵⁰ As liberal of money as of honours he was ever bent to redress the injuries of fate. Hence the love, the fortitude, the devotion of his troops; hence their abiding loyalty to his sons.

Child of so noble a sire, thy kingly state was coëval with thy birth nor ever knewest thou the soilure of a private lot. To thee all things came unsought; thee only¹⁵¹ did a palace rear; thy happy growth was in ancestral purple, and thy limbs, never

¹⁵⁰ *i.e.* by winning first the pity and then the favour of Theodosius.

¹⁵¹ "Only," because Arcadius was born *before* Theodosius became emperor.

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membraque vestitu numquam violata profano
in sacros cecidere sinus. Hispania patrem
auriferis eduxit aquis, te gaudet alumno
Bosphorus. Hesperio de limine surgit origo,

sed nutrix Aurora tibi; pro pignore tanto ¹³⁰
 certatur, geminus civem te vindicat axis.
 Herculis et Bromii sustentat gloria Thebas,
 haesit Apollineo Delos Latonia partu
 Cretaque se iactat tenero reptata Tonanti;
 sed melior Delo, Dictaeis clarior oris ¹³⁵
 quae dedit hoc numen regio; non litora nostro
 sufficerent angusta deo. nec inhospita Cynthi
 saxa tuos artus duro laesere cubili:
 adclinis genetrix auro, circumflua gemmis
 in Tyrios enixa toros; ululata verendis ¹⁴⁰
 aula puerperiis. quae tunc documenta futuri?
 quae voces avium? quanti per inane volatus?
 qui vatum discursus erat? tibi corniger Hammon
 et dudum taciti rupere silentia Delphi,
 te Persae cecinere magi, te sensit Etruscus ¹⁴⁵
 augur et inspectis Babylonius horruit astris,
 Chaldaei stupuere senes Cumanaque rursus
 intonuit rupes, rabidae delubra Sibyllae.
 nec te progenitum Cybeleius aere sonoro
 lustravit Corybas: exercitus undique fulgens ¹⁵⁰
 adstitit; ambitur signis augustior infans,
 sentit adorantes galeas, redditque ferocem
 vagitum lituus.

Vitam tibi contulit idem

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outraged by garb profane, were laid upon a hallowed lap. Spain with its rivers
 of gold gave birth to thy sire; Bosphorus boasts thee among its children. The
 West is the cradle of thy race but the East was thine own nurse; rivals are they
 for so dear a pledge, either hemisphere claims thee as its citizen. The fame of
 Hercules and Bacchus has immortalized Thebes; when Latona gave birth to
 Apollo in Delos that island stayed its errant course; it is Crete's boast that
 over its fields the infant Thunderer crawled. But the land that brought divine
 Honorius to birth is a greater than Delos, a more famous than Crete. Such
 narrow shores would not suffice our god. Nor did the bleak rocks of Cynthus
 hurt thy body with their rough bed; on couch of gold, clothed in jewelled
 raiment, thy mother gave birth to thee amid Tyrian purples; a palace rang with
 joy at that royal deliverance. What presages were there not then of future
 prosperity? what songs of birds, what flights of good omen in the heavens?
 What was the hurrying to and fro of seers? Hornèd Ammon and Delphi so
 long dumb at length broke their silence; Persian magi prophesied thy
 triumphs; Tuscan augurs felt thine influence; seers of Babylon beheld the stars
 and trembled; amazement seized the Chaldaean priests; the rock of Cumae,

shrine of raging Sibyl, thundered once again. Cybele's corybants surrounded not thy cradle with the clatter of their brazen shields; a shining host stood by thee on every side. Standards of war hedged in the royal babe who marked the bowed helmets of the worshipping soldiery while the trumpet's blare answered his warlike cries.

The day that gave thee birth gave thee a kingdom;

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imperiumque dies; inter cunabula consul
proveheris, signas posito modo nomine fastos 155
donaturque tibi, qui te produxerat, annus.
ipsa Quirinali parvum te cinxit amictu
mater et ad primas docuit reptare curules.
uberibus sanctis immortalique dearum
crescis adoratus gremio: tibi saepe Diana 160
Maenalios arcus venatricesque pharetras
suspendit, puerile decus; tu saepe Minervae
lusisti clipeo fulvamque impune pererrans
aegida tractasti blandos interritus angues;
saepe tuas etiam iam tum gaudente marito 165
velavit regina comas festinaque voti
praesumptum diadema dedit, tum lenibus ulnis
sustulit et magno porrexit ad oscula patri.
nec dilatus honos: mutatur principe Caesar;
protinus aequaris fratri. 170

Non certius umquam
hortati superi, nullis praesentior aether
adfuit omnibus. tenebris involverat atra
lumen hiems densosque Notus collegerat imbres.
sed mox, cum solita miles te voce levasset,
nubila dissolvit Phoebus pariterque dabantur 175
sceptras tibi mundoque dies: caligine liber
Bosphorus adversam patitur Calchedona cerni.
nec tantum vicina nitent, sed tota repulsis
nubibus exuitur Thrace, Pangaea reident
insuetosque palus radios Maeotia vibrat. 180

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in thy cradle thou wast raised to the consulship.¹⁵² With the name so recently bestowed upon thee thou dowerest the fasti and the year wherein thou wert born is consecrated to thee. Thy mother herself wrapped thy small form in the consular robe and directed thy first steps to the curule chair. Nourished at a

goddess' breasts, honoured with the embraces of immortal arms thou grewest to maturity. Oft to grace thy boyish form Diana hung upon thy shoulders her Maenalian bow and huntress' quiver; oft thou didst sport with Minerva's shield and, crawling unharmed over her glittering aegis, didst caress its friendly serpents with fearless hand. Often even in those early days thy mother beneath thy sire's happy gaze crowned thy tender locks and, anticipating the answer to her prayers, gave thee the diadem that was to be thine hereafter; then raising thee in her gentle arms she held thee up to receive thy mighty father's kiss. Nor was that honour long in coming; thou, then Caesar, didst become emperor and wert straightway made equal with thy brother.¹⁵³

Never was the encouragement of the gods more sure, never did heaven attend with more favouring omens. Black tempest had shrouded the light in darkness and the south wind gathered thick rain-clouds, when of a sudden, so soon as the soldiers had borne thee aloft with customary shout, Phoebus scattered the clouds and at the same moment was given to thee the sceptre, to the world light. Bosphorus, freed from clouds, permits a sight of Chalcedon on the farther shore; nor is it only the vicinity of Byzantium that is bathed in brightness; the clouds are driven back and all Thrace is cleared; Pangaeus shows afar and lake Maeotis makes quiver the rays he

¹⁵² Honorius, who was born Sept. 9, 384, was made consul for 386.

¹⁵³ Arcadius was made Augustus Jan. 16 (? 19), 383; Honorius not till Nov. 20, 393. Both succeeded to the throne Jan. 17, 395.

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nec Boreas nimbos aut sol ardentior egit:
imperii lux illa fuit; praesagus obibat
cuncta nitor risitque tuo natura sereno.
visa etiam medio populis mirantibus audax
stella die, dubitanda nihil nec crine retuso ¹⁸⁵
languida, sed quantus numeratur nocte Bootes,
emicuitque plagis alieni temporis hospes
ignis et agnosci potuit, cum luna lateret:
sive parens Augusta fuit, seu forte reluxit
divi sidus avi, seu te properantibus astris ¹⁹⁰
cernere sol patiens caelum commune remisit.
adparet quid signa ferant. ventura potestas
claruit Ascanio, subita cum luce comarum
innocuus flagraret apex Phrygioque volutus
vertice fatalis redimiret tempora candor. ¹⁹⁵
at tua caelestes inlustrant omina flammae.
talibus ab Idaeis primaevus Iuppiter antris

possessi stetit arce poli famulosque recepit
natura tradente deos; lanugine nondum
vernabant vultus nec adhuc per colla fluebant 200
moturae convexa comae; tum scindere nubes
discebat fulmenque rudi torquere lacerto.

Laetior augurio genitor natisque superbus
iam paribus duplici fultus consorte redibat
splendebatque pio complexus pignora curru. 205
haud aliter summo gemini cum patre Lacones,
progenies Ledaean, sedent: in utroque relucet
frater, utroque soror; simili chlamys effluit auro;

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rarely sees. 'Tis not Boreas nor yet Phoebus' warmer breath that has put the mists to flight. That light was an emperor's star. A prophetic radiance was over all things, and with thy brightness Nature laughed. Even at mid-day did a wondering people gaze upon a bold star ('twas clear to behold) — no dulled nor stunted beams but bright as Boötes' nightly lamp. At a strange hour its brilliance lit up the sky and its fires could be clearly seen though the moon lay hid. May be it was the Queen mother's star or the return of thy grandsire's now become a god, or may be the generous sun agreed to share the heavens with all the stars that hastened to behold thee. The meaning of those signs is now unmistakable. Clear was the prophecy of Ascanius' coming power when an aureole crowned his locks, yet harmed them not, and when the fires of fate encircled his head and played about his temples.¹⁵⁴ Thy future the very fires of heaven foretell. So the young Jove, issuing from the caves of Ida, stood upon the summit of the conquered sky and received the homage of the gods whom Nature handed to his charge. The bloom of youth had not yet clothed his cheeks nor flowed there o'er his neck the curls whose stirrings were to shake the world. He was yet learning how to cleave the clouds and hurl the thunderbolt with unpractised hand.

Gladdened by that augury and proud of his now equal sons the sire returned, upstayed on the two princes and lovingly embracing his children in glittering car. Even so the Spartan twins, the sons of Leda, sit with highest Jove; in each his brother is mirrored, in each their sister; round each alike flows a golden dress, and star-crowned are the

¹⁵⁴ Virgil mentions the portent (*Aen.* ii. 682).

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stellati pariter crines. iuvat ipse Tonantem
error et ambiguae placet ignorantia matri; 210
Eurotas proprios discernere nescit alumnos.

Ut domus exceperit reduces, ibi talia tecum
pro rerum stabili fertur dicione locutus:

“Si tibi Parthorum solium Fortuna dedisset,
care puer, terrisque procul venerandus Eois 215
barbarus Arsacio consurgeret ore tiaras:
sufficeret sublime genus luxuque fluentem
deside nobilitas posset te sola tueri.
altera Romanae longe rectoribus aulae
condicio. virtute decet, non sanguine niti. 220
maior et utilior fato coniuncta potenti,
vile latens virtus. quid enim? submersa tenebris
proderit obscuro veluti sine remige puppis
vel lyra quae reticet vel qui non tenditur arcus.

“Hanc tamen haud quisquam, qui non agnoverit ante 225
semet et incertos animi placaverit aestus,
inveniet; longis illuc ambagibus itur.
disce orbi, quod quisque sibi. cum conderet artus
nostros, aetheriis miscens terrena, Prometheus,
sinceram patri mentem furatus Olympo 230
continuit claustris indignantemque revinxit
et, cum non aliter possent mortalia fingi,
adiunxit geminas. illae cum corpore lapsae
intereunt, haec sola manet bustoque superstes
evolat. hanc alta capitis fundavit in arce 235
mandatricem operum prospecturamque labori;

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locks of both. The Thunderer rejoices in his very uncertainty, and to their
hesitating mother her ignorance brings delight; Eurotas cannot make
distinction between his own nurslings.

When all had returned to the palace, Theodosius, anxious for the world's just
governance, is said to have addressed thee in these terms:

“Had fortune, my dear son, given thee the throne of Parthia, hadst thou been a
descendant of the Arsacid house and did the tiara, adored by Eastern lands
afar, tower upon thy forehead, thy long lineage would be enough, and thy
birth alone would protect thee, though wantoning in idle luxury. Very
different is the state of Rome's emperor. 'Tis merit, not blood, must be his
support. Virtue hidden hath no value, united with power 'tis both more
effective and more useful. Nay, o'erwhelmed in darkness it will no more
advantage its obscure possessor than a vessel with no oars, a silent lyre, an
unstrung bow.

“Yet virtue none shall find that has not first learned to know himself and stilled the uncertain waves of passion within him. Long and winding is the path that leads thereto. What each man learns in his own interests learn thou in the interests of the world. When Prometheus mixed earthly and heavenly elements and so formed human kind, he stole man’s spirit pure from his own heavenly home, held it imprisoned and bound despite its outcries, and since humanity could be formed in no other way he added two more souls.¹⁵⁵ These fail and perish with the body; the first alone remains, survives the pyre and flies away. This soul he stationed in the lofty fastness of the brain to control and oversee the work and labours of the body. The other

¹⁵⁵ Claudian here follows the Platonic psychology which dividesthe soul into τὸ ἐπιθυμητικόν, τὸ θυμοειδές, the two (“geminas”) baser elements, and τὸ λογιστικόν (the “haec” of l. 234).

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illas inferius collo praeceptaque summae
passuras dominae digna statione locavit.
quippe opifex veritus confundere sacra profanis
distribuit partes animae sedesque removit. 240
iram sanguinei regio sub pectore cordis
protegit imbutam flammis avidamque nocendi
praecipitemque sui. rabie succensa tumescit,
contrahitur tepefacta metu. cumque omnia secum
duceret et requiem membris vesana negaret, 245
invenit pulmonis opem madidumque furenti
praebuit, ut tumidae ruerent in mollia fibrae.
at sibi cuncta petens, nil conlatura cupido
in iecur et tractus imos compulsa recessit,
quae, velut inmanis reserat dum belua rictus, 250
expleri pascique nequit: nunc verbere curas
torquet avaritiae, stimulis nunc flagrat amorum,
nunc gaudet, nunc maesta dolet satiataque rursus
exoritur caesaque redit pollentius hydra.

“Hos igitur potuit si quis sedare tumultus, 255
inconcussa dabit purae sacraria menti.
tu licet extremos late dominere per Indos,
te Medus, te mollis Arabs, te Seres adorent:
si metuis, si prava cupis, si ducers ira,
servitii patiere iugum; tolerabis iniquas 260
interius leges. tunc omnia iure tenebis,
cum poteris rex esse tui. proclivior usus
in peiora datur suadetque licentia luxum
inlecebrisque effrena favet. tum vivere caste

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two he set below the neck in a place befitting their functions, where it is their part to obey the commands of the directing soul. Doubtless our creator, fearing to mix the heavenly with the mortal, placed the different souls in different parts and kept their dwelling-places distinct. Near to the heart whence springs our blood there is within the breast a place where fiery anger lurks, eager to hurt and uncontrolled. This cavity swells when heated by rage and contracts when cooled by fear. Then, since anger swept everything away with it and in its fury gave the limbs no rest, Prometheus invented the lungs to aid the body and applied their humidity to the raging of anger to soothe our wrath-swollen flesh. Lust, that asks for everything and gives nought, was driven down into the liver and of necessity occupied the lowest room. Like a beast, opening its capacious jaws, lust can never be full fed nor satisfied; it is a prey now to the cruel lash of sleepless avarice, now to the fiery goads of love; is swayed now by joy, now by misery, and is no sooner fed than fain to be fed again, returning with more insistence than the oft-beheaded hydra.

“Can any assuage this tumult he will assure an inviolable sanctuary for a spotless soul. Thou mayest hold sway o’er farthest India, be obeyed by Mede, unwarlike Arab or Chinese, yet, if thou fearest, hast evil desires, art swayed by anger, thou wilt bear the yoke of slavery; within thyself thou wilt be a slave to tyrannical rule. When thou canst be king over thyself then shalt thou hold rightful rule over the world. The easier way often trod leads to worse; liberty begets licence and, when uncontrolled, leads to vice. Then is a chaste

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asperius, cum prompta Venus; tum durius irae 265
consulitur, cum poena patet. sed comprime motus
nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit
occurrat, mentemque domet respectus honesti.

“Hoc te praeterea crebro sermone monebo,
ut te totius medio telluris in ore 270

vivere cognoscas, cunctis tua gentibus esse
facta palam nec posse dari regalibus usquam
secretum vitiis; nam lux altissima fati
occultum nihil esse sinit, latebrasque per omnes
intrat et abstrusos explorat fama recessus. 275

“Sis pius in primis; nam cum vincamur in omni
munere, sola deos aequat clementia nobis.
neu dubie suspectus agas neu falsus amicis
rumorumve avidus: qui talia curat, inanes
horrebit strepitus nulla non anxius hora. 280
non sic excubiae, non circumstantia pila
quam tutatur amor. non extorquebis amari;
hoc alterna fides, hoc simplex gratia donat.

nonne vides, operum quod se pulcherrimus ipse
mundus amore liget, nec vi conexas per aevum 285
conspirent elementa sibi? quod limite Phoebus
contentus medio, contentus litore pontus
et, qui perpetuo terras ambitque vehitque,
nec premat incumbens oneri nec cesserit aër?
qui terret, plus ipse timet; sors ista tyrannis 290
convenit; invideant claris fortesque trucidant,

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life harder when love is at call; then is it a sterner task to govern anger when vengeance is to hand. Yet master thine emotions and ponder not what thou mightest do but what thou oughtest to do, and let regard for duty control thy mind.

“Of this too I cannot warn thee too often: remember that thou livest in the sight of the whole world, to all peoples are thy deeds known; the vices of monarchs cannot anywhere remain hid. The splendour of their lofty station allows nought to be concealed; fame penetrates every hiding-place and discovers the inmost secrets of the heart.

“Above all fail not in loving-kindness; for though we be surpassed in every virtue yet mercy alone makes us equal with the gods. Let thine actions be open and give no grounds for suspicion, be loyal to thy friends nor lend an ear to rumours. He who attends to such will quake at every idle whisper and know no moment’s peace. Neither watch nor guard nor yet a hedge of spears can secure thee safety; only thy people’s love can do that. Love thou canst not extort; it is the gift of mutual faith and honest goodwill. Seest thou not how the fair frame of the very universe binds itself together by love, and how the elements, not united by violence, are for ever at harmony among themselves? Dost thou not mark how that Phoebus is content not to outstep the limits of his path, nor the sea those of his kingdom, and how the air, which in its eternal embrace encircles and upholds the world, presses not upon us with too heavy a weight nor yet yields to the burden which itself sustains? Whoso causes terror is himself more fearful; such doom befits tyrants. Let them be jealous of another’s fame, murder the

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muniti gladiis vivant saeptique venenis,
incipites habeant arces trepidique minentur:
tu civem patremque geras, tu consule cunctis,
non tibi, nec tua te moveant, sed publica vota. 295
“In commune iubes si quid censesque tenendum,

primus iussa subi: tunc observantior aequi
fit populus nec ferre negat, cum viderit ipsum
auctorem parere sibi. componitur orbis
regis ad exemplum, nec sic inflectere sensus 300
humanos edicta valent quam vita regentis:
mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus.

“His tamen effectis neu fastidire minores
neu pete praescriptos homini transcendere fines.
inquinat egregios adiuncta superbia mores. 305
non tibi tradidimus dociles servire Sabaeos,
Armeniae dominum non te praefecimus orae,
nec damus Assyriam, tenuit quam femina, gentem.
Romani, qui cuncta diu rexere, regendi,
qui nec Tarquinii fastus nec iura tulere 310
Caesaris. annales veterum delicta loquuntur:
haerebunt maculae. quis non per saecula damnat
Caesareae portenta domus? quem dira Neronis
funera, quem rupes Caprearum taetra latebit
incesto possessa seni? victura feretur 315
gloria Traiani, non tam quod Tigride victo
nostra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi,
alta quod invectus fractis Capitolia Dacis,

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brave, live hedged about with swords and fenced with poisons, dwelling in a citadel that is ever exposed to danger, and threaten to conceal their fears. Do thou, my son, be at once a citizen and a father, consider not thyself but all men, nor let thine own desires stir thee but thy people's.

“If thou make any law or establish any custom for the general good, be the first to submit thyself thereto; then does a people show more regard for justice nor refuse submission when it has seen their author obedient to his own laws. The world shapes itself after its ruler's pattern, nor can edicts sway men's minds so much as their monarch's life; the unstable crowd ever changes along with the prince.

“Nor is this all: show no scorn of thine inferiors nor seek to overstep the limits established for mankind. Pride joined thereto defaces the fairest character. They are not submissive Sabaeans whom I have handed over to thy rule, nor have I made thee lord of Armenia; I give thee not Assyria, accustomed to a woman's rule. Thou must govern Romans who have long governed the world, Romans who brooked not Tarquin's pride nor Caesar's tyranny. History still tells of our ancestors' ill deeds; the stain will never be wiped away. So long as the world lasts the monstrous excesses of the Julian house will stand

condemned. Will any not have heard of Nero's murders or how Capri's foul cliffs were owned by an agèd lecher¹⁵⁶? The fame of Trajan will never die, not so much because, thanks to his victories on the Tigris, conquered Parthia became a Roman province, not because he brake the might of Dacia and led their chiefs in triumph up the slope of the Capitol, but because

¹⁵⁶ *i.e.* Tiberius.

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quam patriae quod mitis erat. ne desine tales,
nate, sequi.

“Si bella canant, prius agmina duris
exerce studiis et saevo praestruere Marti. ³²¹
non brumae requies, non hibernacula segnes
enervent torpore manus. ponenda salubri
castra loco; praebenda vigil custodia vallo.
disce, ubi denseri cuneos, ubi cornua tendi ³²⁵
aequius aut iterum flecti; quae montibus aptae,
quae campis acies, quae fraudi commoda vallis,
quae via difficilis. fidit si moenibus hostis,
tum tibi murali libretur machina pulsu;
saxa rota; praeceps aries protectaque portas ³³⁰
testudo feriat; ruat emersura iuventus
effossi per aperta soli. si longa moretur
obsidio, tum vota cave secura remittas
inclusumve putes; multis damnosa fuere
gaudia; dispersi pereunt somnove soluti; ³³⁵
saepius incautae nocuit victoria turbae.
neu tibi regificis tentoria larga redundant
deliciis, neve imbelles ad signa ministros
luxuries armata trahat. neu flantibus Austris
neu pluviis cedas, neu defensura calorem ³⁴⁰
aurea summoveant rapidos umbracula soles.
inventis utere cibis. solabere partes
aequali sudore tuas: si collis iniquus,

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he was kindly to his country. Fail not to make such as he thine example, my son.

“Should war threaten, see first that thy soldiers are exercised in the practices of war and prepare them for the rigours of service. The ease of winter months spent in winter quarters must not weaken nor unnerve their hands. Establish thy camps in healthy places and see that watchful sentries guard the ramparts.

Learn how to know when to mass your troops and when it is better to extend them or face them round; study the formations suitable for mountain warfare and those for fighting on the plain. Learn to recognize what valleys may conceal an ambush and what routes will prove difficult. If thine enemy trusts in his walls to defend him then let thy catapults hurl stones at his battlements; fling rocks thereat and let the swinging ram and shield-protected testudo¹⁵⁷ shake his gates. Your troops should undermine the walls and issuing from this tunnel should rush into the town. Should a long siege delay thee, then take care thou unbend not thy purpose in security or count thine enemy thy prisoner. Many ere this have found premature triumph their undoing, scattered or asleep they have been cut to pieces; indeed victory itself has not seldom been the ruin of careless troops. Not for thee let spacious tents o'erflow with princely delights nor luxury don arms and drag to the standards her unwarlike train. Though the storm winds blow and the rain descends yield not to them and use not cloth of gold to guard thee from the sun's fierce rays. Eat such food as thou canst find. It will be a solace to thy soldiers that thy toil is as heavy as theirs; be the first to mount the arduous hill and, should

¹⁵⁷ A well-known Roman method of attack by which the troops advanced to the point of attack in close formation, each manholding his shield above his head. The protection thus afforded to the assaulting band was likened to the shell of the tortoise (*testudo*).

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primus ini; silvam si caedere provocat usus,
 sumpta ne pudeat quercum stravisse bipenni. ³⁴⁵
 calcatur si pigra palus, tuus ante profundum
 pertemptet sonipes. fluvios tu protere cursu
 haerentes glacie, liquidos tu scinde natatu.
 nunc eques in medias equitum te consere turmas;
 nunc pedes adsistas pediti. tum promptius ibunt
 te socio, tum conspicuus gratusque geretur ³⁵¹
 sub te teste labor.”

Dicturum plura parentem
 voce subis: “equidem, faveant modo numina coeptis,
 haec effecta dabo, nec me fratrique tibi que
 dissimilem populi commissaque regna videbunt. ³⁵⁵
 sed cur non potius, verbis quae disseris, usu
 experior? gelidas certe nunc tendis in Alpes.
 duc tecum comitem; figant sine nostra tyrannum
 spicula; pallescat nostro sine barbarus arcu.
 Italiamne feram furiis praedonis acerbi ³⁶⁰
 subiectam? patiar Romam servire clienti?
 usque adeone puer? nec me polluta potestas
 nec pia cognati tanget vindicta cruoris?
 per strages equitare libet. da protinus arma.

cur annos obicis? pugnae cur arguor impar?
aequalis mihi Pyrrhus erat, cum Pergama solus 365
verteret et patri non degeneraret Achilli.
denique si princeps castris haerere nequibo,
vel miles veniam.”

Delibat dulcia nati

oscula miratusque refert: “laudanda petisti; 370
sed festinus amor, veniet robustior aetas;
ne propera. necdum decimas emensus aristas
adgrederis metuenda viris: vestigia magnae

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necessity demand the felling of a forest, be not ashamed to grasp the axe and hew down the oak. If a stagnant marsh must be crossed let thy horse be the first to test the depth of it. Boldly tread the frozen river; swim the flood. Mounted thyself, ride amid thy squadrons of horse or again stand foot to foot with the infantry. They will advance the bolder for thy presence, and with thee to witness glorious and glad shall be the fulfilment of their task.”

More would he have spoken but Honorius broke in and said: “All this will I do, so God favour my attempts. The peoples and kingdoms committed to my care shall find me not unworthy of thee nor of my brother. But why should I not experience in action what thou has taught in words? Thou goest to the wintry Alps: take me with thee. Let mine arrows pierce the tyrant’s body, and the barbarians pale at my bow. Shall I allow Italy to become the prey of a ruthless bandit? Rome to serve one who is himself but a servant? Am I still such a child that neither power profaned nor just revenge for an uncle’s blood shall move me? Fain would I ride through blood. Quick, give me arms. Why castest thou my youth in my teeth? Why thinkest me unequal to the combat? I am as old as was Pyrrhus when alone he o’erthrew Troy and proved himself no degenerate from his father Achilles. If I may not remain in thy camp as a prince I will come even as a soldier.”

Theodosius kissed his son’s sweet lips and answered him wondering: “Nought have I but praise for thy petition, but this love of glory has bloomed too early. Thy strength will increase with years; till then be patient. Though thou hast not yet completed ten summers thou wouldst hance dangers that a man

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indolis agnosco, fertur Pellaeus, Eoum
qui domuit Porum, cum prospera saepe Philippi 375
audiret, laetos inter flevisse sodales

nil sibi vincendum patris virtute relinqui.
 hos video motus. fas sit promittere patri:
 tantus eris. nostro nec debes regna favori,
 quae tibi iam natura dedit. sic mollibus olim 380
 stridula ducturum pratis examina regem
 nascentem venerantur apes et publica mellis
 iura petunt traduntque favos; sic pascua parvus
 vindicat et necdum firmatis cornibus audax
 iam regit armentum vitulus. sed proelia differ 385
 in iuvenem patiensque meum cum fratre tuere
 me bellante locum, vos impacatus Araxes,
 vos celer Euphrates timeat, sit Nilus ubique
 vester et emissio quidquid sol imbuit ortu.
 si pateant Alpes, habeat si causa secundos 390
 iustior eventus, aderis partesque receptas
 suscipies, animosa tuas ut Gallia leges
 audiat et nostros aequus modereris Hiberos.
 tunc ego securus fati laetusque laborum
 discedam, vobis utrumque regentibus axem. 395
 “Interea Mysis animus, dum mollior, instet
 et quae mox imitere legat; nec desinat umquam
 tecum Graia loqui, tecum Romana vetustas.
 antiquos evolve duces, adsuesce futurae

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might fear: I mark the tokens of a noble nature. It is said that Alexander, conqueror of eastern Porus, wept at the constant news of Philip's fortune, telling his companions who rejoiced thereat that his sire's valour left him nought to conquer. In thee I see like spirit. May a father be allowed this prophecy— “thou shalt be as great”! It is not to my goodwill thou owest the kingdom, for nature has already made it thine. So even from his birth bees reverence the king¹⁵⁸

who is to lead their buzzing swarms through the soft meadows, ask his public laws for the gathering of the honey and entrust to him their combs. So the spirited young bull-calf claims sovereignty over the grazing-grounds and, though as yet his horns are not grown strong, lords it over the herd. Nay: postpone thy campaigns till thou art a man and while I do battle patiently help thy brother to fulfil my office. Be you two the terror of untamed Araxes and of swift Euphrates; may Nile throughout all his length belong to you and all the lands upon which the morning sun lets fall his beam. Should I force a passage over the Alps, should success crown the juster cause, thou shalt come and govern the recovered provinces, whereby fierce Gaul shall obey thy laws and my native Spain be guided by thy just rule. Then, careless of doom and rejoicing in my labours, I shall quit this mortal life, while you, my sons, rule

either hemisphere.

“Meanwhile cultivate the Muses whilst thou art yet young; read of deeds thou soon mayest rival; never may Greece’s story, never may Rome’s, cease to speak with thee. Study the lives of the heroes of old to accustom thee for wars that are to be.

¹⁵⁸ As is well known, the ancients mistook the sex of the queen bee.

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militiae, Latium retro te confer in aevum. 400
libertas quaesita placet? mirabere Brutum.
perfidiam damnas? Metti satiabere poenis.
triste rigor nimius? Torquati despice mores.
mors impensa bonum? Decios venerare ruentes.
vel solus quid fortis agat, te ponte soluto 405
oppositus Cocles, Muci te flamma docebit;
quid mora perfringat, Fabius; quid rebus in artis
dux gerat, ostendet Gallorum strage Camillus.
discitur hinc nullos meritis obsistere casus:
prorogat aeternam feritas tibi Punica famam, 410
Regule; successus superant adversa Catonis.
discitur hinc quantum paupertas sobria possit:
pauper erat Curius, reges cum vinceret armis,
pauper Fabricius, Pyrrhi cum sperneret aurum;
sordida dictator flexit Serranus aratra: 415
lustratae lictore casae fascesque salignis
postibus adfixi; collectae consule messes
et sulcata diu trabeato rura colono.”

Haec genitor praecepta dabat: velut ille carinae
longaevus rector, variis quem saepe procellis 420
exploravit hiems, ponto iam fessus et annis
aequoreas alni nato commendat habenas
et casus artesque docet: quo dextra regatur
sidere; quo fluctus possit moderamine falli;
quae nota nimborum; quae fraus infida sereni; 425

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Go back to the Latin age. Admirest thou a fight for liberty? Thou wilt admire Brutus. Does treachery rouse thine indignation? The punishment of Mettius¹⁵⁹ will fill thee with satisfaction. Dost thou hate undue severity? Abominate Torquatus’ savagery. Is it a virtue to die for one’s country? Honour the self-devotion of the Decii. Horatius Cocles, facing the foe on the broken bridge, Mucius holding his arm in the flames,¹⁶⁰ these shall show thee what, single-

handed, brave men can do. Fabius will show thee what overthrow delay can cause; Camillus and his slaughter of the Gauls what in face of odds a leader can effect. From history thou mayest learn that no ill fortune can master worth; Punic savagery extends thy fame, Regulus, to eternity; the failure of Cato outdoes success. From history thou mayest learn the power of frugal poverty; Curius was a poor man when he conquered kings in battle; Fabricius was poor when he spurned the gold of Pyrrhus; Serranus, for all he was dictator, drove the muddy plough. In those days the lictors kept watch at a cottage door, the fasces were hung upon a gateway of wood; consuls helped to gather in the harvest, and for long years the fields were ploughed by husbandmen who wore the consular robe.”

Such were the precepts of the sire. Even so an aged helmsman oft proved by winter’s various storms, aweary now of the sea and his weight of years, commends to his son the rudder of his bark, tells him of dangers and devices — by what art the helmsman’s hand is guided; what steerage may elude the wave; what is a sign of storms; what the treachery of a cloudless sky, the promise of the

¹⁵⁹ The story of the punishment of Mettius Fufetius, the Albandictator, by the Roman king Tullus Hostilius for his treachery in the war against Fidenae is told by Livy (i. 28. 10) and referred to by Claudian (xv. 254).

¹⁶⁰ For Mucius (Scaevola) holding his arm in the flame to show Lars Porsenna how little he, a Roman, minded bodily pain see Livy ii. 12.

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quid sol occiduus prodat; quo saucia vento
 decolor iratos attollat Cynthia vultus.
 aspice nunc, quacumque micas, seu circulus Austri,
 magne parens, gelidi seu te meruere Triones,
 aspice: completur votum. iam natus adaequat ⁴³⁰
 te meritis et, quod magis est optabile, vincit
 subnixus Stilichone tuo, quem fratribus ipse
 discedens clipeum defensoremque dedisti.
 pro nobis nihil ille pati nullumque recusat
 discrimen temptare sui, non dura viarum, ⁴³⁵
 non incerta maris, Libyae squalentis harenas
 audebit superare pedes madidaque cadente
 Pleiade Gaetulas intrabit navita Syrtes.

Hunc tamen in primis populos lenire feroces
 et Rhenum pacare iubes. volat ille citatis ⁴⁴⁰
 vectus equis nullaque latus stipante caterva,
 aspera nubiferas qua Raetia porrigit Alpes,
 pergit et hostiles (tanta est fiducia) ripas
 incommitatus adit. totum properare per amnem
 attonitos reges humili cervice videres. ⁴⁴⁵

ante ducem nostrum flavam sparsere Sygambri
caesariem pavidoque orantes murmure Franci
procubuere solo: iuratur Honorius absens
imploratque tuum supplex Alamannia nomen.
Bastarnae venere truces, venit accola silvae ⁴⁵⁰
Bructerus Hercyniae latisque paludibus exit
Cimber et ingentes Albim liquere Cherusci.

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setting sun; what storm-wind frets the Moon so that discoloured she uplifts an angry face. Behold now, great father, in whatsoever part of heaven thou shinest, be it the southern arch or the cold constellation of the Plough that has won the honour of thy presence; see, thy prayer has been answered; thy son now equals thee in merit, nay, a consummation still more to be desired, he surpasseth thee, thanks to the support of thy dear Stilicho whom thou thyself at thy death didst leave to guard and defend the brothers twain. For us there is nought that Stilicho is not ready to suffer, no danger to himself he is not willing to face, neither hardships of the land nor hazards of the sea. His courage will carry him on foot across the deserts of Libya, at the setting of the rainy Pleiads his ship will penetrate the Gaetulian Syrtes.

To him, however, thy first command is to calm fierce nations and bring peace to the Rhine. On wind-swift steed, no escort clinging to his side, he crosses the cloud-capped summits of the Raetian Alps, and, so great is his trust in himself, approaches the river unattended. Then mightest thou have seen from source to mouth come hastening up Rhine's princes, bending their heads in fearful submission. Before our general the Sygambri abased their flaxen locks and the Franks cast themselves upon the ground and sued with trembling voice for pardon. Germany swears allegiance to the absent Honorius and addresses her suppliant prayers to him. Fierce Bastarnae were there and the Bructeri who dwell in the Hercynian forest. The Cimbrians left their broad marsh-lands, the tall Cherusci came from the river Elbe. Stilicho listens

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accipit ille preces varias tardeque rogatus
adnuit et magno pacem pro munere donat.
nobilitant veteres Germanica foedera Drusus, ⁴⁵⁵
Marte sed ancipiti, sed multis cladibus empta — quis
victum meminit sola formidine Rhenum?
quod longis alii bellis potuere mereri,
hoc tibi dat Stilichonis iter.

Post otia Galli

limitis hortaris Graias fulcire ruinas. ⁴⁶⁰

Ionium tegitur velis ventique laborant
 tot curvare sinus servaturasque Corinthum
 prosequitur facili Neptunus gurgite classes,
 et puer, Isthmiaci iam pridem litoris exul,
 secura repetit portus cum matre Palaemon. ⁴⁶⁵
 plaustra cruore natant: metitur pellita iuventus:
 pars morbo, pars ense perit. non lustra Lycaeï,
 non Erymantheae iam copia sufficit umbrae
 innumeris exusta rogis, nudataque ferro
 sic flagrasse suas laetantur Maenala silvas. ⁴⁷⁰
 excutiat cineres Ephyre, Spartanus et Arcas
 tutior exanguis pedibus proculcet acervos
 fessaque pensatis respiret Graecia poenis!
 gens, qua non Scythicos diffusior ulla Triones
 incoluit, cui parvus Athos angustaque Thrace, ⁴⁷⁵
 cum transiret, erat, per te viresque tuorum
 fracta ducum lugetque sibi iam rara superstes,
 et, quorum turbae spatium vix praebuit orbis,
 uno colle latent. sitiens inclusaque vallo

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to their various prayers, gives tardy assent to their entreaties and of his great bounty bestows upon them peace. A covenant with Germany gave glory to the Drusi of old, but purchased by what uncertain warfare, by how many disasters! Who can recall the Rhine conquered by terror alone? That which others were enabled to win by long wars — this, Honorius, Stilicho's mere march gives thee.

Thou biddest Stilicho after restoring peace in Gaul save Greece from ruin. Vessels cover the Ionian sea; scarce can the wind fill out so many sails. Neptune with favouring currents attends the fleet that is to save Corinth, and young Palaemon, so long an exile from the shores of his isthmus, returns in safety with his mother to the harbour. The blood of barbarians washes their wagons; the ranks of skin-clad warriors are mowed down, some by disease, some by the sword. The glades of Lycaeus, the dark and boundless forests of Erymanthus, are not enough to furnish such countless funeral pyres; Maenalus rejoices that the axe has stripped her of her woods to provide fuel for such a holocaust. Let Ephyre¹⁶¹ rise from her ashes while Spartan and Arcadian, now safe, tread under foot the heaps of slain; let Greece's sufferings be made good and her weary land be allowed to breathe once more. That nation, wider spread than any that dwells in northern Scythia, that found Athos too small and Thrace too narrow when it crossed them, that nation, I say, was conquered by thee and thy captains, and now, in the persons of the few that survive, laments its own overthrow. One hill now shelters a people whose hordes

scarce the whole world could once contain. Athirst and hemmed within their rampart they

161 = Corinth.

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ereptas quaesivit aquas, quas hostibus ante 480
contiguas alio Stilicho deflexerat actu
mirantemque novas ignota per avia valles
iusserat averso fluvium migrare meatu.

Obvia quid mirum vinci, cum barbarus ultro
iam cupiat servire tibi? tua Sarmata discors 485
sacramenta petit; proiecta pelle Gelonus
militat; in Latios ritus transistis Alani.
ut fortes in Marte viros animisque paratos,
sic iustos in pace legis longumque tueris
electos crebris nec succedentibus urges. 490
iudicibus notis regimur, fruimurque quietis
militiaeque bonis, ceu bellatore Quirino,
ceu placido moderante Numa. non inminet ensis,
nullae nobilium caedes; non crimina vulgo
texuntur; patria maestus non truditur exul; 495
impia continui cessant augmenta tributi;
non infelices tabulae; non hasta refixas
vendit opes; avida sector non voce citatur,
nec tua privatis crescunt aeraria damnis.
munificus largi, sed non et prodigus, auri. 500
perdurat non empta fides nec pectora merces
adligat; ipsa suo pro pignore castra laborant;
te miles nutritor amat.

Quae denique Romae

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sought in vain for the stolen waters, that, once within our foemen's reach, Stilicho had turned aside in another course, and commanded the stream, that marvelled at its strange channel amid unknown ways, to shift its altered track.

What wonder that the nations barring thy path should fall before thee, since the barbarian of his own choice now seeks to serve thee? The Sarmatae, ever a prey to internal strife, beg to swear allegiance to thee; the Geloni cast off their cloaks of hide and fight for thee; you, O Alans, have adopted the customs of Latium. As thou choosest for war men that are brave and eager for the fray, so thou choosest for the offices of peace men that are just, and once chosen keepest them long in their charge, not ousting them by ever new successors.

We know the magistrates who govern us, and we enjoy the blessings of peace while we reap the advantages of war, as though we lived at one and the same time in the reign of warlike Romulus and peace-loving Numa. A sword is no longer hung over our heads; there are no massacres of the great; gone is the mob of false accusers; no melancholy exiles are driven from their fatherland. Unholy increase of perpetual taxes is at an end; there are no accursed lists,¹⁶² no auctions of plundered wealth; the voice of greed summons not the salesman, nor is thy treasury increased by private losses. Thou art liberal with thy money, yet not wasteful of it. The loyalty of thy soldiers is a lasting loyalty, for it is not bought, nor is it gifts that win their love; the army is anxious for the success of its own child and loves thee who wast its nursling.

And how deep is thy devotion to Rome herself!

¹⁶² *i.e.* lists of the proscribed and of their properties put up for sale.

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cura tibi! quam fixa manet reverentia patrum!
firmatur senium iuris priscamque resumunt 505
canitiem leges emendanturque vetustae
acceduntque novae. talem sensere Solonem
res Pandioniae; sic armipotens Lacedaemon
despexit muros rigido munita Lycurgo.
quae sub te vel causa brevis vel iudicis error 510
neglegitur? dubiis quis litibus addere finem
iustior et mersum latebris educere verum?
quae pietas quantusque rigor tranquillaque magni
vis animi nulloque levis terrore moveri
nec nova mirari facilis! quam docta facultas 515
ingenii linguaeque modus! responsa verentur
legati, gravibusque latet sub moribus aetas.
Quantus in ore pater radiat! quam torva voluptas
frontis et augusti maiestas grata pudoris!
iam patrias imples galeas; iam cornus avita 520
temptatur vibranda tibi; promittitur ingens
dextra rudimentis Romanaque vota moratur.
quis decor, incedis quotiens clipeatus et auro
squameus et rutilus cristis et casside maior!
sic, cum Threïcia primum sudaret in hasta, 525
flumina laverunt puerum Rhodopeia Martem.
quae vires iaculis vel, cum Gortynia tendis
spicula, quam felix arcus certique petitor
vulneris et iussum mentiri nescius ictum!
scis, quo more Cydon, qua dirigat arte sagittas 530

How fixed abides thy reverence for the Senate! Old customs are preserved, law has recovered its ancient sanctity in the amendment of former statutes and by the addition of new ones. Such an one as thee Pandion's city¹⁶³ found in Solon; even so did warrior Lacedaemon disdain walls, for unyielding Lycurgus gave it defence. What case so petty, what judicial error so slight that it escapes thy notice? Who with truer justice put an end to dishonest suits and brought forth lurking truth from her hiding-place? What mercy, yet what firmness; thine is the quiet strength of a great soul, too firm to be stirred by fear, too stable to be swayed by the attraction of novelty. How stored with learning thy ready wit, how controlled thy speech; ambassadors are awe-stricken at thine answers, and thy grave manners make them forget thy years.

How thy father's nobility shines in thy face! How awful is thy winning brow, how charming the majesty of a blushing emperor! Boy though thou art, thou canst wear thy sire's helmet and brandish thy grandsire's spear. These exercises of thy youth foreshadow vast strength in manhood and convince Rome that the ruler of her prayers is come. How fair art thou in shield and golden armour girt, with waving plumes and taller by the altitude of a helmet! So looked the youthful Mars when after the toil and sweat of his first battle he bathed him in Thracian Rhodope's mountain stream. With what vigour thou hurlest the javelin, and, when thou stretchest the Cretan bow, what success attends thy shaft! Sure is the wound it seeks; it knows not how to fail the appointed stroke. Thou knowest in what fashion the Cretan,

¹⁶³ *i.e.* Athens.

Armenius, refugo quae sit fiducia Partho:
 sic Amphioniae pulcher sudore palaestrae
 Alcides pharetras Dircaeaue tela solebat
 praetemptare feris olim domitura Gigantes
 et pacem latura polo, semperque cruentus ⁵³⁵
 ibat et Alcmenae praedam referebat ovanti;
 caeruleus tali prostratus Apolline Python
 implicuit fractis moritura volumina silvis.

Cum vectaris equo simulacraque Martia ludis,
 quis mollis sinuare fugas, quis tendere contum ⁵⁴⁰
 acrior aut subitos melior flexisse recursus?
 non te Massagetae, non gens exercita campo
 Thessala, non ipsi poterunt aequare bimembres;
 vix comites alae, vix te suspensa sequuntur
 agmina ferventesque tument post terga dracones. ⁵⁴⁵

utque tuis primum sonipes calcaribus arsit,
ignescunt patulae nares, non sentit harenas
ungula discussaeque iubae sparguntur in armos;
turbantur phalerae, spumosis morsibus aurum
fumat, anhelantes exundant sanguine gemmae. 550
ipse labor pulvisque decet confusaque motu
caesaries; vestis radiato murice solem
combibit, ingesto crispatur purpura vento.
si dominus legeretur equis, tua posceret ultro
verbera Nereidum stabulis nutritus Arion 555
serviretque tuis contempto Castore frenis

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with what skill the Armenian, directs his arrows; in what the retreating Parthian puts his trust. Thus was Alcides, graced with the sweat of the wrestling-ground at Thebes, wont to try his bow and Boeotian arrows on the beasts of the forest ere he turned them against the Giants and so secured peace for heaven. Stains of blood were ever upon him and proud was his mother Alcmena of the spoils he brought back home. Such was Apollo when he slew the livid serpent that enfolded and brake down forests in his dying coils.

When mounted on thy horse thou playest the mimicry of war, who is quicker smoothly to wheel in flight, who to hurl the spear, or more skilled to sweep round in swift return? There the Massagetae are not thy peers nor the tribes of Thessaly, well versed though they be in riding, no, nor the very Centaurs themselves. Scarce can the squadrons and flying bands that accompany thee keep pace, while the wind behind thee bellies the fierce dragons on the flags. So soon as the touch of thy spur has fired thy steed, flames start from his swelling nostrils; his hoof scarce touches the ground and his mane is outspread over his shoulders. His harness rattles and the golden bit grows warm in his foam-flecked mouth. The jewels that stud his quivering bridle are red with blood. The signs of toil, the dust stains, the disorder of thy hair all do but increase thy beauty. Thy brilliant scarlet cloak drinks in the sunlight as the wind blows its gay surface into folds. Could horses choose their riders then surely would Arion, full fed in the stables of the Nereids, have prayed for the very whip of such a master, Cyllarus would have had none of Castor, but would have looked

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Cyllarus et flavum Xanthus sprevisset Achillem.
ipse tibi famulas praeberet Pegasus alas
portaretque libens melioraque pondera passus
Bellerophontearum indignaretur habenas. 560

quin etiam velox Aurorae nuntius Aethon,
qui fugat hinnitu stellas roseoque domatur
Lucifero, quotiens equitem te cernit ab astris,
invidet inque tuis mavult spumare lupatis.

Nunc quoque quos habitus, quantaе miracula pompae 565
vidimus, Ausonio cum iam succinctus amictu
per Ligurum populos solito conspectior ires
atque inter niveas alte veherere cohortes,
obnixisque simul pubes electa lacertis
sidereum gestaret onus. sic numina Memphis 570
in vulgus proferre solet; penetralibus exit
effigies, brevis illa quidem: sed plurimus infra
liniger imposito suspirat vecte sacerdos
testatus sudore deum; Nilotica sistris
ripa sonat Phariosque modos Aegyptia ducit 575
tibia; summissis admugit cornibus Apis.
omnis nobilitas, omnis tua sacra frequentat
Thybridis et Latii suboles; convenit in unum
quidquid in orbe fuit procerum, quibus auctor honoris
vel tu vel genitor. numeroso consule consul 580
cingeris et socios gaudes admittere patres.
inlustri te prole Tagus, te Gallia doctis
civibus et toto stipavit Roma senatu.
portatur iuvenum cervicibus aurea sedes
ornatuque novo gravior deus. asperat Indus 585
velamenta lapis pretiosaque fila smaragdis

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to thy reins for guidance and Xanthus have scorned to bear golden-haired Achilles. Pegasus himself had lent thee his subject wings and been glad to carry thee and, now that a mightier rider bestrode him, had turned in proud disdain from Bellerophon's bridle. Nay, Aethon, swift messenger of dawn, who routs the stars with his neigh and is driven by rosy Lucifer, seeing thee from heaven as thou ridest by, is filled with envy and would choose rather to hold thy bit in his foaming mouth.

What raiment, too, have we not seen, what miracles of splendour, when, girt with the robe of Italy, thou didst go, still more glorious than thou art wont, through the peoples of Liguria, borne aloft amid thy troops clad in triumphal white and carried upon the shoulders of chosen warriors who so proudly upheld their godlike burden! 'Tis thus that Egypt brings forth her gods to the public gaze. The image issues from its shrine; small it is, indeed, yet many a linen-clad priest pants beneath the pole, and by his sweat testifies that he bears a god; Nile's banks resound to the holy rattles, and Egypt's pipe drones its

native measure; Apis abases his horns and lows in reply. All the nobles, all whom Tiber and Latium rear, throng thy festival; gathered in one are all the great ones of the earth that owe their rank either to thee or to thy sire. Many a consular surrounds thee, the consul whose good pleasure it is to associate the senate in thy triumph. The nobles of Spain, the wise men of Gaul, and the senators of Rome all throng round thee. On young men's necks is borne thy golden throne, and new adorning adds weight to deity. Jewels of India stud thy vestment, rows of green emeralds enrich

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ducta virent; amethystus inest et fulgor Hiberus
temperat arcanis hyacinthi caerulea flammis.
nec rudis in tali suffecit gratia textu;
auget acus meritum picturatumque metallis 590
vivit opus: multa remorantur iaspide cultus¹⁶⁴
et variis spirat Nereia baca figuris.
quae tantum potuit digitis mollire rigorem
ambitiosa colus? vel cuius pectinis arte
traxerunt solidae gemmarum stamina telae? 595
invia quis calidi scrutatus stagna profundi
Tethyos invasit gremium? quis divitis algae
germina flagrant inter quae sivit harenas?
quis iunxit lapides ostro? quis miscuit ignes
Sidonii Rubrique maris? tribuere colorem 600
Phoenices, Seres subtegmina, pondus Hydaspes.
hoc si Maeonias cinctu graderere per urbes,
in te pampineos transferret Lydia thyrsos,
in te Nysa choros; dubitassent orgia Bacchi,
cui furerent; irent blandae sub vincula tigres. 605
talis Erythraeis intextus nebrida gemmis
Liber agit currus et Caspia flectit eburnis
colla iugis: Satyri circum crinemque solutae
Maenades adstringunt hederis victricibus Indos;
ebrius hostili velatur palmite Ganges. 610

Auspice mox laetum sonuit clamore tribunal
te fastos ineunte quater. sollemnia ludit
omina libertas; deductum Vindice morem
lex celebrat, famulusque iugo laxatus erili

¹⁶⁴ Birt *vultus*; cod. Ambrosianus *cultus*.

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the seams; there gleams the amethyst and the glint of Spanish gold makes the

dark-blue sapphire show duller with its hidden fires. Nor in the weaving of such a robe was unadorned beauty enough; the work of the needle increases its value, thread of gold and silver glows therefrom; many an agate adorns the embroidered robes, and pearls of Ocean breathe in varied pattern. What bold hand, what distaff had skill enough to make thus supple elements so hard? What loom so cunning as to weave jewels into close-textured cloth? Who, searching out the uncharted pools of hot Eastern seas, despoiled the bosom of Tethys? Who dared seek o'er burning sands rich growth of coral? Who could broider precious stones on scarlet and so mingle the shining glories of the Red Sea and of Phoenicia's waters? Tyre lent her dyes, China her silks, Hydaspes his jewels. Shouldst thou traverse Maeonian cities in such a garb, to thee would Lydia hand over her vine-wreathed thyrsus, to thee Nysa her dances; the revels of Bacchus would have doubted whence came their madness; tigers would pass fawning beneath thy yoke. Even such, his fawn-skin enwoven with orient gems, doth the Wine-god drive his car, guiding the necks of Hyrcanian tigers with ivory yoke; around him satyrs and wild-haired Maenads fetter Indians with triumphant ivy, while drunken Ganges twines his hair with the vine tendril.

Already shouts of joy and of good omen resound about the consul's throne to welcome this thy fourth opening of Rome's year. Liberty enacts her wonted ceremonies; Law observes the custom dating back to Vindex¹⁶⁵ whereby a slave freed from his master's service is introduced into thy presence and thence

¹⁶⁵ Vindex (or Vindicius) was the name of the slave who was granted his liberty by Brutus for giving information of the royalist plot in which Brutus' own sons were implicated. For the story (probably an aetiological myth to explain *vindicta*, another word for *festuca*) see Livy ii. 5.

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ducitur et grato remeant securior ictu. 615

tristis condicio pulsata fronte recedit;

in civem rubuere genae, tergoque removit

verbera permissi felix iniuria voti.

Prospera Romuleis sperantur tempora rebus

in nomen ventura tuum. praemissa futuris 620

dant exempla fidem: quotiens te cursibus aevi

praefecit, totiens accessit laurea patri.

ausi Danuvium quondam transnare Gruthungi

in lintres fregere nemus; ter mille ruebant

per fluvium plenae cuneis inmanibus alni. 625

dux Odothaeus erat. tantae conamina classis

incipiens aetas et primus contudit annus:

summersae sedere rates; fluitantia numquam

largius Arctos pavere cadavera pisces;

corporibus premitur Peuce; per quinque recurrens
 ostia barbaricos vix egerit unda cruores, 631
 confessusque parens Odothaei regis opima
 rettulit exuviasque tibi. civile secundis
 conficis auspiciis bellum. tibi debeat orbis
 fata Gruthungorum debellatumque tyrannum: 635
 Hister sanguineos egit te consule fluctus;
 Alpinos genitor rupit te consule montes.

Sed patriis olim fueras successibus auctor,
 nunc eris ipse tuis. semper venere triumphi
 cum trabeis sequiturque tuos victoria fasces. 640

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dismissed — a freeman thanks to that envied stroke.¹⁶⁶ A blow upon the brow and his base condition is gone; reddened cheeks have made him a citizen, and with the granting of his prayer a happy insult has given his back freedom from the lash.

Prosperity awaits our empire; thy name is earnest for the fulfilment of our hopes. The past guarantees the future; each time that thy sire made thee chief magistrate of the year the laurels of victory crowned his arms. Once the Gruthungi, hewing down a forest to make them boats, dared to pass beyond the Danube. Three thousand vessels, each crowded with a barbarous crew, made a dash across the river. Odothaeus was their leader. Thy youth, nay, the first year of thy life, crushed the attempt of that formidable fleet. Its boats filled and sank; never did the fish of that northern river feed more lavishly on the bodies of men. The island of Peuce was heaped high with corpses. Scarce even through five mouths could the river rid itself of barbarian blood, and thy sire, owning thine influence, gave thanks to thee for the spoils won in person from King Odothaeus. Consul a second time thou didst end civil war by thine auspices. Let the world thank thee for the overthrow of the Gruthungi and the defeat of their king; thou wast consul when the Danube ran red with their blood, thou wast consul, too, when thy sire crossed the Alps to victory.¹⁶⁷

But thou, once author of thy father's successes, shalt now be author of thine own. Triumph has ever attended thy consulship and victory thy fasces.

¹⁶⁶ A reference to the Roman method of manumitting a slave *alapaet festuca*, i.e. by giving him a slight blow (*alapa*) with a rod (*festuca*). See Gaius on *vindicatio* (iv. 16) and on the whole question R. G. Nisbet in *Journal of Roman Studies*, viii. Pt. 1.

¹⁶⁷ The campaign of Theodosius against Odothaeus, King of the Gruthungi (Zosimus iv. 35 calls him Ὀδοθέος) is thus dated as 386, the year of Honorius' first consulship (see note on viii. 153). Honorius' second consulship (394) saw the defeat of Eugenius.

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sis, precor, adsiduus consul Mariique relinquo
et senis Augusti numerum. quae gaudia mundo,
per tua lanugo cum serpere coeperit ora,
cum tibi protulerit festas nox pronuba taedas!
quae tali devota toro, quae murice fulgens 645
ibit in amplexus tanti regina mariti?
quaenam tot divis veniet nurus, omnibus arvis
et toto donanda mari? quantusque feretur
idem per Zephyri metas Hymenaeus et Euri!
o mihi si liceat thalamis intendere carmen 650
conubiale tuis, si te iam dicere patrem!
tempus erit, cum tu trans Rheni cornua victor,
Arcadius captae spoliis Babylonis onustus
communem maiore toga signabitis annum;
crinitusque tuo sudabit fasce Suebus, 655
ultima fraternas horrebunt Bactra secures.

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Heaven grant thou mayest be our perpetual consul and outnumber Marius¹⁶⁸
and old Augustus. Happy universe that shall see the first down creep over thy
cheeks, and the wedding-night that shall lead forth for thee the festal torches.
Who shall be consecrated to such a couch; who, glorious in purple, shall pass,
a queen, to the embraces of such a husband? What bride shall come to be the
daughter of so many gods, dowered with every land and the whole sea? How
gloriously shall the nuptial song be borne at once to farthest East and West! O
may it be mine to sing thy marriage-hymn, mine presently to hail thee father!
The time will come when, thou victorious beyond the mouths of the Rhine,
and thy brother Arcadius laden with the spoil of captured Babylon, ye shall
endow the year with yet more glorious majesty; when the long-haired Suebian
shall bear the arms of Rome and the distant Bactrian tremble beneath the rule
of thyself and thy brother.

¹⁶⁸ Marius was consul seven, Augustus thirteen, times.

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PANEGYRICUS DICTUS MANLIO THEODORO
CONSULI

PRAEFATIO

(XVI.)

Audebisne, precor, tantae subiecta catervae,
inter tot procures, nostra Thalia, loqui?
nec te fama vetat, vero quam celsius auctam
vel servasse labor vel minuisse pudor?
an tibi continuis crevit fiducia castris 5
totaque iam vatis pectora miles habet?
culmina Romani maiestatemque senatus
et, quibus exultat Gallia, cerne viros.
omnibus audimur terris mundique per aures
ibimus. ah nimius consulis urget amor! 10
Iuppiter, ut perhibent, spatium cum discere vellet
naturae regni nescius ipse sui,
armigeros utrimque duos aequalibus alis
misit ab Eois Occiduisque plagis.
Parnasus geminos fertur iunxisse volatus; 15
contulit alternas Pythius axis aves.
Princeps non aquilis terras cognoscere curat;
certius in vobis aestimat imperium.
hoc ego concilio collectum metior orbem;
hoc video coetu quidquid ubique micat. 20

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**PANEGYRIC ON THE CONSULSHIP OF FL.
MANLIUS THEODORUS¹⁶⁹ (A.D. 399)**

PREFACE

(XVI.)

Wilt dare to sing, my Muse, when so great, so august an assembly shall be thy critic? Does not thine own renown forbid thee? 'Tis greater now than thou deservest; how hard then to enhance, how disgraceful to diminish it! Or has thine assurance grown through ever dwelling in the camp, and does the soldier now wholly possess the poet's breast? Behold the flower of the Roman senate, the majesty, the pride, the heroes of Gaul. The whole earth is my audience, my song shall sound in the ears of all the world. Alack! Love for our consul constrains too strongly. Jove, 'tis said, when he would fain learn its extent (for he knew not the bounds of his own empire) sent forth two eagles of equal flight from the East and from the West. On Parnassus, as they tell, their twin flights met; the Delphic heaven brought together the one bird and the other. Our Emperor needs no eagles to teach him the magnitude of his domains; yourselves are preceptors more convincing. 'Tis this assembly that gives to me the measure of the universe; here I see gathered all the brilliance of the world.

¹⁶⁹ See Introduction, p. xv. Judging from this poem Manlius started by being an *advocatus* in the praetorian prefect's court, was then *praeses* of some district in Africa, then governor (*consularis*) of Macedonia, next recalled to Rome as Gratian's *magister epistularum*, then *comes sacrarum largitionum* (= ecclesiastical treasurer) and after that praetorian prefect of Gaul (ll. 50-53).

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PANEGYRICUS

(XVII.)

Ipsa quidem Virtus pretium sibi, solaque late
Fortunae secure nitet nec fascibus ullis
erigitur plausuve petit clarescere vulgi.
nil opis externae cupiens, nil indiga laudis,
divitiis animosa suis inmotaque cunctis 5
casibus ex alta mortalia despicit arce.
attamen invitam blande vestigat et ultro
ambit honor: docuit totiens a rure profectus
lictor et in mediis consul quaesitus aratris.
te quoque naturae sacris mundique vacantem, 10
emeritum pridem desudatisque remotum
iudiciis eadem rursum complexa potestas
evehit et reducem notis imponit habenis.
accedunt trabeae: nil iam, Theodore, relictum,
quo virtus animo crescat vel splendor honori.¹⁷⁰ 15
culmen utrumque tenes: talem te protinus anni
formavere rudes, et dignum vita curuli
traxit iter primaeque senes cessere iuventae.
iam tum canities animi, iam dulce loquendi

¹⁷⁰ *honori* conject. Birt; *honore* codd.

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PANEGYRIC

(XVII.)

Virtue is its own reward; alone with its far-flung splendour it mocks at Fortune; no honours raise it higher nor does it seek glory from the mob's applause. External wealth cannot arouse its desires, it asks no praise but makes its boast of self-contained riches, and unmoved by all chances it looks down upon the world from a lofty citadel. Yet in its own despite importunate honours pursue it, and offer themselves unsought; that the lictor coming from the farm hath ofttimes proved and a consul sought for even at the plough. Thou, too, who wert at leisure to study the mysteries of nature and the heavens, thou who hadst served thy time and retired from the law courts where thou hadst toiled so long, art once more enfolded by a like dignity, which, raising thee aloft, sets in thy returning hands the familiar rein. The consulship now is thine, Theodorus, nor is there now aught left to add to thy virtues or to the glory of thy name. Thou art now at the summit of both; from thine earliest years thy character was thus formed, the whole course of thy life was worthy of the curule chair; thy earliest youth outrivalled age. Even then thy mind was hoar, thy pleasant talk weighty, thy

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pondus et attonitas sermo qui duceret aures. 20
mox undare foro victrix opulentia linguae
tutarique reos. ipsa haec amplissima sedes
orantem stupuit, bis laudatura regentem.
hinc te pars Libyae moderantem iura probavit,
quae nunc tota probat; longi sed pignus amoris 25
exiguae peperere morae populumque clientem
publica mansuris testantur vocibus aera.
inde tibi Macetum tellus et credita Pellae
moenia, quae famulus quondam ditavit Hydaspes;
tantaque commissae revocasti gaudia genti 30
mitibus arbitriis, quantum bellante Philippo
floruit aut nigri cecidit cum regia Pori.

Sed non ulterius te praebuit urbibus aula:
maluit esse suum; terris edicta daturus,
supplicibus responsa venis. oracula regis 35
eloquio crevere tuo, nec dignius umquam
maiestas meminit sese Romana locutam.
hinc sacrae mandantur opes orbisque tributa
possessi, quidquid fluviis evolvitur auri,
quidquid luce procul venas rimata sequaces 40

abditā pallentis fodit sollertia Bessi.

Ac velut expertus¹⁷¹ lentandis navita tonsis
praeficitur lateri custos; hinc ardua proraē
temperat et fluctus tempestatesque futuras
edocet; adsiduo cum Dorida vicerit usu, 45
iam clavum totamque subit torquere carinam:

¹⁷¹ *expertus* Barthius; Birt keeps MSS. *exertus*.

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converse the admiration and delight of all that heard it. The wealth of thy triumphant eloquence soon overflowed the forum and brought safety to the accused. Yea, this most august assembly was astonished at thy pleading, as it was twice to applaud thy governance. Next, a part of Libya approved the administration which it now in its entirety enjoys; but thy brief stay won for thee a pledge of perpetual love, and public statues bear witness with enduring eloquence that thou wert a nation's guardian. Macedonia was next committed to thy care and the walls of Pella, enriched once by conquered Hydaspes. The mildness of thy rule brought to the country entrusted to thee such joy as it once knew under warlike Philip or when the empire of Indian Porus fell to Alexander's arms.

But Rome could not spare thy services longer to the provinces; she chose rather to have thee for her own; thou comest to give edicts to the world, to make reply to suppliants. A monarch's utterance has won dignity from thine eloquence, never can the majesty of Rome recall when she spoke more worthily. After this the offerings and wealth of the world, the tribute of the empire, is entrusted to thy care; the gold washed down by the rivers and that dug out of deep Thracian mines by the skill of pale-faced Bessi who track the hidden seams — all is thine.

As a sailor skilled in wielding the oar is at first set in charge of but a side of the vessel, then, when he can manage the lofty prow and is able, thanks to his long experience of the sea, to know beforehand what storms and tempests the vessel is like to encounter, he has charge of the helm and is entrusted with the

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sic cum clara diu mentis documenta dedisses,
non te parte sui, sed in omni corpore sumpsit
imperium cunctaque dedit tellure regendos
rectores. Hispana tibi Germanaque Tethys 50
paruit et nostro diducta Britannia mundo,
diversoque tuas coluerunt gurgite voces
lentus Arar Rhodanusque ferox et dives Hiberus.

o quotiens doluit Rhenus, qua barbarus ibat,
quod te non geminis frueretur iudice ripis! 55
unius fit cura viri, quodcumque rubescit
occasu, quodcumque dies devexior ambit.

Tam celer adsiduos explevit cursus honores;
una potestatum spatiis interfuit aetas
totque gradus fati iuvenilibus intulit annis. 60

Postquam parta quies et summum nacta cacumen
iam secura petit privatum gloria portum,
ingenii redeunt fructus aliique labores,
et vitae pars nulla perit: quodcumque recedit
litibus, incumbit studiis, animusque vicissim 65
aut curam imponit populis aut otia Musis.
omnia Cecropiae relegis secreta senectae
discutiens, quid quisque novum mandaverit aevo
quantaque diversae producant agmina sectae.

Namque aliis princeps rerum disponitur aër; 70
hic confidit aquis; hic procreat omnia flammis.

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direction of the entire ship; so when thou hadst long given illustrious proofs of thy character, the empire of Rome summoned thee to govern not a part but the whole of itself, and set thee as ruler over all the rulers of the world. The seas of Spain, the German ocean obeyed thee and Britain, so far removed from our continent. Rivers of all lands observed thy statutes, slow-flowing Saône, swift Rhone, and Ebro rich in gold. How often did the Rhine, in those districts where the barbarians dwell, lament that the blessings of thy rule extended not to both banks! All the lands the setting sun bathes in its rays, all that its last brilliance illumines are entrusted to the charge of one man.

So swiftly did thy career fill office after office; a single period of life was enough for the round of dignities and gave to thy youthful years every step on fortune's ladder.

When repose was earned and now, after reaching the highest place, glory, laying care aside, seeks refuge in a private life, genius again wins reward from other tasks. No part of life is lost: all that is withdrawn from the law courts is devoted to the study, and thy mind in turn either bestows its efforts on the State or its leisure on the Muses. Once more thou readest the secrets of ancient Athens, examining the discoveries with which each sage has enriched posterity and noting what hosts of disciples the varying schools produce.

For some hold that air¹⁷² is the first beginning of all things, others that water is, others again derive the sum of things from fire. Another, destined to

172 Claudian refers to the early Ionian philosophers. Anaximenes believed that air was the first principle of all things, Thales said water, Heraclitus fire. l. 72 refers to Empedocles who postulated the four elements and two principles, love and hate, which respectively made and unmade the universe out of these elements. The “*hic*” of l. 75 may be Democritus or it may refer to the Sceptic, Pyrrho. The “*hic*” of l. 76 is Anaxagoras, the friend of Pericles. “*Ille*” (79) may be taken to refer to Leucippus, the first of the atomic philosophers; he postulated infinite space. “*Hi*” (82) = Democritus, Epicurus, and other atomists. “*Alii*” (83) are the Platonists.

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alter in Aetnaeas casurus sponte favillas
 dispergit revocatque deum rursusque receptis
 nectit amicitias quidquid discordia solvit.
 corporis hic damnat sensus verumque videri 75
 pernegat. hic semper lapsurae pondera terrae
 conatur rapido caeli fulcire rotatu
 accenditque diem praerupti turbine saxi.
 ille ferox unoque tegi non passus Olympo
 inmensum per inane volat finemque perosus 80
 parturit innumeros angusto pectore mundos.
 hi vaga collidunt caecis primordia plagis.
 numina constituunt alii casusque relegant.
 Graiorum obscuras Romanis floribus artes
 inradius, vicibus gratis formare loquentes 85
 suetus et alterno verum contexere nodo.
 quidquid Socratico manavit ab ordine, quidquid
 docta Cleanthae sonuerunt atria turbae,
 inventum quodcumque tuo, Chrysippe, recessu,
 quidquid Democritus risit dixitque tacendo 90
 Pythagoras, uno se pectore cuncta vetustas
 condidit et maior collectis viribus exit.
 ornantur veteres et nobiliore magistro
 in Latium spretis Academia migrat Athenis,
 ut tandem propius discat, quo fine beatum 95
 dirigitur, quae norma boni, qui limes honesti;
 quatenam membra sui virtus divisa domandis
 obiectet vitiis; quae pars iniusta recidat,
 quae vincat ratione metus, quae frenet amores;
 aut quotiens elementa doces semperque fluentis 100

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fall self-immolated into Etna's fiery crater, reduces God to principles of dispersion and re-collection and binds again in resumed friendship all that discord separates. This philosopher allows no authority to the senses and denies that the truth can be perceived. Another seeks to explain the suspension of the world in space by the rapid revolution of the sky (whence else the world would fall) and kindles day's fires by the whirl of a rushing rock. That

fearless spirit, not content with the covering of but one sky, flies through the limitless void and, scorning a limit, conceives in one small brain a thousand worlds. Others make wandering atoms clash with blind blows, while others again set up deities and banish chance.

Thou dost adorn the obscure learning of Greece with Roman flowers,¹⁷³ skilled to shape speech in happy interchange and weave truth's garland with alternate knots. All the lore of Socrates' school, the learning that echoed in Cleanthes' lecture-room, the thoughts of the stoic Chrysippus in his retreat, all the laughter of Democritus, all that Pythagoras spoke by silence — all the wisdom of the ancients is stored in that one brain whence it issues forth the stronger for its concentration. The ancients gain fresh lustre and, scorning Athens, the Academy migrates to Latium under a nobler master, the more exactly at last to learn by what end happiness guides its path, what is the rule of the good, the goal of the right; what division of virtue should be set to combat and overthrow each separate vice, and what part of virtue it is that curbs injustice, that causes reason to triumph over fear, that holds lust in check. How often hast thou taught us the nature

¹⁷³ Claudian's way of saying that Manlius translates Greek philosophy into clear and elegant Latin, throwing his translation into the form of a dialogue.

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materiae causas: quae vis animaverit astra
impuleritque choros; quo vivat machina motu;
sidera cur septem retro nitantur in ortus
obluctata polo; variisne meatibus idem
arbiter an geminae convertant aethera mentes;
sitne color proprius rerum, lucisne repulsu 106
eludant aciem; tumidos quae luna recursus
nutriat Oceani; quo fracta tonitrua vento,
quis trahat imbriferas nubes, quo saxa creentur
grandinis; unde rigor nivibus; quae flamma per auras 110
excutiat rutilos tractus aut fulmina velox
torqueat aut tristem figat crinita cometem.

Iam tibi compositam fundaverat ancora puppim,
telluris iam certus eras; fecunda placebant
otia; nascentes ibant in saecula libri: 115
cum subito liquida cessantem vidit ab aethra
Iustitia et tanto viduatas iudice leges.
continuo frontem limbo velata pudicam
deserit Autumni portas, qua vergit in Austrum
Signifer et noctis reparant dispendia Chelae. 120
pax avibus, quacumque volat, rabiemque frementes
deposuere ferae; laetatur terra reverso

numine, quod prisci post tempora perdidit auri.
illa per occultum Ligurum se moenibus infert
et castos levibus plantis ingressa penates 125
invenit aetherios signantem pulvere cursus,
quos pia sollicito deprendit pollice Memphis:

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of the elements and the causes of matter's ceaseless change; what influence has given life to the stars, moving them in their courses; what quickens with movement the universal frame. Thou tellest why the seven planets strive backward towards the East, doing battle with the firmament; whether there is one lawgiver to different movements or two minds govern heaven's revolution; whether colour is a property of matter or whether objects deceive our sight and owe their colours to reflected light; how the moon causes the ebb and flow of the tide; which wind brings about the thunder's crash, which collects the rain clouds and by which the hail-stones are formed; what causes the coldness of snow and what is that flame that ploughs its shining furrow through the sky, hurls the swift thunderbolt, or sets in heaven's dome the tail of the baleful comet.

Already had the anchor stayed thy restful bark, already thou wert minded to go ashore; fruitful leisure charmed and books were being born for immortality, when, of a sudden, Justice looked down from the shining heaven and saw thee at thine ease, saw Law, too, deprived of her great interpreter. She stayed not but, wreathing her chaste forehead with a band, left the gates of Autumn where the Standard-bearer dips towards the south and the Scorpion makes good the losses of the night. Where'er she flies a peace fell upon the birds and howling beasts laid aside their rage. Earth rejoices in the return of a deity lost to her since the waning of the age of gold. Secretly Justice enters the walls of Milan, Liguria's city, and penetrating with light step the holy palace finds Theodorus marking in the sand those heavenly movements which reverent Memphis discovered by

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quae moveant momenta polum, quam certus in astris
error, quis tenebras solis causisque meantem
defectum indicat numerus, quae linea Phoeben 130
damnet et excluso pallentem fratre relinquat.
ut procul adspexit fulgentia Virginis ora
cognovitque deam, vultus veneratus amicos
occurrit scriptaeque notas confundit harenae.

Tum sic diva prior: "Manli, sincera bonorum 135
congeries, in quo veteris vestigia recti

et ductos video mores meliore metallo:
iam satis indultum studiis, Musaeque tot annos
eripuerunt mihi. pridem te iura reposcunt:
adgrederet et nostro rursus te reddere labori 140
nec tibi sufficiat transmissae gloria vitae.
humanum curare genus quis terminus umquam
praescripsit? nullas recipit prudentia metas.
adde quod haec multis potuit contingere sedes,
sed meriti tantum redeunt actusque priores 145
commendat repetitus honos, virtusque reducit
quos fortuna legit.¹⁷⁴ melius magnoque petendum
credis in abstrusa rerum ratione morari?
scilicet illa tui patriam praecepta Platonis
erexere magis, quam qui responsa secutus 150
obruit Eoas classes urbemque carinis
vexit et arsuras Medo subduxit Athenas?
Spartanis potuit robur praestare Lycurgus
matribus et sexum leges vicere severae

¹⁷⁴ Birt *regit* with the MSS. (he suggests *nequit*); Heinsius *legit*.

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anxious reckoning. He sought the forces that move the heavens, the fixed (though errant) path of the planets, the calculation which predicts the overshadowing of the sun and its surely-fixed eclipse, and the line that sentences the moon to be left in darkness by shutting out her brother. Soon as from afar he beheld the shining face of the Maiden¹⁷⁵ and recognized the goddess, reverencing that dear countenance, he hurries to meet her, effacing from the sand the diagrams he had drawn.

The goddess was the first to speak. "Manlius, in whom are gathered all the virtues unalloyed, in whom I see traces of ancient justice and manners moulded of a purer metal, thou hast devoted time enough now to study; all these years have the Muses reft from me my pupil. Long has Law demanded thy return to her allegiance. Come, devote thyself once more to my service, and be not content with the glory of thy past. To the service of mankind what boundary ever set the limits? Wisdom accepts no ends for herself. Then, too, to many has this office fallen, as well it might, but only the worthy return thereto; reappointment to office is the best commendation of office well held, and virtue brings back him whom chance elects. Deemst thou it a better and a worthier aim to spend thy days in exploring Nature's secret laws? Dost thou think it was thy Plato's precepts raised his country to glory rather than he¹⁷⁶ who, in obedience to the oracle, sank the Persian fleet, put his city on shipboard and saved from the Medes Athens destined for the flames?

Lycurgus could dower the mothers of Sparta with a man's courage and by his austere laws correct the weakness of their sex; by forbidding

¹⁷⁵ Virgo (= Astraea) was a recognized synonym for the goddess Justice; see Virg. *Ec.* iv. 6.

¹⁷⁶ *i.e.* Themistocles.

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civibus et vetitis ignavo credere muro ¹⁵⁵
tutius obiecit nudam Lacedaemona bellis:
at non Pythagorae monitus annique silentes
famosum Oebalii luxum pressere Tarenti.
“Quis vero insignem tanto sub principe curam
respuat? aut quando meritis maiora patebunt ¹⁶⁰
praemia? quis demens adeo qui iungere sensus
cum Stilichone neget? similem quae protulit aetas
consilio vel Marte virum? nunc Brutus amaret
vivere sub regno, tali succumberet aulae
Fabricius, cuperent ipsi servire Catones. ¹⁶⁵
nonne vides, ut nostra soror Clementia tristes
obtundat gladios fratresque amplexa serenos
adsurgat Pietas, fractis ut lugeat armis
Perfidia et laceris morientes crinibus hydri
lambant invalido Furiarum vincla veneno? ¹⁷⁰
exultat cum Pace Fides, iam sidera cunctae
liquimus et placidas inter discurremus urbes.
nobiscum, Theodore, redi.”

Subit ille loquentem
talibus: “agrestem dudum me, diva, reverti
cogis et infectum longi rubigine ruris ¹⁷⁵
ad tua signa vocas. nam quae mihi cura tot annis
altera quam duras sulcis mollire novalis,
nosse soli vires, nemori quae commoda rupes,
quis felix oleae tractus, quae glaeba faveret
frugibus et quales tegeret vindemia colles? ¹⁸⁰
terribiles rursum lituos veteranus adibo
et desueta vetus temptabo caerula vector?

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his fellow-citizens to put a coward's trust in walls, he set Lacedemon to face wars more securely in her nakedness; but all the teaching of Pythagoras and his years of silence never crushed the infamous licentiousness of Sparta's colony Tarentum.

“Besides, beneath such an emperor, who could refuse office? Was ever merit more richly rewarded? Who is so insensate as not to wish to meet Stilicho in council? Has ever any age produced his equal in prudence or in bravery? Now would Brutus love to live under a king; to such a court Fabricius would yield, the Catos themselves long to give service. Seest thou not how my sister Mercy blunts the cruel sword of war; how Piety rises to embrace the two noble brothers; how Treason laments her broken weapons and the snakes, writhing in death upon the Furies’ wounded heads, lick their chains with enfeebled venom? Peace and loyalty are triumphant. All the host of heaven leaves the stars and wanders from peaceful city to peaceful city. Return thou with us, Theodorus.”

Then Theodorus made answer: “From my long accustomed fields, goddess, thou urgest me to return, summoning to thy standard one grown rusty in the distant countryside. What else has been my care all these years but to break up the stubborn fallow-land into furrows, to know the nature of the soil, the rocky land suitable to the growth of trees, the country where the olive will flourish, the fields that will yield rich harvests of grain or the hills which my vineyards may clothe? I have served my time; am I to hearken once more to the dreadful trumpet? Is the old helmsman again to brave the seas whose lore he has forgotten?

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collectamque diu et certis utcumque locatam
sedibus in dubium patiar deponere famam?
nec me, quid valeat natura fortior usus, ¹⁸⁵
praeterit aut quantum neglectae defluat arti.
desidis aurigae non audit verbera currus,
nec manus agnoscit quem non exercuit arcum.
esse sed iniustum fateor quodcumque negatur
iustitiae. tu prima hominem silvestribus antris ¹⁹⁰
elicis et foedo deterges saecula victu.
te propter colimus leges animosque ferarum
exuimus. nitidis quisquis te sensibus hausit,
inruet intrepidus flammis, hiberna secabit
aequora, confertos hostes superabit inermis. ¹⁹⁵
ille vel Aethiopum pluviis solabitur aestus;
illum trans Scythiam vernus comitabitur aër.”

Sic fatus tradente dea suscepit habenas
quattuor ingenti iuris temone refusas.
prima Padum Thybrimque ligat crebrisque micantem
urbibus Italiam; Numidas¹⁷⁷ Poenosque secunda ²⁰¹
temperat; Illyrico se tertia porrigit orbi;
ultima Sardiniam, Cynrum trifidamque retentat

Sicaniam et quidquid Tyrrhena tunditur unda
vel gemit Ionia. nec te tot lumina rerum ²⁰⁵
aut tantum turbavit onus; sed ut altus Olympi
vertex, qui spatio ventos hiemesque relinquit,
perpetuum nulla temeratus nube serenum
celsior exurgit pluviis auditque ruentes

¹⁷⁷ *Numidas* Heinsius; Birt †*Lydos*.

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My fame has long been gathered in and where it is 'tis in safe custody; am I to suffer its being put to the hazard? Full well do I realize that habit is a stronger force than nature, nor am I ignorant of the rapidity with which we forget an art that we have ceased to exercise. The whip of an unpractised charioteer is powerless to urge on his horses; the hand that is unaccustomed thereto cannot bend the bow. And yet it were unjust, I admit, to refuse aught to Justice. Thou first didst draw man from his woodland cave and free the human race from its foul manner of life. Thanks to thee we practise law and have put off the temper of wild beasts. Whosoever has drunk of thee with pure heart will rush fearless through flames, will sail the wintry seas, and overcome unarmed the densest company of foemen. Justice is to the just as rain to temper even the heat of Ethiopia, a breath of spring to journey with him across the deserts of Scythia."

So spake he and took from the goddess' hand the four reins that lay stretched along the huge pole of Justice's car. The first harnesses the rivers Po and Tiber and Italy with all her glittering towns; the second guides Numidia and Carthage; the third runs out across the land of Illyria; the last holds Sardinia, Corsica, three-cornered Sicily and the coasts beaten by the Tyrrhenian wave or that echo to the Ionian. The splendour and magnitude of the undertaking troubled thee not one whit; but as the lofty summit of Olympus, far removed from the winds and tempests of the lower air, its eternal bright serene untroubled by any cloud, is lifted above the rain storms and hears the hurricane rushing

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sub pedibus nimbos et rauca tonitrua calcat: ²¹⁰
sic patiens animus per tanta negotia liber
emergit similisque sui, iustique tenorem
flectere non odium cogit, non gratia suadet.
nam spretas quis opes intactaque pectora lucro
commemoret? fuerint aliis haec forte decora: ²¹⁵
nulla potest laus esse tibi, quae crimina purget.
servat inoffensam divina modestia vocem:

temperiem servant oculi; nec lumina fervor
asperat aut rabidas suffundit sanguine venas,
nullaque mutati tempestas proditur oris. 220
quin etiam sontes expulsa corrigis ira
et placidus delicta domas; nec dentibus umquam
instrepis horrendum, fremitu nec verbera poscis.

Qui fruitur poena, ferus est, legumque videtur
vindictam praestare sibi; cum viscera felle 225
canduerint, ardet stimulis ferturque nocendi
prodigus, ignarus causae: dis proximus ille,
quem ratio, non ira movet, qui facta rependens
consilio punire potest. mucrone cruento
se iactent alii, studeant feritate timeri 230
addictoque hominum cumulent aeraria censu.
lene fluit Nilus, sed cunctis amnibus extat
utilior nullo confessus murmure vires;
acrior ac rapidus tacitas praetermeat ingens
Danuvius ripas; eadem dementia sani 235
gurgitis inmensum deducit in ostia Gangen.
torrentes inmane fremant lassisque minentur

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beneath its feet while it treads upon the thunder's roar; so thy patient mind, unfettered by cares so manifold, rises high above them; thou art ever the same, no hatred can compel thee, no affection induce thee, to swerve from the path of justice. For why should any speak of riches scorned and a heart unallured by gain? These might perhaps be virtues in others: absence of vice is no praise to bestow on thee. The calm of a god banishes anger from thy voice; the spirit of moderation shines from thine eyes; passion never inflames that glance or fills with blood the angry veins; never is a tempest heralded on thy changed countenance. Nay, thou punishest the very criminals without show of anger and checkest their evil-doing with unruffled calm. Never dost thou gnash with thy teeth upon them nor shout orders for them to be chastised.

He is a savage who delights in punishment and seems to make the vengeance of the laws his own; when his heart is inflamed with the poison of wrath he is goaded by fury and rushes on knowing nothing of the cause and eager only to do hurt. But he whom reason, not anger, animates is a peer of the gods, he who, weighing the guilt, can with deliberation balance the punishment. Let others boast them of their bloody swords and wish to be feared for their ferocity, while they fill their treasuries with the goods of the condemned. Gently flows the Nile, yet is it more beneficent than all rivers for all that no sound reveals its power. More swiftly the broad Danube glides between its quiet banks. Huge Ganges flows down to its mouths with gently moving

current. Let torrents roar horribly, threaten weary

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pontibus et volvant spumoso vertice silvas:
pax maiora decet; peragit tranquilla potestas,
quod violenta nequit, mandataque fortius urget 240
imperiosa quies.

Idem praedurus iniquas
accepisse preces, rursus, quae digna petitu,
largior et facilis; nec quae comitatur honores,
ausa tuam leviter temptare superbia mentem.
frons privata manet nec se meruisse fatetur, 245
quae crevisse putat; rigidi sed plena pudoris
elucet gravitas fastu iucunda remoto.
quae non seditio, quae non insania vulgi
te viso lenita cadat? quae dissona ritu
barbaries, medii quam non reverentia frangat? 250
vel quis non sitiens sermonis mella politi
deserat Orpheos blanda testudine cantus?
qualem te legimus teneri primordia mundi
scribentem aut partes animae, per singula talem
cernimus et similes agnoscit pagina mores. 255

Nec dilata tuis Augusto iudice merces
officiis, illumque habitum, quo iungitur aulae
curia, qui socio procures cum principe nectit,
quem quater ipse gerit, perfecto detulit anno
deposuitque suas te succedente curules. 260
crescant virtutes fecundaque floreat aetas.
ingeniis patuit campus certusque merenti
stat favor: ornatur propriis industria donis.
surgite sopitae, quas obruit ambitus, artes.
nil licet invidiae, Stilicho dum prospicit orbi 265

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bridges, and sweep down forests in their foaming whirl; 'tis repose, befits the greater; quiet authority accomplishes what violence cannot, and that mandate compels more which comes from a commanding calm.

“Thou art as deaf to the prayers of injustice as thou art generous and attentive where the demand is just. Pride, that ever accompanies office, has not so much as dared to touch thy mind. Thy look is a private citizen's nor allows that it has deserved what it thinks to have but grown¹⁷⁸; but full of stately modesty shines forth a gravity that charms because pride is banished. What sedition,

what madness of the crowd could see thee and not sink down appeased? What country so barbarous, so foreign in its customs, as not to bow in reverence before thy mediation? Who that desires the honied charm of polished eloquence would not desert the lyre-accompanied song of tuneful Orpheus? In every activity we see thee as we see thee in thy books, describing the creation of the newly-fashioned earth or the parts of the soul; we recognize thy character in thy pages.

The Emperor has not been slow in rewarding thy merit. The robe that links Senate-house and palace, that unites nobles with their prince — the robe that he himself has four times worn, he hath at the year's end handed on to thee, and left his own curule chair that thou mightest follow him. Grow, ye virtues; be this an age of prosperity! The path of glory lies open to the wise; merit is sure of its reward; industry dowered with the gifts it deserves. Arts, rise from the slumber into which depraved ambition had forced you! Envy cannot hold up her head while Stilicho and his godlike

178 *i.e.* Manlius modestly regards his honours as a natural growth, not as the reward of merit.

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sidereusque gener. non hic violata curulis,
turpia non Latios inconstant nomina fastos;
fortibus haec concessa viris solisque gerenda
patribus et Romae numquam latura pudorem.

Nuntia votorum celeri iam Fama volatu 270
moverat Aonios audito consule lucos.
concinuit felix Helicon fluxitque Aganippe
largior et docti riserunt floribus amnes.

Uranie redimita comas, qua saepe magistra
Manlius igniferos radio descriperat axes, 275
sic alias hortata deas: "patimurne, sorores,
optato procul esse die nec limina nostri
consulis et semper dilectas visimus aedes?
notior est Helicone¹⁷⁹ domus. gestare curules
et fasces subiisse libet. miracula plebi 280
colligite et claris nomen celebrate theatri.

"Tu Iovis aequorei summersam fluctibus aulam
oratum volucres, Erato, iam perge quadrigas,
a quibus haud umquam palmam rapturus Arion.
inlustret circum sonipes, quicumque superbo 285
perstrept hinnitu Bactin, qui splendida potat
stagna Tagi madidoque iubas adspersigitur auro.

"Calliope, liquidas Alciden posce palaestras:
cuncta Palaemoniis manus explorata coronis

adsit et Eleo pubes laudata Tonanti. 290

“Tu iuga Taygeti frondosaque Maenala, Clio,
i Triviae supplex; non aspernata roganter
amphitheatrali faveat Latonia pompae.

179 codd. have *Stilichone*; Birt obelizes the line; it is only found in V; *Helicone* Gevartius.

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son-in-law direct the state. Here is no pollution of the consul’s office, no shameful names disgrace the Latin fasti; here the consulship is an honour reserved for the brave, given only to senators, never a source of scandal to Rome’s city.¹⁸⁰

Now had Fame, announcing our good fortune, winged her way to Aonia whose groves she stirred with the tidings of the new consul. Helicon raised a hymn of praise, Aganippe flowed with waters more abundant, the streams of song laughed with flowers. Then Urania, her hair wreath-crowned, Urania whose hand had oft directed Manlius’ compass in marking out the starry spheres, thus addressed the other Muses:

“Sisters, can we bear to be absent this longed-for day? Shall we not visit our consul’s door and the house we have always loved? Better known to us is it than Helicon; gladly we draw the curule chair and bear the fasces. Bring marvels for the people’s delight and make known his name in the famed theatres.

“Do thou, Erato, go visit the palace of Neptune beneath the sea and beg for four swift coursers such that even Arion could not snatch the prize from them. Let the Circus be graced by every steed to whose proud neighing Baetis re-echoes, who drinks of Tagus’ shining pools and sprinkles his mane with its liquid gold.

“Calliope, ask thou of Alcides the oil of the wrestling-ground. Let all the company proved in the games at Elis follow thee and the athletes who have won fame with Olympian Jove.

“Fly, Clio, to Taygetus’ heights and leafy Maenalus and beg Diana not to spurn thy petition but help the amphitheatre’s pomp. Let the goddess herself

180 Claudian is thinking of Eutropius, Manlius’ eastern colleague.

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audaces legat ipsa viros, qui colla ferarum
arte ligent certoque premant venabula nisu. 295
ipsa truces fetus captivae ducat ab antris
prodigia et caedis sitientem differat arcum.

convenient ursi, magna quos mole ruentes
torva Lycaoniis Helice miretur ab astris,
perfossique rudant populo pallente leones, 300
quales Mygdonio curru frenare Cybebe
optet et Herculei mallent fregisse lacerti.
obvia fulminei properent ad vulnera pardi
semine permixto geniti, cum forte leaenae
nobiliorum uterum viridis corrumpit adulter; 305
hi maculis patres referant et robore matres.
quidquid monstriferis nutrit Gaetulia campis,
Alpina quidquid tegitur nive, Gallica siquid
silva tenet, iaceat; largo ditiescat harena
sanguine; consumant totos spectacula montes. 310

“Nec molles egeant nostra dulcedine ludi:
qui laetis risum salibus movisse facetus,
qui nutu manibusque loquax, cui tibia flatu,
cui plectro pulsanda chelys, qui pulpita socco
personat aut alte graditur maiore cothurno, 315
et qui magna levi detrudens murmura tactu
innumeras voces segetis moderatus aenae
intonet erranti digito penitusque trabali
vecte laborantes in carmina concitet undas,
vel qui more avium sese iaculentur in auras 320

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choose out brave hunters cunningly to lasso the necks of wild animals and to drive home the hunting-spear with unfailing stroke. With her own hand let her lead forth from their caverns fierce beasts and captive monsters, laying aside her bloodthirsty bow. Let bears be gathered together, whereat, as they charge with mighty bulk, Helice may gaze in wonder from Lycaon's stars.¹⁸¹ Let smitten lions roar till the people turn pale, lions such as Cybele would be fain to harness to her Mygdonian chariot or Hercules strangle in his mighty arms. May leopards, lightning-swift, hasten to meet the spear's wound, beasts that are born of an adulterous union what time the spotted sire did violence to the nobler lion's mate: of such beasts their markings recall the sire, their courage the dam. Whatsoever is nourished by the fields of Gaetulia rich in monsters, whatsoever lurks beneath Alpine snows or in Gallic woods, let it fall before the spear. Let large streams of blood enrich the arena and the spectacle leave whole mountains desolate.

“Nor let gentler games lack the delights we bring: let the clown be there to move the people's laughter with his happy wit, the mime whose language is in his nod and in the movements of his hands, the musician whose breath rouses the flute and whose finger stirs the lyre, the slippered comedian to whose

voice the theatre re-echoes, the tragedian towering on his loftier buskin; him too whose light touch can elicit loud music from those pipes of bronze that sound a thousand diverse notes beneath his wandering fingers and who by means of a lever stirs to song the labouring water.¹⁸² Let us see acrobats who hurl themselves through the air like birds and build

¹⁸¹ Helice = the Great Bear; so does the phrase "Lycaon's stars," for Lycaon was the father of Callisto who was transformed by the jealous Juno into a bear and as such translated by Jupiter to the sky. Claudian means that he wants the Great Bear to observe this assemblage of earthly bears.

¹⁸² The *hydraulus* or water organ was known in Cicero's day (*Tusc.* iii. 18.43). It is illustrated by a piece of sculpture in the Museum at Arles (see Grove, *Dict. of Music*, under "Organ").

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corpora que aedificent celeri crescentia nexu,
quorum compositam puer amentatus in arcem
emicet et vinctu plantae vel cruribus hacrens
pendula librato figat vestigia saltu.
mobile ponderibus descendat pectus reductis 325
inque chori speciem spargentes ardua flammæ
scæna rotet varios et fingat Mulciber orbis
per tabulas impune vagus pictæque citato
ludant igne trabes et non permissa morari
fida per innocuas errent incendia turres. 330
lascivi subito conflagrant æquore lembi
stagna que remigibus spument inmissa canoris.

"Consul per populos idemque gravissimus auctor
eloquii, duplici vita subnixus in ævum
procedat pariter libris fastisque legendus. 335
accipiat patris exemplum tribuatque nepoti
filius et coeptis ne desit fascibus heres.
decurrat trabeata domus tradatque secures
mutua postcritas servatoque ordine fati
Manlia continuo numeretur consule proles." 340

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pyramids that grow with swift entwining of their bodies, to the summit of which pyramid rushes a boy fastened by a thong, a boy who, attached there by the foot or leg, executes a step-dance suspended in the air. Let the counterweights be removed and the mobile crane descend, lowering on to the lofty stage men who, wheeling chorus-wise, scatter flames; let Vulcan forge balls of fire to roll innocuously across the boards, let the flames appear to play about the sham beams of the scenery and a tame conflagration, never allowed to rest, wander among the untouched towers. Let ships meet in mimic warfare on an improvised ocean and the flooded waters be lashed to foam by singing

oarsmen.

“As consul at once and stateliest master, upborne by a twofold fame, let Manlius go forth among the peoples, read in his own books and in our calendars. May the sire’s example be followed by the son¹⁸³ and handed on to a grandson, nor these first fasces ever lack succession. May his race pass on purple-clad, may the generations, each to each, hand on the axes, and obedient to the ordinance of fate, Manlius after Manlius add one more consul to the tale.”

¹⁸³ We do not hear of Claudian’s hopes coming true. This son was, however, proconsul of Africa (Augustine, *Contra Crescon.* iii. 62).

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DE CONSULATU STILICHONIS

LIBER I.

(XXI.)

Continuant superi pleno Romana favore
gaudia successusque novis successibus augment:
conubii necdum festivos regia cantus
sopierat, cecinit fuso Gildone triumphos,
et calidis thalami successit laurea sertis, 5
sumeret ut pariter princeps nomenque mariti
victorisque decus; Libyae post proelia crimen
concidit Eoum, rursusque Oriente subacto
consule defensae surgunt Stilichone secures.
ordine vota meant. equidem si carmen in unum 10
tantarum sperem cumulos advolvere rerum,
promptius imponam glaciali Pelion Ossae.
si partem tacuisse velim, quodcumque relinquam
maius erit. veteres actus primamque iuventam
prosequar? ad sese mentem praesentia ducunt. 15
narrem iustitiam? resplendet gloria Martis.
armati referam vires? plus egit inermis.
quod floret Latium, Latio quod reddita servit
Africa, vicinum quod nescit Hiberia Maurum,

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ON STILICHIO'S CONSULSHIP (A.D. 400)

BOOK I

(XXI.)

Ceaseless are the blessings the gods shower with full bounty upon Rome, crowning success with new successes. Scarce had the happy songs of marriage ceased to echo in the palace when the defeat of Gildo brought material for a hymn of triumph. Hard upon the garlands of passionate love followed the crown of laurel, so that the emperor won alike the name of husband and the fame of conqueror. After the war in Africa eastern sedition waned; the Orient once more was laid low and, guarded by the consul Stilicho, the axes rose in triumph. In due order are vows fulfilled. Should I hope to roll into one poem all my lofty themes, more easily should I pile Pelion on frozen Ossa. Were I silent anent a part, what I leave unsung will prove the greater. Am I to recall his deeds of old and earliest manhood? His present deeds lure away my mind. Am I to tell of his justice? His military glory outshines it. Shall I mention his prowess in war? He has done more in peace. Shall I relate how Latium flourishes, how Africa has returned to her allegiance and service, how Spain knows no more

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tuta quod imbellem miratur Gallia Rhenum, 20
aut gelidam Thracen decertatosque labores
Hebro teste canam? magnum mihi panditur aequor,
ipsaque Pierios lassant proclivia currus
laudibus innumeris.

Etenim mortalibus ex quo
tellus coepta coli, numquam sincera bonorum 25
sors ulli concessa viro. quem vultus honestat,
dedecorant mores; animus quem pulchrior ornat,
corpus destituit. bellis insignior ille,
sed pacem foedat vitiis. hic publica felix,
sed privata minus, partitum; singula quemque 30
nobilitant: hunc forma decens, hunc robur in armis,
hunc rigor, hunc pietas, illum sollertia iuris,
hunc suboles castique tori. sparguntur in omnes,
in te mixta fluunt; et quae divisa beatos
efficiunt, collecta tenes. 35

Ne facta revolvam
militiamque patris, cuius producere famam,
si nihil egisset clarum nec fida Valenti
dextera duxisset rutilantes crinibus alas,

sufficeret natus Stilicho: mens ardua semper
a puero, tenerisque etiam fulgebat in annis 40
fortunae maioris honos. erectus et acer
nil breve moliri, nullis haerere potentum
liminibus fatisque loqui iam digna futuris.
iam tum conspicuus, iam tum venerabilis ibas
spondebatque ducem celsi nitor igneus oris 45

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the Moor as her neighbour, how Gaul has now nought to fear from a disarmed Germany? Or shall I sing of wintry Thrace and those fierce struggles whereof Hebrus was witness? Limitless is the expanse that opens before me and even on the slopes of Helicon this weight of praise retards my muse's chariot.

For truly since man inhabited this globe never has one mortal been granted all earth's blessings without alloy. This man's face is fair but his character is evil; another has a beauteous soul but an ugly body. One is renowned in war but makes peace hideous with his vices. This man is happy in his public but unhappy in his private life. Each takes a part; each owes his fame to some one gift, to bodily beauty, to martial prowess, to strength, to uprightness of life, to knowledge of law, to his offspring and a virtuous wife. To all men else blessings come scattered, to thee they flow commingled, and gifts that separately make happy are all together thine.

I will not unfold the tale of thy sire's¹⁸⁴ warlike deeds. Had he done nothing of note, had he in loyalty to Valens never led to battle those yellow-haired companies, yet to be the father of Stilicho would have spread abroad his fame. Ever from thy cradle did thy soul aspire, and in the tender years of childhood shone forth the signs of loftier estate. Lofty in spirit and eager, nothing paltry didst thou essay; never didst thou haunt any rich man's doorstep; thy speech was such as to befit thy future dignities. A mark wert thou even then for all eyes, even then an object of reverence; the fiery brightness of thy noble countenance, the very mould

¹⁸⁴ We know really nothing of Stilicho's parentage save that the family was a Vandal one: *Vandalorum genere editus*, Oros. vii. 38.

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membraurumque modus, qualem nec carmina fingunt
semideis. quacumque alte gradereris in urbe,
cedentes spatiis adsurgentesque videbas
quamvis miles adhuc. taciti suffragia vulgi
iam tibi detulerant, quidquid mox debuit aula. 50
Vix primaevus eras, pacis cum mitteris auctor

Assyriae; tanta foedus cum gente ferire
 commissum iuveni. Tigrim transgressus et altum
 Euphraten Babylona petis. stupere severi
 Parthorum proceres, et plebs pharetrata videndi 55
 flagravat studio, defixaeque hospite pulchro
 Persides arcanum suspiravere calorem.
 turis odoratae cumulis et messe Sabaea
 pacem conciliant arae; penetralibus ignem
 sacratum rapuere adytis rituque iuvencos 60
 Chaldaeo stravere magi. rex ipse micantem
 inclinat dextra pateram secretaque Beli
 et vaga testatur volventem sidera Mithram.
 si quando sociis tecum venatibus ibant,
 quis Stilichone prior ferro penetrare leones 65
 comminus aut longe virgatas figere tigres?
 flectenti faciles cessit tibi Medus habenas;
 torquebas refugum Parthis mirantibus arcum.

Nubilis interea maturae virginis aetas
 urgebat patrias suspenso principe curas, 70
 quem simul imperioque ducem nataeque maritum
 prospiceret; dubius toto quaerebat ab axe
 dignum coniugio generum thalamisque Serenae.

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of thy limbs, greater even than poets feign of demi-gods, marked thee out for a leader of men. Whithersoever thy proud form went in the city thou didst see men rise and give place to thee; yet thou wast then but a soldier. The silent suffrage of the people had already offered thee all the honours the court was soon to owe.

Scarce hadst thou reached man's estate when thou wast sent to negotiate peace with Assyria¹⁸⁵; to make a treaty with so great a people was the charge entrusted to thy youth. Crossing the Tigris and the deep Euphrates thou cam'st to Babylon. The grave lords of Parthia looked at thee in amaze and the quiver-bearing mob burned with desire to behold, while the daughters of Persia gazing on their beauteous guest sighed out their hidden love. The peace is sworn at altars sweet with the fragrance of incense and the harvests of Saba. Fire is brought forth from the innermost sanctuary and the Magi sacrifice heifers according to the Chaldean ritual. The king himself dips the jewelled bowl of sacrifice and swears by the mysteries of Bel and by Mithras who guides the errant stars of heaven. Whenever they made thee sharer of their hunting, whose sword struck down the lion in close combat before that of Stilicho, whose arrow pierced the striped tiger afar before thine? When thou didst guide the easy rein the Mede gave way to thee, and the Parthian

marvelled at the bow thou didst discharge in flight.

Meanwhile a maiden of years full ripe for marriage troubled a father's heart,
and the emperor doubted whom to select as her husband and as future ruler of
the world; right anxiously did he search east and west for a son-in-law worthy
of being wedded

¹⁸⁵ By Assyria Claudian means Persia. He refers to the dispatch of Stilicho in 387 as ambassador to the court of Sapor III. (383-388) to arrange about the partition of Armenia.

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iudicium virtutis erat; per castra, per urbes,
per populos animi cunctantis libra cucurrit. ⁷⁵
tu legeris tantosque viros, quos obtulit orbis,
intra consilium vincis sensumque legentis,
et gener Augustis olim socer ipse futurus
accedis. radiis auri Tyriaque superbit
maiestate torus; comitata parentibus exit ⁸⁰
purpureis virgo. stabat pater inde tropaeis
inclitus; inde pium matris regina gerebat
obsequium gravibus subnectens flammea gemmis.
tunc et Solis equos, tunc exultasse choreis
astra ferunt mellisque lacus et flumina lactis ⁸⁵
erupisse solo, cum floribus aequora vernis
Bosphorus indueret roseisque evincta coronis
certantes Asiae taedas Europa levaret.

Felix arbitrii princeps, qui congrua mundo
iudicat et primus censet, quod cernimus omnes. ⁹⁰
talem quippe virum natis adiunxit et aulae,
cui neque luxuries bello nec blanda periclis
otia nec lucis fructus pretiosior umquam
laude fuit. quis enim Visos in plaustra feroces
reppulit aut saeva Promoti caede tumentes ⁹⁵
Bastarnas una potuit delere ruina?
Pallantis iugulum Turno moriente piavit
Aeneas, tractusque rotis ultricibus Hector
irato vindicta fuit vel quaestus Achilli.
tu neque vesano raptas venalia curru ¹⁰⁰
funera nec vanam corpus meditaris in unum
saevitiam; turmas equitum peditumque catervas

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to Serena. Merit alone had to decide; through camps, through cities, through
nations roamed his poised and hesitating thoughts. But thou wast chosen, thus

in the opinion and judgement of him who selected thee surpassing all the candidates of the whole world and becoming a son-in-law in the imperial family where thou wast shortly to become a father-in-law. The marriage-bed was ablaze with flashing gold and regal purple. The maiden steps forth accompanied by her parents clad in scarlet. On one side stood her sire, famed for his triumphs, on the other was the queen, fulfilling a mother's loving office and ordering the bridal veil beneath a weight of jewels. Then, so men say, the horses of the sun and the stars of heaven danced for joy, pools of honey and rivers of milk welled forth from the earth. Bosphorus decked his banks with vernal flowers, and Europe, entwined with rosy garlands, uplifted the torches in rivalry with Asia.

Happy our emperor in his choice; he judges and the world agrees; he is the first to value what we all see. Ay, for he has allied to his children and to his palace one who never preferred ease to war nor the pleasures of peace to danger, nor yet his life to his honour. Who but he could have driven back the savage Visigoths to their wagons or overwhelmed in one huge slaughter the Bastarnae puffed up with the slaying of Promotus¹⁸⁶? Aeneas avenged the slaughter of Pallas with the death of Turnus, Hector, dragged behind the chariot-wheels, was to wrathful Achilles either revenge or gain; thou dost not carry off in mad chariot dead bodies for ransom nor plot idle savagery against a single corpse; thou slayest at thy friend's tomb whole

¹⁸⁶ Promotus, who had rescued Theodosius from an ambush in his war against the Visigoths in 390, lost his life in the same war the year after. Stilicho succeeded to his command.

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hostilesque globos tumulo prosternis amici;
inferiis gens tota datur. nec Mulciber auctor
mendacis clipei fabricataque vatibus arma 105
conatus iuvare tuos: tot barbara solus
milia iam pridem miseram vastantia Thracen
finibus exiguae vallis conclusa tenebas.
nec te terrisonus stridor venientis Alani
nec vaga Chunorum feritas, non falce Gelonus, 110
non arcu pepulere Getae, non Sarmata conto.
extinctique forent penitus, ni more maligno
falleret Augustas occultus proditor aures
obstrueretque moras strictumque reconderet ensem,
solveret obsessos, praeberet foedera captis. 115

Adsiduus castris aderat, rarissimus urbi,
si quando trepida princeps pietate vocaret;
vixque salutatis Laribus, vix coniuge visa,
deterso necdum repetebat sanguine campum.
nec stetit Eucherii dum carperet oscula saltem 120

per galeam. patris stimulos ignisque mariti
vicit cura ducis. quotiens sub pellibus egit
Edonas hiemes et tardi flabra Bootae
sub divo Riphaca tulit! cumque igne propinquo
frigora vix ferrent alii, tunc iste rigentem 125
Danuvium calcabat eques nivibusque profundum
scandebat cristatus Athon lateque corusco
curvatas glacie silvas umbone ruebat.
nunc prope Cimmerii tendebat litora Ponti,

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squadrons of horse, companies of foot, and hordes of enemies. To his ghost a whole nation is offered up. Neither Vulcan's fabulous shield nor such armour as that of which poets sing the forging assisted thine efforts. Single-handed thou didst succeed in penning within the narrow confines of a single valley the vast army of barbarians that were long since ravaging the land of Thrace. For thee the fearful shriek of the onrushing Alan had no terrors nor the fierceness of the nomad Hun nor the scimitar of the Geloni, nor the Getae's bow or Sarmatian's club. These nations would have been destroyed root and branch had not a traitor by a perfidious trick abused the emperor's ear and caused him to withhold his hand; hence the sheathing of the sword, the raising of the siege, and the granting of a treaty to the prisoners.

He was always with the army, seldom in Rome, and then only when the young emperor's anxious love summoned him thither. Scarce had he greeted the gods of his home, scarce seen his wife when, still stained with the blood of his enemies, he hastened back to the battle. He did not stay to catch at least a kiss from Eucherius through his vizor; the anxieties of a general o'ercame a father's yearning and a husband's love. How often has he bivouacked through the Thracian winter and endured beneath the open sky the blasts that slow Boötes sends from mount Rhiphaeus. When others, huddled over the fire, could scarce brook the cold, he would ride his horse across the frozen Danube and climb Athos deep in snow, his helmet on his head, thrusting aside the frozen branches of the ice-laden trees with his far gleaming targe. Now he pitched his tent by the shores of Cimmerian Pontus, now

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nunc dabat hibernum Rhodope nimbose cubile. 130
vos Haemi gelidae valles, quas saepe cruentis
stragibus aequavit Stilicho, vos Thracia testor
flumina, quae largo mutastis sanguine fluctus;
dicite, Bisaltae vel qui Pangaea iuvencis
scinditis, offenso quantae sub vomere putres 135

dissiliant glaebris galeae vel qualia rastris
ossa peremptorum resonent inmania regum.

Singula complecti cuperem; sed densior instat
gestorum series laudumque sequentibus undis
obruimur. genitor caesi post bella tyranni 140
iam tibi commissis conscenderat aethera terris.
ancipites rerum ruituro culmine lapsus
aequali cervice subis: sic Hercule quondam
sustentante polum melius librata pependit
machina nec dubiis titubavit Signifer astris 145
perpetuaque senex subductus mole parumper
obstupuit proprii spectator ponderis Atlas.

Nulli barbariae motus; nil turbida rupto
ordine temptavit novitas, tantoque remoto
principe mutatas orbis non sensit habenas. 150
nil inter geminas acies, ceu libera frenis,
ausa manus. certe nec tantis dissona linguis
turba nec armorum cultu diversior umquam
confluxit populus: totam pater undique secum
moverat Auroram; mixtis hic Colchus Hiberis, 155
hic mitra velatus Arabs, hic crine decorus
Armenius; hic picta Saces fucataque Medus,

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misty Rhodope afforded him a winter's bed. I call you to witness, cold valleys
of Haemus, that Stilicho has often filled with bloody slaughter; and you, rivers
of Thrace, your waters turned to blood; say, ye Bisaltae, or you whose oxen
plough Pangaeus' slopes, how many a rotting helm has not your share
shattered neath the soil, how oft have not your mattocks rung against the giant
bones of slaughtered kings.

Fain would I embrace each separate one; but thine exploits press on in too
close array, and I am overwhelmed by the pursuing flood of glorious deeds.
When Theodosius had warred against, and slain, the tyrant¹⁸⁷
he ascended into heaven, leaving the governance of the world to thee. With a
strength equal to his thou dost bear up the tottering structure of the empire that
threatens each moment to collapse. Thus, when once Hercules upheld the
world, the universal frame hung more surely poised, the Standard-bearer did
not reel with tottering stars, and old Atlas, relieved for a moment of the
eternal load, was confounded as he gazed upon his own burden.

Barbary was quiet, no revolution troubled the empire's peace and though so
great a prince was dead the world knew not that the reins had passed into
another's hands. No company in the two armies¹⁸⁸ dared aught as though set

loose from control. Yet surely never had such diversities of language and arms met together to form one united people. Theodosius had unified the whole East beneath his rule. Here were mingled Colchian and Iberian, mitred Arab, beautifully coifed Armenian; here the Sacian had pitched his painted tent, the Mede his

187 *i.e.* Eugenius.

188 *i.e.* of East and West.

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hic gemmata niger tentoria fixerat Indus;
hic Rhodani procera cohors, hic miles alumnus
Oceani. ductor Stilicho tot gentibus unus, 160
quot vel progrediens vel conspicit occiduus sol.
in quo tam vario vocum generumque tumultu
tanta quies iurisque metus servator honesti
te moderante fuit, nullis ut vinea furtis
vel seges erepta fraudaret messe colonum, 165
ut nihil aut saevum rabies aut turpe libido
suaderet, placidi servirent legibus enses.
scilicet in vulgus manant exempla regentum,
utque ducum lituos, sic mores castra sequuntur.

Denique felices aquilas quocumque moveres, 170
arebant tantis epoti milibus amnes.
Illyricum peteres: campi montesque latebant.
vexillum navale dares: sub puppibus ibat
Ionium. nullas¹⁸⁹ succincta Ceraunia nimbis
nec iuga Leucatae feriens spumantia fluctu 175
deterrebat hiems. tu si glaciale iuberis
vestigare fretum, securo milite ducti
stagna reluctantes quaterent Saturnia remi;
si deserta Noti, fontem si quaerere Nili,
Aethiopum medios penetrassent vela vapores. 180

Te memor Eurotas, te rustica Musa Lycaeï,
te pastorali modulantur Maenala cantu
Partheniumque nemus, quod te pugnante resurgens
aegra caput mediis erexit Graecia flammis.
plurima Parrhasius tunc inter corpora Ladon 185

189 All *nullum*; other MSS. *nullis*, which Birt prints. But *deterrebat* needs an object (as A and II indicate). Possibly, then, *nullas*.

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stained tent, the dusky Indian his embroidered tent: here were the tall

company of warriors from the Rhone and the warlike children of Ocean. Stilicho and Stilicho alone commanded all the nations looked on by the rising and the setting sun. Amid this company so diverse in blood and speech such peace reigned beneath thy rule, so did fear of justice secure right, that not a single vineyard was robbed, nor did a single field cheat the husbandman of its plundered crop; rage incited to no violence, passion to no deeds of shame; the peaceful sword was obedient to law. Of a truth their leaders' pattern passes to the crowd, and the soldier follows not only the standards but also the example of his general.

Whithersoever thou didst lead thy victorious eagles there rivers grew dry, drunk up by so many thousands of men. Didst thou march towards Illyria, plain and mountain were hidden; didst thou give the signal to thy fleet, the Ionian main was lost beneath thy ships. Cloud-girt Ceraunia, the storms that dash the waves in foam on Leucas' promontory — these could not affright any. Shouldst thou bid them explore some frozen sea, thy untroubled soldiers would shatter the congealed waters with countervailing oar; had they to seek the deserts of the south, to search out the sources of the Nile, their sails would penetrate into Ethiopia's midmost heat.

Thee mindful Eurotas, thee Lycaeus' rustic muse, thee Maenalus celebrates in pastoral song, and therewith the woods of Parthenius, where, thanks to thy victorious arms, weary Greece has raised once more her head from amid the flames. Then did Ladon, river of Arcadia, stay his course amid the countless bodies,

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haesit et Alpheus Geticis angustus acervis
tardior ad Siculos etiamnunc pergit amores.

Miramur rapidis hostem succumbere bellis,
cum solo terrore ruant? non classica Francis
intulimus: iacuere tamen. non Marte Suebos 190
contudimus, quis iura damus. quis credere possit?
ante tubam nobis audax Germania servit.
cedant, Druse, tui, cedant, Traiane, labores:
vestra manus dubio quidquid discrimine gessit,
transcurrens egit Stilicho totidemque diebus 195
edomuit Rhenum, quot vos potuistis in annis;
quem ferro, adloquiis; quem vos cum milite, solus.
impiger a primo descendens fluminis ortu
ad bifidos tractus et iuncta paludibus ora
fulmineum perstrinxit iter; ducis impetus undas 200
vincebat celeres, et pax a fonte profecta

cum Rheni crescebat aquis. ingentia quondam
 nomina, crinigero flavescentes vertice reges,
 qui nec principibus donis precibusque vocati
 paruerant, iussi properant segnique verentur 205
 offendisse mora; transvecti lintribus amnem
 occursant ubicumque velit. nec fama fefellit
 iustitiae: videre pium, videre fidelem.
 quem veniens timuit, rediens Germanus amavit.
 illi terribiles, quibus otia vendere semper 210
 mos erat et foeda requiem mercede pacisci,
 natis obsidibus pacem tam supplice vultu

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and Alphaeus, choked with heaps of slaughtered Getae, won his way more slowly to his Sicilian love.¹⁹⁰

Do we wonder that the foe so swiftly yields in battle when they fall before the sole terror of his name? We did not declare war on the Franks; yet they were overthrown. We did not crush in battle the Suebi on whom we now impose our laws. Who could believe it? Fierce Germany was our slave or ever the trumpets rang out. Where are now thy wars, Drusus, or thine, Trajan? All that your hands wrought after doubtful conflict that Stilicho did as he passed along, and o'ercame the Rhine in as many days as you could do in years; you conquered with the sword, he with a word; you with an army, he single-handed. Descending from the river's source to where it splits in twain and to the marshes that connect its mouths he flashed his lightning way. The speed of the general outstripped the river's swift course, and Peace, starting with him from Rhine's source, grew as grew Rhine's waters. Chieftains whose names were once so well known, flaxen-haired warrior-kings whom neither gifts nor prayers could win over to obedience to Rome's emperors, hasten at his command and fear to offend by dull delay. Crossing the river in boats they meet him wheresoever he will. The fame of his justice did not play them false: they found him merciful, they found him trustworthy. Him whom at his coming the German feared, at his departure he loved. Those dread tribes whose wont it was ever to set their price on peace and let us purchase repose by shameful tribute, offered their children as hostages and begged for peace with such suppliant looks that one would have thought them

¹⁹⁰ *i.e.* Arethusa.

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captivoque rogant, quam si post terga revincti
 Tarpeias pressis subeant cervicibus arces.
 omne, quod Oceanum fontesque interiacet Histri, 215

unius incurso tremuit; sine caede subactus
servitio Boreas exarmatique Triones.

Tempore tam parvo tot proelia sanguine nullo
perficis et luna nuper nascente profectus
ante redis, quam tota fuit, Rhenumque minacem 220
cornibus infractis adeo mitescere cogis,
ut Salius iam rura colat flexosque Sygambros
in falcem curvet gladios, geminasque viator
cum videat ripas, quae sit Romana, requirat;
ut iam trans fluvium non indignante Chauco 225
pascat Belga pecus, mediumque ingressa per Albim
Gallica Francorum montes armenta pererrent;
ut procul Hercyniae per vasta silentia silvae
venari tuto liceat, lucosque vetusta
religione truces et robur numinis instar 230
barbarici nostrae feriant impune bipennes.

Ultro quin etiam devota mente tuentur
victorique favent. quotiens sociare catervas
oravit iungique tuis Alamannia signis!
nec doluit contempta tamen, spretoque recessit 235
auxilio laudata fides. provincia missos
expellet citius fasces quam Francia reges,
quos dederis. acie nec iam pulsare rebelles,
sed vinclis punire licet; sub iudice nostro
regia Romanus disquirat crimina carcer: 240

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captives, their hands bound behind their backs, and they mounting the Tarpeian rock with the chains of slavery upon their necks. All those lands that lie between Ocean and the Danube trembled at the approach of one man. Boreas was brought into servitude without a blow; the Great Bear was disarmed.

In so short a time didst thou win so many battles without loss of blood, and, setting out with the moon yet new, thou didst return or ever it was full; so didst thou compel the threatening Rhine to learn gentleness with shattered horns, that the Salian now tills his fields, the Sygambrian beats his straight sword into a curved sickle, and the traveller, as he looks at the two banks, asks over which Rome rules. The Belgian, too, pastures his flock across the river and the Chauco heed it not; Gallic herds cross the middle Elbe and wander over the hills of the Franks. Safe it is to hunt amid the vast silence of the distant Hercynian forest, and in the woods that old-established superstition has rendered awful our axes fell the trees the barbarian once worshipped and nought is said.

Nay more, devoted to their conqueror this people offers its arms in his defence. How oft has Germany begged to add her troops to thine and to join her forces with those of Rome! Nor yet was she angered when her offer was rejected, for though her aid was refused her loyalty came off with praise. Provence will sooner drive out the governor thou sendest than will the land of the Franks expel the ruler thou hast given them. Not to rout rebels in the field but to punish them with chains is now the law; under our judge a Roman prison holds inquest

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Marcomeres Sunnoque docet; quorum alter Etruscum
pertulit exilium; cum se promitteret alter
exulis ultorem, iacuit mucrone suorum:
res avidi concire novas odioque furentes
pacis et ingenio scelerumque cupidine fratres. 245

Post domitas Arctos alio prorupit ab axe
tempestas et, ne qua tuis intacta tropaeis
pars foret, Australis sonuit tuba. moverat omnes
Maurorum Gildo populos, quibus inminet Atlas
et quos interior nimio plaga sole relegat: 250
quos vagus umectat Cinyps et proximus hortis
Hesperidum Triton et Gir notissimus amnis
Aethiopum, simili mentitus gurgite Nilum;
venerat et parvis redimitus Nuba sagittis
et velox Garamas, nec quamvis tristibus Hammon 255
responsis alacrem potuit Nasamona morari.
stipantur Numidae campi, stant pulvere Syrtes
Gaetulae, Poenus iaculis obtexitur aër.
hi virga moderantur equos; his fulva leones
velamenta dabant ignotarumque ferarum 260
exuviae, vastis Meroë quas nutrit harenis;
serpentum patulos gestant pro casside rictus;
pendent vipereae squamosa pelle pharetrae.
non sic intremuit Simois, cum montibus Idae
nigra coloratus produceret agmina Memnon, 265
non Ganges, cum tela procul vibrantibus Indis
inmanis medium vectaret belua Porum.

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on the crimes of kings. Marcomeres and Sunno¹⁹¹ give proof: the one underwent exile in Etruria, the other, proclaiming himself the exile's avenger, fell beneath the swords of his own soldiers. Both were eager to arouse rebellion, both hated peace — true brothers in character and in a common love

of crime.

After the conquest of the north arose a fresh storm in another quarter. The trumpets of war rang out in the south that there might be no part of the world untouched by thy victories. Gildo stirred up all the Moorish tribes living beneath mount Atlas and those whom the excessive heat of the sun cuts off from us in the interior of Africa, those too whom Cinyps' wandering stream waters, and Triton, neighbour of the garden of the Hesperides; those who dwell beside the waters of Gir, most famous of the rivers of Ethiopia, that overflows his banks as it had been another Nile. There came at his summons the Nubian with his head-dress of short arrows, the fleet Garamantian, the Nasamonian whose impetuous ardour not even the sinister predictions of Ammon could restrain. The plain of Numidia was overrun, their dust covered the Gaetulian Syrtes; the sky of Carthage was darkened with their arrows. Some, mounted, guide their horses with sticks, others are clad in tawny lion-skins and pelts of the nameless animals that range the vast deserts of Meroë. Severed heads of serpents with gaping jaws serve them for helmets, the bright scaly skin of the viper fashions their quivers. Simois trembled not so violently when swart Memnon led his dusky troops o'er Ida's summit. Not so fearful was Ganges when Porus approached, mounted on his towering elephant and surrounded with his far-shooting Indian soldiery.

191 Marcomeres and Sunno, brother chiefs of the Ripuarian Franks, had (?in connexion with Maximus' revolt) invaded Roman territory near Cologne in 388 and been defeated by Arbogast. Stilicho's successful campaign against them, of which we read here, is to be dated 395 (?March).

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Porus Alexandro, Memnon prostratus Achilli,
Gildo nempe tibi.

Nec solum fervidus Austrum,
sed partes etiam Mavors agitabat Eoas. 270
quamvis obstreperet pietas, his ille regendae
transtulerat nomen Libyae scelerique profano
fallax legitimam regni praetenderat umbram.
surgebat geminum varia formidine bellum,
hoc armis, hoc triste dolis. hoc Africa saevis 275
cinxerat auxiliis, hoc coniuratus alebat
insidiis Oriens. illinc edicta meabant
corruptura duces; hinc frugibus atra negatis
urgebat trepidamque fames obsederat urbem.
exitiale palam Libycum; civile pudoris 280
obtentu tacitum.

Tales utrimque procellae
cum fremerent lacerumque alternis ictibus anceps
imperium pulsaret hiems, nil fessa remisit

officii virtus contraque minantia fata
pervigil eventusque sibi latura secundos 285
maior in adversis micuit: velut arbiter alni,
nubilus Aegaeo quam turbine vexat Orion,
exiguo clavi flexu declinat aquarum
verbera, nunc recta, nunc obliquante carina
callidus, et pelagi caelique obnititur irae. 290

Quid primum, Stilicho, mirer? quod cautus ad omnes
restiteris fraudes, ut te nec noxia furto
littera nec pretio manus inflammata lateret?
quod nihil in tanto circum terrore locutus
indignum Latio? responsa quod ardua semper 295
Eois dederis, quae mox effecta probasti —

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Yet Porus was defeated by Alexander, Memnon by Achilles, and Gildo by thee.

It was not, however, only the South that fierce Mars aroused but also the East. Though loyalty cried out against it Gildo had transferred the nominal rule of Libya to the Eastern empire, cloaking his base treason under the name of legitimate government.¹⁹² Thus with diverse terror a twofold war arose; here were arms, there were wiles. Africa supported the one with her savage tribes, the other the conspiring East nurtured with treachery. From Byzantium came edicts to subvert the loyalty of governors; from Africa that refused her crops black famine pressed and had beleaguered trembling Rome. Libya openly meditated our destruction; over the civic strife shame had laid her veil of silence.

Though such storms raged on either hand, though the twofold tempest buffeted the torn empire on this side and on that, no whit did our consul's courage yield to weariness, but ever watchful against threatening doom and soon to win prosperous issue, shone greater amid dangers: as the ship's pilot, tossed in mid Aegean by the storms of rainy Orion, eludes the waves' buffeting by the least turn of the tiller, skilfully guiding his vessel now on straight, now on slanting course, and struggles successfully against the conjoint fury of sea and sky.

At what, Stilicho, shall I first marvel? At the providence that resisted all intrigues, whereby no treacherous missive, no bribe-fraught hand escaped thy notice? Or because that amid the general terror thou spakest no word unworthy of Latium? Or because thou didst ever give haughty answer to the East and later made that answer

¹⁹² Africa belonged to the West. Gildo, in the words of Zosimus(v. 11. 2), ἀπίσθησι τὴν χῶραν τῆς Ὀνωρίου βασιλείας καὶ

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securus, quamvis et opes et rura tenerent
 insignesque domos? levis haec iactura; nec umquam
 publica privatae cesserunt commoda causae.
 dividis ingentes curas teque omnibus unum ³⁰⁰
 obicis, inveniens animo quae mente gerenda,
 efficiens patranda manu, dictare paratus
 quae scriptis peragenda forent. quae brachia centum,
 quis Briareus aliis numero crescente lacertis
 tot simul obiectis posset configere rebus: ³⁰⁵
 evitare dolos; veteres firmare cohortes,
 explorare novas; duplices disponere classes,
 quae fruges aut bella ferant; aulaeque tumultum
 et Romae lenire famem? quot nube soporis
 immunes oculi per tot discurrere partes, ³¹⁰
 tot loca sufficerent et tam longinqua tueri?
 Argum fama canit centeno lumine cinctum
 corporis excubiis unam servasse iuencam!

Unde tot adlatae segetes? quae silva carinas
 texuit? unde rudis tanto tirone iuventus ³¹⁵
 emicuit senioque iterum vernante resumpsit
 Gallia bis fractas Alpino vulnere vires?
 non ego dilectu, Tyrii sed vomere Cadmi
 tam subitas acies concepto dente draconis
 exiluisse reor: Dircaeis qualis in arvis ³²⁰
 messis cum proprio mox bellatura colono
 cognatos strinxit gladios, cum semine iacto
 terrigenae galea matrem nascente ferirent

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good? They held thy goods, thy lands, thy houses, yet wast thou unmoved. This thou didst account a trifling loss nor ever preferred private to public interest. Thy mighty task thou dost parcel out, yet dost thou face it all alone, debating the problems that must needs be thought out, acting where deeds are called for, ever ready to dictate where aught is to be accomplished by writing. What hundred-handed monster, what Briareus, whose arms ever grew more numerous as they were lopped off, could cope with all these things at once? To avoid the snares of treachery, to strengthen existing regiments and enroll new ones, to equip two fleets, one of corn-ships, one of men-of-war, to quell the tumult of the court and alleviate the hunger of the Roman populace — what eyes, never visited by the veil of sleep, have had the strength to turn

their gaze in so many directions and over so many lands or to pierce so far? Fame tells how Argus girt with a hundred eyes could guard but one heifer with his body's watch.

Whence comes this mass of corn? What forest fashioned all those vessels? Whence has sprung this untutored army with all its young recruits? Whence has Gaul, its age once more at the spring, won back the strength that Alpine blows twice shattered¹⁹³? Methinks 'tis no levy but the ploughshare of the Phoenician Cadmus that has raised up thus suddenly a host sprung from the sowing of the dragon's teeth; 'tis like the crop that in the fields of Thebes drew the sword of kin in threatened battle with its own sower when, the seed once sown, the earth-born giants clave the earth, their mother's womb, with their springing helms and a harvest of

¹⁹³ In the wars against, respectively, Eugenius and the Goths.

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armifer et viridi floreret milite sulcus.
hoc quoque non parva fas est cum laude relinqui, ³²⁵
quod non ante fretis exercitus adstitit ultor,
ordine quam prisco censeret bella senatus.
neglectum Stilicho per tot iam saecula morem
rettulit, ut ducibus mandarent proelia patres
decretoque togae felix legionibus iret ³³⁰
tessera. Romuleas leges rediisse fatemur,
cum procerum iussis famulantia cernimus arma.

Tyrrhenum poteras cunctis transmittere signis
et ratibus Syrtes, Libyam complere manipulis;
consilio stetit ira minor, ne territus ille ³³⁵
te duce suspecto Martis graviore paratu
aut in harenosos aestus zonamque rubentem
tenderet aut solis fugiens transiret in ortus
missurusve sibi certae solacia mortis
oppida dirueret flammis. res mira relatu: ³⁴⁰
ne timeare times et, quem vindicta manebat,
desperare vetas. quantum fiducia nobis
profuit! hostilis salvae Carthaginis arces;
inlaesis Tyrii gaudent cultoribus agri,
quos potuit vastare fuga. spe captus inani ³⁴⁵
nec se subripuit poenae nostrisque pepercit:
demens, qui numero tantum, non robore mensus
Romanos rapidis ibat ceu protinus omnes
calcaturus equis et, quod iactare solebat,

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young soldiery burgeoned along the armèd furrows. This too must not be passed over without full meed of praise, that the avenging expedition did not embark until the senate had, in accordance with antique usage, declared war. Stilicho re-established this custom, neglected for so many ages, that the Fathers should give generals charge to fight, and by decree of the toga-clad Senate the battle-token pass auspiciously among the legions. We acknowledge that the laws of Romulus have now returned when we see arms obedient to our ministers.

Thou couldst have filled the Tyrrhene sea with all thy standards, the Syrtes with thy fleet and Libya with thy battalions, but wrath was stayed o'ercome by prudent fear lest Gildo, terrified at the thought that thou wast in arms against him and suspecting that thy forces were of overwhelming strength, might retire into the hot desert and the torrid zone, or travel east in flight or, to console him for the certainty of death, might destroy his cities with fire. Marvellous it is to tell: thou wast fearful of being feared and forbade him to despair whom thy vengeance awaited. How greatly was his confidence our gain! Safe are the towers of hostile Carthage, and the Phoenician fields rejoice in their unharmed husbandmen, fields he might have laid waste in his flight. Deluded by a vain hope he spared what was ours without escaping chastisement for himself. Madman, to measure Rome by the numbers instead of the valour of her soldiers! He advanced as though he would ride them all down by means of his fleet cavalry and, as he often boasted, would overwhelm in the dust the Gauls enervated by the sun's heat. But he soon learned that neither wounds

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Sed didicit non Aethiopum geminata venenis
vulnera, non fusum crebris hastilibus imbrem,
non equitum nimbos Latiis obsistere pilis.
sternitur ignavus Nasamon, nec spicula supplex
iam torquet Garamas; repetunt deserta fugaces 355
Autololes; pavidus proiecit missile Mazax.
cornipedem Maurus nequiquam hortatur anhelum;
praedonem lembo profugum ventisque repulsum
suscepit merito fatalis Tabraca portu
expertum quod nulla tuis elementa paterent 360
hostibus, et laetae passurum iurgia plebis
fracturumque reos humili sub iudice vultus.
Nil tribuat Fortuna sibi. sit prospera semper

illa quidem; sed non uni certamina pugnae
credidimus totis nec constitit alea castris 365
nutatura semel; si quid licuisset iniquis
casibus, instabant aliae post terga biremes;
venturus dux maior erat.

Victoria nulla

clarior aut hominum votis optatior umquam
contigit. an quisquam Tigranen armaque Ponti 370
vel Pyrrhum Antiochique fugam vel vincla Iugurthae
conferat aut Persen debellatumque Philippum?
hi propagandi ruerant pro limite regni;
hic stabat Romana salus. ibi tempora tuto
traxerunt dilata moras; hic vincere tarde 375
vinci paene fuit. discrimine Roma supremo
inter supplicium populi deforme pependit;
et tantum Libyam fructu maiore recepit
quam peperit, quantum graviorem amissa dolorem
quam necdum quaesita movent. quis Punica gesta,

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made more deadly by the poisoned arrow of Ethiopia nor thick hail of javelins nor clouds of horsemen can withstand Latin spears. The cowardly Nasamonian troops are scattered, the Garamantian hurls not his spears but begs for mercy, the swift-footed Autololes fly to the desert, the terror-stricken Mazacian flings away his arms, in vain the Moor urges on his flagging steed. The brigand flees in a small boat and driven back by the winds met with his just fate in the harbour of Tabraca, discovering that no element offered refuge, Stilicho, to thine enemies. There he was destined to undergo the insults of the overjoyed populace and to bow his guilty head before a lowly judgement-seat.

Let not Fortune claim aught for herself. Let her be ever favourable; but we trusted not the issue to a single fight, nor was the hazard set with all our force to be lost at a single throw. Had hard chance at all prevailed, a second fleet pressed on behind, a greater leader was yet to come.

Never was a more famous victory nor one that was the object of more heartfelt prayers. Will anyone compare with this the defeat of Tigranes, of the king of Pontus, the flight of Pyrrhus or Antiochus, the capture of Jugurtha, the overthrow of Perses or Philip? Their fall meant but the enlargement of the empire's bounds; on Gildo's depended the very existence of Rome. In those cases delay entailed no ill; in this a late-won victory was all but a defeat. On this supreme issue, while leanness racked her people, hung the fate of Rome; and to win back Libya was a greater gain than its first conquest, even as to lose a possession stirs a heavier pain than never to have had it. Who would

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quis vos, Scipiadae, quis te iam, Regule, nosset, 380
quis lentum caneret Fabium, si iure perempto
insultaret atrox famula Carthagine Maurus?
haec omnes veterum revocavit adorea lauros;
restituit Stilicho cunctos tibi, Roma, triumphos. 385

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now be telling of the Punic wars, of you, ye Scipios, or of thee, Regulus; who
would sing of cautious Fabius, if, destroying right, the fierce Moor were
trampling on an enslaved Carthage? This victory, Rome, has revived the
laurels of thy heroes of old; Stilicho has restored to thee all thy triumphs.

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DE CONSULATU STILICHONIS

LIBER SECUNDUS

(XXII.)

Hactenus armatae laudes: nunc qualibus orbem
moribus et quanto frenet metuendus amore,
quo tandem flexus trabeas auctore rogantes
induerit fastisque suum concesserit annum,
mitior incipiat fidibus iam Musa remissis. 5

Principio magni custos dementia mundi,
quae Iovis incoluit zonam, quae temperat aethram
frigoris et flammae medio, quae maxima natu
caelicolum. nam prima chaos Clementia solvit
congeriem miserata rudem vultuque sereno 10
discussis tenebris in lucem saecula fudit.
haec dea pro templis et ture calentibus aris
te fruitur posuitque suas hoc pectore sedes.
haec docet ut poenis hominum vel sanguine pasci
turpe ferumque putes; ut ferrum, Marte cruentum, 16
siccum pace feras; ut non infensus alendis

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ON STILICHO'S CONSULSHIP

BOOK II

(XXII.)

Thus far the warrior's praise! Now let my gentler Muse relax the strings and tell by what virtues he governs the world, tempering fear with love, say what counsel moved him at last to assume those consular robes that cried out to him, and bestowed on our annals a year named after himself.

In the beginning Love¹ was the guardian of this vast universe, she who dwelt in the sphere of Jove, who attempers the sky 'twixt cold and heat, who is eldest of the immortals. For Love, pitying the elemental confusion, first disentangled Chaos; with a smile she scattered the darkness and bathed the world in light. She dwelleth now not in temples nor by altars warm with incense but in thy heart wherein she has made her home. Taught by her thou accountest it cruel and barbarous to batten on suffering and human slaughter; the sword that drips blood in war thou wearest unstained in peace;

¹ Claudian seems to have in his mind partly the Epicurean doctrine of ἔρως and partly the personification of the *Clementia Caesaris*, well known as a legend on so many Roman coins. See, also, for *Clementia* as a goddess, Claud. xvii. 166, and Stat. *Theb.* xii. 481 *et seq.*

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materiem praestes odiis; ut sontibus ultro
ignovisse velis, deponas ocius iram
quam moveas, precibus numquam implacabilis obstes,
obvia prosternas prostrataque more leonum 20
despicias, alacres ardent qui frangere tauros,
transiliunt praedas humiles. hac ipse magistra
das veniam victis, hac exorante calores
horrificos et quae, numquam nocitura, timentur
iurgia contentus solo terrore coerces 25
aetherii patris exemplo, qui cuncta sonoro
concutiens tonitru Cyclopum spicula differt
in scopulos et monstra maris nostrique cruoris
parcus in Oetaeis exercet fulmina silvis.

Huic divae germana Fides eademque sorori 30
corde tuo delubra tenens sese omnibus actis
inserit. haec docuit nullo livescere fuco,
numquam falsa loqui, numquam promissa morari;
invisos odisse palam, non virus in alto
condere, non laetam speciem praemittere fraudi, 35
sed certum mentique parem componere vultum;
occulto saevire vetat, prodesse remittit.
haec et amicitias longo plus tempore firmat

mansuroque adamante ligat; nec mobile mutat
ingenium, parvae strepitu nec vincula noxae 40
dissolvi patitur, nec fastidire priorem
inlicitur veniente novo. benefacta tenere,
respuere offensas facilis, pariterque minoris
officii magnique memor superare laborat

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though angered thou feedest with no fuel the flame of hatred; thou forgivest the guilty even before they ask, thou layest aside thy wrath more readily than thou art moved to wrath, thou never turnest a deaf ear to prayers, all who oppose thee thou overthrowest, but deignest not to touch them when overthrown, like a lion who lusts to rend in pieces the fierce bull, but passes by the cowering prey. At her bidding thou extendest pardon to the conquered; at her prayer thou refrainest the dread fires of thine anger and those threats, not the less terrible for being unfulfilled; it is enough for thee to inspire awe, even as the heavenly Father who, shaking the world with his loud thunder, hurls the bolts of the Cyclops upon rocks and sea-monsters and, sparing the blood of man, expends his lightnings on the forests of Oeta.

Good Faith too, Love's sister, has made her shrine in thy heart and joins herself to all thine actions. She has taught thee to practise no hypocrisy, never to speak falsehood, never to postpone the fulfilment of thy promises; to hate openly those thou hatest, and not to hide the poison of resentment in thy heart nor let a false smile mask treachery but to make thy countenance the sure mirror of thy mind. She gainsayeth secret vengeance but encourageth secret benefits. She strengthens friendships also, that grow more firm by lapse of time and binds them with chains of lasting adamant; not hers is the fickle change of mood, nor does she permit close ties to be broken by the rumour of some petty injury, nor is she lured to scorn the old friend when a new one comes. Mindful of past benefits, quick to forget wrongs, she remembers services alike small or great and strives to outdo

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utque hostes armis, meritis sic vincit amicos. 45
haec foveat absentes, haec longe sola remotis
consulit, haec nullis avidam rumoribus aurem
pandit, ut ignarum numquam laesura clientem
insidiosa tuos alienent murmura sensus.

Nec vivis adnexus amor meminisse sepultos 50
desinit; in prolem transcurrit gratia patrum.
hac tu Theodosium, tenuit dum sceptrum, colebas,
hac etiam post fata colis; nec pignora curas

plus tua quam natos, dederat quos ille monendos
tutandosque tibi. iustos nimiumque fideles 55
fama putat, qui, cum possint commissa negare,
maluerint nullo violati reddere quaestu:
at Stilicho non divitias aurique relictum
pondus, sed geminos axes tantumque reservat
depositum teneris, quantum sol igneus ambit. 60
quid non intrepidus credas, cui regia tuto
creditur?

Hoc clipeo munitus Honorius altum
non gemit patrem vitaeque et lucis in ipso
limine, contemptus numquam, dat iura subactis
gentibus et secum sentit crevisse triumphos. 65
quem tu sic placida formas, sic mente severa,
ut neque desidia tradas, dum pronus ad omne
quod libet obsequeris, nec contra nixus ovantem
confringas animum: secreto consona regno
ceu iuvenem doceas, moles quid publica poscat: 70
ceu sanctum venerere senem patriisque gubernes
imperium monitis; dominum summissus adores;
obsequiis moderere ducem, pietate parentem.

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them, overcoming friends with devotion as an enemy with arms. She safeguards the absent and is the sole protector of those far away; she opens not a greedy ear to rumours, so that never does the stealthy whisper that would injure some unsuspecting client estrange thy sympathies.

Nor does the love that clings to the living forget the dead, and the gratitude a father earned is paid to his children. This kept thee loyal to Theodosius while yet he wielded the sceptre, loyal, too, after his death; nor carest thou more for thine own offspring than for the sons he entrusted to thy guidance and protection. Just and most faithful does Fame account those, who, though they might deny a trust, have chosen rather to fulfil it, unpolluted by greed of gain; but it is not riches, not a huge heritage of gold that Stilicho holds in trust for the young heirs, but two hemispheres and all that is embraced within the sun's fiery orbit. What wouldst thou not fearlessly entrust to him to whom a kingdom is entrusted safely?

Defended by this buckler Honorius did not mourn his noble sire, and on life's very threshold, ne'er scorned by any, he dictates laws to conquered races and sees his triumphs increase with his years. Him thou dost seek to shape as with kindly so with severe mind; neither to sloth dost thou deliver him by a ready yielding to all his wishes, nor by opposing dost thou crush his eager spirit: as

a youth thou teachest him in secret a king's lesson — his duty to his people;
as a reverend senior thou payest him honour and governest the empire at a
father's bidding; to thy lord thou givest humble worship; thou guidest thy
master with obedience, thy sire

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*hinc fuit ut primos in coniuge disceret ignes
ordirique virum non luxuriante iuventa, 75
sed cum lege tori, casto cum foedere vellet.
principe tu felix genero: felicior ille
te socero.*

*Fratrem levior nec cura tuetur
Arcadium; nec, si quid iners atque impia turba
praetendens proprio nomen regale furori 80
audeat, adscribis iuveni. discordia quippe
cum fremeret, numquam Stilicho sic canduit ira,
saepe lacessitus probris gladiisque petitus,
ut bello furias ultum, quas pertulit, iret
inlicito causamque daret civilibus armis: 85
cuius fulta fide mediis dissensibus aulae
intemeratorum stabat reverentia fratrum.
quin et Sidonias chlamydes et cingula bacis
aspera gemmatasque togas viridesque smaragdo
loricas galeasque redundantes hyacinthis 90
gestatosque patri capulis radiantibus enses
et vario lapidum distinctas igne coronas
dividis ex aequo, ne non augusta supellex
ornatusque pares geminis heredibus essent.
mittitur et miles, quamvis certamine partes 95
iam tumeant. hostem muniri robore mavis
quam peccare fidem: permittis iusta petenti
idque negas solum, cuius mox ipse repulsa
gaudeat et quidquid fuerat deforme mereri.*

*Omnes praeterea, puro quae crimina pellunt 100
ore, deae iunxere choros unoque receptae*

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with love. Hence it was that he knew not passion before matrimony and
preferred to vindicate his manhood not in a youth of debauchery, but in the
chaste bonds of legal wedlock. Blessed art thou in having an emperor for a
son-in-law; more blessed he with thee for father.

Care no less tender watched over Honorius' brother, Arcadius. Rightly thou

ascribest not to that youth the outrages of the feeble, vicious mob that seeks to screen its own mad folly behind the name of a king. Nay, even when discord raged never did Stilicho so burn with anger, though oft assailed by insult, oft attacked with the sword, that he sought to avenge the frenzy he endured by unholy war and give a handle to civil strife; stayed on his loyalty, mid all the factions of a court, the hallowed friendship of those brothers stood inviolate. Nay more, thou dividedst equally with him Sidonian cloaks, belts studded with pearls, jewelled togas, breastplates thick with green emeralds, helmets flashing with sapphires, swords with gleaming handles thy sire had wielded, crowns bright with the glint of manifold jewels, that both might be equal heirs of their imperial sire's rich furniture and apparel. Thou didst send soldiers to Byzantium also, though civil strife was already raising its head. Rather wouldst thou reinforce a foe than fail thy pledge; all that he fairly asks thou grantest and refusest only that the withholding of which he himself will shortly approve, and that to obtain which were shameful.

Moreover, all the virtues whose pure aspect puts all wickedness to flight live conjoined in thee and, dwelling within thine heart, aid thee in the

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pectore diversos tecum cinguntur in usus.
Iustitia utilibus rectum praeponere suadet
communesque sequi leges iniustaque numquam
largiri sociis. durum Patientia corpus 105
instruit, ut nulli cupiat cessisse labori;
Temperies, ut casta petas; Prudentia, ne quid
inconsultus agas; Constantia, futile ne quid
infirmumque geras. procul importuna fugantur
numina, monstriferis quae Tartarus edidit antris: 110
ac primam scelerum matrem, quae semper habendo
plus sitiens patulis rimatur faucibus aurum,
trudis Avaritiam; cuius foedissima nutrix
Ambitio, quae vestibulis foribusque potentum
excubat et pretiis commercia pascit honorum, 115
pulsa simul. nec te gurges corruptior aevi
traxit ad exemplum, qui iam firmaverat annis
crimen et in legem rapiendi verterat usum.
denique non dives sub te pro rure paterno
vel laribus pallet; non insidiator oberrat 120
facturus quemcumque reum. non obruta virtus
paupertate latet. lectos ex omnibus oris
evehis et meritum, non quae cunabula, quaeris,
et qualis non unde satus. sub teste benigno
vivitur; egregios invitant praemia mores. 125

hinc priscae redeunt artes; felicibus inde
ingeniis aperitur iter despectaque Musae
colla levant, opibusque fluens et pauper eodem
nititur ad fructum studio, cum cernat uterque
quod nec inops iaceat probitas nec inertia surgat 130
divitiis.

Nec te iucunda fronte fefellit

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manifold businesses of life. Justice teaches thee to prefer the right to the useful, to obey the general laws of mankind and never to enrich thy friends at other's cost. Patience strengthens thy body so that it seeks never to yield to toil. Temperance guides thee to chaste desires. Prudence will have thee do nought without forethought, Constancy nought without decision and firm purpose. The deadly vices which Tartarus sends up from his monstrous abyss fly far from thee; but first and foremost thou banishest Avarice, mother of crimes, greedy for more the more she possesses, searching ever open-mouthed for gold; with her thou drivest out her most foul nurse, Ambition, who watches at the gate of the powerful and haunts their dwelling-places, cherishing the sale of honours for gold. This age's more turbid stream of corruption has not drawn thee to follow its examples — corruption which had with lapse of time established crime and turned the custom of rapine into a law. Beneath thy rule the rich tremble not for the safety of ancestral lands or houses; no informer stalks the world set on making no matter whom his victim. Virtue suffers no eclipse by poverty. Thou exaltest men of all countries, asking what are their merits not their place of birth, what their character not whence their origin. A generous prince takes note of our life; rewards allure into the ways of virtue. Hence it comes that the arts of old flourish once more; the path to fortune is open to genius, while poesy again raises her despised head. Rich and poor strive with equal zeal towards their ends, for both see that, as poverty cannot depress merit, so riches cannot elevate incapacity.

Fair-fronted wantonness deceives thee not, wantonness,

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luxuries, praedulce malum, quae dedita semper
corporis arbitriis hebetat caligine sensus
membraque Circaeis effeminat acrius herbis,
blanda quidem vultus, sed qua non taetrior ulla 135
interius: fucata genas et amicta dolosis
inlecebris torvos auro circumlinit hydros.
illa voluptatum multos innexuit hamis:

te numquam conata capit. non prava libido
 stupris advigilat; non tempora somnus agendi 140
 frustratur; nullo citharae convivia cantu,
 non pueri lasciva sonant. quis cernere curis
 te vacuum potuit? quis tota mente remissum
 aut indulgentem dapibus, ni causa iuberet
 laetitiae? non indecores aeraria lassant 145
 expensae; parvo non improba littera libro
 absentum condonat opes. a milite parcus
 diligeris; neque enim neglectas pace cohortes
 tunc ditas, cum bella fremunt. scis nulla placere
 munera, quae metuens illis, quos spreverat, offert 150
 serus et incassum servati prodigus auri.
 antevenis tempus non expectantibus ultro
 munificus mensaeque adhibes et nomine quemque
 compellas clari, sub te quod gesserat olim,
 admonitum facti, figendaque sensibus addis 155
 verba, quibus magni geminatur gratia nodi.²
 Nec, si quid tribuas, iactatum saepius idem
 exprobrare soles nec, quos promoveris, alto
 turgidus adloqueris fastu nec prospera flatus

² I retain Birt's *nodi* (VPTI), but *doni* (V2 and the other MSS.) is very tempting.

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that sweet curse, which surrendering to the arbitrament of the body dulls the
 wits with darkness, enervating the limbs with bane more deadly than that of
 Circe. Fair, indeed, is her face but none is fouler within; dyed are her cheeks;
 clothed about is she with treacherous lures, and deadly vipers hide them in her
 golden hair. Many hath she caught with the bait of pleasure, thee, though
 often has she tried, she has never ensnared. No lust bids thee wake for
 adultery's sake, nor does sleep cheat the hours of toil. Neither the strains of
 the lyre nor the wanton song of boys accompany thy repast. Has any seen thee
 free from care, thy mind entirely at rest, or indulging in the banquet unless
 some public rejoicing commanded? No shameful expenditure strains the
 resources of the treasury, no pitiless missive in a tiny roll disposes of the
 property of the absent. Though thrifty thou art beloved of the army, for thou
 neglectest not thy soldiers in peace, and dost not only enrich them when war
 is toward. Thou knowest that belated gifts, offered in fear to those hitherto
 scorned, earn no gratitude:
 'tis but a useless flinging away of gold as uselessly hoarded. Thou preventest
 thy soldier's needs and art generous over and above their expectations; thou
 callest them to thy board and addressest each by his name, mindful of all the
 brave deeds ever done by each beneath thy banners. To thy gifts thou addest

praises that will ever be remembered, whereby the grace of your close bond is doubled.

When bountiful thou dost not also turn the bounty into a reproach, nor dost thou address those whom thou hast advanced with the language of disdainful patronage; nor yet does prosperity make thee

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attollunt nimios. quin ipsa Superbia longe 160
discessit, vitium rebus sollemne secundis
virtutumque ingrata comes. contingere passim
adfarique licet. non inter pocula sermo
captatur, pura sed libertate loquendi
seria quisque iocis nulla formidine miscet. 165
quem videt Augusti socerum regnique parentem,
miratur conviva parem, cum tanta potestas
civem lenis agat. te doctus prisca loquentem,
te matura senex audit, te fortia miles 169
adpersis salibus, quibus haud Amphiona quisquam
praeferat Aonios meditantem carmine muros
nec velit Orpheo migrantes pectine silvas.

Hinc amor, hinc veris et non fallacibus omnes
pro te solliciti votis; hinc nomen ubique
plausibus, auratis celebrant hinc ora figuris. 175
quae non incudes streperent, quae flamma vacaret
fabrilis, quantis fluerent fornacibus aera
effigies ductura tuas, quis devius esset
angulus aut regio quae non pro numine vultus
dilectos coleret, talem ni semper honorem 180
respueres? decus hoc rapiat, quem falsa timentum
munera decipiunt, qui se diffidit amari.
hoc solus sprevisse potest, qui iure meretur.

Undique legati properant generique sub ore
in tua centenas optant praeconia voces. 185
grates Gallus agit, quod limite tutus inermi
et metuens hostile nihil nova culmina totis

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puffed up. Nay, pride itself is far removed from thee, pride, a vice so familiar in success, ungracious attendant on the virtues. All, no matter when or where, may meet and address thee. Talk over the wine is not watched, but each guest,

at liberty to say just what he pleases, mingles grave converse with gay and fears not for his words. Each marvels to find an equal in the emperor's father-in-law and the father of his country, when one so powerful acts the citizen so graciously. With the learned thou discourest of antiquity, with the aged of experience, with the soldier of valiant deeds, and dost mingle thy talk with such pleasant wit that none would rather hear the strains whereby Amphion built the walls of Thebes or Orpheu's lute drew the woods to follow him.

Hence all love thee, all anxiously pray heaven for thee with no feigned intercession, all shout applause at the mention of thy name and reproduce thy form in gilded statues. What anvil should not ring, what forge be idle, from what vast furnaces should bronze not flow that is to shape thine image? What corner of the world, what region so remote but should worship thy beloved countenance as divine, — hadst thou not always refused such honour? Nay, let him snatch at such glory whom hollow gifts inspired by fear can beguile and who despairs of a people's love. He who in truth deserves can alone afford to despise them.

Embassies arrive from every quarter and in the presence of thy son-in-law pray for a hundred voices to herald thy renown. The Gallic envoy gives thee thanks for that, safe from attack though no legion guards his frontier, and fearing no hostile

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aedificat ripis et saevum gentibus amnem
Thybridis in morem domibus praevelat amoenis.
hinc Poeni cumulant laudes, quod rura tyranno 190
libera possideant; hinc obsidione solutus
Pannonius potorque Savi, quod clausa tot annis
oppida laxatis ausus iam pandere portis
rursum cote novat nigras rubigine falces
exesosque situ cogit splendere ligones 195
agnoscitque casas et collibus oscula notis
figit et impresso glaebis non credit aratro,
exsectis,³ inculta dabant quas saecula, silvis
restituit terras et opacum vitibus Histrum
conserit et patrium vectigal solvere gaudet, 200
immunis qui clade fuit. te sospite fas est
vexatum laceri corpus iuvenescere regni.
sub tot principibus quaecumque amisimus olim,
tu reddis. solo poterit Stilichone medente
crescere Romanum vulnus tectura cicatrix; 205
inque suos tandem fines redeunte colono
Illyricis iterum ditabitur aula tributis.

Nec tamen humano cedit caeleste favori
iudicium: cingunt superi concordibus unum
praesidiis hostesque tuos aut litore produnt ²¹⁰
aut totum oppositi claudunt fugientibus aequor
aut in se vertunt furiis aut militis ense

³ Birt suggests *exsectisque*.

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incursion, he builds new dwelling-places along the banks of the Rhine and fringes the river, famed once for the savagery of its tribes, with houses as pleasant as those by Tiber's stream. Here Carthaginians crown thy praise, because they possess their lands delivered from the tyrant's rule; there the Pannonian, freed from the blockade, and he who drinks the Save, grateful because he now dare throw open the gates of cities closed for so many years. Such sharpen once more upon the whetstone their sickles dark with rust and cause their mattocks, foul with want of use, to shine as of old. Each sees again his well-remembered cottage, kisses his native hills, and can scarce believe real the furrows cut by his heavy plough. He hews down the forests and renders again fit for cultivation fields which generations had let run wild. Once more he covers the banks of the Danube with vineyards and rejoices to pay the taxes his forefathers paid, for it was bloodshed that brought immunity. While thou art safe, heaven allows the harassed body of our distracted empire to regain its youthful vigour. Thou dost restore all that we have lost of old under so many princes. Only when Stilicho's hand brings remedy can grow a scar to hide Roman wounds, and when at last the husbandman of Illyria returns to his farms the treasury will again be enriched with Illyrian tribute.

But heaven's judgement is not a whit behind man's favour. The gods unite for thine especial protection and deliver thine enemy into thy hands upon the sea shore or hinder his flight by the ocean's immense barrier or make him turn his arms madly against himself; and so, a second Pentheus, he is hewn in

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bacchati laniant Pentheo corpora ritu;
insidias retegunt et in ipsa cubilia fraudum
ducunt ceu tenera venantem nare Molossi. ²¹⁵
ominibus ventura notant aut alite monstrant
aut monitos certa dignantur imagine somnos.

Pro quibus innumerae trabearum insignia terrae
certatim petiere tibi. poscentibus ipse
restiteras et mens, aliorum prona favori, ²²⁰
iudex dura sui, facibus succensa pudoris
tarda verecundis excusat praemia causis.

ergo avidae tantosque novi spe consulis annos
elusae dominae pergunt ad limina Romae,
si minus adnuerit precibus, vel cogere certae 225
cunctantem votoque moras auferre paratae.
conveniunt ad tecta deae, quae candida lucent
monte Palatino. glaucis tum prima Minervae
nexa comam foliis fulvaeque intexta micantem
veste Tagum tales profert Hispania voces: 230

“Cuncta mihi semper Stilicho, quaecumque poposci,
concessit tantumque suos invidit honores.
Augusti potuit soceri contemnere fasces:
iam negat et genero. si non ut ductor ab orbe
quem regit, accipiat saltem cognatus ab aula. 235
exiguumne putat, quod sic amplexus Hiberam
progeniem nostros inmoto iure nepotes
sustinet, ut patrium commendet purpura Baetim?
quod pulchro Mariae fecundat germine regnum?

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pieces by his own soldier's frenzied blades. The gods discover for thee plots against thy life and lead thee to the very lair of treason, even as Molossan hounds guide the huntsman with their subtle scent. They show forth the future by omens or by birds or they deign to give thee clear warning in dreams.

For which thing's sake countless lands in rivalry have sought for thee the consul's robe, but thou thyself didst oppose their desire, and thy mind, so ready to grant favour to another, so rigorous a critic of itself, kindling with the torch of modesty, with bashful pleading deprecates that late reward. And so, anxious to see accomplished the hopes, vainly conceived through so many years, of seeing in thee their new consul, they hasten to the gates of royal Rome, determined, should she not listen to their entreaties, to constrain her hesitation, and prepared to sweep away all hindrances that delay their prayer. They meet at the temple of the goddess that shines bright upon the Palatine.⁴ First to speak was Spain, her head crowned with a grey-leaved garland from Minerva's olive and golden Tagus woven into her shining robe: "Everything that I have ever asked of Stilicho he has granted me, and has begrudged only honour for himself. Once he found it in his heart to refuse the consulship at the hands of an emperor, his father-in-law; he now refuses it also from his son-in-law. If not as a guardian from the world he rules, at least let him receive it as a kinsman from his emperor. Counts he it a small thing that, taking my offspring to his arms, he so upholds my grandsons⁵ in their undisturbed rule, that the purple ennobles their native Baetis? That by means of fair Maria he dowers

⁴ The temple, that is, of the goddess Roma.

⁵ Arcadius and Honorius who, as sons of Theodosius, the Spaniard, are grandsons of Spain.

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quod dominis speratur avus?" ²⁴⁰

Tum flava repexo

Gallia crine ferox evinctaque torque decoro
binaque gaesa tenens animoso pectore fatur:
"qui mihi Germanos solus Francosque subegit,
cur nondum legitur fastis? cur pagina tantum
nescit adhuc nomen, quod iam numerare decebat? ²⁴⁵
usque adeone levis pacati gloria Rheni?"

Inde Caledonio velata Britannia monstro,
ferro picta genas, cuius vestigia verrit
caerulus Oceanique aestum mentitur amictus:
"me quoque vicinis pereuntem gentibus" inquit ²⁵⁰
"munivit Stilicho, totam cum Scottus Hivernen
movit et infesto spumavit remige Tethys.
illius effectum curis, ne tela timerem
Scottica, ne Pictum tremere, ne litore toto
prospicerem dubiis venturum Saxona ventis." ²⁵⁵

Tum spicis et dente comas inlustris eburno
et calido rubicunda die sic Africa fatur:
"sperabam nullas trabeis Gildone perempto
nasci posse moras. etiam nunc ille repugnat
et tanto dubitat fasces praebere triumpho, ²⁶⁰
qui mihi Maurorum penitus lacrimabile nomen
ignorare dedit?"

Post has Oenotria lentis
vitibus intorquens hederas et palmitibus largo
vina fluens: "si vos adeo Stilichone curules
augeri flagratis" ait "quas sola iuvare ²⁶⁵
fama potest, quanto me dignius incitat ardor,

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Rome with a dynasty? That he is looked to as the ancestor of kings?"

Then warlike Gaul, her hair combed back, a rich necklace about her neck, and
javelins twain in her hands, thus spake with kindling heart:

"Why is his title not yet read in the annals of Rome, who by his own might
o'ercame for me the Germans and the Franks? Why is the page of history still
ignorant of a name that by now should have been inscribed therein so often?
Is, then, bringing peace to the Rhine so light a title to fame?"

Next spake Britain clothed in the skin of some Caledonian beast, her cheeks tattooed, and an azure cloak, rivalling the swell of ocean, sweeping to her feet: “Stilicho gave aid to me also when at the mercy of neighbouring tribes, what time the Scots roused all Hibernia against me and the sea foamed to the beat of hostile oars. Thanks to his care I had no need to fear the Scottish arms or tremble at the Pict, or keep watch along all my coasts for the Saxon who would come whatever wind might blow.”

Then up spake Africa, her hair gay with wheat ears and an ivory comb and her face all sun-burned: “I hoped that after Gildo’s death no obstacle could prevent Stilicho’s acceptance of the consulship. Does he even yet refuse and hesitate to honour with the fasces so great a triumph — he who has enabled me utterly to forget the tearful name of Moor?”

After these came Italy, pliant vine and ivy interlacing on her head, pressing the wine from plentiful ripe grapes. Said she: “If you are thus eager that Stilicho should augment the dignity of the curule chair, you to whom the mere report can bring delight, how much more rightly does a longing

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ut praesente fruar conscendentemque tribunal
prosequar atque anni pandentem claustra salutem?”

Talibus alternant studiis Romamque precantes,
pro cunctis, hortantur, eat. nec segnius illa 270
paruit officio, raptis sed protinus armis
ocior excusso per nubila sidere tendit.
transvehitur Tuscos Appenninusque volatu
stringitur. Eridanus clipei iam fulgurat umbra;
constitit ante ducem tetrica nec Pallade vultum 275
deterior nec Marte minor. tremit orbe corusco
iam domus et summae tangunt laquearia cristae:
tum prior attonitum gratis adfata querellis:

“Servatas, Stilicho, per te, venerande, curules,
ornatas necdum fateor. quid profuit anni 280
servilem pepulisse notam? defendis honorem
quem fugis, et spernis tota quem mole tueris?
respuis oblatum, pro quo labente resistis?
quae iam causa morae? quo me cunctabere rursus
ingenio? nullus Boreae metus, omnis et Austri 285
ora silet: cecidit Maurus, Germania cessit
et Ianum pax alta ligat. te consule necdum
digna feror? titulumne levem parvique nitoris
credimus, Augusti quo se decorare fatentur,

sub iuga quo gentes captivis regibus egi? 290

“Non, si prodigiis casus natura futuros
signat, polluimur macula. quod reris, Eois

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inspire me to enjoy his presence, to attend him as he mounts his seat and to salute his opening of the new year’s course?”

One after another they pour forth these entreaties and beg Rome to approach Stilicho in the name of them all. Right swiftly she obeyed their behest and seizing at once her arms winged her way quicker than a shooting star through the clouds of heaven. Over Etruria she flew, grazed the Apennines in her flight, and lit Eridanu’s wave with the reflexion of her shield. She stood before the general, imposing as mighty Pallas, terrible as Mars. The palace trembled at the glitter of her aegis and her helmet plumes brushed the pannelled ceiling. Then as he stood astonished she first addressed him with flattering reproaches: “I acknowledge, revered Stilicho, that thou hast saved but not yet brought honour to the curule chair. Of what avail to have rid the year of the brand of slavery? Dost thou defend a dignity thou shunnest? scorn what with all thy might thou madest? reject when offered what thou didst save when falling? Why dost thou hold back? Why disappoint my prayers? No danger threatens from the north, the south is quiet; the Moors have been subdued, Germany has yielded, profound peace holds fast the doors of Janu’s temple. Am I not yet worthy to have thee for my consul? Can we believe that office unimportant and of slender dignity to hold which emperors think themselves honoured, that office by means of which I have caused conquered peoples and captive kings to pass beneath the yoke?

“If nature by her portents foreshadow coming ills I am not besmirched therewith. Nay, that thou

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omen erat. quamquam nullis mihi cognita rebus
fabula; vix tanto risit de crimine rumor.

opprobrii stat nulla fides nec littera venit 295

vulgatura nefas: in quo vel maxima virtus
est tua quod, nostros qui consulis omnia patres,
de monstis taceas. pellendi denique nulla
dedecoris sanctum violant oracula coetum
nec mea funestum versavit curia nomen. 300

pars sceleris dubitasse fuit: quaecumque profana
pagina de primo venisset limine Phoebi,
ante fretum deleta mihi, ne turpia castis

auribus Italiae fatorum⁶ exempla nocerent.
 publicus ille furor, quantum tua cura peregit, 305
 secretum meruit. laetetur quisquis Eoos
 scribere desierit fastos: portenta Gabinos
 ista latent; propriam labem texisse laborent.
 cur ego, quem numquam didici sensive creatum,
 gratuler exemptum? delicti paenitet illos: 310
 nos nec credidimus.

“Fuerit tamen omnibus unum
 crimen et ad nostras manaverit usque secures:
 plus ideo sumenda tibi fastigia vitas,
 ne pereat tam priscus honos, qui portus honorum
 semper erat. nullo sarciri consule damnum 315
 excepto Stilichone potest. bene praescia tempus
 mens tua distulerat; titulo tunc crescere posses,
 nunc per te titulus. consul succurre gravatis
 consulibus, quicumque fuit, quicumque futurus;
 annum redde tuum, quem iam secura sequatur 320

⁶ Birt prints *factorum* (EII); the other MSS. have *fatorum*; Koch suggests *fractorum* (in the sense of “effeminate”).

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countest ill omen was for the East. Yet no facts confirm the tale I have heard; Rumour's self scarce smiled at such a tale of guilt.⁷ The disgrace has no proof; no letter came to divulge the wicked secret. In this lies thine especial virtue, that, while consulting the senate on every question, thou hast not mentioned this portent. No decree for the suppression of this scandal has impaired the dignity of this august assembly, nor has that ill-omened name been heard in my senate. To have hesitated would have been to share his guilt. All letters telling of this profanation that came from the far East were destroyed e'er they could cross the sea, that fortune's shameful turn should not offend the chaste ears of Italy. That infatuation of a people was best rewarded with silence — and how strenuous were thine endeavours that it should so be! Joy should be his who needs no longer pen the annals of the East. Our Latin story knows no such blot: let others take pains to conceal their own disgrace. Why should I applaud the downfall of one of whose elevation I never heard nor knew? 'Tis for the guilty to repent; we have never even believed.

“Yet had the guilt of all been one and this pollution stained *our* axes, all the more shouldst thou have taken the high office thou dost shun lest that ancient dignity — ever the goal of all dignities — should be destroyed. No consul, save Stilicho alone, can repair that ruin. With what foreknowledge had thy soul delayed the hour: once it would have added lustre unto thee, now

thou dost add lustre unto it. Do thou as consul wipe out the insult offered to all consuls that have been and yet shall be. Give thy name to the year that posterity

⁷ Claudian is referring to the consulship of Eutropius.

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posteritas nec iam doleat defensa vetustas.
sic trabeis ultor Stilicho Brutusque repertor.
libertas populi primo tunc consule Bruto
reddita per fasces; hic fascibus expulit ipsis
servitium. instituit sublimem Brutus honorem; 325
adseruit Stilicho. plus est servasse repertum,
quam quaesisse novum. quid tardius ore rubenti
adnuis et solitus frontem circumfluit ignis?
tandem vince tuum, vincis qui cuncta, pudorem.

“Hos etiam, quamvis corrumpi munere nullo 330
te certum est, mirare libens ac suscipe cinctus,
quos tibi divino mecum Tritonia duxit
pectine: tincta simul repetito murice fila
contulimus pensis et eodem nevimus auro,
aurea quo Lachesis sub te mihi saecula texit. 335
hic ego promissam subolem sperataque mundo
pignora praelusi. veram mox ipse probabis
me vatem nostraeque fidem venientia telae
fata dabunt.”

Dixit gremioque rigentia profert
dona, graves auro trabeas. insigne Minervam 340
spirat opus, rutilis hic pingitur aula columnis
et sacri Mariae partus; Lucina dolores
solatur; residet fulgente puerpera lecto;
sollicitae iuxta pallescunt gaudia matris.
susceptum puerum redimitae tempora Nymphae 345
auri fonte lavant: teneros de stamine risus
vagitusque audire putes. iam creverat infans

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may dwell thereafter securely, and that antiquity, thus vindicated, may cease from her complaints. Brutus was the founder of the office, let Stilicho be its avenger. Brutus, the first consul, won liberty for the Roman people by means of the consular fasces: Stilicho banished the taint of slavery from those fasces. Brutus instituted this supreme dignity; Stilicho saved it; and it is greater to preserve what already is than to create that which is not. Why do thy blushes

grant so tardy an acceptance of our prayers? Why does the accustomed flush o'erspread thy brow? World-conqueror, conquer now thine own diffidence.

“Full well I know that no gift can seduce thee, yet be pleased to admire and receive this cloak, woven for thee on no mortal loom by Minerva and myself. Twice together have we dipped the thread that goes to make the cloth in purple dye and interwoven therewith that same gold of which Lachesis has woven the golden centuries that are to be mine beneath thy rule. See here I have prefigured thy destined progeny, those thy children for whom the world prays; soon shalt thou confess me a true prophet and coming fate prove that my embroidery is true.”

She spake and drew from her bosom the gift, a consul's cloak, stiff and heavy with gold. The glorious woof breathes Minerva's skill. Here is depicted a palace with columns of red marble and Maria's sacred travail. Lucina eases her labour. On a splendid couch lies the young mother, by her side sits her own mother, pale with anxiety yet happy withal. The flower-crowned Nymphs take up the babe and wash him in a golden basin. Almost could one hear rising from the embroidery the little child's mingled laughter and wailing. And now the babe

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ore ferens patrem: Stilicho maturior aevi
Martia recturo tradit praecepta nepoti.
parte alia spumis fucantem Serica frena 350
sanguineis primae signatus flore iuventae
Eucherius flectebat equum iaculisque vel areu
aurea purpureos tollentes cornua cervos
aureus ipse ferit. Venus hic invecta columbis
tertia regali iungit conubia nexu, 355
pennatique nurum circumstipantur Amores
progenitam Augustis Augustorumque sororem.
Eucherius trepido iam flammea sublevat ore
virginis; adridet retro Thermantia fratri.
iam domus haec utroque petit diademata sexu 360
reginasque parit reginarumque maritos.

Talibus invitat donis dextraque gerendum
diva simul porrexit ebur; sollemnibus urnam
commovet auspiciis avibusque incepta secundat.
tunc habiles armis umeros iam vestibus ambit 365
Romuleis; Latii sederunt pectore cultus
loricaeque locum decuit toga. talis ab Histro
vel Scythico victor rediens Gradivus ab axe
deposito mitis clipeo candentibus urbem

ingreditur trabeatus equis; spatiosa Quirinus 370
 frena regit currumque patris Bellona cruentum
 ditibus exuviis tendens ad sidera quercum
 praecedit, lictorque Metus cum fratre Pavore
 barbara ferratis innectunt colla catenis

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had grown up, recalling his father in countenance; Stilicho, riper in years, teaches his grandson, the emperor that is to be, the science of war. In another part Eucherius, the down of early manhood on his cheeks, rode his horse that flecked its silken reins with bloody foam. Woven himself of gold he smites with javelin or arrow the purple stags that raise their golden horns. Here Venus, borne in her dove-drawn chariot, unites for the third time the hero's family with the princely house⁸ and the winged Loves throng the affianced bride, daughter and sister of an emperor. Eucherius now lifts the veil from the bashful maiden's face; Thermantia smiles upon her brother's joy. This house now seeks the crown in the person of either sex, it gives birth to queens and the husbands of queens.

Such are the gifts wherewith the goddess sought to win Stilicho, handing to him at the same time the ivory staff.⁹ She shook the urn to obtain the customary signs and confirmed the beginning of his task by favourable auspices. Then she clothed with the vesture of Romulus those shoulders better accustomed to armour. The garb of Latium covers his breast and the toga graces what erstwhile the cuirass protected. Thus Mars, returning victorious from the Danube or the Scythian clime, a god of peace now his shield is laid aside, enters the city wearing the consul's cloak and in a chariot drawn by white horses; Quirinus directs the ample reins and Bellona marches before her father's car holding aloft the bloody oak-branch decked with the spoils won in single combat; Fear and his brother Terror are the lictors and cast chains of iron on the necks of captive

⁸ Claudian seems to refer to the marriages (1) of Stilicho and Serena; (2) of Honorius and Maria (both, of course, accomplished facts); and (3) of Eucherius, son of Stilicho, and Placidia (the "nurus"), sister of Honorius. As a matter of fact Placidia subsequently married Ataulf, brother-in-law of Alaric.

⁹ One of the insignia of the consulship.

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velati galeas lauro, propiusque iugales 375
 formido ingentem vibrat succincta securim.

Vidit ut optato se consule Roma potitam:
 "nunc" ait "Elysii lucos inrumpere campi,
 nunc libet, ut tanti Curiis miracula voti
 Fabriciisque feram, famae qui vulnere nuper 380

calcatam Severe togam: iam prata choreis
 pulsant nec rigidos pudeat luisse Catones.
 audiat hoc senior Brutus Poenisque tremendi
 Scipiadae, geminis tandem quod libera damnis
 unius auxilio fasces Libyamque recepi. 385
 quod superest unum precibus, fortissime consul,
 adde meis, urbique tuum largire parumper,
 quem rogat, adventum, quam tu belloque fameque
 depulsa terris iterum regnare dedisti.
 splendida suscipiant alium te rostra Camillum, 390
 ultorem videant servatoremque Quirites
 et populus quem ductor ames: quibus Africa per te
 nec prius auditas Rhodanus iam donat aristas,
 ut mihi vel Massyla Ceres vel Gallica prosit
 fertilitas messesque vehat nunc umidus Auster, 395
 nunc Aquilo, cunctis ditescant horrea ventis.
 “Quae tunc Flaminiam stipabunt milia vulgi!
 fallax o quotiens pulvis deludet amorem
 suspensum, veniens omni dum crederis hora!
 spectabunt cupidae matres, spargentur et omnes 400
 flore viae, superet cum Pincia culmina consul

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barbarians, their helmets wreathed with laurel, while Panic, her robe upgirt,
 walks by the yoke-horses, brandishing a mighty battle-axe.

When Rome saw herself possessed of the consul for whom she had prayed,
 “Now,” she said, “fain would I hasten to the fields and woods of Elysium to
 bear the news of this wondrous answer to our universal prayer to the Curii and
 Fabricii who have wept for the dignity of the consul’s toga so lately outraged.
 Let them now tread the meads in joyous dance and the austere Catos not blush
 to join their sport. Let the elder Brutus hear the news and the Scipios, terror of
 Carthage, learn that by one man’s help I have been rescued from a double
 danger and have recovered both Libya and the fasces. One thing only is left,
 and do thou, brave consul, add it to my prayers — bestow awhile that
 presence she entreats upon the city which thou hast rescued from war and
 famine, and restored to the overlordship of the world. Let our famous rostrum
 welcome a second Camillus and our citizens look upon their avenger and
 saviour, ay, and the common people whom thou, their leader, lovest, the
 people to whom Africa, because of thee, offers her harvests and the Rhone her
 crops till now unheard of, whereby Libyan fields and Gallic abundance are at
 my service and now the rainy south-wind and now the north wafts grain to my
 shores and my granaries are full whatever breeze may blow.

“What thousands will then throng the Flaminian Way! How often will the deceptive dust disappoint the loving expectation of those who trust to see thee arrive every minute! Anxiously our mothers watch for thee; every road will be strewn with flowers

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arduus, antiqui species Romana senatus.
Pompeiana dabunt quantos proscaenia plausus!
ad caelum quotiens vallis tibi Murcia ducet
nomen Aventino Pallanteoque recussum! 405
nunc te conspiciam castris, permitte, relictis
mox et cum genero trabeis visura secundis.”

Haec dum Roma refert, iam Fama loquacibus alis
pervolat Oceanum, linguis et mille citatos
festinare iubet proceres, nullique senectus, 410
non iter hibernis obstant nec flatibus Alpes:
vincit amor. meriti pridem clarique vetustis
fascibus ad socii properant et vindicis annum.
sic ubi fecunda reparavit morte iuventam
et patrios idem cineres collectaque portat 415
unguibus ossa piis Nilique ad litora tendens
unicus extremo Phoenix procedit ab Euro:
conveniunt aquilae cunctaeque ex orbe volucres,
ut Solis mirentur avem; procul ignea lucet
ales, odorati redolent cui cinnama busti. 420

Nec minor in caelo chorus est; exultat uterque
Theodosius divique tui; Sol ipse quadrigis
vere coronatis dignum tibi praeparat annum.

Est ignota procul nostraeque impervia menti,
vix adeunda deis, annorum squalida mater, 425
inmensi spelunca aevi, quae tempora vasto
suppeditat revocatque sinu. complectitur antrum,
omnia qui placido consumit numine, serpens
perpetuumque viret squamis caudamque reductam
ore vorat tacito relegens exordia lapsu. 430

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while the consul, true image of Rome's ancient senate, climbs the steep summit of the Pincian hill. What applause from the theatre of Pompey! How often will the Murcian valley raise to heaven thy name re-echoed by Aventine and Palatine! Leave the camp and let me behold thee now, soon to see thee, consul for a second time, along with thy son-in-law.”

While Rome so spake, Fame, on wings of rumour, flies over the sea and with her thousand tongues bids the chiefs speed to the capital. Not one can age hold back, nor the long journey, nor the Alp's wintry blasts; Love wins the victory. Veterans whom the fasces ennobled long since hasten to greet the year of their colleague and avenger. So when by that birth in death the Phoenix renews its youth and gathers its father's ashes and carries them lovingly in its talons, winging its way, sole of its kind, from the extreme east to Nile's coasts, the eagles gather together and all the fowls from every quarter to marvel at the bird of the sun; afar its living plumage shines, itself redolent of the spices of its father's fragrant pyre.

There is like joy in heaven: the two Theodosii and thine own protecting deities are glad; the Sun himself, decking his chariot with spring flowers, prepares a year worthy of thee.

Far away, all unknown, beyond the range of mortal minds, scarce to be approached by the gods, is a cavern of immense age, hoary mother of the years, her vast breast at once the cradle and the tomb of time. A serpent¹⁰ surrounds this cave, engulfing everything with slow but all-devouring jaws; never ceases the glint of his green scales. His mouth devours the back-bending tail as with silent movement he traces his own beginning. Before

¹⁰ Eternity, in the sense of endless time, was pictured by the Egyptians as a snake devouring its own tail; cf. Plut. *De Is. et Osir.* i. 2, p. 5.

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vestibuli custos vultu longaeva decoro
ante fores Natura sedet, cunctisque volantes
dependent membris animae. mansura verendus
scribit iura senex, numeros qui dividit astris
et cursus stabilesque moras, quibus omnia vivunt 435
ac pereunt fixis cum legibus. ille recenset,
incertum quid Martis iter certumque Tonantis
prospiciat mundo; quid velox semita Lunae
pigraque Saturni; quantum Cytherea sereno
curriculo Phoebique comes Cyllenius erret. 440

Illius ut magno Sol limine constitit antri,
occurrit Natura potens seniorque superbis
canitiem inclinat radiis. tum sponte reclusus
laxavit postes adamas, penetrale profundum
panditur et sedes aevique arcana patescunt. 445
hic habitant vario facies distincta metallo
saecula certa locis: illic glomerantur aena,
hic ferrata rigent, illic argentea cudent.

eximia regione domus, contingere terris
difficilis, rutili stabat grex aureus anni: 450
quorum praecipuum pretioso corpore Titan
signandum Stilichone legit; tunc imperat omnes
pone sequi dictisque simul compellat euntes:

“En, cui distulimus melioris saecula metalli,
consul adest. ite optati mortalibus anni, 455
ducite virtutes; hominum florescite rursus
ingeniis hilares Baccho frugumque feraces.
non inter geminos Anguis glaciale Triones
sibilet, inmodico nec frigore saeviat Ursa.

* * * * *

the entrance sits Nature, guardian of the threshold, of age immense yet ever lovely, around whom throng and flit spirits on every side. A venerable old man writes down immutable laws: he fixes the number of stars in each constellation and causes these to move and those to be at rest, whereby everything lives or dies by pre-ordained laws. 'Tis he decides Mar's uncertain orbit, Jupiter's fixed course through the heaven, the swift path of the moon, and the slow march of Saturn; he limits the wanderings of Venu's bright chariot and of Mercury, Phoebu's companion.

When the Sun rested upon the spacious threshold of this cavern dame Nature ran to meet him and the old man bent a hoary head before his proud rays. The adamantine door swung open of its own accord and revealed the vast interior, displaying the house and the secrets of Time. Here in their appointed places dwell the ages, their aspect marked by varying metals: there are piled those of brass; here those of iron stand stiff; there the silver ones gleam bright. In a fairer part of the cave, shy of contact with the earth, stood the group of golden years; of these Phoebus chooses the one of richest substance to be marked with the name of Stilicho. Then, bidding the rest follow behind him, he addresses them thus as they pass. “Lo! the consul is at hand for whom we have delayed an age of nobler ore. Go ye, years long prayed for by man, bring back virtue; let genius flourish once more; may Bacchus give you joy and fruitful Ceres bless you. Let not the constellation of the Serpent breathe forth too icy an air from between the two Ploughing Oxen nor the Bear vent his excessive

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non toto fremat ore¹¹ Leo, nec brachia Cancri 460
urat atrox aestas, madidae nec prodigus urnae
semina praerupto dissolvat Aquarius imbre.
Phrixus roseo producat fertile cornu

ver Aries, pingues nec grandine tundat olivas
Scorpius; autumni maturet germina Virgo, 465
lenior et gravidis adlatret Sirius uvis.”

Sic fatus croceis rorantes ignibus hortos
ingreditur vallemque suam, quam flammeus ambit
rivus et inriguis largum iubar ingerit herbis,
quas Solis pascuntur equi; flagrantibus inde 470
caesariem sertis et lutea lora iubasque
subligat alipedum. gelidas hinc Lucifer ornat,
hinc Aurora comas iuxtaque adludit habenis
aureus et nomen praetendit consulis Annus:
inque novos iterum revoluta cardine cursus 475
scribunt aetheriis Stilichonem sidera fastis.

¹¹ *ore* II; the other MSS. give *igne*. But *ore* better corresponds with *brachia*.

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cold; let not the Lion rage with his gaping maw nor pitiless summer inflame the claws of Cancer. Let not Aquarius, too prodigal of his rainy urn, flood the young seedlings with sudden storms. Let Phrixu's ram, his horns twined with roses, extend the fertile spring and let not the Scorpion beat down the ripe olives with his hail. Let the Virgin mature the fruits of Autumn and the Dog-star, more gentle than his wont, refrain from barking at the heavy grape-clusters.”

So saying he entered his garden starred with fiery dew, the valley round which runs a river of flame feeding with its bounteous rays the dripping weeds whereon the horses of the sun do pasture. Here he gathers fragrant flowers wherewith he decks the heads, the golden reins, and manes of his steeds. With leaves from hence Lucifer and Aurora entwine their oozy locks. Hard by the golden year, displaying the consul's name, smiles upon his chariot, and the stars, recommencing their courses, inscribe the name of Stilicho in the annals of the sky.

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DE CONSULATU STILICHONIS

LIBER TERTIUS

PRAEFATIO

(XXIII.)

Maior Scipiades, Italis qui solus ab oris
in proprium vertit Punica bella caput,
non sine Pieriis exercuit artibus arma:
semper erat vatium maxima cura duci.
gaudet enim virtus testes sibi iungere Musas; 5
carmen amat quisquis carmine digna gerit.
ergo seu patriis primaevus manibus ultor
subderet Hispanum legibus Oceanum,
seu Tyrias certa fracturus cuspide vires
inferret Libyco signa tremenda mari, 10
haerebat doctus lateri castrisque solebat
omnibus in medias Ennius ire tubas,
illi post lituos pedites favere canenti
laudavitque nova caede cruentus eques.
cumque triumpharet gemina Carthagine victa 15
(hanc vindex patri vicerat, hanc patriae),

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ON STILICHO'S CONSULSHIP

BOOK III

PREFACE

(XXIII.)

The elder Scipio, who single-handed turned the Punic wars back from Italy's coasts to their own home, fought not his battles unmindful of the Muse's art; poets were ever the hero's special care. For valour is always fain to seek alliance with the Muses that they may bear witness to her deeds; he loves song whose exploits deserve the meed of song. Therefore, whether to avenge his sire's¹² death the young warrior brought into subjection the Spanish seas or embarked upon the Libyan wave his dreadful standards, resolved to break with sure spear the strength of Carthage, the poet Ennius was ever at his side and in all his campaigns followed the trumpet's call into the midst of the fray. Him after the battle the soldiers loved to hear sing, and the trooper, still dripping with blood, would applaud his verses. When Scipio had triumphed over either Carthage — over the one to avenge his sire, over the other his fatherland — and when at last, after the

¹² P. Cornelius Scipio (*cos.* 218 B.C.) was defeated and killed by Hasdrubal in Spain in 211 B.C. The famous P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus was the younger of his two sons.

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cum longi Libyam tandem post funera belli
ante suas maestam cogeret ire rotas:
advexit reduces secum Victoria Musas
et sertum vati Martia laurus erat. 20

Noster Scipiades Stilicho, quo concidit alter
Hannibal antiquo saevior Hannibale,
te mihi post quintos annorum Roma recursus
reddidit et votis iussit adesse suis.

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disasters of a long war, he drove weeping Libya a captive before his chariot wheel, Victory brought back the Muses in her train and Mar's laurel crowned the poet's brow.

Thee, Stilicho, our new Scipio, conqueror of a second Hannibal more terrible than the first, — thee after five long years Rome has given back to me and bidden me celebrate the completion of her vows.

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LIBER TERTIUS

(XXIV.)

Quem populi plausu, procerum quem voce petebas,
adspice, Roma, virum. iam tempora desine longae
dinumerare viae visoque adsurgere semper
pulvere: non dubiis ultra torquebere votis.
totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim, 5
spe maior, fama melior. venerare curulem,
quae tibi restituit fasces; complectere dextram,
sub iuga quae Poenos iterum Romana redegit.
excipe magnanimum pectus, quo frena reguntur
imperii, cuius libratur sensibus orbis. 10
os sacrum, quod in aere colis, miraris in auro,
cerne libens: hic est felix bellator ubique,
defensor Libyae, Rheni pacator et Histri.

Ostentare suos prisco si more labores
et gentes cuperet vulgo monstrare subactas, 15
certassent utroque pares a cardine laurus:
haec Alamannorum spoliis, Australibus illa
ditior exuviis; illinc flavente Sygambri

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BOOK III

(XXIV.)

Behold, O Rome, the hero whose presence the cries of thy people and the voice of thy nobles has long demanded. Cease now to count the stages of his long journey and to rise as though to greet him at the sight of every storm of dust; no further shall uncertainty torment thee. Full before thine eye is he who was long before thy mind, greater than thy hopes, more glorious than his fame. Honour thou the consul who has restored its dignity to the consulship; grasp the hand which has made the Carthaginians pass once more under the Roman yoke. Welcome the noble heart that directs the reins of empire and secures by its providence the equipoise of the world. Look with joy upon the sacred face thou worshipping cast in bronze and adorest in gold. Behold the warrior successful in every field, the defender of Africa, the conqueror of Rhine and Danube.

Should he wish in accordance with ancient custom to display the picture of his labours and show to the people the tribes he has subdued, crowns of laurel from north and south would contend in equally matched rivalry. Here is a triumph rich with the spoils of the Germans, there with those of the South; here would pass the Sygambri with their yellow

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caesarie, nigris hinc Mauri crinibus irent.
ipse albis veheretur equis currumque secutus 20
laurigerum festo fremuisset carmine miles.
hi famulos traherent reges; hi facta metallo
oppida vel montes captivaque flumina ferrent.
hinc Libyci fractis lugerent cornibus amnes;
inde catenato gemeret Germania Rheno. 25
sed non inmodicus proprii iactator honoris
consul, Roma, tuus. non illum praemia tantum
quam labor ipse iuvat; strepitus fastidit inanes
inque animis hominum pompa meliore triumphat.

Non alium certe Romanae clarius arces 30
suscepere ducem, nec cum cedente rediret
Fabricius Pyrrho nec cum Capitolia curru
Pellaeae domitor Paullus conscenderet aulae.
nec similis Latias patefecit gloria portas
post Numidas Mario, post classica Martis Eoi 35
Pompeio. nulli pars aemula defuit umquam,
quae gravis obstreperet laudi, stimulisque malignis

facta sequebatur quamvis ingentia livor:
 solus hic invidiae fines virtute reliquit
 humanumque modum. quis enim livescere possit, 40
 quod numquam pereant stellae? quod Iuppiter olim
 possideat caelum? quod noverit omnia Phoebus?
 est aliquod meriti spatium, quod nulla furentis
 invidiae mensura capit. ductoribus illis
 praeterea diversus erat favor: aequior ille 45
 patribus invisus plebi; popularibus illi
 munito studiis languebat gratia patrum.

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locks, there the black-haired Moors. He himself would be drawn in a laurel-decked chariot by white horses, and followed by his soldiers chanting their festive songs. Some would lead captive kings, others carry conquered towns wrought in bronze or mountains or rivers. Here would go in sad procession the river-gods of Libya, their horns broken, there Germany and the Rhine god in chains. Yet is not thy consul, O Rome, an unbridled boaster of his own prowess. 'Tis not the rewards of toil but the toil itself that he loves. He scorns empty applause and celebrates a happier triumph in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.

Of a surety the citadel of Rome has never welcomed home any of her generals with greater magnificence, no, not even Fabricius when he returned after the surrender of Pyrrhus, nor Aemilius Paulus, conqueror of Pella's king, when he ascended the Capitol in his chariot. No such triumph as this threw open the gates of Rome to Marius after his conquest of Numidia or to Pompey after his victories in the East. Each of these suffered from a rival faction that murmured uneasily against their success, and envy pursued their actions, no matter how noble, with spiteful stings. Stilicho alone was raised above the range of envy and the measure of mankind. For who could be jealous of the star's eternity, of Jove's ancient rule in heaven, of Phoebus's omniscience¹³? There are some merits so transcendent that furious envy's bounds cannot contain them. Moreover, those other heroes owed a divided allegiance: one gained the favour of the nobles, but was hated of the people, one, supported by the suffrage of the commons, enjoyed but faintly the favour of the

¹³ Phoebus is said to "know everything" because, as the sun, he is the all-beholding (πανόπτης).

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omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
 ordinibus; laetatur eques plauditque senator
 votaque patricio certant plebeia favori. 50
 O felix servata vocat quem Roma parentem!

o mundi communis amor, cui militat omnis
Gallia, quem regum thalamis Hispania nectit,
cuius et adventum crebris petiere Quirites
vocibus et genero meruit praestante senatus! 55
non sic virginibus flores, non frugibus imbres,
prospera non fessis optantur flamina nautis,
ut tuus adspectus populo. quae numine tanto
litora fatidicas attollunt Delia laurus,
venturi quotiens adfulsit Apollinis arcus? 60
quae sic aurifero Pactoli fonte tumescit
Lydia, cum domitis adparuit Euhius Indis?
nonne vides et plebe vias et tecta latere
matribus? his, Stilicho, cunctis inopina reluxit
te victore salus! septem circumspice montes, 65
qui solis radios auri fulgore lacessunt,
indutosque arcus spoliis aequataque templa
nubibus et quidquid tanti struxere triumphi.
quantum profueris, quantam servaveris urbem,
attonitis metire oculis. haec fabula certe 70
cuncta forent, si Poenus adhuc incumberet Austro.

Mos erat in veterum castris, ut tempora quercu
velaret, validis fuso qui viribus hoste
casurum potuit morti subducere civem.

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senate. In Stilicho's case alone class rivalry has not raised its head: the knights welcome him with joy, the senate with enthusiasm, while the people's prayers rival the goodwill of the nobles.

Blessed mortal, whom the Rome that thou hast saved calls her father; darling of the world to whose banner flocks the whole of Gaul, whom Spain connects by marriage with the imperial house, for whose advent the citizens cried with ceaseless prayer, and whose presence the senate owed to thine illustrious son-in-law. Not such a girl's delight in flowers, not such the desire of the crops for rain, or of weary sailors for a prosperous breeze as is the longing of thy people for the sight of thee. Under no such influence as this do the prophetic laurels wave on Delo's coast when the brightness of Apollo's bow announces the deity's approach. Never did Pactolus' golden wave so swell in pride when Bacchus from conquered Ind visited his banks. Markest thou not how the roads cannot be seen for the people, the roofs for the matrons? Thanks to thy victories, Stilicho, salvation has dawned on all beyond their hopes. Look round on Rome's seven hills whose sheen of gold rivals the very sun's rays; see the arches decked with spoil, the temples towering to the sky, and all the buildings that celebrate this signal triumph. Let thine astonished glance

measure the magnitude of the city thou hast saved and the immensity of thy services. All this would live but in the memory were the African still master of the south.

It was the custom in campaigns of olden time to crown with oak the brow of him who by his valour had put the enemy to flight and succeeded in rescuing a fellow-citizen from imminent death.

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at tibi quae poterit pro tantis civica reddi 75
moenibus? aut quantae pensabunt facta coronae?
nec solam populi vitam debere fatetur
armis Roma tuis; sed, quo iucundior esset
lucis honoratae fructus, venerabile famae
pondus et amissas vires et regna recepit. 80
iam non praetumidi supplex Orientis ademptam
legatis poscit Libyam famulosve precatur
(dictu turpe) suos: sed robore freta Gabino
te duce Romana tandem se vindicat ira.
ipsa iubet signis bellaturoque togatus 85
imperat et spectant aquilae decreta senatus.
ipsa tibi trabeas ultro dedit, ipsa curulem
obtulit ultori fastosque ornare coëgit.

Nil perdit decoris prisci nec libera quaerit
saecula, cum donet fascēs, cum proelia mandet; 90
seque etiam crevisse videt. quis Gallica rura,
quis meminit Latio Senonum servisse ligones?
aut quibus exemplis fecunda Thybris ab Arcto
vexit Lingonico sudatas vomere messes?
illa seges non auxilium modo praebuit urbi, 95
sed fuit indicio, quantum tibi, Roma, liceret:
admonuit dominae gentes instarque tropaei
rettulit ignotum gelidis vectigal ab oris.

Hoc quoque maiestas augescit plena Quirini,

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But to thee what civic crown can we give for the salvation of so many cities? Or what honours can recompense thy deeds? Nor is it only for her people's life that Rome owns herself a debtor to thine arms, but that so she might have sweeter enjoyment of this glorious dawn she has won back her ancient burden of renown, her lost strength and her conquered kingdoms. No longer do her ambassadors kneel suppliant before the proud East and beg that Libya may be given back to her; gone the shameful spectacle of our city a suitor to her own

slaves. No, relying now on her native Latin vigour, Rome under thy leadership fights her own battles with Roman spirit. She herself bids the standards advance; the toga-clad consul directs the future conqueror, and the eagles wait upon the orders of the senate. Of her own free choice hath Rome bestowed on thee the consul's robe, offered thee, her avenger, the curule chair and compelled thee to adorn her annals.

Nothing of her ancient dignity hath she lost, no regret has she for the age of republican freedom, since it is she who bestows the consular honour, she who gives the order for battle. Nay, she sees the growth of her power. Whose memory can recall a time when the fields of Gaul and the hoes of the Senones were at our service? Has it ever happened before that Tiber's wave has carried grain from the fertile north over the ploughing of whose fields the Lingones have toiled? Such a harvest not only fulfilled Rome's needs but also demonstrated the greatness of her power; it reminded the peoples who was their mistress and brought in triumph from those chill climes a tribute never before paid.

This, too, augments the majesty of Rome that the

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rectores Libyae populo quod iudice pallent 100
et post emeritas moderator quisque secures
discrimen letale subit, quid Poenus arator
intulerit, madidus quantum transmiserit Auster.
ardua qui late terris responsa dedere,
hic trepidant humiles; tremuit quos Africa nuper, 105
cernunt rostra reos. cani virtutibus aevi
materiam pandit Stilicho populumque vetusti
culminis inmemorem dominandi rursus in usum
excitat, ut magnos calcet metuendus honores,
pendat iustitia crimen, pietate remittat 110
errorem purosque probet damnetque nocentes
et patrias iterum clemens exerceat artes.

Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credit
servitium. numquam libertas gratior extat
quam sub rege pio. quos praeficit ipse regendis 115
rebus, ad arbitrium plebis patrumque reducit
conceditque libens, meritis seu praemia poscant
seu punire velint. posito iam purpura fastu
de se iudicium non indignatur haberi.
sic docuit regnare socer, sic cauta iuventae 120
frena dedit, teneros sic moribus induit annos
verior Augusti genitor, fiducia belli,

pacis consilium: per quem squalore remoto
pristina Romuleis in floruit artibus aetas,
per quem fracta diu translataque paene potestas 125

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chiefs of Libya tremble before the judgement-throne of our people, and that, his office ended, each governor must account under pain of death for all the corn the Carthaginian farmer has brought in, all that the rainy south-wind has dispatched to Rome. Those who of late uttered their proud judgements to broad domains here are cowed and tremble; those whom Africa held in dread Rome's forum sees accused.

Stilicho gives scope for the virtues of a bygone age and rouses a people, forgetful of their former glory, to resume their accustomed sovereignty, to make themselves feared, to tread powerful magistrates beneath their heel, to mete out to crime its due reward, to show mercy towards the erring, favour to the innocent, punishment to the guilty, and to exercise once more their native virtue of clemency.

He errs who thinks that submission to a noble prince is slavery; never does liberty show more fair than beneath a good king. Those he himself appoints to rule he in turn brings before the judgement-seat of people and senate, and gladly yields whether they claim reward for merit or seek for punishment. Now the purple lays aside its pride and disdains not to have judgement passed upon itself. Such were the principles of rule taught by Stilicho to his son-in-law, Honorius; 'twas thus he guided his youth with the reins of prudence, and with precepts such as these directed his tender years, a truer father to the emperor than Theodosius, his stay in war, his adviser in peace. Thanks to him dishonour is banished and our age blossoms with Rome's ancient virtues; thanks to him power, long degraded and all but transferred,¹⁴ no longer, forgetful

¹⁴ *i.e.* (apparently) to Constantinople. Throughout this confused passage Claudian seems to be labouring the point that now the capital of the West (Rome) is restored to an equal importance with that of the East (Constantinople).

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non oblita sui servilibus exulat arvis,
in proprium sed ducta larem victricia reddit
fata solo fruiturque iterum, quibus haeserat olim,
auspiciis capitque errantia membra reponit.

Proxime dis consul, tantae qui prospicis urbi, 130
qua nihil in terris complectitur altius aether,
cuius nec spatium visus nec corda decorem
nec laudem vox ulla capit; quae luce metalli

aemula vicinis fastigia conserit astris;
 quae septem scopulis zonas imitatur Olympi; 135
 armorum legumque parens quae fundit in omnes
 imperium primique dedit cunabula iuris.
 haec est exiguis quae finibus orta tetendit
 in geminos axes parvaque a sede profecta
 dispersit cum sole manus. haec obvia fatis 140
 innumeras uno gereret cum tempore pugnas,
 Hispanas caperet, Siculas obsideret urbes
 et Gallum terris prosterneret, aequore Poenum,
 numquam succubuit damnis et territa nullo
 vulnere post Cannas maior Trebiamque fremebat 145
 et, cum iam premerent flammae murumque feriret
 hostis, in extremos aciem mittebat Hiberos
 nec stetit Oceano remisque ingressa profundum
 vincendos alio quaesivit in orbe Britannos.
 haec est in gremium victos quae sola recepit 150
 humanumque genus communi nomine fovit
 matris, non dominae ritu, civesque vocavit
 quos domuit nexuque pio longinqua revinxit.

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of itself, is exiled in lands of servitude but, returned to its rightful home, restores to Italy its victorious destiny, enjoys the promised auspices of its foundation and gives back its scattered limbs to the head of the empire.

Consul, all but peer of the gods, protector of a city greater than any that upon earth the air encompasseth, whose amplitude no eye can measure, whose beauty no imagination can picture, whose praise no voice can sound, who raises a golden head amid the neighbouring stars and with her seven hills imitates the seven regions of heaven, mother of arms and of law, who extends her sway o'er all the earth and was the earliest cradle of justice, this is the city which, sprung from humble beginnings, has stretched to either pole, and from one small place extended its power so as to be co-terminous with the sun's light. Open to the blows of fate while at one and the same time she fought a thousand battles, conquered Spain, laid siege to the cities of Sicily, subdued Gaul by land and Carthage by sea, never did she yield to her losses nor show fear at any blow, but rose to greater heights of courage after the disasters of Cannae and Trebia, and, while the enemy's fire threatened her, and her foe¹⁵ smote upon her walls, sent an army against the furthest Iberians. Nor did Ocean bar her way; launching upon the deep, she sought in another world for Britons to be vanquished. 'Tis she alone who has received the conquered into her bosom and like a mother, not an empress, protected the human race with a common name, summoning those whom she has defeated to share her

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huius pacificis debemus moribus omnes,
 quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes; 155
 quod sedem mutare licet; quod cernere Thylen
 lusus et horrendos quondam penetrare recessus;
 quod bibimus passim Rhodanum, potamus Orontem;
 quod cuncti gens una sumus. nec terminus umquam
 Romanae dicionis erit, nam cetera regna 160
 luxuries vitiis odiisque superbia vertit:
 sic male sublimes fregit Spartanus Athenas
 atque idem Thebis cecidit; sic Medus ademit
 Assyrio Medoque tulit moderamina Perses;
 subiecit Persen Macedo, cessurus et ipse 165
 Romanis. haec auguriis firmata Sibyllae,
 haec sacris animata Numae. huic¹⁶ fulmina vibrat
 Iuppiter; hanc tota Tritonia Gorgone velat.
 arcanas huc Vesta faces, huc orgia Bacchus
 transtulit et Phrygios genetrix turrata leones; 170
 huc defensurus morbos Epidaurius hospes
 reptavit placido tractu, vectumque per undas
 insula Paeonium texit Tiberina draconem.

Hanc tu cum superis, Stilicho praeclare, tueris,
 protegis hanc clipeo patriam regumque ducumque 175
 praecipueque tuam. dedit haec exordia lucis
 Eucherio puerumque ferens hic regia mater
 Augusto monstravit avo; laetatus at ille
 sustulit in Tyria reptantem veste nepotem,
 Romaque venturi gaudebat praescia fati, 180
 quod te iam tanto meruisset pignore civem.

Nec tamen ingratum nec, qui benefacta referre

¹⁶ Birt keeps the *hinc* of the better MSS., comparing xxvi. 509 seucaelum seu Roma tonat; *huic* c.

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affection. To her rule of peace we owe it that the world is our home, that we can live where we please, and that to visit Thule and explore its once dreaded wilds is but a sport; thanks to her all and sundry may drink the waters of the Rhone and quaff Orontes' stream, thanks to her we are all one people. Nor will there ever be a limit to the empire of Rome, for luxury and its attendant vices, and pride with sequent hate have brought to ruin all kingdoms else.

'Twas thus that Sparta laid low the foolish pride of Athens but to fall herself a victim to Thebes; thus that the Mede deprived the Assyrian of empire and the Persian the Mede. Macedonia subdued Persia and was herself to yield to Rome. But Rome found her strength in the oracles of the Sibyl, her vigour in the hallowed laws of Numa. For her Jove brandishes his thunderbolts; 'tis she to whom Minerva offers the full protection of her shield; to her Vesta brought her sacred flame, Bacchus his rites, and the turret-crowned mother of the gods her Phrygian lions. Hither to keep disease at bay came, gliding with steady motion, the snake whose home was Epidaurus, and Tiber's isle gave shelter to the Paeonian¹⁷

serpent from beyond the sea.

This is the city whom thou, Stilicho, and heaven guard, her thou protectest, mother of kings and generals, mother, above all, of thee. Here Eucherius first beheld the light, here the queen his mother showed the babe to his imperial grandsire who rejoiced to lift a grandson upon his knee and to let him crawl upon his purple robes. Rome had foreknowledge of his destined glory and was glad, for so dear a pledge would keep thee ever her faithful citizen.

But think not this people ungrateful nor such as

¹⁷ *i.e.* Aesculapius. "Paeonian" from the Greek Παιών, the Healer.

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nesciat, hunc credas populum. si volvere priscos
annales libeat: quotiens hic proelia sumpsit
pro sociis! quotiens dono concessit amicis 185
regibus Ausonio quaesitas sanguine terras!
publica sed numquam tanto se gratia fudit
adsensu: quis enim princeps non omnibus egit
obsequiis dominum sese patremque vocari,
quod tibi continuis resonant convexa diebus? 190
macte novis consul titulis! Mavortia plebes
te dominum Bruto non indignante fatetur
et, quod adhuc nullo potuit terrore coacta
libertas Romana pati, Stilichonis amori
detulit. exultant avidi, quocumque decorus 195
conspiciare loco, nomenque ad sidera tollunt
nec vaga dilecto satiantur lumina vultu:
seu circum trabeis fulgentibus aureus intres,
seu celebres ludos, solio seu fultus eburno
cingas iure forum, denso seu turbine vulgi 200
circumfusa tuae consendant rostra secures.
Quae vero procerum voces, quam certa fuere

gaudia, cum totis exurgens ardua pennis
ipsa duci sacras Victoria panderet aedes!
o palma viridi gaudens et amica tropaeis 205
custos imperii virgo, quae sola mederis
vulneribus nullumque doces sentire laborem,
seu tibi Dictaeae placuerunt astra Coronae
seu magis aestivo sedes vicina Leoni,
seu sceptrum sublime Iovis seu Palladis ambis 210
aegida, seu fessi mulces suspiria Martis,
adsis perpetuum Latio votisque senatus
adnue, diva, tui. Stilicho tua saepius ornet

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knows not how to repay benefits. Turn but the pages of history and thou wilt find how often it has faced war for an ally's sake, how often bestowed as a gift on friendly monarchs lands won at the expense of Italian blood. Yet never were public thanks poured forth with such consent. For what prince has not sought with every blandishment to be called lord and father — titles which the amphitheatres echo back to thee day after day? Hail, consul, to thy new titles! Mars' people calls thee lord and Brutus gainsays them not; what till now no terror could compel Rome's free citizens to endure, they freely offered to their love for Stilicho. Wheresoever thy shining form is seen they haste to greet thee and raise to heaven thy name; nor is their wandering gaze ever sated with looking upon thee whom they love when thou enterest the Circus in thy shining robes of gold or art present at the games or, seated on thine ivory throne, dispensest justice in the forum or, with thine attendant lictors, mountest the rostrum thronged with the dense and surging crowd.

But what were the acclamations of the great, how unfeigned their rejoicings when Victory, soaring aloft with outspread wings, herself threw open her holy temple to the hero? Maiden that lovest the green bay, thou that art decked in robes of triumph, guardian of our empire, sole healer of our wounds, that makest our toils as though they were not, whether it pleaseth thee to dwell amid the stars of Ariadne's crown or nearer to the fervid Lion, whether thou art seated on the lofty sceptre of Jove or Pallas' shield or calmest the sighs of weary Mars, be ever present to Latium and grant, goddess, the prayers of thy senate. May Stilicho often crown thy portals

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limina teque simul rediens in castra reducat.
hunc bellis comitare favens, hunc redde togatum 215
consiliis. semper placidis te moribus egit
servavitque piam victis nec polluit umquam

laurum saevitia. cives nec fronte superba
despicit aut trepidam vexat legionibus urbem;
sed verus patriae consul cessantibus armis 220
contentus lictore venit nec inutile quaerit
ferri praesidium solo munitus amore.

Magnarum nec parcus opum geminare profundas
distulit impensas, sed post miracula castris
edita vel genero Romae maiora reservat. 225
auratos Rhodiis imbres nascente Minerva
indulsisse Iovem perhibent, Bacchoque paternum
iam pulsante femur mutatus palluit Hermus
in pretium, votique famem passurus avari
ditabat rutilo quidquid Mida tangeret auro; 230
fabula seu verum canitur: tua copia vicit
fontem Hermi tactumque Midae pluviamque Tonantis.
obscurat veteres obscurabitque futuros
par donis armisque manus: si solveret ignis
quot dedit inmanes vili pro pondere massas 235
argenti, potuere lacus et flumina fundi.

Nec tibi, quae pariter silvis dominaris et astris,
exiguam Stilicho movit, Latonia, curam:
tu quoque nobilibus spectacula nostra laboras
inlustrare feris summoque in vertice rupis 240
Alpinae socias arcu cessante pudicas

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and bear thee back with him to his armies. Accompany and bless him in war and give him back in robes of peace to our council-chambers. Always has he brought thee home in a spirit of mercy and kept thee kindly to the vanquished nor ever stained thy laurels with cruelty. He neither looks with disdain on his fellow-citizens nor harries the anxious city with his legionaries; but true consul now that the war is ended he comes accompanied only by his lictors nor seeks the useless protection of the sword, guarded only by a people's love.

Handling his great wealth in no niggard spirit he does not hesitate to double his lavish expenses and after giving wondrous games in honour of his soldiery and of Honorius reserves yet greater for Rome. They say that Jove at Minerva's birth showered gold upon lucky Rhodes; that while Bacchus forced an egress from his father's thigh Hermus grew pale and turned to that same metal; that Midas, fated to suffer hunger as a punishment for his greed, converted to shining gold everything that he touched. Be these stories true or false thy liberality exceeds the waters of Hermus, the touch of Midas, the Thunderer's shower. Thy hands, as prodigal of gifts as of daring deeds, o'ershadow the past and will o'ershadow the future. Should fire have melted

the countless mass of silver thou bestowest as though it were the cheapest of metals, lakes and rivers of silver might have been formed.

Thou too, Latonia, queen alike of the woods and of the stars, art moved by no small care for Stilicho; thou toilest to distinguish our spectacles with the forest's noblest denizens, and on the dizzy summits of Alpine rocks layest aside thy bow and summonest

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et pharetratarum comitum inviolabile cogis
concilium. veniunt umeros et brachia nudae
armataeque manus iaculis et terga sagittis,
incomptae pulchraeque tamen; sudoribus ora 245
pulverulenta rubent, sexum nec cruda fatetur
virginitas; sine lege comae; duo cingula vestem
crure tenus pendere vetant. praecedit amicas
flava Leontodame, sequitur nutrita Lycaeο
Nebrophone telisque domat quae Maenala Thero. 250
igneя Cretaea properat Britomartis ab Ida
et cursu Zephyris numquam cessura Lycaste.
iungunt se geminae metuenda feris Hecaerge
et soror, optatum numen venantibus, Opis
progenitae Scythia: divas nemorumque potentes 255
fecit Hyperboreis Delos praelata pruinis.
hae septem venere duces; exercitus alter
Nympharum incedunt, acies formosa Dianae,
centum Taygeti, centum de vertice Cynthi
et totidem casto genuit quas flumine Ladon. 260
has ubi collectas vidit, sic Delia coepit:

“O sociae, mecum thalami quae iura perosae
virgineo gelidos percurritis agmine montes,
cernitis ut Latio superi communibus ornent
hunc annum studiis? quantos Neptunus equorum 265
donet ab orbe greges? laudi quod nulla canendae
fratris plectra vacent? nostram quoque sentiat idem
quam meritis debemus opem. non spicula poscit
iste labor; maneant clausis nunc sicca pharetris,
omnis et a solitis noster venatibus arcus 270

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thy virgin companions and the chaste band of thy quiver-bearing followers. Thither they come, their shoulders and arms bare, spears in their hands and arrows slung across their backs, beautiful though unadorned; red their cheeks,

dusty and suffused with sweat; their fierce virginity betrays not their sex; disordered their hair; girdles twain prevent their dresses from flowing down below their knees. Golden-haired Leontodame precedes her comrades, Nebrophone, foster child of Mount Lycaeus, follows her, and Thero whose arrows hold Maenalus in subjection. Fiery Britomartis hastens from Cretan Ida and Lycaste, peer of the western winds in flight. There join them the twin sisters Hecaërge, terror of beasts, and Opis, deity beloved of hunters, Scythian maids; their preference for Delos¹⁸ over the frosts of the north made them goddesses and queens of the woods. These were the seven chiefs who came; there followed them a second band of Nymphs, Diana's lovely company, a hundred from Taygetus, a hundred from Cynthus' summit, a hundred more whose first home was beside the chaste waters of Ladon. When she saw these gathered together Delia thus began:

"Friends who hate the rites of wedlock even as I hate them, who scour the snowy mountains in virgin companies, mark you how the gods with unanimous favour glorify this year for Latium? How many herds of horses Neptune provides from every quarter of the world? How that none of my brother Apollo's lyres can refrain from sounding the praises of Stilicho? From us too let Stilicho receive the favour we justly owe him; the task needs no javelin; let our arrows remain bloodless in our unopened quivers. Let every bow refrain from its

¹⁸ *i.e.* they became goddesses through association with Diana whose chosen island was Delos.

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temperet; in solam cruor hic servetur harenam.
retibus et clatris dilata morte tenendae
ducendaeque ferae. cupidas arcete sagittas;
consulis in plausum casuris parcite monstis.
acceleret divisa manus: mihi cursus anhelas 275
tenditur ad Syrtes, mecum Dictynna Lycaste
et comes Opis eat; steriles iuvat ire per aestus:
namque feras aliis tellus Maurusia donum
praebuit, huic soli debet sed victa tributum.
dum nos horribiles Libyae scrutamur alumnos, 280
Europae vos interea perquirite saltus
et scopulos. posita ludat formidine pastor
securisque canat Stilichonem fistula silvis.
pacet muneribus montes qui legibus urbes."

Dixit et extemplo frondosa fertur ab Alpe 285
trans pelagus; cervi currum subiere iugales,
quos decus esse deae primi sub limine caeli
roscida fecundis concepit Luna cavernis:

par nitor intactis nivibus; frons discolor auro
germinat et spatio summas aequantia fagos 290
cornua ramoso surgunt procera metallo.
Opis frena tenet, fert retia rara Lycaste
auratasque plagas, immortalesque Molossi
latrantes mediis circum iuga nubibus ibant.
quinque aliae paribus (Phoebe sic iusserat) armis 295
diversa regione ruunt ducitque cohortem
quaeque suam. variae formis et gente sequuntur
ingenioque canes. illae gravioribus aptae
morsibus, hae pedibus celeres, hae nare sagaces,

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wonted hunting and the blood of our prey be spilled but in the arena. Not for now their death; close the glades with net and cages and lead the beasts captive; withhold your impatient arrows; spare the monsters of the forest whose death shall win applause for our consul. Divide and haste in every direction; my breathless course is towards the Syrtes; do you, Cretan Lycaste and Opis, bear me company. My purpose is to traverse the unfruitful desert; Mauretania has given ere now her animals to other consuls as a gift, to this consul alone she owes them as a conquered land owes tribute. While we track out the dread progeny of Libya do you hunt the glades and rocks of Europe. Let joy banish fear from the shepherd's breast and his pipe hymn Stilicho in the dreadless forests. As his laws have given peace to the cities so let his shows give peace to the mountains."

She spake and straightway is borne from the leafy Alps across the sea. Hinds bow their necks to her chariot's yoke, hinds whom the dewy moon conceived in her fertile caverns beneath the threshold of the morning sky to be the glory of the goddess. White their skins as driven snow; gold marks their foreheads whence spring branching golden horns lofty as the tallest beech-trees. Opis holds the reins. Lycaste carries the fine-wrought nets and golden snares, and deathless Molossian hounds run barking about the chariot amid the clouds. Five others thus equipped (such were Diana's orders) hasten this way and that, each at the head of her own company; there follow them dogs of various shape, breed and character; some whose heavy jowls fit them for big game, some swift of foot,

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hirsutaeque fremunt Cressae tenuesque Lacaenae 300
magnaue taurorum fracturae colla Britannae.
Dalmatiae lucos abruptaque brachia Pindi
sparsa comam Britomartis agit. tu Gallica cingis

lustra, Leontodame, Germanorumque paludes
 eruis et si quis defensus harundine Rheni 305
 vastus aper nimio dentes curvaverat aevo.
 nubiferas Alpes Appenninique recessus
 Garganique nives Hecaërge prompta fatigat.
 speluncas canibus Thero rimatur Hiberas
 informesque cavis ursos detrudit ab antris, 310
 quorum saepe Tagus manantes sanguine rictus
 non satiavit aquis et quos iam frigore segnes
 Pyrenaea tegit latebrosis frondibus ilex.
 Cyrraeis Siculisque iugis venata virago
 Nebrophone cervos aliasque in vincula cogit 315
 non saevas pecudes, sed luxuriantis harenae
 delicias, pompam nemorum.

Quodcumque tremendum
 dentibus aut insigne iubis aut nobile cornu
 aut rigidum saetis, capitur decus omne timorque
 silvarum. non cauta latent, non mole resistunt 320
 fortia, non volucris fugiunt pernicia cursu.
 haec laqueis innexa gemunt; haec clausa feruntur
 ilignis domibus. fabri nec tigna polire
 sufficiunt; rudibus fagis texuntur et ornis
 frondentes caveae. ratibus pars ibat onustis 325
 per freta vel fluvios: exanguis dextera torpet
 remigis et propriam metuebat navita mercem.
 per terram pars ducta rotis, longoque morantur

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some keen of scent; shaggy Cretans bay, slender Spartans, and Britons that
 can break the backs of mighty bulls. Britomartis scours the woods of Dalmatia
 and the precipitous ridges of Pindus, her hair flying in the wind. Thou,
 Leontodame, surroundest the glades of Gaul and huntest the marshes of
 Germany, tracking out any huge boar, his tusks flexed with age, that may have
 taken shelter among the sedges that flank the Rhine. Swift Hecaërge tires the
 cloud-capped Alps, the valleys of the Apennines, and the snows of Garganus.
 Thero with her dogs explores the caves of Spain and from their recesses ousts
 the horrid bears of whose bloody jaws full oft Tagus' flood has failed to
 quench the thirst, and whose bodies, numbed with cold, the holm-oak of the
 Pyrenees o'ershadows with its leaves. The manlike maiden Nebrophone hunts
 the mountains of Corsica and Sicily and captures deer and other harmless
 beasts, beasts that are the joy of the rich amphitheatre and the glory of the
 woods.

Whatsoever inspires fear with its teeth, wonder with its mane, awe with its

horns and bristling coat — all the beauty, all the terror of the forest is taken. Guile protects them not; neither strength nor weight avails them; their speed saves not the fleet of foot. Some roar enmeshed in snares; some are thrust into wooden cages and carried off. There are not carpenters enough to fashion the wood; leafy prisons are constructed of unhewn beech and elm. Boats laden with some of the animals traverse seas and rivers; bloodless from terror the rower's hand is stayed, for the sailor fears the merchandise he carries. Others are transported over land in wagons that block the roads with the long procession,

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ordine plaustra vias montanis plena triumphis
et fera sollicitis vehitur captiva iuvenis, 330
explebat quibus ante famem, quotiensque reflexi
conspexere boves, pavidi temone recedunt.

Iamque pererratis Libyae flagrantibus oris
legerat eximios Phoebi germana leones,
Hesperidas qui saepe fugant ventoque citatis 335
terrificant Atlanta iubis armentaque longe
vastant Aethiopum quorumque impune fragosa
murmura pastorum numquam venere per aures.
non illos taedae ardentes, non strata superne
lapsuro virgulta solo, non vocibus haedi 340
pendentis stimulata fames, non fossa fefellit;
ultra se voluere capi gaudentque videri
tantae praeda deae. respirant pascua tandem;
agricolae reserant iam tuta mapalia Mauri,
tum virides pardos et cetera colligit Austri 345
prodigia inmanesque simul Latonia dentes,
qui secti ferro in tabulas auroque micantes
inscripti rutilum caelato consule nomen
per proceres et vulgus eant. stupor omnibus Indis
plurimus ereptis elephas inglorius errat 350
dentibus: insedit nigra cervice gementum
et fixum dea quassat ebur penitusque cruentis
stirpibus avulsis patulos exarmat hiatus,
ipsos quin etiam nobis miracula vellet
ducere: sed pigra cunctari mole veretur. 355

Tyrrhenas fetus Libycos amplexa per undas

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bearing the spoils of the mountains. The wild beast is borne a captive by those troubled cattle on whom in times past he sated his hunger, and each time that

the oxen turned and looked at their burden they pull away in terror from the pole.

By now Phoebus' sister had wandered o'er the torrid plains of Libya and chosen out superb lions who had often put the Hesperides to flight, filled Atlas with alarm at their wind-tossed manes, and plundered far and wide the flocks of Ethiopia, lions whose terrible cries had never struck upon the herdsmen's ears but as heralding their destruction. To catch them had been used no blazing torches, no twigs strewn over turf undermined; the voice of a tethered kid had not allured their hunger nor had a diggèd pit ensnared them: of their own free will they gave themselves up to capture and rejoiced at being seen the prey of so great a goddess. At length the countryside breathes again and the Moorish farmers unbar their now safe huts. Then Latonia collected grey-spotted¹⁹ leopards and other marvels of the south and huge ivory tusks which, carved with iron into plaques and inlaid with gold to form the glistening inscription of the consul's name, should pass in procession among lords and commons. All India stood in speechless amaze to see many an elephant go shorn of the glory of his tusks. Seated upon their black necks despite their cries the goddess shook the fixèd ivory and tearing it up from its bloody roots disarmed the monstrous mouths. Nay, she fain would have brought the elephants themselves as a spectacle but feared that their vast weight would retard the ships.

Fiercely o'er the Tyrrhene wave echoes the fleet

¹⁹ Literally "green." Latin (and Greek) colour epithets are oftenstrangely at variance with ours.

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classis torva²⁰ sonat, caudamque in puppe retorquens
ad proram iacet usque leo: vix sublevat unum
tarda ratis! fremitus stagnis auditur in imis
cunctaque prosiliunt cete terrenaque Nereus 360
confert monstra suis et non aequare fatetur.
aequora sic victor quotiens per rubra Lyaeus
navigat, intorquet clavum Silenus et acres
adsudant tonsis Satyri taurinaque pulsu
Baccharum Bromios invitant tympana remos: 365
transtra ligant hederæ, malum circumflua vestit
pampinus, antennis inlabitur ebria serpens,
perque mero madidos currunt saliantque rudentes
lynxes et insolitæ mirantur carbasa tigres.

²⁰ *torva* Birt; MSS. have *turba*.

* * * * *

that holds the Libyan breed, and, as he coils his tail upon the stern, a lion stretches to the prow; that single beast the labouring bark can scarce uplift; deep down below the waters is heard the roaring. Out rushes the leviathan. Neptune compares these land prodigies to his and admits that his are not their equal. So whene'er victorious Bacchus ploughs the Red Sea's waves, Silenus sways the helm, the urgent Satyrs sweat upon their oars and the oxhide drums, smitten by the Bacchants, summon the rowers of Bromius to toil at the thwarts; ivy-wreaths deck the benches, the pliant vine entwines the mast; a drunken snake glides out upon the yardarms; lynxes run and leap along the sheets that drip with wine, and unaccustomed tigers stare in amaze at the canvas.

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PANEGYRICUS DE SEXTO CONSULATU HONORII
AUGUSTI

PRAEFATIO

(XXVII.)

Omnia, quae sensu volvuntur vota diurno,
pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
mens tamen ad silvas et sua lustra redit.
iudicibus lites, aurigae somnia currus 5
vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
furto gaudet amans, permutat navita merces
et vigil elapsas quaerit avarus opes,
blandaue largitur frustra sitientibus aegris
inriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor. 10

Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti
artibus adsuetis sollicitare solet.
namque poli media stellantis in arce videbar
ante pedes summi carmina ferre Iovis;
utque favet somnus, plaudebant numina dictis 15
et circumfusi sacra corona chori.
Enceladus mihi carmen erat victusque Typhoeus:
hic subit Inarimen, hunc gravis Aetna domat.

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**PANEGYRIC ON THE SIXTH CONSULSHIP OF THE
EMPEROR HONORIUS (A.D. 404)**

PREFACE

(XXVII.)

All things that with waking sense desire ponders kindly repose brings back to the slumbering mind. The huntsman stretches his weary limbs upon the couch, yet his mind ever returns to the woods where his quarry lurks. The judge dreams of law-suits, the charioteer of his chariot the nightly steeds of which he guides past a shadowy turning-point. The lover repeats love's mysteries, the merchant makes exchange of goods, the miser still watchfully grasps at elusive riches, and to thirsty sufferers all-pervading sleep offers from a cooling spring idly alluring draughts.

I am a lover of the Muses and in the silent night I too am haunted by that my accustomed task. For meseemed I stood upon the very summit of the starry sky and laid my songs at Jove's feet, and, in the flattery of sleep, the gods and all the sacred band gathered about Jove's throne gave applause to my words. I sang of Enceladus and conquered Typhoeus, the first a prisoner beneath Inarime, the second oppressed by the weight of Etna. How

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quam laetum post bella Iovem susceperat aether
Phlegraeae referens praemia militiae! 20

Additur ecce fides nec me mea lusit imago,
inrita nec falsum somnia misit ebur.
en princeps, en orbis apex aequatus Olympo!
en quales memini, turba verenda, deos!
fingere nil maius potuit sopor, altaque vati 25
conventum caelo praebuit aula parem.

* * * * *

joyous was that Jove whom, after the war with the giants, heaven welcomed, enriched with the spoils from Phlegra's field!

My dream has come true; 'twas no vain imagining; nor did the false ivory gate²¹ send forth an unaccomplished dream. Behold our lord, behold earth towering to heaven's height! Here before me are gods such as I then saw, gods worthy of all reverence. Nought greater could dreams have fancied; this noble assembly offers the poet an audience like to that of heaven.

²¹ A reference to the famous epilogue of Verg. *Aen.* vi. (ll. 893-96). Dreams which come through the ivory gate are false, those which issue from the gate of horn, true.

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PANEGYRICUS

(XXVIII.)

Aurea Fortunae Reduci si templa priores
ob reditum vovere ducum, non dignius umquam
haec dea pro meritis amplas sibi posceret aedes,
quam sua cum pariter trabeis reparatur et urbi
maiestas: neque enim campus sollemnis et urna 5
luditur in morem, species nec dissona coetu
aut peregrina nitet simulati iuris imago.
indigenas habitus nativa palatia sumunt,
et, patriis plebem castris sociante Quirino,
Mars augusta sui renovat suffragia campi. 10
qualis erit terris, quem mons Euandrius offert
Romanis avibus, quem Thybris inaugurat, annus?
quamquam omnes, quicumque tui cognominis, anni
semper inoffensum dederint successibus omen
sintque tropaea tuas semper comitata secures, 15
hic tamen ante omnes miro promittitur ortu,
urbis et Augusti geminato numine felix.
namque velut stellas Babylonia cura salubres
optima tunc spondet mortalibus edere fata,
caelicolae cum celsa tenent summoque feruntur 20

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THE PANEGRIC

(XXVIII.)

If our ancestors vowed temples to “Home-bringing Fortune” in honour of the return of their generals, never would this goddess more worthily claim for her services a noble temple than when their proper majesty is restored alike to the consulship and to Rome. The annual election in the Campus Martius is not the accustomed farce, nor see we a consul of other race than his electors nor a foreigner claiming pretended rights.²² The palace now our own wears a native dress, and while Quirinus associates the people with the armies of Italy, Mars gives back to his own Field its imperial suffrage. What will the year be like for mortals that is ushered in by omens on the Palatine Hill so favourable to true sons of Rome and inaugurated on the banks of the Tiber? 'Tis true that years marked by thy name have ever been rich in omens of success and that victory has always accompanied thy consulship, yet by its wondrous dawn is this year set before all years, blessed by the twofold deity of Rome and of her Emperor. For as Babylonian lore gives assurance that propitious stars do then promise the best fortune to mortals when they hold the summit of the sky and their course is at the zenith, not dimming their

²² Claudian means that this year there is a real election (*cf.* Lucan, v. 392 for a similar passage) and that the new consul is a true Roman.

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cardine nec radios humili statione recondunt:
haud aliter Latiae sublimis Signifer aulae,
imperii sidus propria cum sede locavit,
auget spes Italas; et certius omina surgunt
victrici concepta solo.

Cum pulcher Apollo ²⁵
lustrat Hyperboreas Delphis cessantibus aras,
nil tum Castaliae rivis communibus undae
dissimiles, vili nec discrepat arbore laurus,
antraque maesta silent inconsultique recessus.
at si Phoebus adest et frenis grypha iugalem ³⁰
Riphaeo tripodas repetens detorsit ab axe,
tunc silvae, tunc antra loqui, tunc vivere fontes,
tunc sacer horror aquis adytisque effunditur Echo
clarior et doctae spirant praesagia rupes.
ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti ³⁵
exultatque habitante deo potioraque Delphis
supplicibus late populis oracula pandit
atque suas ad signa iubet revirescere laurus.

Non alium certe decuit rectoribus orbis
 esse larem, nulloque magis se colle potestas 40
 aestimat et summi sentit fastigia iuris;
 attollens apicem subiectis regia rostris
 tot circum delubra videt tantisque deorum
 cingitur excubiis! iuvat infra tecta Tonantis
 cernere Tarpeia pendentes rupe Gigantas 45
 caelatasque fores mediisque volantia signa
 nubibus et densum stipantibus aethera templis
 aeraque vestitis numerosa puppe columnis
 consita subnixasque iugis inmanibus aedes,

* * * * *

light by a low position in the sky; so the Standard-bearer of the Latin palace²³ at *his* zenith gives hope of a brighter future for Italy in placing the star of our empire in its true position. Omens that have their origin in Rome's victorious soil are the more sure of fulfilment.

When fair Apollo leaves Delphi's shrine and visits the altars of the north, Castalia's waters differ in no wise from those of any common stream, nor the laurel from any common tree; sad and silent is the cave and the shrine without a worshipper. But if Phoebus is there, Phoebus returned from Scythian climes to his Delphic tripod, guiding thither his yoked griffins, the woods, the caves regain their voice, the streams their life; the sacred ripple revisits the face of the waters, a clearer echo resounds from the shrine and the now inspired rocks tremble to the voice of prophecy. Now the Palatine Mount is exalted with honour and rejoices in the return of its native deity; far and wide among the suppliant peoples it spreads oracles surer even than those of Delphi and bids its laurels grow green again to deck the standards of Rome.

Of a truth no other city could fitly be the home of the world's rulers; on this hill is majesty most herself, and knows the height of her supreme sway; the palace, raising its head above the forum that lies at its feet, sees around it so many temples and is surrounded by so many protecting deities. See below the Thunderer's temple the Giants suspended from the Tarpeian rock, behold the sculptured doors, the cloud-capped statues, the sky-towering temples, the brazen prows of many a vessel welded on to lofty columns, the temples built on massy crags where the

²³ *i.e.* the Emperor. *Signifer* also means the zodiac. Claudian puns on the ambiguity.

* * * * *

naturam cumulante manu, spoliisque micantes 50
 innumeros arcus. acies stupet igne metalli

et circumfuso trepidans obtunditur auro.

Agnoscisne tuos, princeps venerande, penates?
haec sunt, quae primis olim miratus in annis
patre pio monstrante puer. nil optimus ille 55
divorum toto meruit felicius aevo,
quam quod Romuleis victor sub moenibus egit
te consorte dies, cum se melioribus addens
exemplis civem gereret terrore remoto,
alternos cum plebe iocos dilectaque passus 60
iurgia patriciasque domos privataque passim
visere deposito dignatus limina fastu.
publicus hinc ardescit amor, cum moribus aequis
inclinat populo regale modestia culmen.
teque rudem vitae, quamvis diademate necdum 65
cingebare comas, socium sumebat honorum
purpureo fotum gremio, parvumque triumphis
imbuat et magnis docuit praeludere fatis.
et linguis variae gentes missique rogatum
foedera Persarum proceres cum patre sedentem 70
hac quondam videre domo positoque tiam
summisere genu. tecum praelarga vocavit
ditandas ad dona tribus; fulgentia tecum
collecti trabeatus adit delubra senatus
Romano puerum gaudens offerre favori, 75
ut novus imperio iam tunc adsuesceret heres.

* * * * *

hand of man has added to the work of nature, the countless triumphal arches glittering with spoils. The eyes are dazed by the blaze of metal and blink outwearied by the surrounding gold.

Adored Prince, dost thou recognize thy house? 'Tis the same that thy loving sire showed to thy wondering eyes while yet thou wert a boy of tender years. Never in all his life did Theodosius, best of all the gods, better deserve our love than when, triumphant over all his foes, he came with thee to Rome to sojourn within its walls, and there, following the example of the noblest emperors, lived as a simple citizen, not seeking to inspire terror by his name but condescending to exchange banter and harmless raillery with the people and as ready to lay aside his rank and visit the homes of the poor as to enter the palaces of the noble. 'Tis thus the public love is kindled when with just humanity modesty bids royal state stoop to the people. And thee, while still but a boy, though the crown had not yet encircled thy head, thy father took to share his honours,²⁴ cherishing thee in his royal bosom, giving thy youth its first taste of triumphs and teaching it the prelude of its mighty destiny.

Peoples of every tongue and Persian chiefs sent to solicit alliance in Rome²⁵ once saw thee seated with thy father in this very palace and bowing the knee laid their crowns at thy feet. Thou wert at his side when he summoned the tribes to receive a bounteous largess: with thee he entered the hallowed portals of the assembled senate clad in the consul's robe, right glad to introduce his son to the goodwill of the Roman Fathers, that so his youthful heir might grow familiar with empire.

²⁴ Honorius was made Augustus Nov. 20, 393, shortly after his ninth birthday.

²⁵ The Persians seem to have sent embassies to Rome both in 387 and 389 (Themistius, *Orat.* xix. p. 227).

* * * * *

Hinc tibi concreta radice tenacius haesit
et penitus totis inolevit Roma medullis,
dilectaeque urbis tenero conceptus ab ungue
tecum crevit amor. nec te mutare reversum 80
evaluit propria nutritor Bosphorus arce.
et quotiens optare tibi quae moenia malles
adludens genitor regni pro parte dedisset,
divitis Aurorae solium sortemque paratam
sponte remittebas fratri: “regat ille volentes 85
Assyrios; habeat Pharium cum Tigride Nilum;
contingat mea Roma mihi.” nec vota fefellit
eventus. Fortuna novum molita tyrannum
iam tibi quaerebat Latium belloque secundo
protinus Eoa velox accitus ab aula 90
suscipis Hesperiam patrio bis Marte receptam.
ipsa per Illyricas urbes Oriente relicto
ire Serena comes nullo deterrita casu,
materna te mente fovens Latioque futurum
rectorem generumque sibi seniore supernas 95
iam repetente plagas. illo sub cardine rerum
sedula servatum per tot discrimina pignus
restituit sceptris patruī castrisque mariti.
certavit pietate domus, fidaeque reductum
coniugis officio Stilichonis cura recepit. 100

Felix ille parens, qui te secures Olympum
succedente petit! quam laetus ab aethere cernit
se factis crevisse tuis! duo namque fuere

* * * * *

Hence taking firmer root the love of Rome clung to thee more closely and

grew strong, deep-planted in all thy heart. As thou grewest the affection which thou hadst found in childhood for the city grew too; nor was Bosporus, whose cherished town was thy nurse, able on thy return to seduce thee from that love. Every time that thy sire in sport gave thee thy choice of whatsoever cities thou didst prefer to govern as thy share of empire, thou didst leave to thy brother Arcadius the throne and riches of the East and the lands which by inheritance should be his. "Let him rule over the servile Assyrians," thou saidst, "let Nile, the river of Egypt, and the Tigris be his; let me have my beloved Rome." Thy wishes have been fulfilled. Fortune set up a new tyrant only to ensure for thee the governance of Latium. So soon as ever the war was brought to a successful conclusion thou wert summoned from the court of Byzantium to undertake the rule of Italy twice conquered by thy father's arms. Serena herself left the East and accompanied thee in thy journey across Illyria: fearless in face of danger she bestowed a mother's care on thee who wert to be lord of Latium and her own son-in-law after Theodosius' translation to the sky. She kept careful guard over the child entrusted to her protection through the dangers of that critical time and brought thee safe to her uncle's throne and her husband's army. Stilicho and Serena vied in love toward thee and what Serena's care had brought safe home Stilicho's affection welcomed there.

Happy father to enter heaven with no fears for the future; he knew that thou wert to succeed him. With what joy he looks down from above and sees his glory enhanced by thine exploits! Europe and

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Europae Libyaeque hostes: Maurusius Atlas
 Gildonis Furias, Alaricum barbara Peuce 105
 nutrierat, qui saepe tuum sprevere profana
 mente patrem. Thracum venienti e²⁶ finibus alter
 Hebri clausit aquas; alter praecepta vocantis
 respuat auxiliisque ad proxima bella negatis
 abiurata palam Libyae possederat arva: 110
 quorum nunc meritam repetens non inmemor iram
 suppliciiis fruitur natoque ultore triumphat.
 ense Thyestiadae poenas exegit Orestes,
 sed mixtum pietate nefas dubitandaque caedis
 gloria, materno laudem cum crimine pensat; 115
 pavit Iuleos invisio sanguine manes
 Augustus, sed falsa pii praeconia sumpsit
 in luctum patriae civili strage parentans:
 at tibi causa patris rerum coniuncta saluti
 bellorum duplicat laurus, isdemque tropaeis 120
 reddita libertas orbi, vindicta parenti.

Sed mihi iam pridem captum Parnasia Maurum
Pieriis egit fidibus chelys; arma Getarum
nuper apud socerum plectro celebrata recenti.
adventus nunc sacra tui libet edere Musis 125
grataque patratis exordia sumere bellis.

Iam Pollentini tenuatus funere campi
concessaque sibi (rerum sic admonet usus)
luce, tot amissis sociis atque omnibus una
direptis opibus, Latio discedere iussus 130

²⁶ Birt prints the *venientem finibus* of A and B (the other MSS. have *veniens e*), and the *aquis* (l. 108) of the better MSS. I have adopted Heinsius' emendation *venienti* with some hesitation.

* * * * *

Africa were alike threatened by foes: from Mount Atlas came fierce Gildo; Alaric from Peuce's savage isle. Often had both with impious daring set about the commands of thy sire. When he came from the lands of Thrace Alaric closed against him the waters of the Danube; Gildo scorned his command and, refusing assistance for a neighbouring war, had seized on the fields of Libya he had long forsworn. Theodosius recalls the anger he then justly felt and rejoices to witness their discomfiture, proud to have his son for his avenger. Orestes' sword took vengeance on the son of Thyestes²⁷; but guilt was blent with piety, and the sword-stroke brings doubtful glory when honour is balanced by a mother's murder; Augustus sated the shade of Caesar with his enemies' blood, but he made a false advertisement of piety when, to the grief of his fatherland, he offered the blood of citizens to his father's ghost. But for thee thy sire's cause, linked as it is with the general safety, doubles thy warlike fame; the same victory that has avenged thy sire has restored peace to the world.

My lyre inspired by the Muses of Pieria has long since sung of the defeat and capture of the Moor; but of late, too, in Stilicho's presence I have celebrated in verse the wars against the Getae. To-day I would fain sing the glories of thy home-coming and, ceasing to tell of wars, would prelude a theme of thankfulness.

Alaric, his hopes ruined by his bloody defeat at Pollentia, though policy dictated that his life should be spared, was nevertheless deserted by all his allies and bereft of all his resources. He was forced to leave Latium and to retrace his steps in ruin and

²⁷ Aegisthus.

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hostis et immensi revolutus culmine fati

turpe retexit iter. qualis piratica puppis,
quae cunctis infensa fretis scelerumque referta
divitiis multasque diu populata carinas
incidit in magnam bellatricemque triremim, 135
dum praedam de more putat; viduataque caesis
remigibus, scissis velorum debilis alis,
orba gubernaculis, antennis saucia fractis
ludibrium pelagi vento iactatur et unda,
vastato tandem poenas luitura profundo: 140
talis ab urbe minas retro flectebat inanes
Italiam fugiens, et quae venientibus ante
prona fuit, iam difficilis, iam dura reversis.
clausa putat sibi cuncta pavor, retroque relictos
quos modo temnebat, rediens exhorruit amnes. 145

Undosa tum forte domo vitreisque sub antris
rerum ignarus adhuc ingentes pectore curas
volvebat pater Eridanus: quis bella maneret
exitus? imperiumne Iovi legesque placerent
et vitae Romana quies, an iura perosus 150
ad priscos pecudum damnaret saecula ritus?
taliam dum secum movet anxius, advolat una
Naiadum resoluta comam, complexaque patrem
“en Alaricus” ait “non qualem nuper ovantem
vidimus; exangues, genitor, mirabere vultus. 155
percensere manum tantaque ex gente iuvabit
relliquias numerasse breves. iam desine maesta
fronte queri Nymphasque choris iam redde sorores.”

Dixerat; ille caput placidis sublime fluentis
extulit, et totis lucem spargentia ripis 160

* * * * *

disgrace; such was the complete reversal of his fortune.²⁸ As when a pirate ship, the terror of every sea, laden with the spoils of violence and the booty taken from many a captured merchantman, falls in with a great man-of-war and hopes to secure it for its prey as vessels heretofore, then indeed crippled by the slaughter of its oarsmen and the rending of its sails, deprived of its rudder and all but destroyed by the breaking of its yardarms, it is driven this way and that at the mercy of wind and wave and at last pays the penalty for its piracy; even so Alaric turned backwards his vain threatenings, fleeing from Italy that, once so easy for his advance, was now so difficult for his retreat. His fear makes him believe every road barred, and rivers, erstwhile left behind in scorn, fill him with alarm on his return.

Meanwhile, as it fell out, father Eridanus in his watery home beneath the crystal caverns, ignorant as yet of what had happened, was pondering weighty cares. What, he wondered, would be the outcome of the war: would Jove approve empire and law and Rome's days of peace, or would he, abhorring order, condemn future ages to the primal ways of brute beasts? As he anxiously ponders such things one of the Naiads with hair unbound came and embraced her sire and said, "Alaric is other now than once we saw him in his hour of triumph: thou wilt wonder at the pallor of his countenance. Joy it will be to reckon up his army and number the remains of so great a host. Frown no more nor complain; let my sister nymphs once more enjoy their dances."

So spake she and he lifted his gracious head above the gliding stream and on his dripping forehead

²⁸ Claudian did not live to see the next "reversal of fortune," Alaric's capture of Rome six years later.

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aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
non illi madidum vulgaris harundine crinem
velat honos; rami caput umbravere virentes
Heliadum totisque fluunt electra capillis.
palla tegit latos umeros, curruque paterno ¹⁶⁵
intextus Phaëthon glaucos incendit amictus.
fultaque sub gremio caelatis nobilis astris
aetherium probat urna decus. namque omnia luctus
argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo:
mutatumque senem plumis et fronde sorores ¹⁷⁰
et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anheli;
stat gelidis Auriga plagis; vestigia fratris
germanae servant Hyades, Cygnique sodalis
lacteus extentas adspergit circulus alas;
stelliger Eridanus sinuatis flexibus errans ¹⁷⁵
clara Noti convexa rigat gladioque tremendum
gurgite sidereo subterluit Oriona.

Hoc deus effulgens habitu prospexit euntes
deiecta cervice Getas; tunc talia fatur:
"sicine mutatis properas, Alarice, reverti ¹⁸⁰
consiliis? Italae sic te iam paenitet orae?
nec iam cornipedem Thybrino gramine pascis,
ut rebare, tuum? Tuscis nec figis aratrum
collibus? o cunctis Erebi dignissime poenis,
tune Giganteis urbem temptare deorum ¹⁸⁵
adgressus furiis? nec te meus, improbe, saltem

terruit exemplo Phaëthon, qui fulmina praeceps
in nostris efflavit aquis, dum flammea caeli

* * * * *

gleamed the golden horns that cast their brilliance all along the banks. No common crown of reeds adorned his oozy locks. The green branches of the daughters of the sun²⁹ shadowed his head and amber dripped from all his hair. A cloak was flung over his broad shoulders, a cloak whose grey texture was set aflame with an embroidery of Phaëthon and his father's chariot. Resting beneath his breast an urn glorious with engraved stars makes clear its heaven-sent beauty. For there Phoebus had set in the sky all the sad stories of his woe: Cynus changed into a swan, Phaëthon's sisters transformed into trees, and the river that washed the wounds of his dying son; the charioteer is there in his icy zone, the Hyades follow on their brother's traces, while the Milky Way sprinkles the outstretched wings of Cynus who bears him company; the constellation of Eridanus³⁰ himself wets the clear southern sky in its tortuous course and with starry stream flows beneath Orion's dread sword.

Glorious in such guise the god looked forth and saw the Getae advancing with bowed necks. Then he spake: "What, Alaric, hast thou then changed thy plans? Why hastenest thou back? Art wearied so soon of the coasts of Italy? Feedest thou not thy horses on Tiber's grassy bank as thou thoughtest to do? Drivest not the plough on Etruria's hills? Fit object of all the punishments of Hell, thinkest thou to attack the city of the gods with a Giant's rage? If none other, was not my Phaëthon a warning to thee, Phaëthon fall'n from heaven to quench his flames in my waters, what time he

²⁹ The poplar.

³⁰ Eridanus was a mythical river of the far West, generally identified with the Latin Padus (mod. Po). Phaëthon is said to have fallen into it when he attempted to drive the horses of his father, the sun. After this Eridanus, the river god, became a constellation — hence Eridanus is said to "wet" the southern sky.

* * * * *

flectere terrenis meditatur frena lacertis
mortalique diem sperat diffundere vultu? 190
crede mihi, simili bacchatur crimine, quisquis
adspirat Romae spoliis aut Solis habenis."

Sic fatus Ligures Venetosque erectior amnes
magna voce ciet. frondentibus umida ripis
colla levant: pulcher Ticinus et Addua visu 195
caerulus et velox Athesis tardusque meatu
Mincius inque novem consurgens ora Timavus.
insultant omnes profugo pacataque laetum
invitant ad prata pecus; iam Pana Lycaeum,

iam Dryadas revocant et rustica numina Faunos. 200

Tu quoque non parvum Getico, Verona, triumpho
adiungis cumulum, nec plus Pollentia rebus
contulit Ausoniis aut moenia vindicis Hastae.
hic, rursus dum pacta movet damnisque coactus
extremo mutare parat praesentia casu, 205
nil sibi periurum sensit prodesse furorem
converti nec fata loco, multisque suorum
diras pavit aves, inimicaque corpora volvens
Ionios Athesis mutavit sanguine fluctus.

Oblatum Stilicho violato foedere Martem 210
omnibus adripuit votis, ubi Roma periclo
iam procul et belli medio Padus arbiter ibat.
iamque opportunam motu strepuisse rebeli
gaudet perfidiam praebensque exempla labori
sustinet accensos aestivo pulvere soles. 215
ipse manu metuendus adest inopinacque cunctis

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sought with mortal hand to hold the fiery reins of the sky and hoped to spread day's brilliance from a mortal countenance? 'Tis the same mad crime, I tell thee, whosoever aspires to spoil Rome or drive the sun's chariot."

So spake he, and rising yet farther out of the stream he loudly summoned the rivers of Liguria and Venetia. These raise their dripping heads from among their leafy banks, fair Ticinus, blue Addua, swift Athesis, slow Mincius, and Timavus with his nine mouths. All mock at the fugitive and recall the happy flocks to the now peaceful meadows; Lycaean Pan is bidden to return and the Dryads and Fauns, gods of the countryside.

Thou too, Verona,³¹ didst add no small makeweight to Rome's victory over the Getae; not even Pollentia nor the walls of avenging Hasta did more for the salvation of Italy. Here, as once again he breaks his bond, and driven by his losses risks all in the attempt to change his present fortune, Alaric learned that his mad treachery availed him nothing and that change of place changes not destiny. The vultures fed on the countless bodies of his slain, and Athesis, carrying down the corpses of Rome's enemies in its stream, turned the waters of the Ionian sea into blood.

The treaty violated, Stilicho with all eagerness grasped at the conflict proffered where Rome was now far away from danger and Padus flowed between witnessing the strife. He rejoices that now opportune treachery has broken out in rebellious risings and, setting an example of endurance, he shirks neither fiery sun nor scorching dust. Himself he is everywhere with

dreadful arm; he stations troops

³¹ The chroniclers do not mention this battle. It is probably to be attributed to the summer of 403.

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instruit arma locis et qua vocat usus ab omni
parte venit. fesso si deficit agmine miles,
utitur auxiliis damni securus, et astu
debilitat saevum cognatis viribus Histrum 220
et duplici lucro committens proelia vertit
in se barbariem nobis utrimque cadentem.
ipsum te caperet letoque, Alarice, dedisset,
ni calor incauti male festinatus Alani
dispositum turbasset opus; prope captus anhelum 225
verbere cogis equum, nec te vitasse dolemus.
i potius genti reliquus tantisque superstes
Danuvii populis, i, nostrum vive tropaeum.

Non tamen ingenium tantis se cladibus atrox
deicit: occulto temptabat tramite montes, 230
si qua per scopulos subitas exquirere posset
in Raetos Gallosque vias. sed fortior obstat
cura ducis. quis enim divinum fallere pectus
possit et excubiis vigilantia lumina regni?
cuius consilium non umquam repperit hostis 235
nec potuit texisse suum. secreta Getarum
nosse prior celerique dolis occurrere sensu.

Omnibus exclusus coeptis consedit in uno
colle tremens; frondesque licet depastus amaras
arboreo figat sonipes in cortice morsus 240
et taetris collecta cibus annique vapore

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at every point, even where the enemy little expected them, and hastens in any and every direction to the succour of him who needs it. If the soldiers flag with wearied ranks he throws the auxiliaries into the line heedless of their loss; thus he cunningly weakens the savage tribes of the Danube by opposing one tribe to another and with twofold gain joins battle that turns barbarians against themselves to perish in either army for our sake. Thee too, Alaric, he had captured and delivered over to death had not the hasty zeal of the rash Alan chief upset his carefully laid scheme. All but a prisoner thou dost lash thy panting steed, nor do we regret that escape. Rather get thee gone, thou last remnant of thy race, sole survivor of so many Danubian tribes; get thee gone, the living witness of Rome's triumph.

Yet was his³² fierce spirit not cast down by these great reverses; he still attempted to discover an unknown path across the mountains, hoping that over their rocky summits he might fall suddenly on the peoples of Raetia and Gaul. But Stilicho's more soldierly vigilance put a stop to his projects. Who indeed could hope to deceive that unsleeping brain, those godlike eyes that watched o'er Italy? Never did an enemy succeed in discovering Stilicho's plans or had power to conceal his own. Before they knew them themselves the secrets of the Getae were known to Stilicho, whose generalship was quick to meet their every ruse.

Baulked in every attempt Alaric camped panic-stricken on a single hill. Though the horses, feeding on bitter leaves, gnawed even the tree-bark, though pestilence raged, brought on by foul food and

³² *i.e.* Alaric's.

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saeviat aucta lues et miles probra superbus
ingerat obsesso captivaque pignora monstret:
non tamen aut morbi tabes aut omne periculum
docta subire fames aut praedae luctus ademptae 245
aut pudor aut dictis movere procacibus irae,
ut male temptato totiens se credere campo
comminus auderet. nulla est victoria maior,
quam quae confessos animo quoque subiugat hostes.
iamque frequens rarum decerpere transfuga robur 250
coeperat inque dies numerus decrescere castris,
nec iam deditio paucis occulta parari,
sed cunei totaeque palam discedere turmae.
consequitur vanoque fremens clamore retentat
cumque suis iam bella gerit; mox nomina supplex 255
cum fletu precibusque ciet veterumque laborum
admonet et frustra iugulum parcentibus offert,
defixoque malis animo sua membra suasque
cernit abire manus: qualis Cybeleia quassans
Hyblaeus procul aera senex revocare fugaces 260
tinnitu conatur apes, quae sponte relictis
descivere favis, sonituque exhaustus inani
raptas mellis opes solitaeque oblita latebrae
perfida deplorat vacuis examina ceris.

Ergo ubi praeclusae voci laxata remisit 265
frena dolor, notas oculis umentibus Alpes
adspicit et nimium diversi stamine fati

aggravated by the season's heat, though the soldiers arrogantly heaped abuse on their beleaguered leader and reminded him of their captured children; yet neither the ravages of disease nor famine that teaches men to face all dangers, nor grief for spoils lost, nor the voice of shame nor anger at bitter gibes could tempt him to brave the perils of a hand-to-hand fight, tried so often before and with such ill success. What triumph more complete than that of extorting from a conquered foe the admission that he is conquered? And now numbers of deserters began to weaken his already reduced strength and day by day his forces were diminished. Sedition was not now the hidden work of a few but meant the open defection of whole sections and squadrons. Their general rides after them and with angry curses and vain clamour seeks to hold them back, waging war now on his own troops. He weeps, calls the men by name, recalls them with prayers and supplications; he reminds them of past campaigns and all to no purpose offers his throat to their reluctant hands. His mind a prey to melancholy he sees his forces desert him, his army melt away, even as an old bee-master of Hybla, beating Cybele's gong, tries, by means of that noise, to recall his scattered bees who have wantonly left their combs and fled the hive, till, himself wearied of the useless sound, he weeps the loss of his store of honey and cries out upon the faithless swarm that has forgotten its accustomed home and left its cells empty.

And so when grief loosed the string of his tongue that had long been mute he looked with tear-dimmed eyes upon the well-known Alps and pondered upon his present retreat, attended by a fate so different

praesentes reditus fortunatosque revolvit
 ingressus: solo peragens tum murmure bellum
 protento leviter frangebatur moenia conto 270
 inridens scopulos; nunc desolatus et expes
 debita pulsato reddit spectacula monti.
 tunc sic Ausonium respectans aethera fatur:
 "Heu regio funesta Getis, heu terra sinistris
 auguriis calcata mihi, satiare nocentum 275
 cladibus et tandem nostris inflectere poenis!
 en ego, qui toto sublimior orbe ferebar
 ante tuum felix aditum, ceu legibus exul
 addictusque reus flatu propiore sequentum
 terga premor. quae prima miser, quae funera dictis
 posteriora querar? non me Pollentia tantum 281
 nec captae cruciastis opes; hoc aspera fati
 sors tulerit Martisque vices. non funditus armis

concideram; stipatus adhuc equitumque catervis
 integer ad montes reliquo cum robore cessi, ²⁸⁵
 quos Appenninum perhibent. hunc esse ferebat
 incola, qui Siculum porrectus ad usque Pelorum
 finibus ab Ligurum populos complectitur omnes
 Italiae geminumque latus stringentia longe
 utraque perpetuo discriminat aequora tractu. ²⁹⁰
 haec ego continuum si per iuga tendere cursum,
 ut prior iratae fuerat sententia menti,
 iam desperata voluisssem luce, quid ultra?
 omnibus oppeterem fama maiore perustis!
 et certe moriens propius te, Roma, viderem, ²⁹⁵
 ipsaque per cultas segetes mors nostra secuto
 victori damnosa foret. sed pignora nobis

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from that which had prospered his advance. Then with a single whisper he made war, with an outstretched spear lightly overthrew walls, making a mock of precipices; now deserted and in despair he offered a just spectacle to the mountains he had so scornfully crossed. Then looking up at the sky of Italy he said: "Land of death for the Getae, trod by me with such omens of disaster, let thy wrath be now appeased by the sacrifice of so many of the guilty; let my sufferings at last excite thy compassion. Behold me, once lord of the world, the friend of fortune till I invaded thee; now, like an exile or an adjudged criminal, I feel upon my back the nearer breath of my pursuers. Alas! which of my disasters shall I lament first, which last? Not thou, Pollentia, nor ye, my captured treasures, have thus tortured me; be that destiny's harsh lot or the chance of war. I had not then lost all my forces; with troops still at my back, with my cavalry intact, I retired with the remnant of my army to the hills they call the Apennines. Its inhabitants told me that this mountain stretched from the confines of Liguria as far as the promontory of Pelorus in Sicily and embraced all the peoples of Italy, dividing with its unbroken chain the two seas that wash their country's two coasts. If I had pursued the plan that anger first dictated to me and had in my desperation continued my march along its crest, what lay beyond? Giving everything to the flames I might have died with loftier fame. Ay, and my dying eyes had beheld thee, Rome, from not so far away, and my very death would have cost the victor dear as he pursued me over the well-tilled cornfields. But Rome held my

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Romanus carasque nurus praedamque tenebat.
 hoc magis exertum raperem succinctior agmen.
 "Heu, quibus insidiis, qua me circumdedit arte ³⁰⁰

fatalis semper Stilicho! dum parcere fingit,
 rettudit³³ hostiles animos bellumque remenso
 evaluit transferre Pado. pro foedera saevo
 deteriora iugo! tunc vis extincta Getarum;
 tunc mihi, tunc letum pepigi. violentior armis 305
 omnibus expugnat nostram clementia gentem,
 Mars gravior sub pace latet, capiorque vicissim
 fraudibus ipse meis. quis iam solacia fesso
 consiliumve dabit? socius suspectior hoste.

“Atque utinam cunctos licuisset perdere bello! 310
 nam quisquis duro cecidit certamine, numquam
 desinit esse meus. melius mucrone perirent,
 auferretque mihi luctu levioiore sodales
 victa manus quam laesa fides. nullusne clientum
 permanet? offensi comites, odere propinqui. 315
 quid moror invisam lucem? qua sede recondam
 naufragii fragmenta mei? quaeve arva requiram,
 in quibus haud umquam Stilicho nimiumque potentis
 Italiae nomen nostras circumsonet aures?”

Haec memorans instante fugam Stilichone tetendit
 expertas horrens aquilas; comitatur euntem 321
 Pallor et atra Fames et saucia lividus ora
 Luctus et inferno stridentes agmine Morbi.
 lustralem tum rite facem, cui lumen odorum

³³ *rettudit* Isengr. mg.; Birt reads *rettulit*, following EVA.

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children captive, my wives, my wealth — yet, freed from such hindrances, my advance had been the more rapid.

“With what cunning, with what skill, did Stilicho, that ever fatal enemy, ensnare me! His pretended mercy did but blunt my warlike spirit, and availed him to shift the war backwards across the Po. A curse on that armistice, more damaging than the yoke of slavery. ’Twas then the cause of the Getae was undone, then that I signed my own death-warrant. More rudely than any weapon did mercy destroy our people, beneath that semblance of peace lay the deadliest form of war, and I myself fell into the snare I had laid for others. I am weary of it all; where shall I find comfort or counsel? I fear my friends more than my foes.

“Would God I had lost them all on that field. He is ever mine that has fallen in hard conflict. Better all had perished by the sword; less bitter had been my grief for losses inflicted by a victorious foe than for those brought upon me by

treachery. Is there not left one faithful follower? My comrades have turned against me, my friends hate me. My life is a burden; why prolong it? Where hide the remnants of my shipwrecked fortunes? To what land shall I flee where the names of Stilicho and all too powerful Italy shall not sound for ever in mine ears?"

So spake he, and with Stilicho pressing hard upon him fled in terror before our eagles. With him goes Pallor, black Hunger, Despair with bloodless, wounded countenance and a hellish company of shrieking Diseases. Then the learned priest whirls around the sick body³⁴ the torch of purification

³⁴ *i.e.* the sick body of Italy which has to be purified after the polluting presence of Alaric. With "rore pio spargens" *cf.* Verg. *Aen.* vi. 230, and for the throwing over the head of the purificatory instrument see Verg. *Ec.* viii. 102.

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sulphure caeruleo nigroque bitumine fumat, 325
circum membra rotat doctus purganda sacerdos
rore pio spargens, et dira fugantibus herbis
numina purificumque Iovem Triviamque precatus
trans caput aversis manibus iaculatur in Austrum
secum rapturas cantata piacula taedas. 330

Acrior interea visendi principis ardor
accendit cum plebe patres et saepe negatum
flagitat adventum; nec tali publica vota
consensu tradunt atavi caluisse per urbem,
Dacica bellipotens cum fregerat Ulpus arma 335
atque indignantes in iura redegerat Arctos,
cum fasces cinxere Hypanin mirataque leges
Romanum stupuit Maeotia terra tribunal.
nec tantis patriae studiis ad templa vocatus,
clemens Marce, redis, cum gentibus undique cinctam
exuit Hesperiam paribus Fortuna periclis. 341
laus ibi nulla ducum; nam flammeus imber in hostem
decidit; hunc dorso trepidum fumante ferebat
ambustus sonipes; hic tabescente solutus
subsedit galea liquefactaque fulgure cuspis 345
canduit et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses.
tum contenta polo mortalis nescia teli
pugna fuit: Chaldaea mago seu carmina ritu
armavere deos, seu, quod reor, omne Tonantis
obsequium Marci mores potuere mereri. 350
nunc quoque praesidium Latio non deesset Olympi,
deficeret si nostra manus; sed providus aether

with its smoky, odorous flame of blue sulphur and black bitumen; he sprinkles the limbs with holy water and with herbs that banish evil influences and, praying to Jove the Purifier and to Diana, with back-turned hands throws over his head towards the South the torches which are to carry off with them the spells cast over the sick.

Meanwhile the ardent desire of both senate and people to behold their emperor demands his often denied return. Not with such consent, our grandsires report, were public vows eagerly offered throughout the city when warlike Trajan had broken the power of Dacia and reduced the indignant north once more to subjection, what time the Scythian river Hypanis beheld the Roman axes and Lake Maeotis looked in amaze on a Roman court administering Roman law. It was a lesser enthusiasm which recalled the gentle Marcus Aurelius to give thanks in Rome's temples for Fortune's deliverance of Italy from a similar pressure of surrounding nations. Then 'twas no thanks to the generals: one man his scorched courser bore trembling on its smoking back; another sank down beneath his fire-wasted helmet; spears glowed molten by lightning and swords vanished suddenly into smoke. Heaven it was that fought that battle with no mortal weapons, whether it was that Chaldean seers³⁵

had by their magic spells won over the gods to our side or, as I rather think, that Marcus' blameless life had power to win the Thunder's homage. To-day, also, assuredly Heaven's favour would not be wanting to Latium should our own hand fail, but a beneficent providence has

³⁵ Claudian refers to the famous legend of the "Thundering" legion, saved from dying of lack of water by a miraculous rain-storm. This miracle occurred during M. Aurelius' war against the Marcomanni (*circ.* A.D. 175) and is attributed (1) to the prayers of the Christians; (2) to an Egyptian magician on Marcus' staff (Dio Cassius lxxi. 8. 10); (3) to the emperor's own prayers.

noluit humano titulos auferre labori,
ne tibi iam, princeps, soceri sudore paratam,
quam meruit virtus, ambirent fulmina laurum. 355

Iam totiens missi proceres responsa morandi
rettulerant, donec differri longius urbis
communes non passa preces penetralibus altis
prosilit vultusque palam confessa coruscos
impulit ipsa suis cunctantem Roma querellis: 360

"Dissimulata diu tristes in amore repulsas
vestra parens, Auguste, queror. quonam usque tenebit
praelatus mea vota Ligus? vetitumque propinqua

luce frui, spatiis discernens gaudia parvis,
torquebit Rubicon vicino nomine Thybrim? 365
nonne semel sprevisse satis, cum reddita bellis
Africa venturi lusit spe principis urbem
nec duras tantis precibus permovimus aures?
ast ego frenabam geminos, quibus altior ires,
electi candoris equos et nominis arcum 370
iam molita tui, per quem radiante decorus
ingrederere toga, pugnae monumenta dicabam
defensam titulo Libyam testata perenni.
iamque parabantur pompae simulacra futurae
Tarpeio spectanda Iovi: caelata metallo 375
classis ut auratum sulcaret remige fluctum,
ut Massyla tuos anteirent oppida currus

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shown itself unwilling to rob human endeavour of its honour or to let the lightning win the crown of laurel which the efforts of thy father-in-law, Stilicho, have secured for thy brows.

Full often had the nobles, sent to urge thy return, brought back the answer that as yet thou couldst not come, until Rome herself, unable to bear any longer the frustration of her citizens' common prayer, came forth from the depths of her sanctuary and, openly displaying her radiant face, urged the hesitating emperor with complaints of her own.

"Too long, my emperor, have I, thy mother, borne in silence the hurt thy refusal to return hath done me. How long shall favoured Liguria possess that for which I desire? How long shall the Rubicon, separating me from the object of my prayers by so narrow a space, torture the Tiber by the all-but-presence of that divine being whose nearer sojourn it is not allowed to enjoy? Was it not enough to have scorned me once when Africa, again at war, mocked the city with hopes of its emperor's coming, nor could we move thine obstinate ears with all our prayers? Yet did I harness for thee two steeds whiter than snow to draw the chariot wherein thou shouldst ride; already had I builded in thy name a triumphal arch through the which thou shouldst pass clad in the garb of victory, and I was dedicating it as a memorial of the war with an inscription to be the undying witness of the salvation of Libya. Even then were being prepared for Jove to see from the Tarpeian rock models for the coming triumph: a fleet of ships was cast in metal, ships whose oar-blades smote the golden sea; the cities of Africa were made to go before thy chariot and

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Palladiaque comas innexus harundine Triton
edomitis veheretur aquis et in aere trementem
succinctae famulum ferrent Atlanta cohortes, 380
ipse Iugurthinam subiturus carcere poenam
praeberet fera colla iugo, vi captus et armis,
non Bocchi Syllaeque dolis.

“Sed prima remitto.

num praesens etiam Getici me laurea belli
declinare potest? sedesve capacior ulla 385
tantae laudis erit? tua te benefacta morantem
conveniunt, meritisque suis obnoxia virtus
quod servavit amat. iam flavescentia centum
messibus aestivae detondent Gargara falces,
spectatosque iterum nulli celebrantia ludos 390
circumflexa rapit centenus saecula consul:
his annis, qui lustra mihi bis dena recensent,
nostra ter Augustos intra pomeria vidi,
temporibus variis; eadem sed causa tropaei
civilis dissensus erat. venere superbi, 395
scilicet ut Latio respersos sanguine currus
adspicerem! quisquamne piae laetanda parenti
natorum lamenta putet? periire tyranni,
sed nobis periire tamen. cum Gallica vulgo
proelia iactaret, tacuit Pharsalica Caesar. 400
namque inter socias acies cognataque signa
ut vinci miserum, numquam vicisse decorum.
restituatur priscum per te iam gloria morem
verior, et fructum sinceræ laudis ab hoste

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Triton, with his conquered waters and his head crowned with Minerva's sacred reeds; crowds of slaves with upgirt dresses bore a figure of trembling Atlas cast in bronze; Gildo himself, destined to undergo in prison the punishment once meted out to Jugurtha, offered his stubborn neck to the yoke, Gildo fallen a captive to the arms of Rome, not to the treachery of a Bocchus and a Sulla.³⁶

“But I pass over what has been. Can the present triumph, too, of the Getic war escape me? Does any spot give ampler room to so great renown? The very blessings thou hast bestowed beg thee not to delay, and thy generosity, constrained by its own fair deeds, must needs love those whom it has saved. Now for a hundred summers the reaper's sickle has gathered the yellow harvest of Gargarus; already the consul has introduced the games that occur but once in a century and upon which no man looks twice. During these years

which number twice ten lustres, I have but thrice³⁷ seen an emperor enter my walls in triumph; all at different times but for the same reason — civil war. Did they come in their pride that I should see their chariots stained with Italy's blood? Can any think a mother finds joy in the tears of her offspring? The tyrants were slain, but even they were my children. Caesar boasted him of his victories over the Gauls; he said nought about Pharsalia. Where the two sides bear the same standards and are of one blood, as defeat is ever shameful so victory brings no honour. See thou to it that now a truer glory crown our arms; give me back the joy, long a stranger to me, of honest

³⁶ Bocchus, king of Mauretania, treacherously delivered up hiskinsman Jugurtha to Marius. Sulla acted as the agent of the Romangeneral in this matter.

³⁷ In a century so replete with civil war as the fourth it is hard to say which particular three instances Claudian has in mind. One is no doubt Constantine's defeat of Maxentius, after which we know that he entered Rome in triumph; the other two may refer to Theodosius' victories over Eugenius and Maximus.

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desuetam iam redde mihi iustisque furoris 405

externi spoliis sontes absolve triumphos.

“Quem, precor, ad finem laribus seiuncta potestas

exulat imperiumque suis a sedibus errat?

cur mea quae cunctis tribuere palatia nomen

neglecto squalent senio? nec creditur orbis 410

illinc posse regi? medium non deserit umquam

caeli Phoebus iter, radiis tamen omnia lustrat.

segnius an veteres Histrum Rhenumque tenebant,

qui nostram coluere domum? leviusve timebant

Tigris et Euphrates, cum foedera Medus et Indus 415

hinc peteret pacemque mea speraret ab arce?

hic illi mansere viri, quos mutua virtus

legit et in nomen Romanis rebus adoptans

iudicio pulchram seriem, non sanguine duxit;

hic proles atavum deducens Aelia Nervam 420

tranquillique Pii bellatoresque Severi.

hunc civis dignare chorum conspectaque dudum

ora refer, pompam recolens ut mente priorem,

quem tenero patris comitem suscepit aevo, 424

nunc duce cum socero iuvenem te Thybris adoret.”

Orantem medio princeps sermone refovit:

“numquam aliquid frustra per me voluisse dolebis,

o dea, nec legum fas est occurrere matri.

sed nec post Libyam (falsis ne perge querellis

incusare tuos) patriae mandata vocantis 430

sprevimus: advectae misso Stilichone curules,

ut nostras tibi, Roma, vices pro principe consul

impleret generoque socer. vidistis in illo

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fame won from the enemy, and make good guilty triumphs by the lawful spoils of foreign madness.

“How long shall our emperor’s rule be a stranger to its true home and his governance stray from its rightful seat? Why does my palace which has given its name to all palaces mourn in neglected decay? Cannot the world be ruled therefrom? Phoebus never deserts his centre path though his beams are shed upon all. Was the hand of those old emperors who made me their home any lighter laid upon the tribes of Danube and Rhine? Was the awe felt by those of Tigris and Euphrates any less real when Mede and Indian came to this my capital of Rome to beg for alliance or sue for peace? Here dwelt those emperors whom merit chose for merit, and so, adopting them as consuls for the Roman state, made judgement not blood continue a noble line. Here lived the Aelian family that traced its descent from Nerva, the peaceful Antonines, the warlike Severi. Thou art a citizen; disdain not such a band; give us back the countenance we beheld long since, that Father Tiber, remembering the glory that was, may with thy father-in-law welcome thee as a man whom as a boy he saw leave my city at his father’s side.”

While yet she entreated the emperor reassured her with these words:
“Never shalt thou complain that I have been deaf to thine entreaties; I could not thwart thee, goddess, who art the mother of our laws. Bring no railing accusation against thy sons. Did I disregard my country’s call after the African war? Nay, I sent thee Stilicho to sit in the curule chair to take my place, a consul instead of an emperor, a father- instead of a son-in-law. In him thy

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me quoque; sic credit pietas non sanguine solo,
sed claris potius factis experta parentem. 435
cuncta quidem centum nequeam perstringere linguis,
quae pro me mundoque gerit; sed ab omnibus unum,
si fama necdum patuit, te, Roma, docebo
subiectum nostris oculis et cuius agendi
spectator vel causa fui. 440

“Populator Achivae

Bistoniaeque plagae, crebris successibus amens
et ruptas animis spirans inmanibus Alpes
iam Ligurum trepidis admoverat agmina muris
tutior auxilio brumae (quo gentibus illis

sidere consueti favet inclementia caeli⁴⁴⁵
meque minabatur calcato obsidere vallo
spem vano terrore fovens, si forte, remotis
praesidiis, urgente metu, qua vellet obirem
condicione fidem; nec me timor impulit ullus
et duce venturo fretum memoremque tuorum,⁴⁵⁰
Roma, ducum, quibus haud umquam vel morte parata
foedus lucis amor pepigit dispendia famae.
nox erat et late stellarum more videbam
barbaricos ardere focos; iam classica primos
excierant vigiles, gelida cum pulcher ab Arcto⁴⁵⁵
adventat Stilicho. medius sed clauserat hostis
inter me socerumque viam pontemque tenebat,
Addua quo scissas spumiosior incitat undas.
quid faceret? differret iter? discrimina nullas
nostra dabant adeunda moras. perrumperet agmen?
sed paucis comitatus erat; nam plurima retro,⁴⁶¹
dum nobis properat succurrere, liquerat arma
extera vel nostras acies. hoc ille locatus

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citizens saw also myself; so my love believes, for it has found that not blood alone but rather glorious deeds can show a parent. Had I a hundred tongues I could not touch on all the benefits he has bestowed upon me and upon the empire; one deed alone of them all will I recount to thee, goddess, if so be it is as yet unknown to thee, a deed of which I was the spectator or the cause.

“Alaric had laid waste Greece and the coasts of Thrace and in the mad pride of his many victories and the arrogance inspired by his crossing of the Alps had laid siege to the trembling cities of Liguria with winter as his ally — a season that favours a race accustomed to inclement skies; he then threatened to break down my defences and to lay strait siege to me also, bolstering up his hopes with the thought that, at the terror of his name and in fear of having none to aid me, I should come to terms with him on any conditions he chose. But I felt no fear, for I relied on the advance of Stilicho, and was mindful, O goddess, of those thy leaders who, even in face of death, never through base love of life made terms at the cost of honour. It was night; where’er I looked I saw the watchfires of the enemy shining like stars. The bugle had already summoned the soldiers to the first watch when glorious Stilicho arrived from the frozen north. But the enemy held the road between my father-in-law and myself, and the bridge whose obstructing piers churn turbid Addua to yet fuller foam. What was Stilicho to do? Halt? My danger forbade the least delay. Break through the enemy’s line? His force was too small. In hastening to my aid he had left behind him many auxiliaries and legionary troops.

Placed in this dilemma he

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incipiti, longum socias tardumque putavit
expectasse manus et nostra pericula tendit ⁴⁶⁵
posthabitis pulsare suis mediumque per hostem
flammatu virtute pia propriaeque salutis
inmemor et stricto prosternens obvia ferro
barbara fulmineo secuit tentoria cursu.

“Nunc mihi Tydiden attollant carmina vatū, ⁴⁷⁰
quod iuncto fidens Ithaco patefacta Dolonis
indicio dapibusque simul religataque somno
Thracia sopiti penetraverit agmina Rhesi
Graiaque rettulerit captos ad castra iugales,
quorum, si qua fides augentibus omnia Musis, ⁴⁷⁵
impetus excessit Zephyros candorque pruinas.
ecce virum, taciti nulla qui fraude soporis
ense palam sibi pandit iter remeatque cruentus
et Diomedeis tantum praeclarior ausis,
quantum lux tenebris manifesta proelia furtis! ⁴⁸⁰
adde quod et ripis steterat munitior hostis
et cui nec vigilem fas est componere Rhesum:
Thrax erat, hic Thracum domitor. non tela retardant,
obice non haesit fluvii. sic ille minacem
Tyrrhenam labente manum pro ponte repellens ⁴⁸⁵
traiecit clipeo Thybrim, quo texerat urbem,
Tarquinio mirante Cocles mediisque superbus
Porsennam respexit aquis. celer Addua nostro
sulcatus socero: sed, cum transnaret, Etruscis
ille dabat tergum, Geticis hic pectora bellis. ⁴⁹⁰

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thought it long and tedious to wait for reinforcements and, putting aside his own peril, was eager only to deliver me from mine; inspired by the courage that is born of love, heedless of his own danger, he broke through the enemy's midst and, sword in hand, cutting down all who sought to bar his passage, he passed like lightning through the barbarians' camp.

“Now let poets' songs praise me the son of Tydeus because, relying on Odysseus' help when the way was opened by Dolon's wiles and all was sunk in feasting and slumber, he broke into the Thracian camp of Rhesus and brought back to the Greek lines his captured steeds, which — if we may trust the too generous Muses — surpassed the winds in speed, the snows in

whiteness. Here was a man who, with no treachery 'mid silent slumber, clave a path for himself with his sword in the open light of day and arrived within our lines covered with blood, thus surpassing the brave deeds of Diomede by as much as day surpasses night and open battle ambush. Alaric's position, moreover, on the river bank was a stronger one, and he himself a warrior with whom Rhesus, even when awake, could not be compared. Rhesus was king, Alaric the conqueror, of Thrace. Neither weapons nor the river's bar could stop Stilicho. So Horatius, standing on the falling bridge, drave back the threatening hosts of Etruria and then swam the Tiber, still carrying the shield wherewith to the amazement of Tarquin he had defended Rome, and from mid stream looked back with scornful gaze upon Porsenna. 'Twas the swift Addua my father breasted; but, as he swam the flood, Horatius turned his back upon the Etruscans, Stilicho faced the barbarian foe.

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“Exere nunc doctos tantae certamina laudis,
Roma, choro et, quanta tuis facundia pollet
ingeniis, nostrum digno sonet ore parentem.”

Dixit et antiquae muros egressa Ravennae
signa movet; iamque ora Padi portusque relinquit 495
flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
aestuat et pronas puppes nunc amne secundo,
nunc redeunte vehit nudataque litora fluctu
deserit, Oceani lunaribus aemula damnis.
laetior hinc Fano recipit Fortuna vetusto, 500
despiciturque vagus praerupta valle Metaurus,
qua mons arte patens vivo se perforat arcu
admisitque viam sectae per viscera rupis,
exuperans delubra Iovis saxoque minantes
Appenninigenis cultas pastoribus aras. 505
quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas,
candida quae Latiis praebent armenta triumphis,
visere cura fuit; nec te miracula fontis
praetereunt, tacito passu quem si quis adiret,
lentus erat; si voce gradum maiore citasset, 510
commixtis fervebat aquis; cumque omnibus una
sit natura vadis, similes ut corporis undas
ostendant, haec sola novam iactantia sortem
humanos properant imitari flumina mores.
celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum 515
regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
non procul amnis abest, urbi qui nominis auctor:
ilice sub densa silvis artatus opacis

“Now, O Rome, lead forth the chorus that shall hymn a contest of such high renown and let thy best genius with all its eloquence voice the well-merited praises of my foster parent.”

So spake he and, issuing from the walls of old Ravenna, advanced his standards. He crossed the mouths of the Po and left behind him that river harbour³⁸ where, in fixed succession, in flows the foaming main and bears up the vessels that ride there at anchor on forward and backward flowing stream, and again deserts the waveless shore, like moon-led tides upon the marge of Ocean. Next he comes to the old city of Fortune’s Temple that bids him glad welcome and from its height looks down upon Metaurus threading its rocky valley where an arch, tunnelled through the living rock, affords a path through the mountain’s very heart, rising above the temple of Jove and the dizzy altars set up by the shepherds of the Apennines. ’Twas thy good pleasure, too, to visit Clitumnus’ wave,³⁹ beloved of them that triumph, for thence do victors get them white-coated animals for sacrifice at Rome. Thou markest well also the stream’s strange property, flowing gently on when one approaches with silent step, but swirling and eddying should one hasten with louder utterance; and while it is the common nature of water to mirror the exact image of the body it alone boasts the strange power that it mimics not human form but human character. Next thy royal charger treads the streets of Narnia, looking out from its eminence upon the plain below: not far therefrom flows the strange-coloured stream which gives the town its name, its sulphurous waters

³⁸ *Classis Portus*, a harbour formed by means of the *Fossa Augusta* which led the southern arm of the Po to Ravenna. It was inexistence in 38 B.C. (App. *B.C.* v. 78, 80) and held 250 ships (Jordanes, *Get.* 150; cf. Pliny, *H.N.* iii. 119; Sid. *Apol.Epp.* i. 5. 5).

³⁹ For a description of the Clitumnus see Pliny, *Epp.* viii. 8.

inter utrumque iugum tortis anfractibus albet.
inde salutato libatis Thybride lymphis 520
excipiunt arcus operosaque semita vastis
molibus et quidquid tantae praemittitur urbi.

Ac velut officiis trepidantibus ora puellae
spe propiore tori mater sollertior ornat
adveniente proco vestesque et cingula comit 525
saepe manu viridique angustat iaspide pectus
substringitque comam gemmis et colla monili
circuit et baxis onerat candentibus aures:
sic oculis placitura tuis insignior auctis
collibus et nota maior se Roma videndam 530

obtulit. addebant pulchrum nova moenia vultum
audito perfecta recens rumore Getarum,
profecitque opifex decori timor, et vice mira,
quam pax intulerat, bello discussa senectus
erexit subitas turres cunctosque coëgit 535
septem continuo colles iuvenescere muro.
ipse favens votis solitoque decentior aër,
quamvis adsiduo noctem foedaverat imbre,
principis et solis radiis detera removit
nubila; namque ideo pluviis turbaverat omnes 540
ante dies lunamque rudem madefecerat Auster,
ut tibi servatum scirent convexa serenum.

Omne Palatino quod pons a colle recedit
Mulvius et quantum licuit consurgere tectis,

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flowing in tortuous course between opposed mountains through dense forests of holm-oak. Then when in greeting to Father Tiber thou hast poured a libation of his waters thou art welcomed by Rome's arches and all the magnificent buildings which line the roads of that noble city's suburbs.

And as a careful mother at the approach of her daughter's lover does all that trembling hand can do to enhance the charms that are to win a husband, oft readjusts dress and girdle, confines her breast with bands of green jasper, gathers up her hair with jewels, sets a necklace about her neck, and hangs glistening pearls from her ears, so Rome, in order to be pleasing in thy sight, offers herself to thy admiring gaze more glorious and with hills made higher and herself greater than thou hadst known her. Still fairer than of old she seemed by reason of those new walls that the rumour of the Getae's approach had just caused to be built; fear was the architect of that beauteous work and, by a strange freak of fortune, war put an end to the decay that peace had brought. For fear it was that caused the sudden upspringing of all those towers and renewed the youth of Rome's seven hills by enclosing them all within one long wall. Even the weather listened favourably to our prayers and was finer than its wont, although continuous rain had spoiled the preceding night; but the clouds melted away before the glory of the sun and the emperor. All the days before had the south wind troubled with rain and dimmed the moon's young disc that heaven might know it was for thee that the sunshine waited.

One huge crowd filled all the slope between the Palatine hill and the Mulvian bridge and as far up

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una replet turbae facies: undare videres 545
 ima viris, altas effulgere matribus aedes.
 exultant iuvenes aequaevi principis annis;
 temnunt prisca senes et in hunc sibi prospera fati
 gratantur durasse diem moderataque laudant
 tempora, quod clemens aditu, quod pectore solus 550
 Romanos vetuit currum praecedere patres:
 cum tamen Eucherius, cui regius undique sanguis,
 atque Augusta soror fratri praeberet ovanti
 militis obsequium; sic illum dura parentis
 instituit pietas in se vel pignora parci 555
 quique neget nato, procerum quod praestat honori.
 haec sibi curva⁴⁰ senum maturaque comprobatur aetas
 idque inter veteris speciem praesentis et aulae
 iudicat: hunc civem, dominos venisse priores.

Conspicuas tum flore genas, diademate crinem 560
 membraque gemmato trabeae viridantia cinctu
 et fortes umeros et certatura Lyaeo
 inter Erythraeas surgentia colla smaragdosa
 mirari sine fine nurus; ignaraque virgo,
 cui simplex calet ore pudor, per singula cernens 565
 nutricem consultat anum: quid fixa draconum
 ora velint? ventis fluitent an vera minentur
 sibila suspensum rapturi faucibus hostem?
 ut chalybe indutos equites et in aere latentes
 vidit cornipedes: "quanam de gente" rogabat 570
 "ferrati venere viri? quae terra metallo
 nascentes informat equos? num Lemnius auctor

⁴⁰ *curva* Birt; codd. *cura*.

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as it was possible to go on the house roofs; the ground seethed with men, the lofty buildings were aglow with women. Those who are young rejoice in an emperor of their own age, the old cease to belaud the past and count their destiny happy that they have lived to see such a day, blessing the kindly times when a prince so easy of access, so singular in courtesy, forbade the senators of Rome to march before his chariot, even though Eucherius, in whose veins ran regal blood on father's and on mother's side, and his own sister did honour to his triumph like simple soldiers. Such has been the teaching of that stern but loving parent who showed no more favour to his children than to himself, and refused a son honours he granted to nobles. Bent age and upstanding youth alike are loud in his praises and, comparing the new with the ancient rule, recognize in Honorius a true citizen, in his predecessors tyrants.

The women of Rome never tire of gazing at those blooming cheeks, those crowned locks, those limbs clothed in the consul's jasper-studded robes, those mighty shoulders, and that neck, beauteous as Bacchus' own, with its necklace of Red Sea emeralds. Many an innocent maid, while simple modesty blushes in her cheek, would bend her gaze o'er all and inquire of her aged nurse the meaning of the dragons on the colours. "Do they," she would ask, "but wave in the air or is theirs a veritable hiss, uttered as they are about to seize an enemy in their jaws?" When she sees the mail-clad knights and brazen-armoured horses she would fain know whence that iron race of men is sprung and what land it is gives birth to steeds of bronze. "Has the god of Lemnos,"

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indidit hinnitum ferro simulacraque belli
viva dedit?" gaudet metuens et pollice monstrat.
quod picturatas galeae Iunonia cristas 575
ornet avis vel quod rigidos vibrata per amos
rubra sub aurato crispentur serica dorso.

Tunc tibi magnorum mercem Fortuna laborum
persolvit, Stilicho, curru cum vectus eodem
urbe triumphantem generum florente iuventa 580
conspiceres illumque diem sub corde referres,
quo tibi confusa dubiis formidine rebus
infantem genitor moriens commisit alendum.
virtutes variae fructus sensere receptos;
depositum servasse, fides; constantia, parvum 585
praefecisse orbi; pietas, fovisse propinquum.
hic est ille puer, qui nunc ad rostra Quirites
evocat et solio fultus genitoris eburno
gestarum patribus causas ex ordine rerum
eventusque refert veterumque exempla secutus 590
digerit imperii sub iudice facta senatu.
nil cumulat verbis quae nil fiducia celat;
fucati sermonis opem mens conscia laudis
abnuat. agnoscunt procures; habituque Gabino
principis et ducibus circumstipata togatis 595
iure paludatae iam curia militat aulae.
adfuit ipsa suis ales Victoria templis
Romanae tutela togae: quae divite penna
patricii reverenda fovet sacraria coetus

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she would ask, "bestowed on metal the power to neigh, and forged living

statues for the fight?" Joy and fear fill her mind; she points with her finger how Juno's bird decks the gay crests upon their helmets, or how, beneath the golden armour on their horses' backs, the red silk waves and ripples over the strong shoulders.

Then it was, Stilicho, that Fortune repaid thee for the labour of so many years when, mounted in the same chariot, thou sawest thy son-in-law in his prime pass in triumph through the streets of Rome, and didst recall that day when in troubled terror mid uncertain fortune the dying father entrusted his son to thy care. Now thy many virtues have found their meet reward: loyalty that has kept safe that which was confided to it, singleness of purpose that made a boy the master of the world, affection that has bestowed such loving care on an adopted son. This is the boy who to-day summons Rome's citizens to the place of meeting and from his father's ivory throne tells to the fathers the causes and the issues of his acts, and, following ancient precedent, directs the deeds of empire at the judgement-seat of the Senate. He piles up no words, for confidence has nothing to conceal; his mind, conscious of true worth, refuses the aid of artificial speech. The senators learn to know him; their chief wears the Gabine⁴¹ garb, and thronged with generals in the rôle of peace the Senate-house prepares for service under the auspices of the warlike court. Winged victory herself, Rome's faithful guardian, was in her temple;⁴² her golden pinions stretched in protection over the holy sanctuary where the fathers meet together, and she herself, a tireless

⁴¹ See note on vii. 3.

⁴² A reference to the statue of Victory in the Senate House. Ambrose had persuaded Gratian to turn it out (A.D. 384) but Honorius had had it replaced (*cf.* xxiii. 19 and Paulinus, *Vita S. Ambr.* viii. § 26).

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castrorumque eadem comes indefessa tuorum 600
nunc tandem fruitur votis atque omne futurum
te Romae seseque tibi promittit in aevum.

Hinc te iam patriis laribus via nomine vero
sacra refert. flagrat studiis concordia vulgi,
quam non inlecebris dispersi colligis auri; 605
nec tibi venales captant aeraria plausus
corruptura fidem: meritis offertur inemptus
pura mente favor. nam munere carior omni
obstringit sua quemque salus. procul ambitus erret!
non quaerit pretium, vitam qui debet amori. 610

O quantum populo secreti numinis addit
imperii praesens genius! quantamque rependit
maiestas alterna vicem, cum regia circi
conexum gradibus veneratur purpura vulgus,

adsensuque cavae sublatus in aethera vallis 615
 plebis adoratae reboat fragor, unaque totis
 intonat Augustum septenis arcibus Echo!
 nec solis hic cursus equis: adsueta quadrigis
 cingunt arva trabes, subitaeque adspectus harenae
 diffundit Libycos aliena valle cruores. 620
 haec et belligeros exercuit area lusus,
 armatos haec saepe choros, certaue vagandi
 textas lege fugas inconfusosque recursus
 et pulchras errorum artes iucundaue Martis
 cernimus. insonuit cum verbere signa magister, 625

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attendant on thine armies, now at last has had her wish granted and is able to promise that for all time to come thou shalt be Rome's guardian and she thine.

Hence the Sacred Way (now truly named) brings thee back to thy home. Eagerly breaks out the world's one-hearted welcome, that thou dost not woo with lure of scattered gold; nor for thee does the treasury, seeking to corrupt good faith, court venal applause; to worth unpurchased love is offered by a pure heart. For life that is dearer than any gift makes all thy debtors. Away with wooing of applause! He can ask no payment who owes his life to love.

Oh what mysterious power over the people does the Empire's guardian-genius bring! What majesty bows to majesty as the prince, clad in imperial scarlet, returns the salutations of the people that crowd the tiers of the Circus! The shouts of the adoring populace rising from that immense circle thunder to the sky, while the echoes of Rome's seven hills repeat as with one voice the name of Honorius. Nor does the Circus display only horse-races; its floor, whereon chariots were wont to drive, is surrounded by a palisade, and in this new amphitheatre, so far, so different, from their native valleys, Libyan lions shed their blood. This is the scene, too, of a military display; here we often see armed bands advancing and retiring in mazed movements that are nevertheless executed according to a fixed plan; we watch them wheel in perfect order, extend with disciplined precision, affording us the pleasing spectacle of mimic warfare. The leader cracks his whip and a thousand bodies execute in unison

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mutatos edunt pariter tot pectora motus
 in latus adlisis clipeis aut rursus in altum
 vibratis; grave parma sonat, mucronis acutum
 murmur, et umbonum pulsu modulante resultans

ferreus alterno concentus clauditur ense. 630
una omnis summissa phalanx tantaeque salutant
te, princeps, galeae. partitis inde catervis
in varios docto discurritur ordine gyros,
quos neque semiviri Gortynia tecta iuveni
flumina nec crebro vincant Maeandria flexu. 635
discreto revoluta gradu torquentur in orbes
agmina, perpetuisque inmoto cardine claustris
Ianus bella premens laeta sub imagine pugnae
armorum innocuos paci largitur honores.

Iamque novum fastis aperit felicibus annum 640
ore coronatus gemino; iam Thybris in uno
et Bruti cernit trabeas et sceptrum Quirini.
consule laetatur post plurima saecula viso
Pallanteus apex; agnoscunt rostra curules
auditas quondam proavis, desuetaque cingit 645
regius auratis fora fascibus Ulpia lictor,
et sextas Getica praevelans fronde secures
colla triumphati proculcat Honorius Histri.
exeat in populos cunctis inlustrior annus,
natus fonte suo, quem non aliena per arva 650
induit hospes honos, cuius cunabula fovit
curia, quem primi tandem videre Quirites,
quem domitis auspex peperit Victoria bellis!

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their new movements; now they clap their bucklers to their sides, now they brandish them above their heads; deeply sound the clashing shields, sharply ring the engaging swords, and, to the rhythm of beaten targets, the echoing song of steel is punctuated by the interclash of weapons. Suddenly the whole phalanx falls on its knees before thee and a thousand helmets bow down in reverence. Then the companies separate, wheeling and counter-wheeling with ordered skill, following a course more tortuous than the corridors of the Minotaur's Cretan palace or the reaches of Meander's wandering stream. Then wheeling apart they form with circular masses, and Janus,⁴³ imprisoning war behind his ever unopening doors, after a happy mimicry of battle bestows on peace the innocent rewards of combat.

And now, his double head crowned with laurel, Janus opens the new year with auspicious calendar; now Tiber sees united in Honorius Brutus' consular robe and Romulus' kingly sceptre. The Palatine hill rejoices after many generations again to look upon a consul; the rostra learn to know the curule chair famed of old among our forefathers, and royal lictors, a long unwonted sight, encircle with their golden fasces the Forum of Trajan; while

Honorius, wreathing with Getic laurels the axes borne for the sixth time before him, places a conqueror's foot upon the neck of subdued Danube. Let this year springing from its true source go forth among the nations more glorious than any — a year the consul inaugurated, not a stranger in a strange land, whose cradle the Senate-house guarded, that Roman citizens first beheld, that Victory, all wars o'ercome, auspiciously

⁴³ Mentioned, no doubt, as symbolical of the New Year.

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hunc et privati titulis famulantibus anni
et, quos armipotens genitor retroque priores ⁶⁵⁵
diversis gessere locis, ceu numen adorent;
hunc et quinque tui vel quos habiturus in urbe
post alios, Auguste, colant. licet unus in omnes
consul eas, magno sextus tamen iste superbit
nomine: praeteritis melior, venientibus auctor. ⁶⁶⁰

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brought to birth. Years in which mere commoners held the consulship, and ye years when Theodosius and his predecessors graced that office in Rome or elsewhere, count your honours as nought and worship this present year. Ay, you five previous consulships of Honorius, even you that our emperor shall hold in Rome in the days to come, give place to this one. Wert thou, Honorius, to be consul every year, yet is this thy sixth to be magnified above all thy consulships, excelling all that are past and model of all that are to come.

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DE BELLO GOTHICO

PRAEFATIO

(XXV.)

Post resides annos longo velut excita somno
Romanis fruitur nostra Thalia choris.
optatos renovant eadem mihi culmina coetus,
personat et noto Pythia vate domus:
consulis hic fasces cecini Libyamque receptam, 5
hic mihi prostratis bella canenda Getis.

Sed prior effigiem tribuit successus aënam,
oraeque patricius nostra dicavit honos;
adnuit his princeps titulum poscente senatu;
respice iudicium quam grave, Musa, subis! 10
ingenio minuit merces properata favorem:
carminibus veniam praemia tanta negant;
et magis intento studium censore laborat,
quod legimur medio conspicimurque foro.

Materies tamen ipsa iuvat solitumque timorem 15
dicturo magna sedula parte levat.
nam mihi conciliat gratas impensius aures
vel meritum belli vel Stilichonis amor.

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THE GOTHIC WAR

PREFACE

(XXV.)

After years of sloth my Muse, as if startled from long slumber, rejoices to sing a Roman song to Roman ears. Once more the same halls bring the gathering I longed for, and Apollo's temple echoes to the voice of a familiar bard. 'Twas here I sang of the consular fasces and of the winning back of Libya and here must I sing of the war that overthrew the Getae.

But my former success won for me a brazen statue⁴⁴ and the Fathers set up my likeness in my honour; at the Senate's prayer the Emperor allowed the claim — bethink thee, Muse, how strict a judgement thou dost face! Wit wins less favour when too soon rewarded, and so great a gift refuses indulgence for my song. Now that my name is read and my features are known in the forum my Muse labours for a sterner critic than before.

Yet my theme itself brings cheer and, as I begin to speak, eagerly lightens much of my accustomed fear. A gracious and more devoted hearing is secured for me, be it by the war's deserving or be it by Stilicho's love.

⁴⁴ For Claudian's statue see Introduction, p. xii. For a similar honour conceded to Sidonius *cf.* Sid. Apol. *Epp.* ix. 16. 3; *Carm.* viii. 8.

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(XXVI.)

Intacti cum claustra freti, coëuntibus aequor
armatum scopulis, audax inrumperet Argo
Aetam Colchosque petens, propiore periculo
omnibus attonitis, solus post numina Tiphys
incolumem tenui damno servasse carinam 5
fertur et ancipitem montis vitasse ruinam
deceptoque vagae concursu rupis in altum
victricem duxisse ratem; stupuere superbae
arte viri domitae Symplegades et nova passae
iura soli cunctis faciles iam puppibus haerent, 10
ut vinci didicere semel. quodsi ardua Tiphyn
navis ob innocuae meritum sic gloria vexit,
quae tibi pro tanti pulso discrimine regni
sufficient laudes, Stilicho? licet omnia vates
in maius celebrata ferant ipsamque secandis 15
Argois trabibus iacent sudasse Minervam
nec nemoris muti iunxisse carentia sensu
robora, sed caeso Tomari Iovis augure luco

arbore praesaga tabulas animasse loquaces.
plurima sed quamvis variis miracula monstria 20
ingement, teneras victuri carmine mentes,

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(XXVI.)

When the intrepid Argo, passing between the clashing rocks that guarded its entrance, burst through the portals of the unfurrowed sea making for Colchis where Aeëtes ruled, it is said that, when all were panic-stricken by the nearing danger, Tiphys alone — with heaven's help — kept safe the almost uninjured bark. 'Twas thanks to him that the Argo escaped the cliffs threatening ruin and came out victorious into the open sea, cunningly eluding the meeting shock of the floating rocks. Amazed were the proud Symplegades thus subdued by the hero's skill, and, submitting to the novel laws of the fixed earth, offer unmoved an easy passage to all ships since once they have learned defeat. But if the merit of saving a single vessel from ruin won, and rightly won, for Tiphys such meed of honour, what praises shall suffice for thee, Stilicho, who hast freed so great an empire from destruction? Poets may exaggerate the story; they may boast that Minerva toiled with her own hands to hew the Argo's beams, and that she fitted together no senseless timber from a dumb forest, but felled the augural grove of Tomarian⁴⁵ Jove and with those prophetic trees quickened its planks to speech. But though they burden their recital with the story of countless prodigies to captivate the mind of the unlettered

⁴⁵ A reference to the "talking oaks" of Dodona, Tomarus (or Tmarus) being a mountain in Epirus near Dodona.

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Harpyiasque truces insopitisque refusum
tractibus aurati custodem velleris anguem
et iuga taurorum rapidis ambusta favillis
et virides galeis sulcos fetasque novalis 25
Martis et in segetem crescentis semina belli:
nil veris aequale dabunt. prohibere rapaces
scilicet Harpyias unaque excludere mensa
nobilior titulus, quam tot potuisse paratas
in Latii praedam Geticas avertere fauces? 30
anne ego terrigenas potius mirabor in ipsis
procubuisse satis, vitae quibus attulit idem
principium finemque dies, quam caesa Getarum
agmina, quos tantis aluit Bellona tropaeis
totaque sub galeis Mavortia canuit aetas? 35
Per te namque unum mediis exuta tenebris

imperio sua forma redit, claustrisque solutae
tristibus exangues audent procedere leges.
iamque potestates priscus discriminat ordo
iustitiae, quas ante pares effecerat una 40
nube timor. tua nos urgenti dextera leto
eripuit, tectisque suis redduntur et agris
damnati fato populi, virtute renati.
iam non in pecorum morem formidine clausi
prospicimus saevos campis ardentibus ignes 45
alta nec incertis metimur flumina votis
excidio latura moram nec poscimus amnes

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young, though they tell of fierce Harpies, of the dragon whose unsleeping length lay curled in protecting folds about the golden fleece, of yoked bulls afire with flickering flames, of a springing crop of helmets, a field from out whose furrows grew a Martian race, of seeds of war whose increase yielded a harvest, too, of war, yet do these fictions fall short of the truth. Is it a nobler title to fame to have driven off the greedy Harpies and banished them from the table of a single man than to have had the strength to beat back those countless Getic maws that thirsted for the spoil of Latium? Am I to look with more admiration upon those earth-born warriors struck down in the very furrows from which they sprang, born and dying in a single day, than upon the slaughtered ranks of Getae whom the goddess of war reared on so many spoils and whose martial life came to grey hairs, passed ever beneath helmets?

Thou and thou alone, Stilicho, hast dispersed the darkness that enshrouded our empire and hast restored its glory; thanks to thee civilization, all but vanished, has been freed from the gloomy prison and can again advance. The old order of justice now makes distinction between magistracies which fear had made equal in a common gloom. Thy right hand has snatched us from impending death and restored to their homes and lands peoples whom fate sentenced and thy valour saved. No longer, herded together like sheep by reason of our fears, do we watch from the ramparts our fields ablaze with the enemy's fire, no longer measure the depth of rivers which we feebly hope will retard our destruction nor ask the streams and flying clouds to

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undosam servare fidem nubesque fugaces
aut coniuratum querimur splendere serenum.
Ipsa quoque internis furiis exercita plebis 50
securas iam Roma leva tranquillior arces;
surge, precor, veneranda parens, et certa secundis

fide deis, humilemque metum deponere senectae.
 urbs aequaeva polo, tum demum ferrea sumet
 ius in te Lachesis, cum sic mutaverit axem 55
 foederibus natura novis, ut flumine verso
 inriget Aegyptum Tanais, Maeotida Nilus,
 Eurus ab occasu, Zephyrus se promat ab Indis
 Caucasiisque iugis calido nigrantibus Austro
 Gaetulas Aquilo glacie constringat harenas. 60
 Fatales hucusque manus, crebrisque notatae
 prodigiis abiere minae. nec sidera pacem
 semper habent, ipsumque Iovem turbante Typhoeo,
 si fas est, tremuisse ferunt, cum brachia centum
 montibus armaret totidem spiramque retorquens 65
 lamberet attonitas erectis anguibus Arctos.
 quid mirum, si regna labor mortalia vexat,
 cum gemini fratres, genuit quos asper Aloeus,
 Martem subdiderint vinclis et in astra negatas
 temptarint munire vias steteritque revulsis 70
 paene tribus scopulis caelesti machina bello?
 sed caret eventu nimius furor; improba numquam
 spes laetata diu, nec pervenere iuventae
 robur Alodidae, dum vellere Pelion Otus
 nititur, occubuit Phoebus, moriensque Ephialtes 75
 in latus obliquam proiecit languidus Ossam.

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keep the promise of their waters or complain that the sunshine conspires
 against us with its splendour.

Thou, too, Rome, so long vexed with internal discord, lift up thy hills at last
 more peacefully in safety. Arise, honoured mother, be sure that God's favour
 is with thee; banish the lowly timorousness of age. City that art coëval with
 the world, inexorable Lachesis shall not exercise against thee her rights of
 destruction until Nature has so changed the immutable laws of the universe
 that Tanais turn his course and water Egypt, Nile flow into Lake Maeotis,
 Eurus blow from the west, Zephyr from India, and the south wind rage in
 tempest o'er the summit of Caucasus, while that of the north binds the deserts
 of Africa with its frost.

Thus far came the fatal hordes; now their threats, whereof so many omens
 warned us, have vanished away. Heaven's self was not always at peace: they
 tell how even Jove trembled (if one may dare to say so)
 when Typhoeus attacked him, arming his hundred hands with a hundred
 mountains and touching the astonished constellation of the Bear with his

towering snaky coils. What wonder if trouble harasses mortal realms when cruel Aloeus' two sons cast Mars in chains and attempted to build that forbidden road to the stars so that the universe almost ceased to move, what time the three rocks⁴⁶ were uprooted in the war of heaven? But their blind fury was of no effect; wicked hopes never exult for long. Aloeus' children never reached man's estate; Otus, attempting to uproot Pelion, was stricken down by Phoebus, and Ephialtes as he died wearily let Ossa fall athwart his side.

⁴⁶ *i.e.* the mountains Pelion, Ossa and Olympus.

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Adspice, Roma, tuum iam vertice celsior hostem,
adspice quam rarum referens inglorius agmen
Italia detrusus eat quantumque priori
dissimilis, qui cuncta sibi cessura ruenti 80
pollicitus patrii numen iuraverat Histri
non nisi calcatis loricam ponere rostris.
o rerum fatigue vices! qui foeda parabat
Romanas ad stupra nurus, sua pignora vidit
coniugibus permixta trahi; qui mente profundas 85
hauserat urbis opes, ultro victoribus ipse
praeda fuit; nostri quondam qui militis auro
adgressus temptare fidem, desertus ab omni
gente sua manibusque redit truncatus et armis.

Hoc quoque, quod veniam leti valere mereri, 90
si positis pendas odiis, ignoscere pulchrum
iam misero poenaeque genus vidisse precantem.
quae vindicta prior quam cum formido superbos
flectit et adsuetum spoliis adfligit egestas?
sed magis ex aliis fluxit dementia causis, 95
consultitur dum, Roma, tibi. tua cura coëgit
inclusis aperire fugam, ne peior in arto
saeviret rabies venturae conscia mortis;
nec tanti nomen stirpemque abolere Getarum,
ut propius peterere, fuit. procul arceat altus 100
Iuppiter, ut delubra Numae sedesque Quirini
barbaries oculis saltem temerare profanis
possit et arcanum tanti deprendere regni.

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Lift up thy head, Rome, and behold thine enemy; see how, leading back in dishonour a shattered host, he is cast forth from Italy. How different is he from what he was when he swore that everything should yield to his onset and

took an oath by Danube whom he and his fathers worshipped that he would never unbuckle his breastplate until he had marched in triumph through the Forum. How strange are the changes Fate brings about! He who destined the women of Rome as victims of his lust has seen his own wives and children led away captive; he who in imagination had drained the countless wealth of our city became himself his victor's easy prey; he who once sought to corrupt the loyalty of our troops has been deserted by his own people and has returned to his country beggared of men and arms.

Then too if, laying hatred aside, thou shouldest weigh the cause that won them pardon from their doom, surely to spare a fallen foe is itself a triumph and to see him on his knees punishment enough. What vengeance so satisfying as when terror makes pride stoop, and want bows down him who before bore spoils? But our clemency was in part due to another cause, for we thought of thee, O Rome. Concern for thee constrained us to offer a way of escape to the beleaguered foe lest, with the fear of death before their eyes, their rage should grow the more terrible for being confined. An enemy before thy very walls would have been too heavy a price to pay for the destruction of the race and name of the Getae. May Jove from on high forbid that the barbarian should outrage even with a glance Numa's shrine or Romulus' temple, or discover aught of the secrets of our empire.

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Quamquam, si veterum certamina rite recordor,
tunc etiam, pulchra cum libertate vigerent 105
et proprio late florerent milite patres,
semper ab his famae petiere insignia bellis,
quae diversa procul tuto trans aequora vires
exercere dabant: currus regumque catenae
inter abundantis fati ludibria ductae. 110
at vero Italiam quotiens circumstetit atrox
tempestas ipsumque caput laesura pependit,
non illis vani ratio ventosa furoris,
sed graviter spectata salus ductorque placebat,
non qui praecipiti traheret semel omnia casu, 115
sed qui maturo vel laeta vel aspera rerum
consilio momenta regens, nec tristibus impar
nec pro successu nimius, spatiumque morandi
vincendique modum mutatis nosset habenis.
cautius ingentes morbos et proxima cordi 120
ulcera Paeoniae tractat sollertia curae
parcendoque secat, ferro ne largius acto
inrevocandus eat sectis vitalibus error.

Sublimi certe Curium canit ore vetustas,

Aeaciden Italo pepulit qui litore Pyrrhum, ¹²⁵
 nec magis insignis Pauli Mariique triumphus,
 qui captos niveis reges egere quadrigis;
 plus fuga laudatur Pyrrhi quam vincla Iugurthae;
 et, quamvis gemina fessum iam clade fugavit,
 post Decii lituos et nulli pervia culpae ¹³⁰
 pectora Fabricii, donis invicta vel armis,

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And yet — if duly I recall ancient conflicts — then also when, fair liberty
 lending vigour, the senate was everywhere successful with native troops, they
 sought trophies from such wars as were waged far away across the sea where
 our soldiers could exercise their courage without danger to their homes;
 chariots and fettered kings were accounted but the shows that overflowing
 fortune gave. But whenever a dread storm burst upon Italy or hung
 threateningly over her head their thought was not how to give vent to
 profitless fury but how best at such a crisis to secure the safety of the state.
 The leader of their choice was not he who hazarded all on one rash throw but
 one who gave careful thought to each eventuality, were it fortunate or the
 reverse, one who could bear adversity with fortitude and success with
 moderation, and by slackening or tightening the reins of government knew
 how to make use of victory and to temporize after a setback. The physician's
 skill deals more carefully with grave diseases and ulcers that are near the
 heart: here he is more sparing of the knife for fear lest the blade, driven too
 deep, should slip and sever beyond healing some vital organ.

Proud assuredly is the strain in which bards of old sing of Curius who drove
 Pyrrhus, son of Aeacus, from the shores of Italy;⁴⁷ not more resplendent were
 the triumphs of Paulus and of Marius who dragged captive kings behind their
 white-horsed chariots. The expulsion of Pyrrhus is more praised than the
 capture of Jugurtha; and although Curius drove out a prince whose spirit had
 already been broken by two reverses, at the hands of Decius and of the
 blameless Fabricius whom neither bribes

⁴⁷ After his defeat by Curius Dentatus near Beneventum in 277B.C. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, was forced to evacuate Italy. Claudian, in this section, is at pains tactfully to justify Stilicho's *expulsion* of Alaric from Italy, as opposed to his *capture*.

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plena datur Curio pulsi victoria Pyrrhi.
 quanto maius opus solo Stilichone peractum
 cernimus! his validam gentem, quam dura nivosis
 educat Ursa plagis, non Chaonas atque Molossos, ¹³⁵
 quos Epirus alit, nec Dodonaea subegit

agmina fatidicam frustra iactantia quercum.

Primus fulmineum lento luctamine Poenum
compressit Fabius, campo post ausus aperto
Marcellus vinci docuit, sed tertia virtus ¹⁴⁰
Scipiadae Latiis tandem deterruit oris.
unus in hoc Stilicho diversis artibus hoste
tris potuit complere duces fregitque furentem
cunctando vicitque manu victumque relegat.

Atque haec tanta brevi. miscentem incendia Pyrrhum
sustinuit toto maerens Oenotria lustris, ¹⁴⁶
et prope ter senas Itali per graminis herbas
Massylus Poeno sonipes vastante cucurrit
Hannibalemque senem vix ad sua reppulit arva
vindex sera patrum post bellum nata iuventus. ¹⁵⁰
his celer effecit, bruma ne longior una
esset hiems rerum, primis sed mensibus aestas
temperiem caelo pariter patriaeque⁴⁸ referret.

Sed quid ego Hannibalem contra Pyrrhumque tot annis
certatum memorem, vilis cum Spartacus omne ¹⁵⁵
per latus Italiae ferro bacchatus et igni
consulibusque palam totiens congressus inertes
exuerit castris dominos et strage pudenda

⁴⁸ codd. *belloque*; Birt suggests *regnoque*; Postgate *patriaeque*.

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nor arms could overcome, yet the whole glory of that expulsion is given to him. But how much greater the task we see fulfilled by Stilicho alone! He has conquered not Chaones or Molossi, Epirot tribes, nor yet the armies of Dodona that idly boast their prophetic grove, but a mighty people whose home lies in those snowy regions beneath the icy constellation of the Bear.

Fabius was the first to stay by his slow struggles Hannibal's lightning rush; then Marcellus, meeting him in the open field, taught him defeat, but it was the valour of Scipio that drove him from the shores of Italy. In the case of our latest foe Stilicho succeeded in combining in himself the diverse skill of all these three; he broke their frenzy by delaying, vanquished them in battle and drove the vanquished host from Italy.

And all this in so short a time. Full five years did Italy mourn beneath the scattered fires of Pyrrhus, for well-nigh eighteen years did the African steeds of the Carthaginians tread down and devastate our harvests, and it was a second generation, born after the outbreak of the war, that, exacting a tardy vengeance for the first, with difficulty drove an aged Hannibal back to his own

country. Stilicho acted more quickly: he saw to it that the winter of our distress should last but one winter⁴⁹ but that spring in its earliest months should bring back fair weather alike to heaven and to fatherland.

Why should I make mention of the wars waged all those weary years against Hannibal and Pyrrhus when that vile gladiator Spartacus, ravaging all the countryside with fire and sword, oft engaged the consuls in open war and, driving out its feeble masters

⁴⁹ The winter of 401-402.

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fuderit imbelles aquilas servilibus armis?
nos terrorum experts et luxu mollior aetas 160
deficimus queruli, si bos abductus aratro,
si libata seges. non hanc ergastula nobis
inmisere manum nec coniurantis harenae
turba fuit; qualem Stilicho deiecerit hostem,
Thraces et Haemonii poterunt Moesique fateri. 165

Frigida ter decies nudatum frondibus Haemum
tendit hiems vestire gelu totiensque solutis
ver nivibus viridem monti reparavit amictum,
ex quo iam patrios gens haec oblita Triones
atque Histrum transvecta semel vestigia fixit 170
Threicio funesta solo. seu fata vocabant
seu gravis ira deum, seriem meditata ruinis,
ex illo, quocumque vagos impegit Erinys,
grandinis aut morbi ritu per devia rerum,
praecipites per clausa ruunt, nec contigit ullis 175
amnis aut scopulis proprias defendere terras.
nil Rhodope, nil vastus Athos, nil profuit Hebrus
Odrysiis; facili contemptum Strymona saltu
et frustra rapidum damnant Haliacmona Bessi.
nubibus intactum Macedo miratur Olympum 180
more pererratum campi; gemit inrita Tempe
Thessalus et domitis inrisam cautibus Oeten.
Sperchiusque et virginibus dilectus Enipeus
barbaricas lavere comas. non obice Pindi
servati Dryopes nec nubifer Actia textit 185
litora Leucates; ipsae, quae durius olim
restiterant Medis, primo conamine ruptae

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from the Roman camp, put to rout the unwarlike eagles defeated with

shameful carnage by a band of slaves? We, unused to war's alarms, an age enervated with luxury, grumble and give up in despair if a ploughing ox is looted or our harvest so much as touched. It was no slaves' prison that loosed on us the Getic hordes; these were not a crowd of rebellious gladiators. Thrace, Haemus and Moesia can tell you what manner of foe Stilicho expelled. Thrice ten times has chill winter cast her snowy mantle over leafless Haemus; as oft has spring, when those snows were melted, renewed the mountain's verdant cloak since the Getic race, forgetful of its native stars and once having crossed the Danube, set destructive foot on Thracian soil. Whether fate led them or the heavy anger of the gods planning disaster upon disaster, from that day, whithersoever the Furies have driven those errant bands, they have poured pell-mell over remote lands, over every obstacle, like a storm of hail or a pestilence. No streams or rocks availed to defend their country. Neither Rhodope nor huge Athos nor Hebrus could save Thrace; the Bessi cursed the Strymon crossed with scornful ease and the Haliacmon that flowed swiftly and to no purpose. The Macedonians in amaze saw Olympus, too high even for clouds, trodden by them as it had been a plain. Thessaly bewails the uselessness of Tempe and conquered Oeta's ridges made a mock. Sperchius and Enipeus, loved of maidens, served to wash the barbarians' hair. The barrier of Pindus could not save the Dryopes nor cloud-capped Leucates the coasts of Actium. Thermopylae itself that had once more boldly withstood the Persians yielded a passage

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Thermopylae; vallata mari Scironia rupes
et duo continuo conectens aequora muro
Isthmos et angusti patuerunt claustra Lechaei: 190
nec tibi Parrhasios licuit munire colonos
frondosis, Erymanthe, iugis, equitataque summi
culmina Taygeti trepidae vidistis Amyclae.

Tandem supplicium cunctis pro montibus Alpes
exegere Getas; tandem tot flumina victor 195
vindicat Eridanus. docuit nunc exitus alte
fatorum secreta regi. quisquamne reclusis
Alpibus ulterius Latii fore credidit umbram?
nonne velut capta rumor miserabilis urbe
trans freta, trans Gallos Pyrenaeumque cucurrit? 200
Famaque nigrantes succincta pavoribus alas
secum cuncta trahens a Gadibus usque Britannum
terrui Oceanum et nostro procul axe remotam
insolito belli tremefecit murmure Thylen?

Mandemusne Noti flabris quoscumque timores 205
pertulimus, festae doleant ne tristibus aures?
an potius meminisse iuvat semperque vicissim

gaudia praemissi cumulant inopina dolores?
utque sub occidua iactatis Pleiade nautis
commendat placidum maris inclementia portum, 210
sic mihi tunc maior Stilicho, cum laeta periclis
metior atque illi redeunt in corda tumultus.

Nonne videbantur, quamvis adamante rigentes,
turribus invalidis fragiles procumbere muri
ferrataeque Getis ultro se pandere portae? 215

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at the first onset. Sciron's cliffs protected by the waves, the wall that joins sea to sea across the Isthmus of Corinth, the narrow pass of Lechaem, all lay open to their approach. Thou, Erymanthus, couldst not protect the people of Arcadia with thy leafy ridges and thou, Amyclae, didst tremble to see the enemy's cavalry on the heights of Taygetus.

At last, however, the Alps avenged on the Getae the disgrace of all mountains else and victorious Eridanus that of all other rivers. The event has proved that deep hidden are the ways of destiny. Who would have believed that, once a passage had been forced over the Alps, so much as the shadow of Italy's name would survive? Did not the awful report of Rome's fall cross the sea and spread beyond Gaul and over the Pyrenees? Did not Rumour, her sable wing sped on with panic, sweeping all before her in her flight, affright Ocean from Britain's coast to Gades' city and far away from our world make distant Thule tremble with the unaccustomed echoes of war?

And shall we fling to the South-wind's blasts all the terrors we endured, lest mid feasting sadness trouble our ears? Or rather does such memory delight and does precursive pain ever changefully heighten unexpected joy? Even as to sailors storm-tossed at the Pleiads' setting the rudeness of the sea commends the harbour's calm, so to me does Stilicho appear greater when I compare happiness with hazard and all those troubles come again before my mind.

Did not our steel-girt walls seem to fall at the enemy's attack, feeble as the towers that crowned them, and our doors of iron to open of their own accord to give him entry? It seemed as though

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nec vallum densaeque sudes arcere volantes
cornipedum saltus? iamiam conscendere puppes
Sardoniosque habitare sinus et inhospita Cynri
saxa parant vitamque freto pumante tueri.

ipsa etiam diffisa brevi Trinacria ponto, 220
 si rerum natura sinat, discedere longe
 optat et Ionium refugo laxare Peloro.
 fultaque despiciens auro laquearia dives
 tutior Aeoliis mallet vixisse cavernis;
 iamque oneri creduntur opes tandemque libido 225
 haesit avaritiae gravioribus obruta curis.
 utque est ingenioque loquax et plurima fingi
 permittens credique timor, tunc somnia vulgo
 narrari, tunc monstra deum monitusque sinistri:
 quid meditentur aves, quid cum mortalibus aether
 fulmineo velit igne loqui, quid carmine poscat 231
 fatidico custos Romani carbasus aevi.
 territat adsiduus lunae labor atraque Phoebe
 noctibus aerisonas crebris ululata per urbes.
 nec credunt vetito fraudatam Sole sororem 235
 telluris subeunte globo, sed castra secutas
 barbara Thessalidas patriis lunare venenis
 incestare iubar. tunc anni signa prioris
 et si quod fortasse quies neglexerat omen,
 addit cura novis: lapidosos grandinis ictus 240
 molitasque examen apes passimque crematas

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no rampart nor palisade were stout enough to withstand his cavalry's wind-swift onset. Even now they⁵⁰ make ready to go aboard their ships, to dwell in Sardinia's creeks and Corsica's rocky, inhospitable coast, and to guard their lives behind the foaming main. Sicily herself, mistrusting the narrow strait, would fain retreat, did but Nature permit, and open a wider passage for the Ionian waves by withdrawing Pelorus. The rich, setting no store by their fretted golden ceilings, would rather have lived in greater security in an Aeolian cave. Soon, too, wealth was considered a burden, and greed of gain was curbed at last by reason of anxieties more overwhelming. Then — for that fear is by nature a babbler and allows all sorts of tales to be invented and believed — dreams, portents, and omens of ill were discussed on all sides. What, men asked, did that flight of birds portend, what message would heaven fain deliver to mortals by the thunderbolt, what did those prophetic books demand that guard the destiny of Rome? Constant eclipses of the moon alarmed us and night after night throughout the cities of Italy sounded wailings and the beating of brazen gongs to scare the shadow from off her darkened face. Men would not believe that the moon had been defrauded of her brother the sun, forbidden to give light by the interposition of the earth; they thought that Thessalian witches, accompanying the barbarian armies, were darkening her rays with their country's magic spells. Then with these

new portents their troubled minds link the signs of the past year and any omens that perchance peaceful days had neglected — showers of stones, bees swarming in strange places, furious

⁵⁰ *i.e.* the inhabitants of Italy.

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perbacchata domos nullis incendia causis
et numquam caelo spectatum impune cometem,
qui primum roseo Phoebi prolatus ab ortu,
qua micat astrigera senior cum coniuge Cepheus; ²⁴⁵
inde Lycaoniam paulatim expulsus ad Arcton
crine vago Getici foedavit sidera Plaustris,
donec in exiguum moriens vanesceret ignem.

Sed gravius mentes caesorum ostenta luporum
horrificant. duo quippe lupi sub principis ora, ²⁵⁰
dum campis exercet equos, violenter adorti
agmen et excepti telis inmane relatu
prodigium miramque notam duxere futuri.
nam simul humano geminas de corpore palmas
utraque perfossis emisit belua costis: ²⁵⁵
illo laeva tremens, hoc dextera ventre latebat
intentis ambae digitis et sanguine vivo.
scrutari si vera velis, fera nuntia Martis
ora sub Augusti casurum prodidit hostem,
utque manus utero virides patuere relecto, ²⁶⁰
Romula post ruptas virtus sic emicat Alpes.
sed malus interpret rerum metus omne trahebat
augurium peiore via, truncataque membra
nutricemque lupam Romae regnoque minari.
tunc reputant annos interceptoque volatu ²⁶⁵
vulturis incidunt properatis saecula metis.

Solus erat Stilicho, qui desperantibus augur
sponderet meliora manu, dubiaeque salutis

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fires destroying houses from no known cause, a comet — ne'er seen in heaven without disaster — which first rose where Phoebus lifts his rosy morning beam and old Cepheus shines together with starry Andromeda, his spouse; then it withdrew little by little to the constellation of Lycaon's daughter⁵¹ and with its errant tail dimmed the stars of the Getic Wain until at last its dying fires grew feeble and vanished.

But what terrified men's minds still more was the portent of the two

slaughtered wolves. Ay, before the Emperor's face as he practised his cavalry upon the plain two wolves savagely attacked his escort. Slain by darts they disclosed a horrid portent and a wondrous sign of what was to be. In each animal, on its being cut open, was found a human hand, in the stomach of one a left hand, in that of the other a right was discovered, both still twitching, the fingers stretched out and suffused with living blood. Wouldest thou search out the truth, the beast as messenger of Mars foretold that the foe would fall before the emperor's eyes. As the hands were found to be living when the stomachs were cut open, so, when the Alps had been broken through, the might of Rome was to be discovered unimpaired. But fear, ever a poor interpreter, read disaster in the portent; severed hands, 'twas said, and nursing wolf threatened destruction on Rome and her empire. Then they reckoned up the years and, cutting off the flight of the twelfth vulture, tried to shorten the centuries of Rome's existence by hastening the end.⁵²

'Twas Stilicho alone who by his courage assured despairing Rome the promise of a better fate; at

⁵¹ *i.e.* The Great Bear.

⁵² The twelve vultures seen by Romulus (Livy i. 7. 1) were interpreted as twelve centuries of Roman power. Taking the traditional date of the founding of the city (754 B.C.) more than eleven centuries had already passed.

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dux idem vatesque fuit. "durate parumper"
 inquit "et excussis muliebribus ore querellis 270
 fatorum toleremus onus. nil nautica prosunt
 turbatae lamenta rati nec segnibus undae
 planctibus aut vanis mitescunt flamina votis.
 nunc instare manu, toto nunc robore niti
 communi pro luce decet: succurrere velis, 275
 exhaurire fretum, varios aptare rudentes
 omnibus et docti iussis parere magistri.
 non, si perfidia nacti penetrabile tempus
 inrupere Getae, nostras dum Raetia vires
 occupat atque alio desudant Marte cohortes, 280
 idcirco spes omnis abit. mirabile posset
 esse mihi, si fraude nova vel calle reperto
 barbarus ignotas invaderet inscius Alpes;
 nunc vero geminis clades repetita tyrannis
 famosum vulgavit iter nec nota fefellit 285
 semita praestructum bellis civilibus hostem.
 per solitas venere vias, aditusque sequendos
 barbarico Romana dedit discordia bello.
 "Sed nec praeteritis haec res incognita saeculis:

saepe laccessitam, sed non impune, fatemur 290
 Ausoniam. haec Senonum restinxit sanguine flammas,
 haec et Teutonico quondam patefacta furori
 colla catenati vidit squalentia Cimbri.
 vile decus, quod non erexit praeuius horror;
 ingentes generant discrimina magna triumphos. 295
 “Quid turpes iam mente fugas, quid Gallica rura

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this crisis he showed himself by his courage at once general and seer.
 “A little patience,” said he; “away with womanly repinings: let us bear with
 fortitude whatever fate lays upon us. What good do the sailors’
 cries do to the storm-driven vessel? Neither waves nor winds will abate their
 fury for coward tears or useless prayer. Now for the general safety it befits us
 to use every effort, to struggle with all our strength — to attend to the sails,
 work the pumps, manage the various ropes, and obey every order of the
 skilful captain. Because the Getae have broken through, seizing by treachery
 the hour for striking home, what time Raetia claimed our attention and our
 regiments were busied with another war — not for that is all hope lost. Marvel
 indeed I might, if by some new guile, some discovered path, the barbarian
 ignorantly marched over the unexplored Alps; now, however, the successive
 defeats of the two tyrants⁵³ have made the road notorious, nor has the foeman
 missed the well-known track that was built for him by our civil strife. They
 have come a well-known way and Roman discord has opened the approach to
 barbaric war.

“Past generations have known a like fate. Full often, we know, has Italy been
 attacked — but never without the enemy’s paying dear. With their own blood
 did our country extinguish the fires lit by the Senones and, once the victim of
 a German invasion, she soon saw the squalid necks of Teutons and Cimbri
 loaded with the chains of captivity. Of little value is that glory whose worth
 has not been augmented by previous hardship; ’tis great dangers that beget
 great triumphs.

“Do you meditate shameful flight and fix your

⁵³ Maximus and Eugenius.

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respicitis Latioque libet post terga relicto
 longinquum profugis Ararim praecingere castris?
 scilicet Arctois concessa gentibus urbe
 considet regnum Rhodano capitique superstes 300
 truncus erit? vestros stimulant si pignora sensus,

me quoque non impar naturae cura remordet,
nec ferro sic corda rigent ut nosse recusem
quam sanctum soceri nomen, quam dulce mariti,
quantus prolis amor. sed numquam oblita decoris
obscaenam latebram pietas ignava requiret. 306
nec vobis fortis monitor, mihi cautior uni:
hic coniunx, hic progenies, hic carior omni
luce gener; pars nulla mei subducta procellae.
accipe tu nostrae, tellus Oenotria, mentis 310
vincula communes tecum subeuntia casus,
exiguamque moram muris impende tuendis,
dum redeo lectum referens in classica robur.”

His dictis pavidi firmavit inertia vulgi
pectora migrantisque fugam compescuit aulae; 315
ausaque tum primum tenebris emergere pulsus
Hesperia, ut secum iunxisse pericula vidit
Augustum, tantoque sui stetit obside fati.
protinus, umbrosa vestit qua litus oliva
Larius et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu, 320
parva puppe lacum praetervolat; ocius inde
scandit inaccessos brumali sidere montes
nil hiemis caelive memor. sic ille relinquens
ieiunos antro catulos inmanior exit

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eyes on Gaul? Would you leave Latium and establish on the banks of the Saône a camp of refugees? Is Rome to be ceded to Arctic tribes, our empire to settle on the Rhone, and shall the trunk survive the head? If the thought of your children has any weight with you, remember that I too am not unaffected by similar feelings of nature; my heart is not so hard that I do not nor will not recognize the sacred ties that bind son to father-in-law, wife to husband and children to sire. But never, forgetting honour, shall cowardly affection seek refuge in ignominious flight. Nor do I give you bold advice, more careful for myself alone; here is my family, my wife, and her father whom I love more than life itself; not one of my relations is beyond the reach of this tempest. O land of Italy, know that my heart is set on bearing with thee whatsoever ills thou art called on to bear. Romans, hold your walls but for a short while till I return, bringing back to the sound of trumpets the flower of your host.”

With these words he instilled courage into the fearful hearts of the citizens and checked any inclination towards flight in the Court. The dark shadow fled and Italy dared raise her head once more seeing her emperor ready to share her perils, and stood her ground with such a hostage for fortune. Where Larius clothes his banks with shady olive-trees and with his fresh water imitates the

sea's salt waves, Stilicho crossed the lake with all speed in a small boat. Next he ascended those mountains, inaccessible in winter, with no thought for the season or the weather. Even so a lion, leaving his starving cubs within the

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hiberna sub nocte leo tacitusque per altas 325
incedit furiale nives; stant colla pruinis
aspera; flavescentes adstringit stiria saetas;
nec meminit leti nimbosve aut frigora curat,
dum natis alimenta parat.

Sublimis in Arcton

prominet Hercyniae confinis Raetia silvae, 330
quae se Danuvii iactat Rhenique parentem
utraq; Romuleo praetendens flumina regno:
primo fonte breves, alto mox gurgite regnant
et fluvios cogunt unda coeunte minores
in nomen transire suum. te Cimbrica Tethys 335
divisum bifido consumit, Rhene, meatu;
Thracia quinque vadis Histria vorat Amphitrite:
ambo habiles remis, ambo glacialia secti
terga rotis, ambo Boreae Martique sodales.
sed latus, Hesperiae quo Raetia iungitur orae, 340
praecluptis ferit astra iugis panditque tremendam
vix aestate viam. multi ceu Gorgone visa
obriguere gelu; multos hausere profundae
vasta mole nives, cumque ipsis saepe iuvencis
naufraga candenti merguntur plaustra barathro. 345
interdum subitam glacie labente ruinam
mons dedit et tepidis fundamina subruit astris
pendenti male fida solo.

Per talia tendit

frigoribus mediis Stilicho loca. nulla Lyaei
pocula; rara Ceres; raptos contentus in armis 350
delibasse cibos madidoque oneratus amictu

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cave, issues forth hunger-maddened some winter night and with silent tread goes out across the deep snow with murder in his heart, his mane frozen about his shoulders, and icicles clinging to his tawny coat; nought recks he of death nor cares for snow nor frost if only he can procure food for his little ones.

Near to the Hercynian forest the uplands of Raetia stretch out towards the

north, Raetia, proud parent of Danube and Rhine, twain rivers that she sets to guard the empire of Rome. Small are their streams at first, but soon they grow in depth and like kings compel the lesser waters to pass with tributary wave beneath their name. The Cimbric ocean receives Rhine's flood outpoured through his two mouths; the Thracian wave swallows that of Ister flowing out through five channels. Both rivers are navigable though both bear at times the marks of chariot-wheels upon their frozen surface; stout allies both of the north wind and the god of war. But on the side where Raetia marches with Italy precipitous mountains touch the sky, scarce even in summer offering an awful path. Many a man has there been frozen to death as though he had looked on the Gorgon's head; many have been engulfed beneath vast masses of snow, and often are carts and the oxen that draw them plunged into the white depths of the crevasse. Sometimes the mountain plunges downwards in an avalanche of ice, loosening neath a warmer sky foundations that trust vainly in the precipitous slope.

Such was the country over which Stilicho passed in mid winter. No wine was there; Ceres' gifts were sparing; 'twas enough to snatch a hurried meal, eaten sword in hand, while, burdened with rain-drenched

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algentem pulsabat equum. nec mollia fesso
strata dedere torum; tenebris si caeca repressit
nox iter, aut spelaea subit metuenda ferarum
aut pastorali iacuit sub culmine fultus ³⁵⁵
cervicem clipeo. stat pallidus hospite magno
pastor et ignoto praeclarum nomine vultum
rustica sordenti genetrix ostendit alumno.
illa sub horrendis praedura cubilia silvis,
illi sub nivibus somni curaeque laborque ³⁶⁰
pervigil hanc requiem terris, haec otia rebus
insperata dabant; illae tibi, Roma, salutem
Alpinae peperere casae.

Iam foedera gentes
exuerant Latiiq̄ue audita clade feroces
Vindelicos saltus et Norica rura tenebant. ³⁶⁵
ac veluti famuli, mendax quos mortis erilis
nuntius in luxum falso rumore resolvit,
dum marcent epulis atque inter vina chorosque
persultat vacuis effrena licentia tectis,
si reducem dominum sors improvisa revexit, ³⁷⁰
haerent attoniti libertatemque perosus
conscia servilis praecordia concutit horror:
sic ducis adspectu cuncti stupuere rebelles,

inque uno princeps Latiumque et tota refulsit
Roma viro. frons laeta parum, non tristior aequo,
non deiecta malis, mixta sed nobilis ira: 376
qualis in Herculeo, quotiens infanda iubebat
Eurystheus, fuit ore dolor vel qualis in atram
sollicitus nubem maesto Iove cogitur aether.
“Tantane vos” inquit “Getici fiducia belli 380
erigit? hinc animo frustra tumuistis inani?
non ita Romanum fati violentia nomen

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cloak, he urged on his half-frozen steed. No soft bed received his weary limbs. If the darkness forced him to halt in his advance he would either enter some dreadful beast's den or sleep in some shepherd's hut, his head pillowed upon his shield. The shepherd stands pale at the sight of his stately guest, and ignorant of his name the rustic mother points out to her squalid infant the glory of his face. It was those hard couches beneath the rough pines, those nights amid the snow, all that care and anxious toil, that won this peace for the world, this tranquillity it had despaired of for the empire. From out those Alpine huts, Rome, came thy salvation.

Now had the peoples broken their treaties and, encouraged by the news of Latium's trouble, had seized upon the glades of Vindeliccia and the fields of Noricum. Like slaves whom news of their master's death lures into luxury with an idle tale, if mid the debauch and while wild licence riots with wine and dance some unexpected chance bring back their lord, then they stand panic-stricken and, abhorring liberty, servile terror shakes their guilty souls; so all the rebels were struck with terror at the sight of the general and in one man the Emperor, Latium and all Rome blazed before their eyes. Joy sat not upon his countenance nor excess of gloom nor yet dejection by reason of Rome's reverses but nobility and indignation mixed, such as filled Hercules at Eurystheus' inhuman orders, or such as dims the face of heaven when at Jove's frown the troubled sky is gathered into a murky cloud.

“Put ye such faith,” he cried, “in Getic arms? Is it they that swell your hearts with empty pride? Fate has not brought Rome's name so low that she

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opprimit, ut vestros nequeat punire tumultus
parte sui. ne vos longe sermone petito
demorer, exemplum veteris cognoscite facti: 385
cum feros Ausonias perfringeret Hannibal arces
et Trebiam saevo geminassent funere Cannae,

nequiquam Emathium pepulit spes vana Philippum,
ut velut adflictos ferro temptaret inertī.
Romanos commovit atrox iniuria patres, 390
urgerent maiora licet, graviterque tulere,
urbibus inter se claris de culmine rerum
congressis, aliquid gentes audere minores.
nec poenam differre placet, sed bella gerenti
Punica Laevino regis quoque proelia mandant. 395
paruit imperiis consul, fususque Philippus,
vilia dum gravibus populis interserit arma,
praetereunte manu didicit non esse potentum
temptandas, mediis quamvis in luctibus, iras.”

Hoc monitu pariter nascentia bella repressit 400
et bello quaesivit opes legitque precantes
auxilio mensus numerum, qui congruus esset
nec gravis Italiae formidandusve regenti.

Nec minus accepto nostrae rumore cohortes
(sic ducis urget amor) properantibus undique signis
conveniunt, visoque animi Stilichone recepti 406
singultus varios lacrimosaque gaudia miscent:
sic armenta boum, vastis quae turbida silvis
sparsit hiems, cantus ac sibila nota magistri

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cannot punish your rebellion with but a handful of her forces. Not to delay you with foreign tales, hear this example from your deeds of old. When warlike Hannibal was spreading destruction throughout the cities of Italy, and Cannae had doubled Trebia's cruel losses, a vain hope drove Philip of Macedon to turn his feeble sword against a people which, as he thought, was in difficulties. The monstrous insult roused the Roman Fathers, although more pressing dangers were crowding upon them, and they took it ill that, while two great cities were disputing the mastery of the world, a lesser race should be insolent. They determine upon instant vengeance and command Laevinus, even while he conducts the war with Carthage, to do battle also with the king of Macedonia. The consul obeyed his orders, and Philip, intruding his feeble arms between mighty nations, was routed by a passing band and learned that it does not do to tempt the anger of powerful peoples even when they are in distress.”

With this warning Stilicho alike checked the threatened war and won new allies for war, enrolling them at their entreaty and setting such number to their forces as should best suit — neither a burden to Italy nor a terror to its lord.

Then, indeed, at the news of his return, the legions, such love they bore their

general, hastened together from every side, and at the sight of Stilicho their courage revived and they broke out into sobbings and tears of joy. So when a herd of cattle has been scattered throughout some vast forest by the storm's violence the beasts eagerly make for the sound of the ox-herd's well-known song or whistle and

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certatim repetunt et avitae pascua vallis 410
inque vicem se voce regunt gaudentque fideles
reddere mugitus et, qua sonus attigit aurem,
rara per obscuras adparent cornua frondes.
adcurrit vicina manus, quam Raetia nuper
Vandalicis auctam spoliis defensa probavit; 415
venit et extremis legio praetenta Britannis,
quae Scotto dat frena truci ferroque notatas
perlegit exanimis Picto moriente figuras;
agmina quin etiam flavis obiecta Sygambris
quaeque domant Chattos inmansuetosque Cheruscos,
huc omnes vertere minas tutumque remotis 421
excubiis Rhenum solo terrore relinquunt.
ullane posteritas credet? Germania quondam
illa ferox populis, quae vix instantibus olim
principibus tota poterat cum mole teneri, 425
iam sese placidam praebet Stilichonis habenis,
ut nec praesidiis nudato limite temptet
expositum calcare solum nec transeat amnem,
incustoditam metuens attingere ripam.

Celsior o cunctis unique aequande Camillo! 430
vestris namque armis Alarici fracta quievit
ac Brenni rabies; confusis rebus uterque
divinam tribuistis opem, sed tardior ille
iam captae vindex patriae, tu sospitis ultor.
o quantum mutata tuo fortuna regressu! 435
ut sese pariter diffudit in omnia regni
membra vigor vivusque redit color urbibus aegris!

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the pasture of their native vale, guiding their steps in answer to his voice and glad faithfully to reply with lowing, while, wherever his tones fall upon their ear, horns show themselves here and there through the dark foliage. First hasten up the neighbouring troops, their loyalty attested by their defence of Raetia and their mass of spoil from Vindelicia; next the legion that had been left to guard Britain,⁵⁴ the legion that kept the fierce Scots in check, whose

men had scanned the strange devices tattooed on the faces of the dying Picts. Even the legions that faced the flaxen-haired Sygambri, and those who held the Chatti and wild Cherusci in subjection hither turned their threatening arms, leaving the Rhine, whose garrison they had formed, defended by but one thing — the fear of Rome. Will any posterity credit the tale? Germany, once the home of peoples so proud and fierce that former emperors could scarce keep them in check with the whole weight of their armies, now offers herself so willing a follower of Stilicho's guiding hand that she neither attempts an invasion of the territory exposed to her attack by the removal of its frontier troops nor crosses the stream, too timid to approach an undefended bank.

Greater art thou, Stilicho, than all; thine only rival is Camillus, whose arms broke the rash power of Brennus as thine have broken that of Alaric. At a time of dire peril ye both gave the aid of gods; but he too late avenged a captured Rome, thou one still safe. What a reversal of fortune did thy return bring about! A new vigour returned to every part of our empire alike, and the glow of health came back to our suffering cities. A

⁵⁴ Legio II. Augusta. The legion referred to in l. 414 is probably III. Italica.

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creditur Herculeis lucem renovasse lacertis
femina dilecti fatis impensa mariti;
et iuvenem spretae laniatum fraude novercae 440
non sine Circaeis Latonia reddidit herbis.
Cretaque, si verax narratur fabula, vidit
Minoum rupto puerum prodire sepulchro,
quem senior vates avium clangore repertum
gramine restituit: mirae nam munere sortis 445
dulcia mella necem, vitam dedit horridus anguis.
at tuus adventus non unum corpus ab umbris,
sed tot communi populos sub morte iacentes
totaque Tartareis e faucibus oppida traxit.

Ipsa Roma die (nec adhuc ostenditur auctor) 450
personuit venisse ducem, laetisque Quirites
vocibus auspiciū certi plausere triumphī,
muniti Stilichone suo. quis gaudia vero
principis, amplexus alacris quis disserat aulae?
pulveris ambigūam nubem speculamur ab altis 455
turribus, incerti socios adportet an hostes
ille globus. mentem suspensa silentia librant,
donec pulvereō sub turbine sideris instar
emicuit Stilichonis apex et cognita fulsit

canities. gavis repens per moenia clamor 460
tollitur "ipse venit." portas secura per omnes
turba salutatis effunditur obvia signis.
non iam dilectus miseri nec falce per agros

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woman, so the story goes, who died to save the life of a loved husband, was recalled to the upper world by the might of Hercules. Diana with the help of Circe's magic herbs restored to life Hippolytus whom the scorned passion of a stepmother had caused to be torn in pieces. Crete, if the fable be true, saw Glaucus, son of Minos, issue living from the tomb; his body was discovered by the cries of birds to Polyidus, the aged seer, who restored him to life by means of simples; strange indeed was the ruling of fate which apportioned sweet honey as the cause of his death and a hideous serpent as the restorer of his life.⁵⁵

But thy return, Stilicho, recalled not one body from the shades but countless peoples sunk in a common death, and snatched whole towns from the jaws of Hell.

That very day Rome rang with the report (though none ever knew its author) that the hero had arrived, and the citizens, assured of Stilicho's protection, applauded this augury of certain victory. Who could tell of the Emperor's joy, who of the courtiers' eager greetings? From the lofty battlements we sight a distant cloud of dust and know not whether its obscurity conceals friend or foe. Suspense keeps us all in silence. Then suddenly from that dusty cloud emerged the helm of Stilicho, glittering like a star, and we recognized his gleaming white hair. Up rose the happy shout from the walls: "'Tis he." Safe at last the crowd surges out through the gates to meet and greet the army's return. Gone for ever are our wretched impressed levies; no longer

⁵⁵ Glaucus, son of Minos, fell into a vat of honey and was drowned. Polyidus, the seer, led by an oracle, discovered the body, and was, at Minos' command, immured with it in a tomb until he should find a means of restoring it to life. Two snakes approached the corpse, one of which Polyidus slew. Observing the other bring its dead companion to life by placing a certain herb in its mouth, Polyidus applied the same method with success to the resuscitation of Glaucus (Hyginus, *Fab.* 136. Both Sophocles and Euripides wrote tragedies on the subject; see Soph. *Frag.* ed. Pearson, vol. ii. pp. 56 sqq.).

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deposita iaculum vibrans ignobile messor
nec temptat⁵⁶ clipeum proiectis sumere rastris 465
Bellona ridente Ceres humilisque novorum
seditio clamosa ducum: sed vera iuventus,
verus ductor adest et vivida Martis imago.
Prospera sed quantum nostrae spes addita menti,
tantum exempta Getis, qui vertice proximus astris
post Alpes iam cuncta sibi promisit apertas 471

nil superesse ratus, postquam tot lumina pubis,
 tot subitos pedites, equitum tot conspicit alas
 cinctaque fluminibus crebris ac moenibus arva
 seque velut clausum laqueis, sub pectore furtim 475
 aestuat et nimium prono fervore petitae
 iam piget Italiae, sperataque Roma teneri
 visa procul. magni subeunt iam taedia coepti.
 occultat tamen ore metum primosque suorum
 consultare iubet bellis annisque verendos. 480
 crinigeri sedere patres, pellita Getarum
 curia, quos plagis decorat numerosa cicatrix
 et tremulos regit hasta gradus et nititur altis
 pro baculo contis non exarmata senectus.
 hic aliquis gravior natu, cui plurima dictis 485
 consiliisque fides, defixus lumina terrae
 concutiensque comam capuloque adclinis eburno:
 “Si numero non fallor” ait “tricesima currit
 bruma fere, rapidum postquam transnavimus Histrum,
 Romanamque manum tantis eludimus annis. 490
 sed numquam Mavors adeo constrinxit in artum

56 *temptat* codd.; *Birt temptans*.

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does the reaper, laying aside his sickle, try to hurl the impotent javelin, nor
 Ceres lay aside her harrow and, to the amusement of Bellona, essay the
 buckler. Stilled are the noisy wrangles of untried leaders; here is Rome's true
 strength, her true leader, Mars in human form.

The more happy hopes grew in our hearts the more they deserted the Getae,
 who, touching the stars with their heads, after crossing the Alps accounted all
 their own and deemed nothing left to do. But when they saw all our glorious
 youth, all the quickly levied infantry, all the squadrons of horse, a countryside
 protected by so many rivers and fortresses, and themselves caught in a snare,
 a trouble they dared not voice seized their hearts and a regret that they had
 invaded Italy with too forward eagerness; and Rome they hoped within their
 grasp seemed far away. Weariness of their mighty undertaking steals over
 them. Yet Alaric's face conceals his fear; he bids to the council of war those
 whose age or prowess had gained them the dignity of leadership. There sat the
 senate of long-haired, skin-clad Getic leaders. Many a scar received in battle
 adorned their faces, spears guide their tottering steps and, instead of a staff,
 old age, refusing to disarm, supports itself on their tall shafts. Then arose one
 older than the rest, trusted for his counsel and advice, who, fixing his gaze
 upon the ground, shaking his hoary locks and leaning on his ivory hilt, thus

spake: "If I miscount not the years this is well-nigh the thirtieth winter since we swam across the swift Ister. All that time we have escaped defeat at the hands of Rome. Yet never, Alaric, has Mars brought your fortunes to such

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res, Alarice, tuas. per tot certamina docto
crede seni, qui te tenero vice patris ab aevo
gestatum parva solitus donare pharetra
atque aptare breves umeris puerilibus arcus: 495
saepe quidem frustra monui, servator ut icti
foederis Emathia tutus tellure maneres;
sed quoniam calidae rapuit te flamma iuventae,
nunc saltem, si cura tibi manet ulla tuorum,
his claustris evade, precor, dumque agmina longe,
dum licet, Hesperiiis praeceps elabere terris, 501
ne nova praedari cupiens et parta reponas
pastorique lupus scelerum delicta priorum
intra saepta luas. quid palmitis uber Etrusci,
quid mihi nescioquam proprio cum Thybride Romam
semper in ore geris? referunt si vera parentes, 506
hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit
laetatus violasse redit; nec numina sedem
destituunt: iactata procul dicuntur in hostem
fulmina divinique volant pro moenibus ignes, 510
seu caelum seu Roma tonat. si temnis Olympum,
a magno Stilichone cave, qui semper iniquos
Fortuna famulante premit. scis ipse, per oras
Arcadiae quam densa rogis cumulaverit ossa,
sanguine quam largo Graios calefecerit amnes; 515
extinctusque fores, ni te sub nomine legum
proditio regnique favor texisset Eoi."

Talia grandaevum flammata fronte loquentem

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straits. Take the advice of an old man who has been through countless fights, one who like a father was wont to give thee in thine earliest youth little quivers to sling across thy back and to fit short bows to thy young shoulders. Often did I urge in vain that thou should'st observe the treaty and remain safe at home in Emathia. But if the fire of hot youth hurried thee into war, now at least, I beg thee, make good thine escape from out this net if thou hast any love left for thy people. The enemy's forces are far away; thou hast the chance; flee headlong from Italy's lands lest, in thy desire for fresh spoils, thou lose even what thou hast got and like a wolf pay the penalty of former

depredations to the shepherd by being killed within the sheepfold. Why dost thou have ever on thy lips the richness of Tuscan vineyards and some Rome or other with its Tiber? If our parents speak sooth, never has any who has assailed that city in mad war returned to boast that he has done her violence. The gods desert not their own home; thunderbolts, they tell, are hurled from afar upon her foes and unearthly fires flash before her walls, whether 'tis heaven or Rome that thunders. If thou fearest not the gods beware the might of Stilicho; fortune is ever on his side against assaulting enemies. Thou thyself knowest how high with bones he piled our funeral pyres in Arcadia, and with what vast outpourings of our blood he made the rivers of Greece run warm; and thou hadst been killed had not treason in the guise of law and the goodwill of the Emperor of the East protected thee."

While the elder spake thus Alaric, eyeing him

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obliquisque tuens oculis non pertulit ultra,
sed rupit rabidas accensa superbia voces: 520
"Si non mentis inops fraudataque sensibus aetas
praeberet veniam, numquam haec opprobria linguae
turpia Danuvius me sospite ferret inultus.
anne, tot Augustos Hebro qui teste fugavi,
te patiar suadente fugam, cum cesserit omnis 525
obsequiis natura meis? subsidere nostris
sub pedibus montes, arescere vidimus amnes.
non ita di Getici faxint manesque parentum,
ut mea converso relegam vestigia cursu.
hanc ego vel victor regno vel morte tenebo 530
victus humum. per tot populos urbesque cucurri,
fregi Alpes galeisque Padum victricibus hausi:
quid restat nisi Roma mihi? gens robore nostra
tum quoque pollebat, nullis cum fideret armis.
at nunc Illyrici postquam mihi tradita iura 535
meque suum fecere ducem, tot tela, tot enses,
tot galeas multo Thracum sudore paravi
inque meos usus vectigal vertere ferri
oppida legitimo iussu Romana coëgi.
sic me fata foveant; ipsi, quos omnibus annis 540
vastabam, servire dati: nocitura gementes
arma dabant flammisque diu mollitus et arte
in sua damna chalybs fabro lugente rubebat.
hortantes his adde deos. non somnia nobis
nec volucres, sed clara palam vox edita luco: 545
'rumpe omnes, Alarice, moras; hoc impiger anno

Alpibus Italiae ruptis penetrabis ad urbem.’

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askance with fiery brow, brooked his words no longer, but his enkindled pride broke forth in furious speech: “Did not witless age that has deprived thee of thy senses grant thee indulgence never, on my life, should Danube listen unavenged to such coward insults. Am I who have routed so many emperors (Hebrus’ river is my witness) to endure flight at thine advice — I whom all nature obeys? Have I not seen the mountains levelled at my feet, the rivers dried up? Never may my country’s gods, the spirits of my forefathers, allow that I retrace my footsteps on a backward path. This land shall be mine whether I hold it in fee as conqueror or in death as conquered. I have overrun so many peoples and cities, I have burst through the Alps and drunk of the waters of Eridanus from out a victor’s helmet. What is left me but Rome? My nation was strong even when it has no allied arms to help it. But now that I hold sway over Illyria, now that its people has made me their leader, I have forced the Thracians to forge me spears, swords, helmets with the sweat of their brows, and Roman towns (whose rightful overlord I now am) to contribute iron for mine own uses. Thus is fate on my side. Rome, whose territories I have laid waste year by year, has become my slave. ’Tis she has supplied me with arms; her own metal has glowed in the furnace, artfully molten and fashioned for her own undoing by reluctant smiths. The gods, too, urge me on. Not for me are dreams or birds but the clear cry uttered openly from the sacred grove:
‘Away with delay, Alaric; boldly cross the Italian Alps this year and thou shalt reach the city.’ Thus far the

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*huc iter usque datur. quis iam post talia segnis
ambigat aut caelo dubitet parere vocanti?”*

*Sic ait hortatusque suos belloque viaeque 550
instruit. attollunt vanos oracula fastus.
o semper tacita sortes ambage malignae
eventuque patens et nescia vatibus ipsis
veri sera fides! Ligurum regione suprema
pervenit ad fluvium miri cognominis “Urbem,” 555
atque illic domitus vix tandem interprete casu
agnovit dubiis inlusa vocabula fatis.*

*Nec non et Stilicho pugnam poscentia movit
pleno castra gradu dictisque instigat euntes:
“nunc nunc, o socii, temeratae sumite tandem 560
Italiae poenas, obsessi principis armis
excusate nefas deploratumque Timavo*

vulnus et Alpinum gladiis abolete pudorem.
 hic est, quem totiens campis fudistis Achivis,
 quem discors odiisque anceps civilibus orbis, 565
 non sua vis tutata diu, dum foedera fallax
 ludit et alternae periuria venditat aulae.
 credite nunc omnes, quas dira Britannia gentes,
 quas Hister, quas Rhenus alit, pendere paratas
 in speculis: uno tot proelia vincite bello. 570
 Romanum reparate decus molemque labantis
 imperii fulcite umeris; hic omnia campus

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path is mine. Who so cowardly as to dally after this encouragement or to hesitate to obey the call of Heaven?"

So he spake and made ready his army to take the road, exhorting them to combat. Prophecy serves to augment his vain pride. Ah! for the grudging oracles ever dumb with mystic utterance; 'tis the event alone that (too late) discloses the true meaning which the seers themselves could not read. Alaric reached the farthest confines of Liguria where flows a river with the strange name of the City.⁵⁷ There he suffered defeat and even then scarcely realized (though that defeat made it clear) that fate had tricked him with an ambiguous word.

Stilicho, too, fails not: at full speed he advanced his army clamorous for battle and spurs their march with these words: "Friends of Rome, the time has now come for you to exact vengeance for outraged Italy. Wipe out the disgrace which the investment of your emperor by his foes has brought upon you, and let your swords end the shame which the defeat on the Timavus⁵⁸ and the enemy's passage of the Alps has caused to Rome. This is the foe whom ye so often put to flight on the plains of Greece, whom not their own valour but a world torn by civil strife has kept safe thus far, as they treacherously mock at treaties and traffic in perjury now with the West, now the East. Reflect that all the fierce peoples of Britain and the tribes who dwell on Danube's and Rhine's banks are watching and stand ready. Win a victory now and so be conquerors in many an unfought war. Restore Rome to her former glory; the frame of empire is tottering; let your shoulders support it. A

⁵⁷ The river on whose banks Pollentia stood. Sozomenes (ix. 6) mentions the oracle.

⁵⁸ Little is known of this battle. It is to be attributed presumably to (?) November 401 and is doubtless connected with Alaric's attempt on Aquileia (Jerome, *Contra Ruf.* iii. 21).

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vindicat, haec mundo pacem victoria sancit.

non in Threiciis Haemi decernimus oris
nec super Alpheas umbrantia Maenala ripas 575
constituimus; non hic Tegean Argosque tuemur:
visceribus mediis ipsoque in corde videtis
bella geri. patrem clipeis defendite Thybrim.”
taliam nunc peditum, turmae nunc mixtus equestri
dicta dabat.

Simul externis praecepta ferebat 580
auxiliis. ibat patiens dicionis Alanus,
qua nostrae iussere tubae, mortemque petendam
pro Latio docuit gentis praefectus Alanae,
cui natura breves animis ingentibus artus
finxerat inmanique oculos infecerat ira; 585
vulneribus pars nulla vacat rescissaque contis
gloria foedati splendet iactantior oris.
ille tamen mandante procul Stilichone citatis
acceleravit equis Italique momordit harenam.
felix Elysiisque plagis et carmine dignus, 590
qui male suspectam nobis impensius arsit
vel leto purgare fidem; qui iudice ferro
diluit inmeritum laudato sanguine crimen!
morte viri turbatus eques flectebat habenas
totaque praeciso nutassent agmina cornu, 595
ni celer instructa Stilicho legione secutus
subsidiis peditum pugnam instaurasset equestrem.

Quis Musis ipsoque licet Paeane recepto
enarrare queat, quantum Gradivus in illa
luce suae dederit fundator originis urbi? 600
altius haud umquam toto descendimus ense
in iugulum Scythiae, tanta nec clade superbum

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single battle and all will be well; but one victory and the world's peace will be assured. We fight not on the slopes of Thracian Haemus nor await our foe where Maenalus throws his shadow across the banks of Alpheus. We defend not Tegea nor Argos. No: as ye see, the scene of war is the very centre and heart of Italy. Protect Father Tiber with your shields.” Thus spake Stilicho to foot and horse.

Orders were at the same time sent to the auxiliary troops. The Alans, now subject to Roman rule, followed our trumpets' call, taught by their chief to lay down their lives in the cause of Italy. Small was his stature but great his soul and fierce anger blazed from his eyes. Covered with wounds was he and with a visage rendered the more glorious and the more proud by reason of the scar

some spear-thrust had left. At Stilicho's command he hastened up with his cavalry, fated to bite the soil of Italy in death. Happy warrior, worthy of the Elysian fields and of my meed of song, who wast eager even at the cost of life to cleanse thy loyalty from stain! The sword that spilled thy generous blood, it was thy judge, acquitting thee of that most unjust charge of treachery. Thrown into confusion by the hero's death his horsemen turned rein and, its flank thus exposed, the whole host would have reeled had not Stilicho quickly gathered a legion and hastening to the spot rallied the cavalry to the fight with infantry support.

What poet, were he inspired by the Muses or even by Apollo himself, could relate the blessings showered that day by Mars upon the city whose founder he himself was? Never was the sword of Rome plunged so deep in the Scythians' throat;

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contudimus Tanain vel cornua fregimus Histri.
invisum miles sitiens haurire cruorem
per varias vestes onerataque plaustra metallo 605
transit et argenti cumulos et caedis avarus
contemptas proculcat opes; pretiosior auro
sanguis erat; passim neglecti prodiga lucri
turba furens strictis odium mucronibus explet.
purpureos cultus absumptique igne Valentis 610
exuvias miserisque graves crateras ab Argis
raptaque flagranti spirantia signa Corintho
callidus ante pedes venientibus obicit hostis
incassum; neque enim feralis praeda moratur,
sed iustos praebent stimulos monumenta doloris. 615

Adseritur ferro captivum vulgus, et omnes
diversae vocis populi, quos traxerat hostis
servitio, tandem dominorum strage redempti
blanda cruentatis adfigunt oscula dextris
desertosque lares et pignora laeta revisunt. 620
miratur sua quemque domus cladesque renarrant
ordine; tum grati referunt miracula belli.

Quis tibi tunc, Alarice, dolor, cum Marte perirent
divitiae spoliisque diu quaesita supellex
pulsaretque tuas ululatus coniugis aures, 625
coniugis, invicto dudum quae freta marito
demens Ausonidum gemmata monilia matrum
Romanasque alta famulas cervice petebat!

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never was Tanais' pride abased by such a crushing defeat nor the horns of Ister so broken. Thirsting to drink the enemy's hateful blood our soldiers passed by rich and varied raiment, carts laden with gold, heaps of silver, and, eager for the foe's destruction, spurned his wealth. They held blood of more account than gold; none of them would stoop to pick up the fortune that lay at their feet but drew their swords and sated their wild fury. The crafty foe threw in the path of our advancing troops the robes of scarlet dye, and other spoils reft from Valens⁵⁹ who perished in the flames, heavy mixing-bowls looted from unhappy Argos and lifelike statues rescued from burning Corinth — all in vain, for this ill-omened booty, so far from delaying our men, reminded them of past reverses and so the more inflamed their righteous indignation.

The crowd of prisoners is loosed from its fetters and all the peoples of different tongue whom the Getae had led away captive. Freed at last by the slaughter of their captors they plant thankful kisses on the bloody hands of their deliverers and hasten back to their long-lost homes and their dear children. At each his household looks in wonder as they tell the story of their woes and then recount the marvel of welcome victory.

What must then have been thy despair, Alaric, when ruin overwhelmed thy wealth and all that gear that years of robbing had won thee, when there struck thine ear the cries of that wife of thine who, too confident in her long unconquered husband, demanded in her madness the jewelled necklaces of Italian matrons for her proud neck and Roman girls for her tire-women! The fair girls

⁵⁹ At Adrianople, Aug. 9, 378; see Introduction, p. vii.

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scilicet Argolicas Ephyreiadasque puellas
coeperat et pulchras iam fastidire Lacaenas. 630
sed dea quae nimiis obstat Rhamnusia votis
ingemuit flexitque rotam: domat aspera victos
pauperies, unoque die Romana rependit
quidquid ter denis acies amisimus annis.

O celebranda mihi cunctis Pollentia saeculis! 635
o meritum nomen! felicibus apta triumphis!
virtutis fatale solum, memorabile bustum
barbariae! nam saepe locis ac finibus illis
plena lacescito rediit vindicta Quirino.
illic Oceani stagnis excita supremis 640
Cimbrica tempestas alias emissa per Alpes
isdem procubuit campis. iam protinus aetas
adveniens geminae gentis permisceat ossa

et duplices signet titulos commune tropaeum:
“hic Cimbros fortesque Getas, Stilichone peremptos
et Mario claris ducibus, tegit Itala tellus. 646
discite vesanae Romam non temnere gentes.”

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of Greece from Corinth and Sparta were, forsooth, not good enough now for so great a lady. But Nemesis, the goddess worshipped at Rhamnus, she whose pleasure it is to check unbridled desire, was wroth and turned her wheel; harsh poverty overwhelms the vanquished, and in one day Rome's arm requites all that we have lost in thirty years.

Thy glory, Pollentia, shall live for ever; worthy is thy name to be celebrated by my song, a fit theme for rejoicing and for triumph. Fate pre-ordained thee to be the scene of our victory and the burial-place of the barbarians. Full often have thy fields and plains seen ample vengeance exacted for aggression against the descendants of Romulus.

'Twas there, in that same countryside, that the Cimbric hordes, bearing down upon Rome from Ocean's farthest shore and crossing the Alps by another pass, suffered their final defeat. The coming generation should mingle the bones of these two races and engrave with this one inscription the monument which records our double victory: “Here beneath the soil of Italy lie the bodies of brave Cimbri and Getae: their death they owed to our famous generals Marius and Stilicho. Learn, presumptuous peoples, not to despise Rome.”

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**CARMINUM MINORUM CORPUSCULUM —
SHORTER POEMS**

I. (XIII.)

Ad Stilichonem.

Solitas galea fulgere comas,
Stilicho, molli necte corona.
cessent litui saevumque procul
Martem felix taeda releget.
tractus ab aula rursus in aulam 5
redeat sanguis. patris officiis
iunge potenti pignora dextra.
gener Augusti pridem fueras,
nunc rursus eris socer Augusti.
quae iam rabies livoris erit? 10
vel quis dabitur color invidiae?
Stilicho socer est, pater est Stilicho.

II. (LXXXV.)

Descriptio portus Smyrnensis.

Urbs in conspectu montana cacumina velat
tranquillo praetenta mari. ducentia portum
cornua pacatas removent Aquilonibus undas.
hic exarmatum terris cingentibus aequor
clauditur et placidam discit servare quietem. 5

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I. (XIII.)

To Stilicho.

Crown with a wreath of flowers, Stilicho, that head more often graced with the shining helmet. Bid cease the trumpets and let the happy marriage-torch banish fierce war afar. Let the blood derived from a kingly race flow on through royal veins. Do a father's duty and establish the firm bond of wedlock between thy daughter and adoptive son. Thou wert an emperor's son-in-law; now an emperor will be thine. What cause is there now for envy, what excuse for jealousy? Stilicho is at once father and father-in-law.

II. (LXXXV.)

Description of the harbour at Smyrna.

The city that meets our gaze veils the mountain peaks, fronting a tranquil sea. The two headlands that enclose the harbour protect the quiet water from the north wind. Here the sea is disarmed by the encircling land and learns to lie in undisturbed tranquillity.

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III. (LXXXI.)

Ad Aeternalem.

Quidquid Castalio de gurgite Phoebus anhelat,
quidquid fatidico mugit cortina recessu,
carmina sunt; sed verba negant communia Musae.
carmina sola loquor: sic me meus implet Apollo.

IV. (LIV.)

Descriptio armenti.

Non tales quondam species tulit armentorum
tellus tergemino subdita Geryoni.
non tales, Clitumne, lavas in gurgite tauros,
Tarpeio referunt quos pia vota Iovi.
non talis Tyrias sparsisse iuvenus harenas 5
dicitur, optatum quando revexit onus.
non Cretaeus ager nec amati conscia tauri
Gnosos nec similes paverit Ida feros.
ipse et dispariles monstro commissus in artus
qui crimen matris prodidit⁶⁰ ore novo 10
Cres puer haud talem potuisset reddere formam,
portassent totum si fera membra patrem.

⁶⁰ *prodidit* cod. Med. (and Cuiacius). Birt *condidit*.

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III. (LXXXI.)

*To Aeternalis.*⁶¹

Phoebus' every breath from the Castalian spring, the tripod's every moan within the shrine of prophecy — all these are poetry. Of prose the Muses will have none. In poetry only can I express myself, so wholly does my patron, Apollo, possess me.

IV. (LIV.)

Description of a Herd.

Not such were the beauteous herds that the land once ruled over by triple Geryon produced. Not such the bulls thou bathest, Clitumnus, in thy stream for pious vows to offer duly to Tarpeian Jove. Not such the steer that, they say, scattered the sand of Tyre⁶² what time he brought home his well-loved burden. Not the fields of Crete, nor Gnosso that knew of passion for a bull, nor Ida could have pastured the like. Even he whose monstrous figure united ill-assorted limbs, the Cretan child⁶³ who by his strange form revealed his mother's shame — even he could scarce have shown a shape so fair had *all* his rough limbs resembled those of his sire.

⁶¹ Aeternalis was proconsul of Asia in 396 (*Cod. Theod.* iv. 4. 3, xi. 39. 12).

⁶² *Tyrias*, because Europa was the daughter of Phoenix, eponymous king of Phoenicia. Ovid depicts her as being carried away from Tyre (*Fasti* v. 605; *Met.* ii. 845).

⁶³ *i.e.* the Minotaur.

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V. (LXXXVI.)

Est in conspectu longe locus.

Est procul ingenti regio summota recessu,
insula qua resides fluctus mitescere cogit
in longum producta latus, fractasque per undas
ardua tranquillo curvantur brachia portu.

VI. (LXXVIII.)

Rimanti telum ira facit.

In iaculum, quodcumque gerit, dementia mutat.
omnibus armatur rabies. pro cuspide ferri
cuncta volant, dum dextra ferox in vulnera saevit.
pro telo geritur quidquid suggesserit ira.

VII. (LXXXVII.)

De quadriga marmorea.

1.

Quis dedit innumeros uno de marmore vultus?
surgit in aurigam currus, paribusque lupatis
unanimi frenantur equi: quos forma diremit,
materies cognata tenet discrimine nullo.

2.

Vir redit in currum; ducuntur ab axe iugales;
ex alio se quisque facit. quae tanta potestas?
una silex tot membra ligat ductusque per artem
mons patiens ferri varios mutatur in artus.

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V. (LXXXVI.)

A distant Scene.

There is a place deep buried in a huge bay where an island, stretching far out into the sea, stills the rough waves to quiet, and steep cliffs, jutting out into the broken water, curve themselves into a peaceful harbourage.

VI. (LXXVIII.)⁶⁴

Anger affords a weapon to him who seeks one.

Whate'er it carries, that rage converts into a weapon. Wrath supplies all with arms. When an angry man thirsts for blood anything will serve him for a spear. Fury turns a stick into a cudgel.

VII. (LXXXVII.)

Statue of a Chariot.

1. Who had the skill to fashion so many figures out of one block of marble? The chariot melts into the charioteer; the horses with one common accord obey the same reins. These are distinguishable by their various forms but made from one and the same material without distinction.

2. The driver is of one piece with the car: to this are attached the steeds, each joined to, and proceeding out of, another. How admirable the artist's skill! A single block combines within itself all these bodies: one mass of marble by submitting to the chisel has grown into all these various shapes.

⁶⁴ See Introduction, p. xviii, note 2.

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VIII. (LXIX.)

De Polycaste et Perdicca.

Quid non saevus Amor flammaram numine cogat?
sanguinis en fetum mater amare timet.
pectore dum niveo miserum tenet anxia nutrix,
inlicitos ignes iam foveat ipsa parens.
ultrices pharetras tandem depone, Cupido. 5
consule iam Venerem: forsitan et ipsa dolet.

IX. (XLV.)

De hystrice.

Audieram memorande tuas Stymphale volucres
spicula vulnifico quondam sparsisse volatu,
nec mihi credibilis ferratae fabula pinnae
visa diu. datur ecce fides et cognitus hystrix
Herculeas adfirmat aves.

Os longius illi 5
adsimulat porcum. mentitae cornua saetae
summa fronte rigent. oculis rubet igneus ardor.
parva sub hirsuto catuli vestigia dorso.
hanc tamen exiguum miro natura tueri
praesidio dignata feram: stat corpore toto 10
silva minax, iaculisque rigens in proelia crescit
picturata seges; quorum cute fixa tenaci

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VIII. (LXIX.)

*Of Polycaste and Perdiccas.*⁶⁵

To what deeds of cruelty will the flames of love not inspire mankind? Here is a mother who dares not love her child, the fruit of her body. Holding the unhappy boy to her snowy breast and wishing to give him suck, she conceives for him, though she is his mother, a shameful passion. Cupid, thou goest too far; put down thy cruel quiver. Consult Venus; mayhap she feels like pangs.

IX. (XLV.)

The Porcupine.

I had heard the strange tale, Stymphalus, that the birds that haunted thy marshes let fall from them arrows of death in their flight, and for long I could not bring myself to believe this story of iron feathers. But here is proof: the porcupine who is surely related to those birds of Hercules is their warrant.

His long snout is like that of a swine. Stiff bristles like horns stand up from his forehead. Red and fierce are his fiery eyes. Under his bristly back are short legs like those of a small dog. Small as this animal is, nevertheless Nature has seen fit to dower him with a wonderful means of defence. All over the body grows a threatening thicket: a harvest of brightly coloured spears bristles up ready

⁶⁵ Perdicas, the young hunter, is said to have fallen in lovewith his mother Polycaste (or Polycarpe)=the Earth (see *Mythogr.Lat.* ii. 130). Claudian inverts the story. For details see Höferin Roscher's lexicon, art. "Perdix," col. 1953.

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alba subit radix, alternantesque colorum
tincta vices, spatiis internigrantibus, exit
in solidae speciem pinnae, tenuataque furtim 15
levis in extremum sese producit acumen.

Sed non haec acies ritu silvestris echini
fixa manet. crebris propugnat iactibus ultro
et longe sua membra tegit, tortumque per auras
evolat excusso nativum missile tergo. 20
interdum fugiens Parthorum more sequentem
vulnerat; interdum positus velut ordine castris
terrificum densa mucronum verberat unda
et consanguineis hastilibus asperat armos:
militat omne ferae corpus vibrataque rauco 25
terga fragore sonant. stimulis accensa tubarum
agmina conlatis credas confligere signis:
tantus in angusto strepitus furit. additur armis
calliditas parcusque sui tumor iraque numquam
prodiga telorum, caute contenta minari 30
nec nisi servandae iactus impendere vitae.
error abest: certum sollertia destinat ictum
nil spatio fallente modum, servatque tenorem
mota cutis doctique regit conamina nisus.

Quid labor humanus tantum ratione sagaci 35

proficit? eripiunt trucibus Gortynia capris
cornua; subiectis eadem lentescere cogunt
ignibus; intendunt taurino viscere nervos;
instruitur pinnis ferroque armatur harundo.
ecce brevis propriis munitur bestia telis 40

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for battle. The roots of these weapons are white and are firmly fixed in the animal's skin. The quills are themselves parti-coloured with black bands and come to a stiff quill-like point, diminishing in diameter towards the tip which is smooth and sharp.

But his armoury is not fixed like that of the woodland hedgehog. He can take the offensive and also protect himself at a distance by the frequent discharge of these darts of his, hurling through the air the flying missiles which his own back supplies. At times like the flying Parthian he wounds his pursuers; at times he entrenches himself and strikes his foe by the discharge of a storm of these terrible weapons which bristle on his shoulders out of which they grow. He fights with his whole body, and his back, as it moves, emits a raucous sound. You would think it was the trumpet's note stirring an army to close with the foe and fight. Small is the animal but great the din. Besides his arms he displays cunning and a cold, calculated fury that never wastes its weapons but cautiously contents itself with threats, for he never expends a dart but in defence of his life. His aim is sure; the blow, such is his skill, unerring, nor can distance delude his range. The motion of his skin in the act of discharging ensures the speed, and accurately directs the flight, of the weapon.

Has human endeavour, with reason to guide it, ever done the like? Men rob of their horns the wild goats of Crete, then they force them to become pliant over the fire⁶⁶; they use the guts of cattle to string their bows; they tip their arrows with iron and wing them with feathers. But here is a small animal whose arms are contained in his own body

⁶⁶ In the making of bows.

* * * * *

externam nec quaerit opem; fert omnia secum:
se pharetra, sese iaculo, sese utitur arcu.
unum animal cunctas bellorum possidet artes.

Quodsi omnis nostrae paulatim industria vitae
fluxit ab exemplis, quidquid procul appetit hostem,
hinc reor inventum, morem hinc traxisse Cydonas 46
bellandi Parthosque retro didicisse ferire

prima sagittiferae pecudis documenta secutos.

X. (XCII.)

De birro castoreo.

Nominis umbra manet veteris; nam dicere birrum,
si Castor iuret, castoreum nequeo.
sex emptus solidis! quid sit, iam scire potestis:
si mihi nulla fides, credite vel pretio.

XI. (XCI.)

In sepulchrum speciosae.

Pulchris stare diu Parcarum lege negatur.
magna repente ruunt; summa cadunt subito.
hic formosa iacet: Veneris sortita figuram
egregiumque decus invidiam meruit.

XII. (LXXXIV.)

De balneis Quintianis quae in via posita erant.

Fontibus in liquidis paulum requiesce, viator,
atque tuum rursus carpe refectus iter.

* * * * *

and who needs no external defence. He carries all his own arms; himself his own quiver, arrow, and bow. Alone he possesses all the resources of war.

But if all human activities as they grow have had their source in imitation we may see here the exemplar of combat by means of missiles. It is from him that the Cretans learned to shoot and the Parthians to strike while in flight. These did but follow the example of the animal that is armed with arrows.

X. (XCII.)

*Of Beaver's Overcoat.*⁶⁷

'Tis but the shadow of a name that is left. I cannot call it a coat of beaver, not though Beaver swear it is one. It cost six shillings. Now you know what it is like. If you don't believe me, believe the price.

XI. (XCI.)

On the Tomb of a Beauty.

Fate allows not beauty a long life: sudden is the end of all that is noble and pre-eminent. Here lies a lovely woman: hers was the beauty of Venus and hers the illwill of Heaven for a gift so rare.

XII. (LXXXIV.)

Quintius' Baths.

Stay awhile and bathe in these waters, traveller; then set forth again upon thy journey refreshed.

⁶⁷ Claudian is, I think, punning on *castor*=a beaver, and Castor, the name of the owner of the coat. But *castor* in l. 2 might be taken to refer either to the god or to the animal.

* * * * *

lymp harum dominum nimium miraberis, hospes,
inter dura viae balnea qui posuit.

XIII. (LXXIX.)

In podagrum qui carmina sua non stare dicebat.

Quae tibi cum pedibus ratio? quid carmina culpas?
scandere qui nescis, versiculos laceras?
“claudicat hic versus; haec” inquit “syllaba nutat”;
atque nihil prorsus stare putat podager

XIV. (LXXXII.)

Ad Maximum qui ei mel misit.

Dulcia dona mihi semper tu, Maxime, mittis,
et, quidquid mittis, mella putare decet.

XV. (LXXXIX.)

De paupere amante

Paupertas me saeva domat dirusque Cupido:
sed toleranda fames, non tolerandus amor.

XVI. (XC.)

De eodem.

Esuriens pauper telis incendor amoris.
inter utrumque malum deligo pauperiem.

* * * * *

An thou become its guest, warm will be thy gratitude towards him that built
this bath and set it by the side of this long dusty road.

XIII. (LXXIX.)

To a gouty Critic.

Canst thou talk of feet? Dost blame my verses and criticize my lines, thou whose own feet are so weak? This couplet, you say, will scarcely stand: the scansion is shaky. Dear friend, a gouty man thinks nothing at all can stand.

XIV. (LXXXII.)

To thank Maximus for a Gift of Honey.

Thou dost ever send me sweet gifts, Maximus; 'tis honey whatsoever thou sendest, methinks.

XV. (LXXXIX.)

The Poor Lover.

Biting poverty and cruel Cupid are my foes. Hunger I can endure; love I cannot.

XVI. (XC.)

The Same.

A hungry pauper am I, a victim fallen to love. Two ills; but poverty is the lesser.

* * * * *

XVII. (L.)

De piis fratribus et de statu eorum quae sunt apud Catinam.

Adspice sudantes venerando pondere fratres,
divino meritis semper honore coli,
iusta quibus rapidae cessit reverentia flammae
et mirata vagas reppulit Aetna faces.
complexi manibus fultos cervice parentes 5
attollunt vultus accelerantque gradus.
grandaevi gemina sublimes prole feruntur
et cara natos implicuere mora.
nonne vides, ut saeva senex incendia monstret?
ut trepido genetrix invocet ore deos? 10
erexit formido comam, perque omne metallum
fusus in attonito palluit aere tremor.
in iuvenum membris animosus cernitur horror
atque oneri metuens impavidusque sui.
reiectae vento chlamydes. dextram exerit ille 15
contentus laeva sustinuisse patrem;
ast illi duplices in nodum colligit ulnas
cautior in sexu debiliore labor.
hoc quoque praeteriens oculis ne forte relinquo,
artificis tacitae quod meruere manus: 20
nam consanguineos eadem cum forma figuret,
hic propior matri fit tamen, ille patri.

* * * * *

XVII. (L.)

*On the Statues of Two Brothers at Catina.*⁶⁸

See these two brothers toiling beneath a burden piety bade them bear. They deserve the tribute of divine honours at the hands of all men: at the sight of them the respectful flames ceased their ravages and Etna in admiration restrained his flooding lava. Seizing their parents they set them upon their shoulders and, with eyes raised to heaven, hasten their steps. The aged parents, thus carried aloft by their two sons, impede their flight, but dear to the children is that very delay. See, the old man points to the cruel flames; the aged mother's trembling lips call upon the gods for help. Fear has set their hair on end, the bronze is terror-stricken and a pale shiver runs over all the metal. In the countenances of the sons is seen courage in face of danger, and, if fear, then fear for their burdens, none for themselves. The wind has blown back their cloaks. One raises his right hand; his left is enough to sustain his aged sire. But the other needs must clasp his burden with both arms, taking greater care for that it is his mother, one of the weaker sex, that he bears. This, too, as thou passest by, leave not unnoted, for well the craftsman's dumb hands deserve such regard; both he has moulded with a likeness such as brothers bear, yet the one resembles rather his mother, the other his father.

⁶⁸ The story of the *pietas* of these brothers has often been told or referred to: the better known passages are Senec. *De benef.* iii. 37. 2; Martial vii. 24. 5; Sil. Ital. xiv. 197. Hyginus (*Fab.* 154) gives the story though with different names. The brothers' heads appear both on Sicilian and Roman coins, e.g. Head, *Hist. Num.* 117; *Brit. Mus. Cat.* Sicily 52, Nos. 70-79; Babelon, *Monn. de la répub.* i. 539, ii. 353.

* * * * *

dissimiles annos sollertia temperat artis:
alter in alterius redditur ore parens,
et nova germanis paribus discrimina praebens 25
divisit vultus cum pietate faber.

O bene naturae memores, documenta supernae
iustitiae, iuvenum numina, vota senum:
qui spretis opibus medios properastis in ignes
nil praeter sanctam tollere canitiem. 30
haud equidem inmerito tanta virtute repressas
Enceladi fauces obriguisset reor.
ipse redundantem frenavit Mulciber Aetnam,
laederet exempli ne monumenta pii.
senserunt elementa fidem. pater adfuit aether 35
terraque maternum sedula iuvit onus.
quodsi notus amor provexit in astra Laconas,
Aenean Phrygio raptus ab igne pater,

si vetus Argolicos inlustrat gloria fratres,
qui sua materno colla dedere iugo: 40
cur non Amphinomo, cur non tibi, fortis Anapi,
aeternum Siculus templa dicavit honos?
plura licet summae dederit Trinacria laudi,
noverit hoc maius se genuisse nihil;
nec doleat damnis, quae devius intulit ardor, 45
nec gemat exustas igne furente domos.
non potuit pietas flamma cessante probari:
emptum est ingenti clade perenne decus.

* * * * *

The artist's cunning has succeeded in expressing a difference of age in their faces, though a likeness to either parent is apparent in the features of both the sons; while, to ensure a further dissimilarity in that resemblance, he has varied the tenderness that either countenance expresses.

Faithful were ye to Nature's law, bright example of divine justice, model for youth, fond hope of age! Wealth ye despised, and dashed into the flames to rescue nought save your venerable parents. Not undeservedly, methinks, did such piety quench the fires in Enceladus'

jaws. Vulcan himself checked the flow of molten lava from Etna that it should not harm those patterns of filial duty. The very elements were influenced thereby: father air and mother earth did their best to lighten the burden.

If signal piety raised Castor and Pollux to the skies, if Aeneas won immortality by rescuing his sire from burning Troy, if ancient story has rendered famous the names of those Argive brothers, Cleobis and Biton,⁶⁹ who harnessed themselves to their mother's car, why does not Sicily dedicate a temple to the ageless memory of Amphinomos and Anapius? Though the three-cornered isle has many titles to fame, let her be sure that she has never given birth to a nobler deed. Let her not weep the destruction wrought by the spreading flames nor lament the houses burned down by the fire's fury. The flames abating had never put affection to the proof; the great disaster purchased immortal fame.

⁶⁹ Herodotus tells their story in book i. 31.

* * * * *

XVIII. (LI.)

De mulabus Gallicis.

Adspice morigeras Rhodani torrentis alumnas
imperio nexas imperioque vagas,
dissona quam varios flectant ad murmura cursus
et certas adeant voce regente vias.
quamvis quaeque sibi nullis discurrat habenis 5
et pateant duro libera colla iugo,
ceu constricta tamen servit patiensque laborum
barbaricos docili concipit aure sonos.
absentis longinqua valent praecepta magistri,
frenorumque vicem lingua virilis agit. 10
haec procul angustat sparsas spargitque coactas:
haec sistit rapidas, haec properare facit.
laeva iubet: laevo deducunt limite gressum.
mutavit strepitum: dexteriora petunt.
nec vinclis famulae nec libertate feroces, 15
exutae laqueis, sub dicione tamen
consensuque pares et fulvis pellibus hirtae
essedae concordēs multisonora trahunt.
miraris, si voce feras pacaverit Orpheus,
cum pronas pecudes Gallica verba regant? 20

XIX. (XLIII.)

Epistula ad Gennadium exproconsule.

Italiae commune decus, Rubiconis amoeni
incola, Romani fama secunda fori,

* * * * *

XVIII. (LI.)

Of French Mules.

Behold the docile children of fast-flowing Rhone that at their master's word come together and at that word disperse. See how they go this way or that according to the different cries he utters, and, guided only by his voice, take the path he would have them take. Though each unguided by the rein takes his own course and no collar presses upon their necks they obey as though harnessed and, insensible to fatigue, hear and follow the directions shouted by their barbarous master. Though far away from their owner they nevertheless respect his commands, obeying the word of the muleteer as it were a bridle. It is his voice that even at a distance gathers them together when scattered or scatters them when gathered together; this that checks their haste or quickens their dragging steps. Does he shout "left," they turn them to the left: does he alter his cry to "right," to the right they go. Slaves, yet without bonds, free, but without licence, they go unbridled but obedient. Covered with tawny pelts they haul along the rumbling carts, each cheerfully doing his fair share. Dost thou wonder that Orpheus tamed the wild beasts with his song when the words of a Gaul can guide these swift-footed mules?

XIX. (XLIII.)

Letter to Gennadius,⁷⁰ ex-Proconsul.

Glory of all Italy, who dwellest on the pleasant banks of Rubicon, ornament
of the Roman bar

⁷⁰ Gennadius was by birth a Syrian (Synesius, *Ep.* 30); prefect of Egypt in 396 (*Cod. Theod.* xiv. 27. 1). He seems to have lived at Ravenna (*Rubiconis incola*). Birt (praef. p. xviii) thinks that line 2 refers to Symmachus, Gennadius' contemporary, not to Cicero.

* * * * *

Graiorum populis et nostro cognite Nilo
(utraque gens fasces horret amatque tuos):
carmina ieiunas poscis solantia fauces? 5
testor amicitiam nulla fuisse domi.
nam mihi mox nidum pennis confisa relinquunt
et lare contempto non reditura volant.

XX. (LII.)

De sene Veronensi qui Suburbium numquam egressus est.

Felix, qui propriis aevum transegit in arvis,
ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem;
qui baculo nitens in qua reptavit harena
unius numerat saecula longa casae.
illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu, 5
nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.
non freta mercator tremuit, non classica miles,
non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
indocilis rerum, vicinae nescius urbis
adspectu fruitur liberiore poli. 10
frugibus alternis, non consule computat annum:
autumnum pomis, ver sibi flore notat.
idem condit ager soles idemque reducit,
metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem,
ingentem meminit parvo qui germine quercum 15
aequaevumque videt consenuisse nemus,

* * * * *

second only to Cicero, well known to the peoples of Greece and to Egypt,
land of my birth (for both have feared and loved thy rule), dost thou ask for
poems to appease thy hungry throat?

By our friendship, I swear there are none at home. My verses soon learn to
trust to their own wings and leave the nest, flying far afield nor ever returning
to their humble home.

XX. (LII.)

Of an old Man of Verona who never left his home.

Happy he who has passed his whole life mid his own fields, he of whose birth and old age the same house is witness; he whose stick supports his tottering steps o'er the very ground whereon he crawled as a baby and whose memory knows but of one cottage as the scene where so long a life was played out. No turns of fortune vexed him with their sudden storms;⁷¹ he never travelled nor drank the waters of unknown rivers. He was never a trader to fear the seas nor a soldier to dread the trumpet's call; never did he face the noisy wrangles of the courts. Unpractised in affairs, unfamiliar with the neighbouring town, he finds his delight in a freer view of the sky above him. For him the recurring seasons, not the consuls, mark the year: he knows autumn by his fruits and spring by her flowers. From the selfsame fields he watches the sun rise and set, and, at his work, measures the day with his own round of toils. He remembers yon mighty oak an acorn, and sees the plantation, set when he was born, grown old along

⁷¹ This proves the poem to have been written before the Gothicirruption of 401. Abraham Cowley translated this poem (*Essays and Plays, etc.*, Camb. Press, 1906, p. 447).

* * * * *

proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis
Benacumque putat litora Rubra lacum.
sed tamen indomitae vires firmisque lacertis
aetas robustum tertia cernit avum. 20
erret et extremos alter scrutetur Hiberos:
plus habet hic vitae, plus habet ille viae.

XXI. (LXXX.)

De Theodoro et Hadriano.

Manlius indulget somno noctesque diesque;
insomnis Pharius sacra profana rapit.
omnibus hoc, Italae gentes, exposcite votis,
Manlius ut vigilet, dormiat ut Pharius.

XXII. (XXXIX.)

Deprecatio ad Hadrianum.

Usque adeone tuae producitur impetus irae?
nullus erit finis lacrimis? subitisque favorem
permutas odiis? quo mens ignara nocendi,
quo sensus abiere pii? tantumne licebit
invidiae? tantum strepitus valere maligni? 5

Me dolor incautus, me lubrica duxerit aetas,
me tumor impulerit, me devius egerit ardor:
te tamen haud decuit paribus concurrere telis.
humanae superos numquam tetigere querellae
nec vaga securum penetrant convicia caelum. 10

* * * * *

with him. Neighbouring Verona is, for him, more distant than sun-scorched India; Benacus he accounts as the Red Sea. But his strength is unimpaired and the third generation see in him a sturdy, stout-armed grandsire. Let who will be a wanderer and explore farthest Spain: such may have more of a journey; he of Verona has more of a life.⁷²

XXI. (LXXX.)

*Of Theodore and Hadrian.*⁷³

Manlius Theodorus sleeps night and day; the sleepless Egyptian steals alike from gods and men. Peoples of Italy, be this your one prayer — that Manlius keep awake and the Egyptian sleep.

XXII. (XXXIX.)

Apology to Hadrian.

Must the violence of thine anger last so long? Are my tears never to cease to flow? Dost thou thus suddenly turn thy favour to hatred? Where, then, is that leniency that knows not to harm any, that loving-kindness? Shall envy have such licence? Has the clamour of calumny so prevailed?

What though rash wrath, though heedless youth tempted me, though pride urged, though passion led me astray, yet shouldst *thou* be above meeting me with like weapons. Human murmurs never touch the gods nor do the loose railings of man disturb the peace of heaven. My punishment has

⁷² Claudian plays on the words *vitae* and *viae*.

⁷³ For M. see xvi. and note (and Introduction, p. xv). H. was *comes sacrarum largitionum* in the East in 395, *magister officiorum* in 397, praetorian prefect of Italy 401. This epigram was probably written in 396: the apology (next poem) perhaps the same year.

* * * * *

excessit iam poena modum. concede iacenti.
en adsum; veniam confessus crimina posco.

Manibus Hectoreis atrox ignovit Achilles.
ultrices Furias matris placavit Orestes.
reddidit Alcides Priamo, quas ceperat, arces. 15
Pellaeum iuvenem regum flexere ruinae:
Darium famulis manibus doluisse peremptum
fertur et ingenti solatus fata sepulchro;
tradita captivo spatiosior India Poro.
conditor hic patriae; sic hostibus ille pepercit; 20
hunc virtus tua digna sequi. quemcumque deorum
laesimus, insultet iugulo pascatur furorem.

Gratia defluxit, sequitur feralis egestas;
desolata domus, caris spoliatur amicis:
hunc tormenta necant, hic undique truditur exul. 25
quid superest damnis? quae saeva pericula restant?

Emollit rabiem praedae mortisque facultas.
praetereunt subiecta ferae, torvique leones,
quae stravisse calant, eadem prostrata relinquunt
nec nisi bellantis gaudent cervice iuveni 30
nobiliore fame. secuit nascentia vota
livor et ingesto turbavit gaudia luctu:

iamiam suppliciis fessos humilesque serenus
respice. quid tanta dignaris mole clientem?
in brevibus numquam sese probat Aeolus undis, 35
nec capit angustus Boreae certamina collis:
Alpes ille quatit, Rhodopeia culmina lassat.
incubuit numquam caelestis flamma salictis

* * * * *

been too severe; spare a fallen foe. Behold me; I confess my faults and ask
pardon for my sin.

Fierce Achilles showed mercy to the shade of Hector, Orestes appeased his
mother's avenging furies, Hercules restored to Priam the cities which he had
taken. A king's overthrow won the pity of Pella's youthful monarch, who
wept, men say, for the death of Darius at a slave's hand, and consoled his
ghost with a lofty mausoleum. To captive Porus Alexander gave back an
ampler kingdom. 'Twas thus the founder of our country⁷⁴ spared his
conquered foes. Thine own nobility demands that thou shouldst follow his
example. If it is one of the gods that I have insulted let him send down
punishment upon me and sate his anger.

Now that I have lost thy favour I am become a prey to grinding poverty, my
house is desolate, my friends reft from me. Death with torture is the fate of
one, exile of another. What further losses can I suffer? What more cruel
plagues can befall me?

The power to despoil and kill softens anger. Wild beasts turn away from their
stricken prey, and fierce lions, eager to destroy, abandon the dead victim, and
with a nobler hunger riot only in the flesh of the warlike steer. Envy has
snapped the thread of my prosperity and turned my happiness into mourning. I
am fordone with punishment and my pride is broken; look on me again with
favour. Is a humble client worth so heavy a weight of anger? Aeolus makes
not trial of himself where the sea's waters are shallow; no lowly hill
encounters Boreas' blasts; 'tis the Alps he shakes, the summit of Rhodope he
harasses. Never doth the lightning

⁷⁴ Alexander is called the founder of Claudian's country (Egypt) because the first Ptolemy was one of his generals and
became king of Egypt on Alexander's death.

* * * * *

nec parvi frutices iram meruere Tonantis:
ingentes quercus, annosas fulminat ornos. 40

Hoc pro supplicibus ramis, pro fronde Minervae,

hoc carmen pro ture damus. miserere tuorum.
me, precor, heu, me redde mihi gravibusque medere
vulneribus vitamque iube famamque reverti.
quae per te cecidit, per te fortuna resurgat. 45
sanus Achilleis remeavit Telephus herbis,
cuius pertulerat vires, et sensit in uno
letalem placidamque manum; medicina per hostem
contigit, et pepulit quos fecerat ipse dolores.

Quodsi nec precibus fletu nec flecteris ullo, 50
eripe calcatis non prospera cingula Musis,
eripe militiam, comitem me pelle sodalis.⁷⁵
scilicet insignis de paupere vate triumphus.
scilicet egregiis ornabere victor opimis.
inruat in miseros cognata potentia cives; 55
audiat haec commune solum longeque carinis
nota Pharos, flentemque attollens gurgite vultum
nostra gemat Nilus numerosis funera ripis.

XXIII. (LXXIV.)

Deprecatio in Alethium quaestorem.

Sic non Aethiopum campos aestate pererrem
nec Scythio brumam sub Iove nudus agam,

⁷⁵ Birt *sodali* (EV AJ); *sodalis* R.

* * * * *

strike the humble willows nor do the modest shrubs deserve the Thunder's angry bolt; lofty oaks and aged elms are his victims.

Instead of the suppliant's branch plucked from Minerva's sacred olive, instead of incense, I offer thee this poem. Have mercy on thy servant. Restore me, even me, to my former state, heal my cruel wounds, bid life and honour return to me. Do thou, who didst overthrow my fortune, build it up again. Telephus came back cured by the magic of Achilles.⁷⁶ The same hand dealt death and healing — an enemy restoring him to health by the assuagement of the very pains he had inflicted.

But if neither my prayers nor my tears can soften thee, spurn the Muses with thy foot and take away my unlucky decorations, deprive me of my rank, cast me aside who was once thy companion. A noteworthy victory this thou hast won over a poor poet; redoubtable indeed the spoils that will grace such a triumph. Let a fellow-countryman's power overwhelm his wretched fellows.⁷⁷ Be my fate told to our common fatherland and to Pharos, known of all who sail the distant seas, and let Father Nile raise his weeping head from out the flood and mourn my cruel case along the banks of all his seven mouths.

XXIII. (LXXIV.)

*Apology to Alethius, the Quaestor.*⁷⁸

As I hope never to cross the plains of Ethiopia beneath a summer sun, never
to pass a winter naked

⁷⁶ Telephus, wounded by Achilles' spear, could only be cured by his "wounder." In return for such information about Troy as should lead to its capture, Achilles cured Telephus by means of the rust on the spear that had inflicted the wound. *Herbis* must here mean simply magic (cf. Prop. iv. 7. 72), but it is curious, and *hasta* (*e*) is tempting.

⁷⁷ Both Hadrian and Claudian were Egyptians.

⁷⁸ Nothing is known about this Alethius.

* * * * *

sic non imbriferam noctem ducentibus Haedis
Ionio credam turgida vela mari,
sic non Tartareo Furiarum verberare pulsus 5
irati relegam carmina grammatici:
nulla meos traxit petulans audacia sensus,
liberior iusto nec mihi lingua fuit.
versiculos, fateor, non cauta voce notavi,
heu miser! ignorans, quam grave crimen erat. 10
Orpheos alii libros impune lacesunt
nec tua securum te, Maro, fama vehit;
ipse parens vatum, princeps Heliconis, Homerus
iudicis excepit tela severa notae.
sed non Vergilius, sed non accusat Homerus: 15
neuter enim quaestor, pauper uterque fuit.
en moveo plausus! en pallidus omnia laudo
et clarum repeto terque quaterque "sophos"!
ignoscat placidus tandem flatusque remittat
et tuto recitet quod libet ore: placet. 20

XXIV. (LXXXIII.)

De lucusta.

Horret apex capitis; medio fera lumina surgunt
vertice; cognatus dorso durescit amictus.
armavit natura cutem dumique rubentes
cuspidibus parvis multos acuere rubores.

* * * * *

beneath the northern pole, never to entrust my bellying sails to the Ionian Sea what time the Kids bring round the rainy nights, never, driven by the Furies' hellish blows, to re-read the verses of an angry pedant,⁷⁹ 'twas not, I swear, impudent effrontery that moved me, nor did my tongue exceed a just outspokenness. I admit I incautiously found fault with a few lines, not realizing, luckless wight, the heinousness of my offence. Others attack the books of Orpheus and nothing is said; nor does thy fame, Maro, support thee in safety. The very father of poetry, Homer, lord of Helicon, knew the stigma of the censor's pen. Yet neither Vergil nor Homer complains, for neither was a quaestor and both were poor. See, then, I applaud! See, in terror I praise every word and loudly cry again and again "bravo!" Let him be appeased and pardon at last, let him cease from wrath — and with secure voice recite whate'er he will; I applaud.

XXIV. (LXXXIII.)

The Lobster.

Long horns project from his head; fierce eyes stand out from his forehead; his back is protected by the armour of his self-grown shell. Nature herself has rendered his skin a sufficient defence, covering it with small, red, pointed spikes.

⁷⁹ The “pedant” is doubtless Alethius himself and the “verses” the very poem which Claudian has already read once and criticized unfavourably.

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XXV. (XXX., XXXI.)

Epithalamium dictum Palladio V. C. tribuno et notario et Celerinae.

PRAEFATIO

Carmina per thalamum quamvis festina negare
nec volui genero nec potui socero.
hic socius, dux ille mihi nostrique per aulam
ordinis hic consors emicat, ille prior.
hunc mihi coniungit studiis communibus aetas; 5
hunc mihi praeponit vel senium vel honos.
carmen amor generi, soceri reverentia poscit
officio vatis, militis obsequio.

Forte Venus blando quaesitum frigore somnum
vitibus intexti gremio successerat antri
densaque sidereos per gramina fuderat artus
adclinis florum cumulo; crispatur opaca
pampinus et musto sudantem ventilat uvam. 5
ora decet neglecta sopor; fastidit amictum
aestus et exuto translucent pectore frondes.
Idaliae iuxta famulae triplexque vicissim
nexa sub ingenti requiescit Gratia quercu.
pennati passim pueri quo quemque vocavit 10
umbra iacent; fluitant arcus ramisque propinquis
pendentes placido suspirant igne pharetrae.

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XXV (XXX, XXXI)

*Epithalamium of Palladius and Celerina.*⁸⁰

PREFACE

Asked to improvise a song in honour of a marriage I find myself unwilling to refuse the bridegroom and unable to say no to his father-in-law. The former was my comrade-in-arms, the latter my general; at court the first is of equal rank with me, the second my superior. Similarity of age and pursuits made me a friend of Palladius; age and dignity set Celerinus far above me. The love I bear the one demands my good offices as a poet, the awe in which I hold the other a soldier's obedience: I must sing.

It chanced that Venus had one day retired into the bosom of a cave overgrown with vine to woo sleep mid its alluring cool, and had laid her goddess limbs on the thick grass, her head upon a heap of flowers. The vine branches stir gently in the breeze and sway the full-veined grapes. Slumber befits the disorder of her brow, the midday heat will none of coverings, and the leaves show through them the gleam of her bare breast. Round her lie the nymphs of Ida and hard by beneath a lofty oak-tree the three Graces sleep with interlaced arms. Here and there, where'er the shade invites them, repose winged Cupids. Their bows are unstrung and their quivers hang from the branches of neighbouring trees, instinct with latent fire. Some

⁸⁰ This poem and the marriage it celebrates probably belong to the year 399. We know little of P. save that he was the friend and colleague (*tribunus et notarius*, cf. Introduction, p. xii) of Claudian. His father (l. 61) was probably prefect of Egypt in 382 (*Cod. Theod.* viii. 5. 37). Celerina's grandfather held the same post (l. 73); her father (ll. 82 *et sqq.*) — the *socer* of line 20 of the preface — was *primicerius notariorum* (so Godefroy on *Cod. Theod.* vi. 2).

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pars vigiles ludunt aut per virgulta vagantes
scrutantur nidos avium vel roscida laeti
mala legunt donum Veneri flexusque sequuntur 15
palmitis et summas pennis librantur in ulmos;
defendunt alii lucum Dryadasque procaces
spectandi cupidas et rustica numina pellunt
silvestresque deos longeque tuentibus antrum
flammea lascivis intendunt spicula Faunis: 20
cum subito varius vicina clamor ab urbe
et fausti iuvenum plausus mixtaeque choreis
audita per rura lyrae. Celerina per omnes
Italiae canitur montes omnisque maritum
Palladium resonabat ager.

Pervenit ad aures 25

vox iucunda deae strepituque excita resedit
et reliquum nitido detergit pollice somnum
utque fuit, turbata comas, intacta papillas,
mollihus exurgit stratis interque suorum

agmen et innumeros Hymenaeum quaerit Amores 30
(hunc Musa genitum legit Cytherea ducemque
praefecit thalamis; nullum iunxisse cubile
hoc sine nec primas fas est attollere taedas).
conspicitur tandem. platano namque ille sub alta
fusus inaequales cera texebat avenas 35
Maenaliosque modos et pastoralia labris
murmura temptabat relegens orisque recursu
dissimilem tenui variabat harundine ventum.
Restitit ut vidit Venerem, digitisque remissis
ad terram tacito defluxit fistula flatu. 40

* * * * *

wake and play or wander through the thickets in search of birds' nests or take delight in plucking dewy apples as a gift for Venus or hunt the gadding vine for grapes, and, poised on their wings, climb its branches to the very tops of the elm-trees. Others keep guard over the wood and drive off the wanton, curious Dryads, the country gods and the woodland deities, discharging flaming darts at the amorous Fauns who try from a distance to catch a glimpse of Venus' bower. Suddenly there arose cries and shoutings from the neighbouring city; joyous acclamations of youth and the strains of the lyre accompanying dancing in the streets. Through all the hills of Italy the name of Celerina is chanted and every field re-echoes that of her husband Palladius.

The pleasant sound reached the goddess' ears; aroused by the noise she sat up and with her fair hands rubbed from her eyes the residue of sleep; then, just as she was, her hair disordered, her breasts uncovered, she leapt from her soft couch and summoned Hymen from among the unnumbered Loves that formed her bodyguard. (Him, son of the Muse, Cytherea chose out and made the patron god of marriage. Without his sanction is no entry into wedlock nor is it lawful but with his leave to uplift the first wedding-torches.) At last he is found. There he lay stretched beneath a tall plane-tree joining with wax pipes of unequal length, seeking to repeat with his lips Maenalian measures and pastoral tunes, while, as his mouth ran over them, he varied his breathing upon the slender reed.

Seeing Venus he stopped; noiseless to the ground from out the nerveless grasp of his fingers fell the

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dulce micant oculi; niveas infecerat igni
solque pudorque genas; dubiam lanuginis umbram
caesaries intonsa tegit. prior ipsa silentem

compellat:

“Numquamne, puer, dilecta relinques
carmina? maternis numquam satiabere donis 45
dedite Musarum studio nimiumque parentis
aemule? quid medio tecum modularis in aestu?
iamne tibi sordent citharae? iam lustra Lycae
atque pecus cordi redituraque rupibus Echo?
huc ades et tantae nobis edissere causas 50
laetitiae, cui pompa toro tam clara resultet,
quae nova dotetur virgo: patriamque genusque
pande, quibus terris orti, quo semine ducti.
haud ignarus enim, nec te conubia fallunt
ulla; tuo primae libantur⁸¹ foedere noctes.” 55

Ille refert: “equidem dudum te, diva, morantem
mirabar, quod adhuc tanti secreta maneres
coniugii. non parva tibi mandatur origo.
fascibus insignes et legum culmine fultae
convenere domus et qui lectissimus orbi 60
sanguis erat. rubris quae fluctibus insula latrat,
qui locus Aethiopum, quae sic impervia famae
secessit regio, quo non rumore secundo
Palladii penetravit amor mentisque benigna
temperies doctique sales et grata senectus? 65

⁸¹ Birt *librantur* (MSS.); Delphin ed. *libantur*.

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pipe. Affection lights up his eyes; a modest blush suffuses those sun-browned cheeks so snowy-white by nature, clothed, too, with the scarce seen down of youth where ceased the ne'er cut hair. Silent he stood and the goddess first addressed him. “Wilt thou, boy, never leave thy beloved song? Wilt thou never have enough of thy mother's gifts, ever devoted to the Muses' task and too eager to rival thy parent⁸²? What is it thou dost practise all alone in the midday heat? Dost thou now despise the lyre and seekest thou rather the woods of Lycaeus and the herds and Echo resounding from the rocks? Come hither and tell me the reason for this general rejoicing. What marriage is this that is attended with such ceremony and such demonstrations of joy? Who is the newly dowered bride? Of what country, what race are they that are wed? Tell me from what land they spring and what their parentage. Needs must thou know, for no marriage can take place without thee and by covenant with thee are wedlock's joys first tasted.”

He replied: “Long have I been wondering, goddess, at thy delay, and

marvelled that thou didst take no notice of so world-famed an union. They are no common folk that now submit them to thy laws. Two families are united illustrious with consulships, upheld by the highest offices, in whose veins flows the noblest blood of all the world. What island on whose coasts thunder the waves of the Red Sea, what tract of Ethiopia, what land so far withdrawn from human intercourse but has heard the blessings that the affection of his country calls down on the head of Palladius' sire for his clemency, his learning, his wit, his genial age? He has trodden

⁸² *i.e.* Calliope. Venus is in effect saying to him: attend to your own business, play your own instrument (the *cithara*) and do not seek the haunts, and imitate the pipes, of Pan.

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per cunctos iit ille gradus aulaeque labores
emensus tenuit summae fastigia sedis
Eoum stabili moderatus iure senatum.
hic splendor iuveni. cunabula prima puellae
Danuvius veteresque Tomi. Mavortia matris 70
nobilitas spoliis armisque exultat avitis
imensamque trahit Celerini robore lucem,
qui quondam Meroën iussus Nilumque tueri,
cum sibi post obitus et Parthica fulmina Cari⁸³
sceptra daret miles rebusque imponere vellet, 75
despexit fremitus et praetulit otia regno;
respuit ingestum, quod vi, quod poscere ferro
posthabita pietate solent. tum purpura primum
inferior virtute fuit meruitque repulsam
obvia maiestas. doluit Fortuna minorem 80
se confessa viro. magnum delata potestas,
maiores contempta probat.

“Cognomina sumpsit
plena ducum genitor. paulatim vectus ad altum
princeps militiae, qua non inlustrior extat
altera, cunctorum tabulas adsignat honorum, 85
regnum tractat numeros, constringit in unum
sparsas imperii vires cuneosque recenset
dispositos: quae Sarmaticis custodia ripis,
quae saevis obiecta Getis, quae Saxona frenat
vel Scottum legio, quantae cinxere cohortes 90
Oceanum, quanto pacatur milite Rhenus.

⁸³ Birt *caro* (the reading of E and V); *Cari* Heinsius.

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every rung of the ladder of honours, has held every place at court, and reached the highest of all offices, directing the deliberations of the senate of the East with a sure authority. Such is the bridegroom's brilliance. The bride first saw the light in the old city of Tomi by the mouth of the Danube. She is descended on her mother's side from noble ancestors famed in war and enriched by war's spoils and derives especial glory from the renown of that stalwart Celerinus who, when appointed to the defence of Meroë and the Nile, and, after the death by lightning of Carus⁸⁴ in Parthia, offered the throne and dominion of the world by his soldiers, paid no heed to their clamour and preferred repose to an empire. Of his own will he refused when it was offered that which men will use every sort of violence and outrage every sort of right to acquire. For the first time virtue was reckoned above a throne and sovereignty, making offer of herself, met with a refusal. Sadly did Fortune confess herself beaten by a mortal. Great it is to deserve high office, still greater to have despised it.

"Celerina's father has won every title that a warrior may. Step by step he has reached the highest of all ranks, that of commander-in-chief; it is he who dispenses titles of honour, settles the garrisons of the provinces, unites the scattered forces of the empire, and checks the disposition of its troops. He decides the defences of Sarmatia and the legions that are to face the wild Getae or keep Saxon and Scot in subjection. He knows how many cohorts fringe the shore of Ocean, how great an army maintains peace along the banks of the Rhine. In the family of Celerina is to be found unspotted

⁸⁴ Carus was struck by lightning (or murdered) during his Persian campaign, A.D. 283; (cf. Sidon. Apol. c. 23. 91).

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casta domus, sincera fides, industria sollers.
 elegit Stilicho; nihil ultra laudibus addi
 iudiciove potest. tali nubente puella
 nonne tibi cessare nefas? duc protinus omnes, 95
 duc age. marcentes cupio quassare coronas
 et vibrare faces et noctem ducere ludo.
 haec quoque non vilem iam fistula commodat usum
 responsura choris."

Vix haec Hymenaeus; at illa
 fontibus abluitur gelidis legemque capillo 100
 reddit et ornatum formae prelisque solutae
 mira Dioneae sumit velamina telae.
 floribus extruitur currus; iuga floribus halant;
 florea purpureas adnectunt frena columbas.
 undique concurrunt volucres, quaecumque frementem
 permulcent Athesin cantu, quas Larius audit, 106

quas Benacus alit, quas excipit amne quieto
Mincius: ereptis obmutuit unda querellis.
Eridani ripas et raucae stagna Padusae
diffugiens nudavit olor. laetantur Amores 110
frenatique truces avibus per nubila vecti
ostentant se quisque deae magnoque tumultu
confligunt pronique manus in verbera tendunt
atque impune cadunt: lapsus meliore volatu
consequitur vincitque suos auriga iugales. 115

Ut thalami tetigere fores, tum vere rubentes
desuper invertunt calathos largosque rosarum
imbres et violas plenis sparsere pharetris
collectas Veneris prato, quibus ipse pepercit

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virtue, unfeigned loyalty, and diligence guided by knowledge. She is Stilicho's choice; to such choice and judgement no praise can be added. It were a shame, Venus, shouldst thou not be present at the marriage of such a maid. Come, bring all thy train. Fain would I shake the withering wreaths, brandish the torches, and devote the night to pleasure. Now even this my pipe gives no dishonoured service answering the choirs' songs."

Scarce had Hymen spoken and she bathes her in the cool stream, gathers her flowing hair, and renews her charms, taking from out the press the wondrous garments spun by her mother Dione. Her chariot is heaped with flowers and the yoke thereof is fragrant with blossoms. Flowers entwine the reins that fetter her bright doves. From all sides the birds flock together, those that soothe with their song the roar of Athesis, those whom Larius hears, Benacus feeds, or Mincius welcomes with his quiet flood. Quiet are those waters now that the birds' plaintive notes resound there no more. The swans have flown away and left the banks of Eridanus and the sounding marshes of Padusa. Right glad are the wanton Loves; they catch and harness the birds and ride them through the clouds before the eyes of Venus. There they join in noisy battle, lean forward to strike one another, and fall but suffer no hurt. Fallen they overtake their steeds with flight swifter than theirs, for the charioteer is fleeter than the chariot.

Soon as they reached the doors of the marriage-chamber they empty baskets full of red spring flowers, pouring forth showers of roses and scattering from their laden quivers violets gathered in Venus' meadow, violets untouched e'en by the heat of the

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Sirius et teneras clementi sidere fovit. 120
gemmatis alii per totum balsama tectum
effudere cadis, duro quae saucius ungue
Niliacus pingui desudat vulnere cortex.
adgreditur Cytherea nurum flentemque pudico
detraxit matris gremio. matura tumescit 125
virginitas superatque nives ac lilia candor
et patrium flavis testatur crinibus Histrum.
tum dextram complexa viri dextramque puellae
tradit et his ultro sancit conubia dictis:

“Vivite concordēs et nostrum discite munus. 130
oscula mille sonent; livescant brachia nexu;
labra ligent animas. neu tu virtute proterva
confidas, iuvenis; non est terrore domanda,
sed precibus placanda tibi. concede marito
tu quoque neu Scythicas infensis unguibus iras 135
exercere velis: vinci patiare, rogamus.
sic uxor, sic mater eris. quid lumina tinguis,
virgo? crede mihi: quem nunc horrescis, amabis.”

Dixit et aligera geminos arcuque manuque
praestantes e plebe vocat. puer ilicet Aethon 140
et Pyrois rutilas respersi murice plumas
prosiliunt puroque imbutis melle sagittis
hic nuptam petit, ille virum. sonuere reducta
cornua; certa notos pariter sulcavit harundo
et pariter fixis haeserunt tela medullis. 145

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Dog-star who had tempered for their frail beauty his accustomed fires. Others throughout the palace poured forth from jewelled caskets unguents gathered by the banks of the Nile from trees whose bark, when wounded by the cruel finger-nail, oozed with rich gum. Cytherea approaches the bride, and, despite her tears, drew her from her mother's arms. Her swelling breast betokens maidenhood ripe for marriage, her skin is whiter than lilies or than snow, and her golden hair points to the Danube as her birthplace. Then, taking the hand of the bridegroom, Venus joins to it that of the bride and with these words blesses their union: "Live as one and fulfil all my rites. Give a thousand kisses, let arm be bruised with enfolding arm, and lips so join that soul may meet soul. And thou, husband, put not thy confidence in rude love-making; thy wife's love cannot be won by threats, but must be gained by entreaty. And do thou yield to thy husband nor seek to show anger; use not thy nails as weapons like the women of Scythia. I beg thee submit to conquest; so shalt thou be indeed a wife, so a mother. Why are there tears in thine eyes? Believe

me, thou shalt love him whom now thou fearest.”

So spake she, and chose from out her winged attendants the two whose bows were strongest and their aim most sure. At once Aethon and Pyrois leaped forward, their bright wings tinged with purple. Dipping their shafts in pure honey the one aims his at the bride, the other his at the bridegroom. They draw their bows; the strings twang and the sure arrows cleave the air with equal speed and implant themselves at equal depths in the hearts of the twain.

* * * * *

Aponus.

Fons, Antenoreae vitam qui porrigis urbi
 fataque vicinis noxia pellis aquis,
 cum tua vel mutis tribuant miracula vocem,
 cum tibi plebeius carmina dictet honos
 et sit nulla manus, cuius non pollice ductae 5
 testentur memores prospera vota notae:
 nonne reus Musis pariter Nymphisque tenebor,
 si tacitus soli praetereare mihi?
 ludibrium quid enim fas est a vate relinqui
 hunc qui tot populis pervolat ora locum? 10

Alto colle minor, planis erectior arvis
 conspicuo clivus molliter orbe tumet
 ardentis fecundus aquae; quacumque cavernas
 perforat, offenso truditur igne latex.
 spirat putre solum, conclusaque subter anhelio 15
 pumice rimosas perfodit⁸⁵ unda vias.
 umida flammaram regio: Vulcania terrae
 ubera, sulphureae fervida regna plagae.
 quis sterilem non credat humum? fumantia vernant
 pascua; luxuriat gramine cocta silex 20
 et, cum sic rigidae cautes fervore liquescant,
 contemptis audax ignibus herba viret.

Praeterea grandes effosso marmore sulci
 saucia longinquo limite saxa secant. 25

⁸⁵ *perfodit* Koch; codd. (Birt) *perforat*.

*Aponus.*⁸⁶

Fount that prolongest life for the dwellers in Antenor's city, banishing by thy neighbouring waters all harmful fates, seeing that thy marvels stir utterance even in the dumb, that a people's love bids poets to honour thee in song, and that there is no hand whose fingers have not traced for thee some lines in thankful witness of prayers granted, shall I not be held guilty alike by the Muses and the Nymphs if I alone sing not thy praises? How can a spot whose fame is on so many lips rightly be passed over by me in slighting silence?

Lower than a lofty hill yet higher than the level plain rises a gentle eminence, clear to see from all around. Prolific is it in hot springs, for wherever water penetrates its recesses encountering fires drive it forth. The crumbling ground exhales vapours, and the water, closed down in its prison of burning rock, forces its way out by many a fissured channel. 'Tis a region of liquid fire where Vulcan's flames spring forth from earth's breast, a land of burning and of sulphur. Who would not think it barren? Yet are those fiery fields green with verdure; grass grows o'er the burning marl and, though the very rocks melt at the heat, plants, mocking at the flames, boldly flourish.

Beyond this are vast furrows cut in the rock, scarring and cleaving it in long lines. Traces are

⁸⁶ Aponus (mod. Abano) near Padua, famous for its hot mineral springs (*cf.* Mart. vi. 42. 4; Lucan, vii. 193; Sil. Ital. xii. 218, etc.). Padua (Patavinum) is said to have been founded by Antenor.

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Herculei (sic fama refert) monstratur aratri
 semita, vel casus vomeris egit opus,
 in medio pelagi late flagrantis imago
 caeruleus inmenso panditur ore lacus
 ingenti fusus spatio; sed maior in altum
 intrat et arcanæ rupis inane subit: 30
 densus nube sua tactuque inmitis et haustu,
 sed vitreis idem lucidus usque vadis.
 consuluit natura sibi, ne tota lateret,
 admisitque oculos, quo vetat ire calor:
 turbidus impulsu venti cum spargitur ær 35
 glaucaque fumiferae terga serenat aquae,
 tunc omnem liquidi vallem mirabere fundi,
 tunc veteres hastae, regia dona, micant
 (quas inter, nigrae tenebris obscurus harenae,
 discolor abruptum flumen hiatus agit; 40

adparent infra latebrae, quas gurgus opacus
implet et abstrusos ducit in antra sinus);
tunc montis secreta patent, qui flexus in arcum
aequora pendenti margine summa ligat.

Viva coronatos adstringit scaena vapores, 45
et levis exili cortice terra natat
calcantumque oneri numquam cessura virorum
sustentat trepidum, fida ruina, pedem.
facta manu credas, sic levis circuit oras
ambitus et tenuis perpetuusque riget. 50

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they — so tradition tells — of Hercules' plough, or else chance did the ploughshare's work. In the middle of the hill is what seems a broad, steaming sea, an azure lake of vast extent. Great is the space it covers, still greater its depth where it plunges down and loses itself beneath the rocky caverns. A thick pall of steam hangs over it; its waters cannot be touched nor drunk though they are transparent as crystal to the very bottom. Nature took counsel for herself and lest that lake should be entirely beyond our ken she let our eyes penetrate what, because of its heat, our bodies could not enter. When a breeze scatters the thick clouds of steam and clears the grey surface of the erstwhile vaporous water you can gaze with wonder on the valley floor below that glassy flood where glint old weapons, king's gifts⁸⁷ of bygone days (between these a gulf of other hue, dark with the eddyings of black sand, swallows the hastening waters; below there opens a cavern into which the darkling flood pours, filling every nook and cranny with its swirling eddies); then are revealed the hidden places of the hill which, bent round in a bow, encircles the surface of the water with an overhanging rim.⁸⁸

A verdant amphitheatre surrounds this steaming cauldron, and the ground floats lightly with slender film⁸⁹; never will it give way beneath the visitor's weight, upholding his timorous feet, trusty though seeming so unsure. One would think it the work of man's hand, so smoothly does its circuit enfold the shore, slight and yet firm all the way. The water

⁸⁷ Doubtless *ex voto* offerings.

⁸⁸ The "hidden places" (*i.e.* the sides of the mountain below the water-level) are "revealed" because of the translucency of the water.

⁸⁹ Claudian describes a film or crust which encircles the lake and forms a path.

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haerent stagna lacu plenas aequantia ripas

praescriptumque timent transiluisse modum;
 quod superat, fluvius devexa rupe volutus
 egerit et campi dorsa recurva petit,
 devehit exceptum nativo spira⁹⁰ meatu; 55
 in patulas plumbi labitur inde vias;
 nullo cum strepitu madidis infecta favillis
 despumat niveum fistula cana salem.
 multifidas dispergit opes artemque secutus,
 qua iussere manus, mobile torquet iter 60
 et iunctos rapido pontes subtermeat aestu
 adflatasque vago temperat igne tholos.
 acrior interius, rauci cum murmure saxi,
 spumeus eliso pellitur amne vapor. —
 hinc pigras repetunt fessi sudore lacunas, 65
 frigora quis longae blanda dedere morae.

Salve Paeoniae largitor nobilis undae,
 Dardanii salve gloria magna soli,
 publica morborum requies, commune medentum
 auxilium, praesens numen, inempta salus. 70
 seu ruptis inferna ruunt incendia ripis
 et nostro Phlegethon devius orbe calet,
 sulphuris in venas gelidus seu decidit amnis
 accensusque fluit (quod manifestat odor),
 sive pares⁹¹ flammis undarum lance rependens 75
 arbiter in foedus mons elementa vocat,
 ne cedant superata sibi, sed legibus aequis
 alterius vires possit utrumque pati:

⁹⁰ *spira* Heinsius; Birt follows MSS. *spina*.

⁹¹ *pares* EVJ; Birt reads *pari* (A). If *pari*, probably ajuristic formula (= *aequa lance*); cf. Symm. Epp. ii. 56. 1.

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in the lake stands motionless, filling it to the brim and fearing to o'erstep its appointed limit. The overflow runs in a stream down a sloping rock and seeks the undulating plain below. A natural but tortuous channel carries the water away and thence it flows into an open conduit of lead. These pipes, noiselessly impregnated with some powdery mineral that the water carries down, produce a snow-white distillation of salt. The streams branch off in all directions carrying with them this natural wealth whithersoever art has directed their going, flexing this way and that their errant courses, flowing in swift torrent below aqueducts and warming the arches with the heat of their rushing waters. Within the arches, amid the roarings of the echoing rock, issues forth fiercer steam and vapour as the water rushes out. Then the sick,

weak with sweating, seek next the stagnant pools that long time has made pleasantly cool.

Hail to thee, stream, generous giver of the waters of healing, chief glory of the land of Italy, doctor of all that come to thee, common helper of all Aesculapius' sons; a very present deity for whose aid there is nought to pay. Whether it be that hell's fiery streams have burst their banks and that Phlegethon gone astray bestows his heat upon the upper world, or that a river, originally of cold water, sinks down into veins of sulphur and rises thence afire (as one would think from the smell), or that the mountain in arbitration summons the two elements to a treaty, balancing a certain quantity of fire against a similar amount of water that neither yield to the other but under a just law of equipoise each may withstand the other's might — whatsoever

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quidquid erit causae, quocumque emitteris ortu,
non sine consilio currere certa fides. 80
quis casum meritis adscribere talibus audet?
quis negat auctores haec statuuisse deos?
ille pater rerum, qui saecula dividit astris,
inter prima poli te quoque sacra dedit
et fragilem nostri miseratus corporis usum 85
telluri medicas fundere iussit aquas,
Parcarumque colos exoratura severas
flumina laxatis emicuere iugis.

Felices, proprium qui te meruere, coloni,
fas quibus est Aponon iuris habere sui. 90
non illis terrena lues corrupta nec Austri
flamina nec saevo Sirius igne nocet,
sed quamvis Lachesis letali stamine damnet,
in te fata sibi prosperiora petunt.
quodsi forte malus membris exuberat umor 95
languida vel nimio viscera felle rubent,
non venas reserant nec vulnere vulnera sanant
pocula nec tristi gramine mixta bibunt:
amissum lymphis reparant impune vigorem,
pacaturque aegro luxuriante dolor. 100

XXVII. (XLIV.)

Phoenix.

Oceani summo circumfluus aequore lucus
trans Indos Eurumque viret, qui primus anhelis
sollicitatur equis vicinaque verbera sentit,
umida roranti resonant cum limina curru,

* * * * *

shall prove to be the cause, whatever the origin, of this we may be sure — that thou flowest not without design. Who would dare to ascribe such a miracle to chance? Who could deny that the overruling gods have so ordained? Nature's lord, who measures the centuries by the stars, has given thee a place of honour among the works of his divinity, and, pitying the feebleness of our human bodies, has bidden pour forth healing waters for the earth, and from the riven hills burst forth streams that should win pardon from the Fates' relentless distaffs.

Happy ye whose lot it is to dwell by those banks and to possess Aponus for your own; you no plague of earth, no pestilence-fraught winds of the south, nor Sirius with his cruel fires can harm. Should Lachesis' fatal thread threaten death men find in thee a more propitious fate. If it chance that noxious humours swell their limbs or that excess of bile inflames their ailing bowels they need not to open their veins nor to cure one wound with another nor yet to drink medicine of bitter herbs. By thy water's aid they renew their lost strength without suffering;
'mid luxury the sick find relief from pain.

*The Phoenix.*⁹²

There is a leafy wood fringed by Ocean's farthest marge beyond the Indes and the East where Dawn's panting coursers first seek entrance; it hears the lash close by, what time the watery threshold echoes to the dewy car; and hence comes forth the rosy

⁹² C. follows Herodotus (ii. 73) fairly closely.

* * * * *

unde rubet ventura dies longeque coruscis 5
 nox adflata rotis refugo pallescit amictu:
 haec fortunatus nimium Titanius ales
 regna colit solusque plaga defensus iniqua
 possidet intactas aegris animalibus oras
 saeva nec humani patitur contagia mundi. 10
 par volucer superis, stellis qui vividus aequat
 durando membrisque terit redeuntibus aevum,
 non epulis saturare famem, non fontibus ullis
 adsuetus prohibere sitim; sed purior illum
 solis fervor alit ventosaeque pabula potat 15
 Tethyos, innocui carpens alimenta vaporis.
 arcanum radiant oculi iubar. igneus ora
 cingit honos. rutilo cognatum vertice sidus
 attollit cristatus apex tenebrasque serena
 luce secat. Tyrio pinguntur crura veneno. 20
 antevolant Zephyros pinnae, quas caerulus ambit
 flore color sparsoque super ditiescit in auro.

Hic neque concepto fetu nec semine surgit,
 sed pater est prolesque sui nulloque creante
 emeritos artus fecunda morte reformat 25
 et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam.
 namque ubi mille vias longinqua retorserit aestas,
 tot ruerint hiemes, totiens ver cursibus actum,
 quas tulit autumnus, dederit cultoribus umbras:
 tum multis gravior tandem subiungitur annis 30
 lustrorum numero victus: ceu lassa procellis
 ardua Caucasio nutat de culmine pinus
 seram ponderibus pronis tractura ruinam;
 pars cadit adsiduo flatu, pars imbre peresa
 rumpitur, abripuit partem vitiosa vetustas. 35

morn while night, illumined by those far-shining wheels of fire, casts off her sable cloak and broods less darkly. This is the kingdom of the blessed bird of the sun where it dwells in solitude defended by the inhospitable nature of the land and immune from the ills that befall other living creatures; nor does it suffer infection from the world of men. Equal to the gods is that bird whose life rivals the stars and whose renascent limbs weary the passing centuries. It needs no food to satisfy hunger nor any drink to quench thirst; the sun's clear beam is its food, the sea's rare spray its drink — exhalations such as these form its simple nourishment. A mysterious fire flashes from its eye, and a flaming aureole enriches its head. Its crest shines with the sun's own light and shatters the darkness with its calm brilliance. Its legs are of Tyrian purple; swifter than those of the Zephyrs are its wings of flower-like blue dappled with rich gold.

Never was this bird conceived nor springs it from any mortal seed, itself is alike its own father and son, and with none to recreate it, it renews its outworn limbs with a rejuvenation of death, and at each decease wins a fresh lease of life. For when a thousand summers have passed far away, a thousand winters gone by, a thousand springs in their course given to the husbandmen that shade⁹³ of which autumn robbed them, then at last, fordone by the number of its years, it falls a victim to the burden of age; as a tall pine on the summit of Caucasus, wearied with storms, heels over with its weight and threatens at last to crash in ruin; one portion falls by reason of the unceasing winds, another breaks away rotted by the rain, another consumed by the decay of years.

⁹³ *i.e.* given leaves which in turn supply shade.

Iam breve decrescit lumen languetque senili
 segnis stella gelu, qualis cum forte tenetur
 nubibus et dubio vanescit Cynthia cornu.
 iam solitae medios alae transcurrere nimbos
 vix ima tolluntur humo. tum conscius aevi 40
 defuncti reducisque parans exordia formae
 arentes tepidis de collibus eligit herbas
 et tumulum texens pretiosa fronde Sabaeum
 componit, bustumque sibi partumque futurum.

Hic sedet et Solem blando clangore salutat 45
 debilior miscetque preces ac supplice cantu
 praestatura novas vires incendia poscit.
 quem procul adductis vidit cum Phoebus habenis,
 stat subito dictisque pium solatur alumnum:

“o senium posituro rogo falsisque sepulcris 50
natales habiture vices, qui saepe renasci
exitio proprioque soles pubescere leto,
accipe principium rursus corpusque coactum
desere. mutata melior procede figura.”

Haec fatus propere flavis e crinibus unum 55
concussa cervice iacit missoque volentem
vitali fulgore ferit. iam sponte crematur
ut redeat gaudetque mori festinus in ortum.
fervet odoratus telis caelestibus agger
consumitque senem. nitidos stupefacta iuvencos 60
luna premit pigrosque polus non concitat axes
parturiente rogo: curis Natura laborat,

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Now the Phoenix's bright eye grows dim and the pupil becomes palsied by the frost of years, like the moon when she is shrouded in clouds and her horn begins to vanish in the mist. Now his wings, wont to cleave the clouds of heaven, can scarce raise them from the earth. Then, realizing that his span of life is at an end and in preparation for a renewal of his splendour, he gathers dry herbs from the sun-warmed hills, and making an interwoven heap of the branches of the precious tree of Saba he builds that pyre which shall be at once his tomb and his cradle.

On this he takes his seat and as he grows weaker greets the Sun with his sweet voice; offering up prayers and supplications he begs that those fires will give him renewal of strength. Phoebus, on seeing him afar, checks his reins and staying his course consoles his loving child with these words: “Thou who art about to leave thy years behind upon yon pyre, who, by this pretence of death, art destined to rediscover life; thou whose decease means but the renewal of existence and who by self-destruction regainest thy lost youth, receive back thy life, quit the body that must die, and by a change of form come forth more beauteous than ever.”

So speaks he, and shaking his head casts one of his golden hairs and smites willing Phoenix with its life-giving effulgence. Now, to ensure his rebirth, he suffers himself to be burned and in his eagerness to be born again meets death with joy. Stricken with the heavenly flame the fragrant pile catches fire and burns the aged body. The moon in amaze checks her milk-white heifers and heaven halts his revolving spheres, while the pyre conceives the new life; Nature takes care that the deathless bird

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aeternam ne perdat avem, flammisque fideles
admonet, ut rerum decus inmortale remittant.

Continuo dispersa vigor per membra volutus 65
aestuat et venas recidivus sanguis inundat.
victuri cineres nullo cogente moveri
incipiunt plumaque rudem vestire favillam.
qui fuerat genitor, natus nunc prosilit idem
succeditque novus: geminae confinia vitae 70
exiguo medius discrimine separat ignis.

Protinus ad Nilum manes sacrare paternos
auctoremque globum Phariae telluris ad oras
ferre iuvat. velox alienum pergit in orbem
portans gramineo clausum velamine funus. 75
innumerae comitantur aves stipatque volantem
alituum suspensa cohors. exercitus ingens
obnubit vario late convexa meatu.
nec quisquam tantis e milibus obvius audet
ire duci, sed regis iter fragrantis adorant. 80
non ferus accipiter, non armiger ipse Tonantis
bella movet: commune facit reverentia foedus.
talis barbaricas flavo de Tigride turmas
ductor Parthus agit: gemmis et divite cultu
luxurians sertis apicem regalibus ornat; 85
auro frenat equum, perfusam murice vestem
Assyria signatur acu tumidusque regendo
celsa per famulas acies dicione superbit.

Clara per Aegyptum placidis notissima sacris
urbs Titana colit, centumque adcline columnis 90
invehitur templum Thebano monte revulsis.

* * * * *

perish not, and calls upon the sun, mindful of his promise, to restore its
immortal glory to the world.

Straightway the life spirit surges through his scattered limbs; the renovated
blood floods his veins. The ashes show signs of life; they begin to move
though there is none to move them, and feathers clothe the mass of cinders.
He who was but now the sire comes forth from the pyre the son and
successor; between life and life lay but that brief space wherein the pyre
burned.

His first delight is to consecrate his father's spirit by the banks of the Nile and
to carry to the land of Egypt the burned mass from which he was born. With
all speed he wings his way to that foreign strand, carrying the remains in a

covering of grass. Birds innumerable accompany him, and whole flocks thereof throng his airy flight. Their mighty host shuts out the sky where'er it passes. But from among so vast an assemblage none dares outstrip the leader; all follow respectfully in the balmy wake of their king. Neither the fierce hawk nor the eagle, Jove's own armour-bearer, fall to fighting; in honour of their common master a truce is observed by all. Thus the Parthian monarch leads his barbarous hosts by yellow Tigris' banks, all glorious with jewels and rich ornament and decks his tiara with royal garlands; his horse's bridle is of gold, Assyrian embroidery embellishes his scarlet robes, and proud with sovereignty he lords it o'er his numberless slaves.

There is in Egypt a well-known city celebrated for its pious sacrifices and dedicated to the worship of the Sun. Its temple rests on a hundred columns hewn from the quarries of Thebes. Here, as the

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illic, ut perhibent, patriam de more reponit
congeriem vultumque dei veneratus erilem
iam flammae commendat onus, iam destinat aris
semina relliquiasque sui: mirata relucet 95
limina; divino spirant altaria fumo,
et Pelusiacas productus ad usque paludes
Indus odor penetrat nares completque salubri
tempestate viros et nectare dulcior aura
ostia nigrantis Nili septena vaporat. 100

O felix heresque tui! quo solvimur omnes,
hoc tibi suppeditat vires; praebetur origo
per cinerem, moritur te non pereunte senectus.
vidisti quodcumque fuit; te saecula teste
cuncta revolvuntur; nosti quo tempore pontus 105
fuderit elatas scopulis stagnantibus undas,
quis Phaëthonteis erroribus arserit annus,
et clades te nulla rapit solusque superstes
edomita tellure manes: non stamina Parcae
in te dira legunt nec ius habuere nocendi. 110

XXVIII. (XLVII.)

Nilus.

Felix, qui Pharias proscindit vomere terras:
nubila non sperat tenebris condentia caelum
nec graviter flantes pluviali frigore Cauros
invocat aut arcum variata luce rubentem.

* * * * *

story tells, the Phoenix is wont to store his father's ashes and, adoring the image of the god, his master, to entrust his precious burden to the flames. He places on the altar that from which he is sprung and that which remains of himself. Bright shines the wondrous threshold; the fragrant shrine is filled with the holy smoke of the altar and the odour of Indian incense, penetrating even as far as the Pelusiac marshes, fills the nostrils of men, flooding them with its kindly influence and with a scent sweeter than that of nectar perfumes the seven mouths of the dark Nile.

Happy bird, heir to thine own self! Death which proves our undoing restores thy strength. Thine ashes give thee life and though thou perish not thine old age dies. Thou hast beheld all that has been, hast witnessed the passing of the ages. Thou knowest when it was that the waves of the sea rose and o'erflowed the rocks, what year it was that Phaëthon's error devoted to the flames. Yet did no destruction overwhelm thee; sole survivor thou livest to see the earth subdued; against thee the Fates gather not up their threads, powerless to do thee harm.

*The Nile.*⁹⁴

Blessèd is the man who cleaves the soil of Egypt with his plough; he need not hope for clouds to shroud the heavens in darkness nor call upon the storm-winds that bring the chilling rain or the rainbow bright with its various colours.

⁹⁴ Claudian again borrows from Herodotus (ii. 20-27).

* * * * *

Aegyptus sine nube ferax imbresque serenos 5
 sola tenet; secura poli, non indiga venti
 gaudet aquis, quas ipsa vehit, Niloque redundat:
 qui rapido tractu mediis elatus ab Austris,
 flammiferae patiens zonae cancrique calentis,
 fluctibus ignotis nostrum procurrit in orbem 10
 secreto de fonte cadens, qui semper inani
 quaerendus ratione latet, nec contigit ulli
 hoc vidisse caput: fertur sine teste creatus
 flumina profundens alieni conscia caeli.
 inde vago lapsu Libyam dispersus in omnem 15
 Aethiopum per mille ruit nigrantia regna
 et loca continuo solis damnata vapore
 inrorat populisque salus sitientibus errat
 per Meroën Blemiasque feros atramque Syenem.
 hunc bibit infrenis Garamas domitorque ferarum 20
 Gyrraeus, qui vasta colit sub rupibus antra,
 qui ramos ebeni, dentes qui vellit eburnos,
 et gens compositis crinem velata sagittis.

Nec vero similes causas crescentibus undis
 aut tempus meruit. glacie non ille soluta 25
 nec circumfuso scopulis exuberat imbre.
 nam cum tristis hiems alias produxerit undas,
 tunc Nilum retinent ripae; cum languida cessant
 flumina, tunc Nilus mutato iure tumescit.
 quippe quod ex omni fluvio spoliaverit aestas, 30
 hoc Nilo natura refert, totumque per orbem
 collectae partes unum revocantur in amnem;

* * * * *

Fertile is Egypt without clouds; here alone is sunshine and yet rain. She

regards not the sky, needs not the wind; enough for her the water she herself contains, Nile's overflow. This swiftly-flowing river rises in the mountainous country of the south where it suffers the heats of the torrid zone and of the scorching Crab and issues forth from regions unknown into our world. Whence it comes none knows, for vain has ever been the search after its springing nor has any ever seen that source. 'Tis said that, fashioned without witness, it pours forth waters that have known a clime other than ours. Thence with errant stream it stretches through all Libya, and through Ethiopia's thousand dusky kingdoms where it waters lands condemned to the sun's unceasing fires, saviour of thirsting peoples, and threads its course across Meroë and black Syene and through the country of the wild Blemyae. The unconquered Garamantes and the Gyrraei who can tame wild animals drink of its waters, as do those tribes who dwell in huge rocky caverns, gathering the wood of ebony-trees and robbing the elephant of his tusks of ivory, and the folk who wear arrows in their hair.

Neither the cause nor yet the season of its overflow is the same as that of other rivers. Its waters rise neither because of melted snows nor by reason of rains flooding its rocky marge; for when dull winter giveth increase to other rivers Nile keeps within his banks; when other rivers flow with diminished stream, Nile, under other laws, rises. For of a truth whatever toll summer has exacted from all rivers Nature repays to the Nile, and waters gathered together from the whole world meet thus

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quoque die Titana canis flagrantior armat
et rapit umores madidos venasque calore
compescit radiisque potentibus aestuat axis, ³⁵
Nilo bruma venit, contraria tempora mundo:
defectis solitum referens cultoribus aequor
effluit Aegaeo stagnantior, acrior alto
Ionio seseque patentibus explicat arvis:
fluctuat omnis ager; remis sonuere novalis; ⁴⁰
saepius, aestivo iaceat cum forte sopore,
cernit cum stabulis armenta natantia pastor.

XXIX. (XLVIII.)

Magnes.

Quisquis sollicita mundum ratione secutus
semina rimatur rerum, quo luna laborat
defectu, quae causa iubet pallescere solem,
unde rubescentes ferali crine cometae,
unde fluant venti, trepidae quis viscera terrae 5
concutiat motus, quis fulgura ducat hiatus,
unde tonent nubes, quo lumine floreat arcus,
hoc mihi quaerenti, si quid deprendere veri
mens valet, expediat.

Lapis est cognomine magnes
decolor obscurus vilis. non ille repexam 10
caesariem regum, non candida virginis ornat
colla nec insigni splendet per cingula morsu;
sed nova si nigri videas miracula saxi,
tunc pulchros superat cultus et quidquid Eois

* * * * *

in one river. Then when the Dog-star increases the heat of the sun and sucks up all moisture, drying up earth's veins and filling heaven with its scorching rays, winter comes upon the Nile, though elsewhere all is summer. Then, bringing back to the fainting husbandmen its accustomed waters, it o'erflows ampler than the Aegean, fiercer than the deep Ionian, and spreads itself over the low-lying country. All the fields are aswim; plough-land sounds to the beat of the oar, and full often the shepherd, o'ercome with summer's heat, wakes to see flocks and fold carried away by the flood.

XXIX. (XLVIII.)

The Magnet.

Whosoever with anxious thought examines the universe and searches out the origin of things — the reason of the sun's and moon's eclipse, the causes of comets' red and baneful fires, the source of the winds, the motion that makes the earth to quake, the force that splits the heavens in twain, the noise of the thunder, the brilliance of the rainbow, let this man (if man's mind has any power to conceive the truth) explain to me something I would fain understand.

There is a stone called the loadstone; black, dull, and common. It does not adorn the braided hair of kings nor the snowy necks of girls, nor yet shine in the jewelled buckles of warriors' belts. But consider the marvellous properties of this dull-looking stone and you will see that it is of more worth than lovely gems and any pearl sought of

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Indus litoribus Rubra scrutatur in alga. 15
nam ferro meruit vitam ferrique rigore
vescitur; hoc dulces epulas, hoc pabula novit;
hinc proprias renovat vires; hinc fusa per artus
aspera secretum servant alimenta vigorem;
hoc absente perit: tristi morientia torpent 20
membra fame, venasque sitis consumit apertas.

Mavors, sanguinea qui cuspide verberat urbes,
et Venus, humanas quae laxat in otia curas,
aurati delubra tenent communia templi.
effigies non una deis: sed ferrea Martis 25
forma nitet, Venerem magnetica gemma figurat.
illis conubium celebrat de more sacerdos.
ducit flamma choros; festa frondentia myrto
limina cinguntur, roseisque cubilia surgunt
floribus, et thalamum dotalis purpura velat. 30
hic mirum consurgit opus: Cytherea maritum
sponte rapit caelique toros imitata priores
pectora lascivo flatu Mavortia nectit
et tantum suspendit onus galeaeque lacertos
implicat et vivis totum complexibus ambit. 35
ille lacessitus longo spiraminis actu
arcanis trahitur gemma de coniuge nodis.
pronuba fit Natura deis ferrumque maritat
aura tenax: subitis sociantur numina furtis.

Quis calor infudit geminis alterna metallis 40
foedera? quae duras iungit concordia mentes?
flagrat anhela silex et amicam saucia sentit
materiem placidosque chalybs cognoscit amores.

* * * * *

Indian amid the seaweed on the Red Sea's shores. It lives on iron and feeds on its inflexible nature; iron is its food and nourishment; from iron it recruits its strength. This seemingly inedible food, circulating throughout its body, renews its hidden powers. Without iron the loadstone dies; its bulk wastes away from lack of nourishment and thirst parches its emptied veins.

Mars, who strikes cities with his bloody spear, and Venus, who changes human cares to ease, share a common shrine and temple built of gold. Each deity has his own image; Mars, a polished iron statue, Venus, one fashioned of the loadstone. The priest duly celebrates their union. The nuptial torch precedes the choir; myrtle wreaths adorn the portals, the couches are piled with roses, while cloth of scarlet dye, as befits a marriage, adorns the bridal chamber. But, lo, a prodigy: Cytherea, without quitting her station, attracts her husband to her, and recalling the scene of which heaven was once witness, clasps Mars to her bosom with amorous breath. There she holds him suspended; her arms enfold the helmet of the god and clasp his whole body in a lifelike embrace. He, stirred by the far-compelling influence of her breath, is drawn towards her by the secret chains of his jewel-bride. Nature presides over the divine marriage; a binding breath woos the steel to wedlock; suddenly two deities are mated in secret union.

What hidden warmth infuses mutual sympathy into these twin metals? What harmony makes one their stubborn souls? The stone sighs and burns, and smitten with love recognizes in the iron the object of its desire, while the iron experiences a

* * * * *

sic Venus horrificum belli compescere regem
et vultum mollire solet, cum sanguine praeceps 45
aestuat et strictis mucronibus asperat iras.
sola feris occurrit equis solvitque tumorem
pectoris et blando praecordia temperat igni.
pax animo tranquilla datur, pugnasque calentes
deserit et rutilas declinat in oscula cristas. 50
Quae tibi, saeve puer, non est permissa potestas?
tu magnum superas fulmen caeloque relicto
fluctibus in mediis cogis mugire Tonantem.

iam gelidas rupes vivoque carentia sensu
membra feris, iam saxa tuis obnoxia telis, 55
et lapides suos ardor agit, ferrumque tenetur
inlecebris; rigido regnant in marmore flammae.

XXX. (XXIX.)

Laus Serenae.

Dic, mea Calliope, tanto cur tempore differs
Pierio meritam serto redimire Serenam?
vile putas donum, solitam consurgere gemmis
et Rubro radiare mari si floribus ornes
reginae regina comam? sed floribus illis, 5
quos neque frigoribus Boreas nec Sirius urit
aestibus, aeterno sed veris honore rubentes

* * * * *

gentle attraction for the stone. It is thus that Venus often holds the fierce god of war in check and softens his fiery glance when the angry blood boils within him and with drawn sword he whets his wrath. She alone can face his fierce steeds and appease the tumult of his heart, calming his anger with gentle flame. Peace and quiet are restored within his soul; he abjures the heat of battle and bends his head, helmed with ruddy plumes, to kiss the goddess.

Cruel boy, is aught beyond thy powers? Thou dost master the mighty thunderbolt; thou canst force the Thunderer to leave the sky and bellow amid the waves. Now thou showest that thou canst smite cold rocks and shapes not instinct with feeling or life, that stone can be wounded by thine arrows. Rocks are stirred by a passion of their own; iron is obedient to thy blandishments; thy flames exercise dominion over hardest marl.

*In praise of Serena.*⁹⁵

Say, my Muse, why tarriest thou so long to crown Serena's brows with the Pierian garland they so well deserve? Thinkest thou the gift too poor shouldst thou, a queen, deck but with flowers the head of a queen accustomed rather to wear a tiara bright with all the jewels of the Red Sea? Nay, those flowers of thine are such that neither Boreas' cold blast nor Sirius' scorching heat can hurt them; theirs is the bloom of everlasting spring for they

⁹⁵ For Serena, niece and adoptive daughter of Theodosius and wife of Stilicho, *cf.* Introduction, p. xvi. I follow Vollmer (in Pauly-Wissowa, art. "Claudianus") rather than Birt in dating this poem *circa* 398 and XXXI. as 404.

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fons Aganippea Permessius educat unda:
unde piae pascuntur apes et prata legentes
transmittunt saeculis Heliconia mella futuris. 10
Dignius an vates alios exercuit unum
femineae virtutis opus? quod sponte redempto
casta maritali successit Thessala fato
inque suos migrare virum non abnuat annos,
hoc Grai memorant. Latiis movet ora Camenis 15
praescia fatorum Tanaquil rediensque per undas
Cloelia Thybrinas et eodem flumine ducens
Claudia virgineo cunctantem crine Cybeben.
anne aliud toto molitur carminis actu
Maeonii mens alta senis? quod stagna Charybdis 20
armavit, quod Scylla canes, quod pocula Circe,
Antiphatae vitata fames surdoque carina
remige Sirenum cantus transvecta tenaces,
lumine fraudatus Cyclops, contempta Calypso:
Penelopae decus est atque uni tanta paratur 25
scaena pudicitiae. terrae pelagique labores
et saevi totidem bellis quot fluctibus anni
coniugii docuere fidem. sit Claudia felix
teste dea castosque probet sub numine mores
absolvens puppisque moras crimenque pudoris: 30
Penelope trahat arte procos fallatque furentes
stamina nocturnae relegens Laertia telae:
non tamen audebunt titulis certare Serenae.

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have grown by Permessus' fount and been watered by Aganippe's wave.

Those flowers have fed the holy bees that skim the meadows and transmit the honey of Helicon to coming generations.

Did ever the single theme of woman's worth more fitly stir other bards? The Greeks sing of Alcestis, that chaste Thessalian, who, to win her husband from death, freely offered herself in his stead, allowing him to enjoy her own span of life. The Latin Muse takes prophetic Tanaquil⁹⁶ for her theme or Cloelia breasting Tiber's waves in her return to Rome or the maiden Claudia dragging with her own hair the ship which bore Cybele, what time it stuck fast in that same stream. Does old Homer's soaring soul essay aught else throughout his song? Dangers from Charybdis' gulf, from Scylla's dogs, from Circe's cup, the escape of Ulysses from the greed of Antiphate, the passage of the ship between the rocks where sat the Sirens to whose alluring voices the rowers were deaf, the blinding of Cyclops, the desertion of Calypso — all these do but redound to the glory of Penelope, and the whole scene is set to display her chastity alone. Toils by land and sea, ten years of war, ten years of wandering, all do but illustrate the fidelity of a wife. Let Claudia rejoice in the goddess' witness and with heaven's help vindicate her claim to chastity, freeing at the same moment the vessel's stern and her own character from shame. Let Penelope by artful delays deceive the madness of the suitors and, ever faithful to Ulysses, delude their solicitations, ever winding up again by night the warp of her day-spun web. Yet shall not one of these heroines dare to vie with Serena.

⁹⁶ Tanaquil, sister of the elder Tarquin, wife of the Etruscan Lucumo; for her prophetic powers see Livy i. 34. 8. Cloelia, ahostage with Porsenna, swam back to Rome (Livy ii. 13. 6). When the image of Cybele was brought to Rome (204 B.C.) and the boat stuck in a shallow at the Tiber's mouth it was said that only a chaste woman could move it. Claudia, who had been accused of adultery, took hold of the rope and towed the vessel to shore.

* * * * *

Quodsi nobilitas cunctis exordia pandit
laudibus atque omnes redeunt in semina causae, 35
quis venerabilior sanguis, quae maior origo
quam regalis erit? non hoc privata dedere
limina nec tantum poterat contingere nomen
angustis laribus; patruo te principe celsam
bellipotens inlustrat avus, qui signa Britanno 40
intulit Oceano Gaetulaque reppulit arma.
claram Scipiadum taceat Cornelia gentem
seque minus iactet Libycis dotata trophaeis.
cardine tu gemino laurus praetendis avitas:
inde Caledoniis, Australibus inde parentum 45
cingeris exuviis. necdum moderamina mundi
sumpserat illa domus, cum te Lucina beatis
adderet astrorum radiis, o maxima rerum

gloria: post genitam didicit regnare Serenam.

Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris 50
vox humana valet? primo lavat aequore solem
India: tu fessos exacta luce iugales
proluis inque tuo respirant sidera fluctu.
dives equis, frugum facilis, pretiosa metallis,
principibus fecunda piis, tibi saecula debent 55
Traianum; series his fontibus Aelia fluxit.
hinc senior, pater, hinc iuvenum diademata fratrum.
namque aliae gentes, quas foedere Roma recepit
aut armis domuit, varios aptantur in usus
imperii; Phariae segetes et Punica messis 60
castrorum devota cibo; dat Gallia robur

* * * * *

But if noble birth opens the first path to fame and all its causes are to be traced to ancestry, what blood more noble, what birth more gentle than that of royalty? Such majesty could not have flourished within the house of a mere commoner nor could glory so great have sprung from any simple home. Thou art famous for that thine uncle was an emperor, more famous by reason of the warlike deeds of thy grandsire⁹⁷ who carried the Roman eagles across the British Channel and repulsed the armed bands of the Gaetulians. Cornelia, daughter of the Scipios, must cease to vaunt her high birth and to boast that she received for dower the spoils of Carthage. Thou canst point to ancestral triumphs in either hemisphere; on thy brow sit two crowns, the one won by thy sires from Scotland, the other from the South. Thou glory of the world, what time Lucina assisted at the birth of thee, our new star, thy house had not yet taken on itself the government of the whole earth; not till after Serena's birth did it know world-empire.

What human voice can worthily sing thy praises, Spain? Though India first bathes the new-born sun in her ocean yet when the light dies thou waterest his wearied steeds and in thy waves the stars find refreshment. Rich in horses, bounteous in crops, dowered with mines, prolific in good emperors, to thee the world owes Trajan, from thee sprang the Aelian⁹⁸ race. From thy land came the brothers who now govern us and their father. Other races whom Rome has either received into alliance or subdued by arms serve the varying needs of empire: the corn of Egypt, the harvests of Africa go to feed our armies; Gaul recruits our powerful legions;

⁹⁷ For Theodosius the elder *cf.* note on xv. 216.

⁹⁸ Referring to Hadrian.

militis; Illyricis sudant equitatibus alae:
 sola novum Latiis vectigal Hiberia rebus
 contulit Augustos. fruges, aeraria, miles
 undique conveniunt totoque ex orbe leguntur: 65
 haec generat qui cuncta regant. nec laude virorum
 censeri contenta fuit, nisi matribus aequae
 vinceret et gemino certatim splendida sexu
 Flaccillam Mariamque daret pulchramque Serenam.

Te nascente ferunt per pinguia culta tumentem 70
 divitiis undasse Tagum; Callaecia risit
 floribus et roseis formosus Duria ripis
 vellere purpureo passim mutavit ovile.
 Cantaber Oceanus vicino litore gemmas
 expuit; effossis nec pallidus Astur oberrat 75
 montibus: oblatum sacris natalibus aurum
 vulgo vena vomit, Pyrenaeisque sub antris
 ignea flumineae legere ceraunia Nymphae;
 quaeque relabentes undas aestumque secutae
 in refluos venere palam Nereides amnes 80
 confessae plausu dominam cecinere futuris
 auspiciis thalamis. alio tum parvus in axe
 crescebat Stilicho votique ignarus agebat,
 debita cui longe coniunx, penitusque remoto
 orbe parabatur tanti concordia fati. 85

Nec tua mortalis meruit cunabula nutrix.
 ubera prima dabant gremio redolente Napaeae
 ternaque te nudis innectens Gratia membris
 adflavit docuitque loqui. quacumque per herbam
 reptares, fluxere rosae, candentia nasci 90

Illyria produces stout horsemen for our cavalry. But Spain alone pays that rarest tribute — the gift of emperors. Corn, money, soldiers come from all the world over and are gathered together from every quarter of the globe; Spain gives us men to govern and direct all this. Nor was she content to be esteemed only for her famous heroes, did she not also excel in heroines, and, emulous to win glory from either sex, bestow upon us Flaccilla,⁹⁹ Maria, and the fair Serena.

At thy¹⁰⁰ birth they tell how swelling Tagus o'erflowed the rich fields with

gold; Galicia laughed with flowers and on the rose-covered banks of Duria's fair stream the once white fleeces of the sheep were everywhere turned to purple grain. The Cantabrian main cast up jewels upon the shore, and the pale Asturian delves no more into the bowels of the mountain; on the day hallowed by thy birth earth poured forth gold as dross from her open veins. Beneath the caves of the Pyrenees the river Nymphs gather the fiery thunder-stones. The Nereids, yielding to the flowing tide, followed the flooding waves up the river's courses; there, in the sight of all, they acknowledged thee their queen by their applause and celebrated thy coming marriage in prophetic strains. And all the time beneath another sky grew the young Stilicho; he lived unwitting of his fortune, of the destined bride that awaited him afar, and in a distant world was the union of such high destinies prepared.

No mortal nurse was worthy to watch over thy cradle. First the Nymphs gave thee suck at their fragrant breasts; the three Graces held thee in their arms and breathing upon thee taught thee to speak. Roses sprang where'er thou didst creep over the

⁹⁹ Flaccilla, wife of Theodosius the Great (*cf.* x. 43).

¹⁰⁰ *i.e.* Serena's.

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lilia; si placido cessissent lumina somno,
purpura surgebat violae, factura cubile
gramineum, vernetque tori regalis imago,
omina non audet genetrix tam magna fateri
successusque suos arcani conscia voti ⁹⁵
spe trepidante tegit.

Gestabat Honorius arto
te pater amplexu. quotiens ad limina princeps
Theodosius privatus adhuc fraterna veniret,
oscula libabat teque ad sua tecta ferebat
laetior; in matrem teneris conversa querellis: ¹⁰⁰
“quid me de propriis auferre penatibus?” inquis:
“imperat hic semper!” praesagia luserat error
et dedit augurium regnis infantia linguae,
defuncto genitore tuo sublimis adoptat
te patruus magnique animo solacia luctus ¹⁰⁵
restituens propius quam si genuisset amavit
defuncti fratris subolem; nec carior olim
mutua Ladaeos devinxit cura Lacones:
addidit et proprio germana vocabula nato
quaque datur fratris speciem sibi reddit adempti. ¹¹⁰
denique cum rerum summas electus habenas

susciperet, non ante suis intendit amorem
pignoribus quam te pariter fidamque sororem
litus ad Eoum terris acciret Hiberis.

Deseritur iam ripa Tagi Zephyrique relictis ¹¹⁵
sedibus Aurorae famulas properatur ad urbes.
incedunt geminae proles fraterna puellae:
inde Serena minor, prior hinc Thermantia natu,
expertes thalami, quarum Cythereia necdum

* * * * *

grass and white lilies blossomed there; didst thou close thine eyes in quiet sleep, there burgeoned the purple violet to adorn thy grassy couch with her imperial colour. Thy mother dared not tell of such great omens and, knowing her own secret vow, hides with eager hope the fulfilment she prays for.

Thy father Honorius held thee in a close embrace. Whenever Theodosius — not emperor then — came to his brother's house he covered thee with kisses and loved to take thee with him to his own home. Then turning to thy mother with gentle complaint, "Why," thou saidst, "take me from my own home? This man ever commands."¹⁰¹ Prophetic was the sportive word and thine infant lips gave augury of empire. At the death of thy sire thine illustrious uncle adopted thee and to console thee for the bitterness of that loss, bestowed upon thee, his brother's child, more love than he could have bestowed on any child of his own. Leda's twin sons were not united with a bond of affection more sure. He gave his own son the name his brother had borne, hoping in some way to discover in that son the image of the brother he had loved and lost. Finally, when the people's choice had summoned him to take up the reins of empire, Theodosius would not vouchsafe his sons any proof of his affection for them until he had summoned thee and thy faithful sister from Spain to the lands of morning.

So now they leave Tagus' banks and the home of the west winds and hasten towards the cities that recognize the empery of the east. They come, the maidens twain, his brother's children, on this side Serena the younger, on that Thermantia¹⁰² the elder born, strange as yet to love; nor has Hymen bent

¹⁰¹ Claudian plays on the words *imperat* and *imperator*.

¹⁰² This Thermantia is not to be confused with her niece Thermantia, daughter of Serena and Stilicho (x. 339).

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sub iuga cervices niveas Hymenaeus adegit. ¹²⁰
utraque luminibus timidum micat, utraque pulchro
excitat ore faces. qualis Latonia virgo

et solo Iove nata soror cum forte revisunt
aequorei sortem patrui (spumantia cedunt
aequora castarum gressus venerata dearum; 125
non ludit Galatea procax, non improbus audet
tangere Cymothoën Triton totoque severos
indicit mores pelago pudor ipsaque Proteus
arceat ab amplexu turpi Neptunia monstra):
tales sceptriferi visurae tecta parentis 130
limen Honoriades penetrant regale sorores.
ambas ille quidem patrio complexus amore,
sed merito pietas in te proclivior ibat;
et quotiens, rerum moles ut publica cogit,
tristior aut ira tumidus flagrante redibat, 135
cum patrem nati fugerent atque ipsa timeret
commotum Flaccilla virum, tu sola frementem
frangere, tu blando poteras sermone mederi.
adloquiis haerere tuis, secreta fateri.¹⁰³

Prisca puellares reverentia transilit annos. 140
non talem Triviae confert laudator Homerus
Alcinoo genitam, quae dum per litora vestes
explicat et famulas exercet laeta choreis,
auratam iaculata pilam post naufraga somni
otia progressum foliis expavit Ulixen. 145

Pierius labor et veterum tibi carmina vatum
ludus erat: quos Smyrna dedit, quos Mantua libros

¹⁰³ MSS. have *fideli*; P marks the passage as corrupt. I adopt Birt's *fateri* and, with Heinsius and Buecheler, suppose a linefallen out between 138 and 139.

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their snowy necks to the yoke of Venus. Spirited yet modest is the glance of each; of each the beauty fires the hearts of men. Such as are Diana and her sister, motherless child of Jove, when they visit the realm of their uncle, lord of the sea (the foaming waves grow smooth before them in honour of the approach of the chaste goddesses; Galatea ceases her mad frolics, bold Triton dares not clasp Cymothoë in his embrace; o'er the whole ocean the dictates of purity hold sway and Proteus prevents even Neptune's flocks from indulging in their shameless amours) — even such the daughters of Honorius enter the palace and view the home of their royal parent. Both did the prince embrace with a father's love but justly did affection turn more readily to thee. Often when, his heart troubled by the anxieties of public business, he returned home depressed or angered, when his own sons fled his presence and even Flaccilla feared to approach her exasperated husband, thou alone wert able to stay his wrath and bring healing with sweet converse. On thy words he would hang, to

thee confess his secret thoughts.

Thy modesty, worthy of an earlier age, surpassed even that of modest girlhood. Less chaste than thee was that daughter of Alcinous whom Homer, in his praises of her, compares to Diana; she who spread her clothes on the shore to dry and sported with her attendant maids, throwing a golden ball from hand to hand until she fled in alarm from Ulysses issuing forth from the thicket where he had been enjoying sleep after his shipwreck.

The study of the Muses and the songs of poets of olden time were thy delight. Turning the pages of Homer, bard of Smyrna, or those of Virgil,

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percurrrens damnas Helenam nec parcis Elissae.
nobiliora tenent animos exempla pudicos:
Laodamia sequens remeantem rursus ad umbras 150
Phylaciden et prona ruens Capaneia coniunx
communes ardente viro mixtura favillas,
et gravis incumbens casto Lucretia ferro,
vulnere quae proprio facinus testata tyranni
armavit patriae iustos in bella dolores 155
exule Tarquinio, memorandaque concidit uno
ulta pudicitiam libertatemque cruore.
talìa facta libens non tu virtute minore,
sed fato meliore legis.

Iam nubilis aetas

principe sollicito votis erexerat aulam 160
incertis, quem tanta tori fortuna maneret.
Antiquos loquitur Musarum pagina reges,
quod dura sub lege procos certare iuberent,
empturos thalamum dubii discrimine leti,
et sua crudeles gauderent pignora mortis 165
ambitione peti. curru Pisaea marino
fugit praeda Pelops; nam perfidus obice regis
prodidit Oenomai deceptus Myrtilus axem.
Hippomenes trepidus cursu ferroque secutam
aurato volucrem flexit Schoeneida pomo. 170
Herculeas vidit Fluvio luctante palaestras
moenibus ex altis Calydon pretiumque labori
Deianira fuit, cum pectore victor anhelò
Alcides fremeret retroque Acheloius iret
decolor: attonitae stringebant vulnera Nymphae; 175
saucia truncato pallebant flumina cornu.

poet of Mantua, thou findest fault with Helen nor canst approve of Dido. Thy chaste mind fastens upon examples more noble: Laodamia following Protesilaus as he returned to the shades; Euadne who cast herself on the flaming pyre whereon her husband Capaneus perished, wishing to mingle her ashes with his; grave Lucrece who fell upon a chaste sword, she who self-slain bore witness to the tyrant's crime, aroused to war her country's righteous wrath, drove Tarquin into exile and died gloriously, having avenged by her one sacrifice both chastity and freedom. Of such deeds thou dost read with joy, thyself not less in virtue though more blessed of fortune.

Now that thou art of an age for marriage the hopes of the young courtiers run high, but the prince hesitates to select the happy man who is to share thy couch and regal state.

The pages of the poets tell how ancient kings bade suitors contend on the hard terms of purchasing the bride at hazard of their lives, and rejoiced that death should be the wooer of their daughters. Pelops escaped the weapons of Pisa's king, thanks to the chariot Neptune gave him, for it was Myrtilus who tricked King Oenomaus by withdrawing the lynch-pin from the chariot-wheel. Panting Hippomenes got the better of Atalanta, daughter of Schoeneus, who followed close on his traces, a sword in her hand, by means of the golden apples. The inhabitants of Calydon watched from their high battlements the struggle of Hercules with the river-god when, Deianira being the prize of victory, the panting hero shouted in triumph and Achelous paled and shrank away, shorn of his horn, the wound whereof the astonished river nymphs sought to heal.

te non Hesperidum pomis, non amne subacto,
 non socerum fallente rota, sed iudice dignus
 Augusto variis Stilicho spectatus in armis
 accipit et regni dotes virtute paravit. 180
 saepe duces meritis bello tribuere coronas:
 hunc cingit muralis honos; hunc civica quercus
 nexuit; hunc domitis ambit rostrata carinis.
 solus, militiae mira mercede, iugalem
 promeruit Stilicho socero referente coronam. 185

Agnovit patrui similem Thermantia curam;
 nupsit et illa duci; sed longe fata sororis
 inferiora tuis. alio tibi numine taedas
 accendit Romana Salus magnisque coronis
 coniugium fit causa tuum. dilectus equorum, 190

quos Phrygiae matres Argaeaeque gramina pastae
 semine Cappadocum sacris praesaepibus edunt,
 primus honor, gemino mox inde e germine¹⁰⁴ duxit
 agmina commissosque labor sic gessit honores,
 ut semper merito princeps cum magna dedisset, ¹⁹⁵
 deberet maiora tamen. si bellica nubes
 ingrueret, quamvis annis et iure minori
 cedere grandaevos equitum peditumque magistros
 adspiceres totumque palam permittere Martem,
 nec gradus aetatisque pudor senioribus obstat, ²⁰⁰
 ne iuveni parere velint. ceu flamine molli

¹⁰⁴ *germine* is the reading adopted by the Aldine ed. The MSS. vary. Birt conjectures *ex ordine*.

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But it is neither to the apples of the Hesperides nor to victory over a river nor to treacherous tampering with a chariot-wheel that Stilicho owes the winning of thy hand; the emperor himself adjudged him worthy thereof, for that his valour had been proved in countless wars; his own courage won him an empress to wife. Generals have often bestowed decorations on those who have deserved them in battle: one man wins the mural crown, another the civic wreath, a third, for having defeated an enemy's fleet, the naval decoration. Stilicho is the only warrior who, as the reward for signal services in war, has won from a grateful father's hand the crown of marriage.

Thermantia owes her uncle no lesser debt of gratitude: she too was married to a general. But how far inferior to thine, Serena, was thy sister's fortune! For thee with fairer promise Rome's guardian-angel kindles the torches, and glorious are the garlands that thy marriage brings. First to be set in his charge is the care of the horses reared in the royal stables, whose dams were Phrygian mares, or such as have pastured on Argos' plains, whose sires were Cappadocians. Soon he exercises a double command in the army¹⁰⁵ and fulfils his functions with such energy and success that, howsoever great the honours heaped upon him by the emperor, his deserts are ever in excess of his reward. Whenever the cloud of war threatened thou mightest have seen experienced commanders of horse and foot give way to a leader younger and of less exalted rank and without more ado entrust to him the whole war. Neither rank nor age stays older men through shame from ready obedience to a youth. As when on a calm sea

¹⁰⁵ *i.e. magister utriusque militiae* in the East.

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tranquillisque fretis clavum sibi quisque regendum

vindicat; incumbat si turbidus Auster et unda
pulset utrumque latus, posito certamine nautae
contenti meliore manu seseque pavere 205
confessi (finem studiis fecere procellae):
haud aliter Stilicho, fremuit cum Thracia belli
tempestas, cunctis pariter cedentibus unus
eligitur ductor; suffragia quippe peregit
iudex vera timor; victus ratione salutis

Quis tibi tunc per membra tremor quantaque cadebant
ubertim lacrimae, cum saeva vocantibus arma
iam lituis madido respectans lumina vultu
optares reducem galeaeque inserta minaci 215
oscula cristati raperes festina mariti!
gaudia quae rursus, cum post victricia tandem
classica sidereas ferratum pectus in ulnas
exciperes, castae tuto per dulcia noctis
otia pugnarum seriem narrare iuberet! 220
non illo nitidos umquam bellante capillos
comere, non solitos gemmarum sumere cultus:
numinibus votisque vacas et supplice crine
verris humum: teritur neglectae gratia formae
cum proprio reditura viro.

Nec deside cura 225

segnis marcet amor: laudem prudentia belli
feminea pro parte subit. dum gentibus ille
confligit, vigili tu prospicis omnia sensu,
ne quid in absentem virtutibus obvia semper
audeat invidiae rabies neu fervor iniquus, 230
ne qua procul positis furto subsederit armis

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every sailor maintains his right to manage the rudder, but if the blustering south wind comes upon them and the waves buffet them on either side, then contention ceases and the sailors accepting a more skilful hand admit their fear (for the storm has set a term to their jealousy), even so Stilicho when the storm of war broke out in Thrace was chosen as commander-in-chief over the heads of all. Fear, that surest of judges, won him the votes of all; regard for safety o'ermastered ambition and jealousy was overthrown by dread.

How thou didst tremble and weep when the cruel bugles summoned thy lord to arms! With a countenance wet with tears thou saw'st him leave thy home praying for his safe return after snatching the final hasty kiss from between the bars of his crested helmet's visor. But again what joy when at length he returned, preceded by the clarion of victory and thou couldst hold his still

mailed form in thy loving arms once more! How sweet the long hours of the chaste night wherein thou badest him tell in safety the story of his battles. Whilst he was at the wars thou didst not comb thy shining hair nor wear the jewels that were wont to adorn thee. Thy time is spent in worship and in prayer as thy suppliant tresses sweep the temple floor; uncared for perishes the gracious beauty that shall return with thine own lord.

But love languishes not in idleness and sloth; as far as it could a woman's watchful care seconds his deeds of glory. While he warred with foreign nations thou keepest guard lest mad envy or burning calumny should dare aught against him while far away, and lest, when war was ended abroad, treachery should lie secretly in wait to injure him

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calliditas nocitura domi. tu sedula quondam
Rufino meditante nefas, cum quaereret artes
in ducis exitium coniuratosque foveret
contra pila Getas, motus rimata latentes ²³⁵
mandatis tremebunda virum scriptisque monebas.

XXXI. (XL.)

Epistula ad Serenam.

Orphea cum primae sociarent numina taedae
ruraque compleret Thracia festus Hymen,
certavere ferae picturataeque volucres,
dona suo vati quae potiora darent,
quippe antri memores, cautes ubi saepe sonorae 5
praebuerant dulci mira theatra lyrae.
Caucasio crystalla ferunt de vertice lynces,
grypes Hyperborei pondera fulva soli,
furatae Veneris prato per inane columbae
floreæ conexas sarta tulere rosis, 10
fractaque nobilium ramis electra sororum
cycnus oloriferi vexit ab amne Padi,
et Nilo Pygmaea grues post bella remenso
ore legunt Rubri germina cara maris.
venit et extremo Phoenix longaevus ab Euro 15
adportans unco cinnama rara pede.
nulla avium pecudumque fuit, quae ferre negaret
vectigal merita conubiale lyrae.

Tunc opibus totoque Heliconis sedula regno
ornabat propriam Calliopea nurum. 20

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at home. Thou didst indeed once show thy vigilance what time Rufinus, hatching his plots, sought means to destroy his master by traitorously stirring up the Getae against Rome, for thou didst search out his foul conspiracy and in fear for thy husband's safety, didst send him warning by letters and messages.

Letter to Serena.

At the first kindling of Orpheus' marriage-torch when festive Hymen filled the countryside of Thrace the beasts and gay-plumaged birds strove among themselves what best gifts they could bring their poet. Mindful of the cave whose sounding rocks had offered a wondrous theatre for his tuneful lyre, the lynxes brought him crystal from the summits of Caucasus; griffins golden nuggets from regions of the north; doves wreaths of roses and other flowers which they had flown to gather from Venus' meadow; the swan bore from the stream of its native Padus amber broken from the boughs of the famed sisters¹⁰⁶; while the cranes, after their war with the pygmies, recrossed the Nile and gathered in their mouths the precious pearls of the Red Sea. There came, too, immortal Phoenix from the distant East, bearing rare spices in his curvèd talons. No bird nor beast was there but brought to that marriage-feast tribute so richly deserved by Orpheus' lyre.

Busily Calliopea decked her son's bride with her riches and all the treasures of Helicon, and, moreover,

¹⁰⁶ *i.e.* of Phaëthon, who were changed into poplars.

* * * * *

ipsam praeterea dominam stellantis Olympi
 ad nati thalamos ausa rogare parens.
 nec sprevit regina deum vel matris honore
 vel iusto vatis ducta favore pii,
 qui sibi carminibus totiens lustraverat aras 25
 Iunonis blanda numina voce canens
 proeliaque altisoni referens Phlegraea mariti,
 Titanum fractas Enceladique minas.
 ilicet adventu noctem dignata iugalem
 addidit augendis munera sacra toris, 30
 munera mortales non admittentia cultus,
 munera, quae solos fas habuisse deos.
 sed quod Threicio Iuno placabilis Orphei,
 hoc poteris votis esse, Serena, meis.
 illius expectent famulantia sidera nutum; 35
 sub pedibus regitur terra fretumque tuis.
 non ego, cum peterem, sollemni more procorum
 promisi gregibus pascua plena meis
 nec, quod mille mihi lateant sub palmite colles
 fluctuet et glauca pinguis oliva coma, 40

nec, quod nostra Ceres numerosa falce laboret
aurataeque ferant culmina celsa trabes.
suffecit mandasse deam: tua littera nobis
et pecus et segetes et domus ampla fuit.
inflexit soceros et maiestate petendi 45
texit pauperiem nominis umbra tui.
quid non perficeret scribentis voce Serenae
vel genius regni vel pietatis amor?

Atque utinam sub luce tui contingeret oris
coniugis et castris et solio generi 50

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with a mother's pride dared to invite to her son's wedding the queen of starry heaven herself. The queen of the gods spurned not her request either out of respect for Calliopea herself or because she was drawn by a just affection for the pious poet who had so often in her honour chanted his songs before her altars, hymning Juno's godhead with his sweet voice and telling of the battles of her lord the Thunderer waged on the plains of Phlegra, and of the menace of Enceladus and the Titans there broken. Straightway, counting the marriage — night worthy of her presence, she brought heavenly gifts to deck the bridal, gifts such as stoop not to adorn mortals, gifts that the gods alone may possess. But as Juno showed herself gracious to Thracian Orpheus, so wilt thou, Serena, be favourable to my prayers. The stars, her slaves, obey the nod of her head; thee land and sea, subdued beneath thy feet, obey. I did not, as other suitors use, promise at my courtship fields where graze unnumbered flocks nor hills covered with countless vines, nor rich olive-trees waving in the breeze their grey foliage, nor harvests reaped by a thousand scythes, nor a lofty palace with golden pillars. Enough was the mandate of a goddess; thy letter, Serena, stands me in stead of flocks, of harvests, of palace. The shadow of thy name has won over her parents and an imperial prayer concealed my poverty. When Serena writes, what with such words could not the empire's spirit or duteous love accomplish?¹⁰⁷

Would heaven had allowed me to solemnize the longed-for day in the light of thy presence, in thy

¹⁰⁷ Claudian means that Serena's imperial position and his own respect therefor ensure his obedience. Serena had written (*littera*, l. 43) urging Claudian to marry, and the poet uses the letter to urge his suit (ll. 37-46).

* * * * *

optatum celebrare diem! me iungeret auspex
purpura, me sancto cingeret aula choro.
et mihi quam scriptis desponderat ante puellam,

coniugiis eadem pronuba dextra daret.
nunc medium quoniam votis maioribus aequor 55
invidet et Libycae dissidet ora plagae,
saltem absens, regina, fave reditusque secundos
adnue sidereo laeta supercilio.
terrarum tu pande vias, tu mitibus Euris
aequora pacari prosperiora iube, 60
ut tibi Pierides doctumque fluens Aganippe
debita servato vota cliente canant.

XXXII. (XCV.)

De salvatore.

Christe potens rerum, redeuntis conditor aevi,
vox summi sensusque dei, quem fudit ab alta
mente pater tantique dedit consortia regni,
impia tu nostrae domuisti crimina vitae
passus corporea numen¹⁰⁸ vestire figura 5
adfarique palam populos hominemque fateri;
quemque utero inclusum Mariae mox numine viso
virginei tumuere sinus, innuptaque mater
arcano stupuit compleri viscera partu

¹⁰⁸ *numen* Koch; *mundum* Birt (following the MSS.); he suggests *mentem*.

* * * * *

lord's camp, before thy son-in-law's throne. The royal purple would have been a good omen for our union, the august assembly of the court would have graced the ceremony and the hand which, by writing that letter, promised me my bride would have kindled the torch to light her to the altar. Now that the envious sea deprives me of my fondest hopes and stretches between thee and the coasts of Libya, yet, though absent, be gracious unto me, O queen, and of thy goodness grant me a safe return as by a nod of thy head thou, a goddess, canst do. Make straight the paths of earth; bid but gentle breezes blow and a calm sea prosper my voyage, that the Muses and Aganippe's stream, the fount of song, may hymn thy praises in gratitude for the saving of their servant, the poet.¹⁰⁹

XXXII. (XCV.)

Of the Saviour.

Christ, lord of the world, founder of a new age of gold, voice and wisdom of the Most High, proceeding from the Father's lofty mind and given by that Father a share in the governance of this great universe, thou hast overcome the sins of this our mortal life, for thou hast suffered thy Godhead to be clothed in human form and hath allowed mankind to address thee face to face and confess thee man. The swelling womb of the Virgin Mary conceived thee after that she had been visited by the angel, and the unwed mother, destined to give birth to her own creator, was astonished at the unborn

¹⁰⁹ The Muses themselves are to hymn Serena for having by her prayers(l. 60) secured the safe return of their servant, Claudian.

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auctorem paritura suum: mortalia corda 10
artificem texere poli, mundique repertor
pars fuit humani generis, latuitque sub uno
pectore, qui totum late complectitur orbem,
et qui non spatiis terrae, non aequoris unda
nec capitur caelo, parvos confluit in artus. 15
quin et supplicii nomen nexusque subisti,
ut nos subriperes leto mortemque fugares
morte tua, mox aetherias evectus in auras
purgata repetens laetum tellure parentem.
Augustum foveas, festis ut saepe diebus 20
annua sinceri celebret ieiunia sacri.

XXXIII.-XXXIX.

De crystallo cui aqua inerat.

XXXIII. (LVI.)

Possedit glacies naturae signa prioris
et fit parte lapis, frigora parte negat.
sollers lusit hiems, imperfectoque rigore
nobilior vivis gemma tumescit aquis.

XXXIV. (LVII.)

Lymphae, quae tegitis cognato carcere lymphas,
et, quae nunc estis quaeque fuistis, aquae,
quod vos ingenium iunxit? qua frigoris arte
torpuit et maduit prodigiosa silex?
quis tepor inclusus securas vindicat undas? 5
interior glacies quo liquefacta Noto?
gemma quibus causis arcano mobilis aestu
vel concreta fuit vel resoluta gelu?

* * * * *

child that grew within her body. A mortal womb hid the artificer of the heavens: the creator of the world became a part of human nature. In one body was conceived the God who embraces the whole wide world, and he whom nor earth nor sea nor sky can contain was enclosed by the limbs of a little child. Thou wert punished and didst suffer too, for our sins, to save us from destruction, and didst by thy death overcome Death. Then didst Thou ascend into Heaven, returning to the Father who rejoiced at the salvation of the world.

Bless Thou our Emperor that at holy seasons he may for many years to come observe the fast-days of the calendar.

On a Crystal enclosing a Drop of Water.

1. This piece of ice still shows traces of its original nature: part of it has become stone, part resisted the cold. It is a freak of winter's, more precious by reason of its incomplete crystallization, for that the jewel contains within itself living water.

2. Ye waters, who confine waters in a prison akin to them, ye that are liquid still and ye that were so, what wit has united you? By what trick of freezing is the marvellous stone at once hard and wet? What contained heat has protected those enclosed waters? what warm wind melted that heart of ice? How comes it that the jewel in whose heart the water ebbs and flows was either made solid or liquid by frost?

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XXXV. (LVIII.)

Solibus indomitum glacies Alpina rigorem
 sumebat nimio iam pretiosa gelu
nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,
 sed medio mansit proditor orbe latex.
auctus honor; liquidi crescunt miracula saxi,
 et conservatae plus meruistis aquae.

XXXVI. (LIX.)

Adspice porrectam splendenti fragmine venam,
qua trahitur limes lucidiore gelu.
hic nullum Borean nec brumam sentit opacus
umor, sed varias itque reditque vias.
non illum constrinxit hiems, non Sirius axis, 5
aetatis spatium non tenuavit edax.

XXXVII. (LX.)

Clauditur immunis convexo tegmine rivus,
duratisque vagus fons operitur aquis.
nonne vides, propriis ut spumet gemma lacunis
et refluos ducant pocula viva sinus
udaque pingatur radiis obstantibus Iris,
secretas hiemes sollicitante die? 5
mira silex mirusque latex, et flumina vincit
et lapides merito, quod fluit et lapis est.

XXXVIII. (LXI.)

Dum crystallæ puer contingere lubrica gaudet
et gelidum tenero pollice versat onus,
vidit perspicuo deprensas marmore lymphas,
dura quibus solis parcere novit hiems,
et siccum relegens labris sitientibus orbem 5
inrita quaesitis oscula fixit aquis.

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3. Alpine ice was becoming so hard that the sun could not melt it, and this excess of cold was like to make it precious as diamond. But it could not imitate that stone in its entirety for at its heart lay a drop of water which betrayed its nature. As crystal its value is enhanced, for this liquid rock is accounted a miracle and the water enclosed within it increases its rarity.

4. See this vein which runs in a bright streak through the translucent ice. This hidden water fears not any blast of Boreas nor winter's chill but runs this way and that. It is not frozen by December's cold, nor dried up by July's sun, nor wasted away by all-consuming time.

5. Safely hidden away in this round covering is a stream, an errant spring, enclosed within frozen waters. Mark you not how the crystal is all awash in its cavernous heart where living waters surge this way and that, and how, when the sun penetrates its frozen depths, the hues of the rainbow are reflected in it? Wonderful stone, wonderful water: stranger than all rivers and all stones because it is a stone and yet fluid.

6. Children love to handle this shining crystal and turn its chilly mass over and over in their little hands; they see imprisoned in the transparent rock the water which alone winter forebore to freeze. Placing the dry sphere against their thirsty lips they press useless kisses on that which guards the waters they desire.

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XXXIX. (LXII.)

Marmoreum ne sperne globum: spectacula transit
regia nec Rubro vilior iste mari.
informis glacies, saxum rude, nulla figurae
gratia, sed raras inter habetur opes.

XL. (XLI.)

Epistula ad Olybrium.

Quid rear, adfatus quod non mihi dirigit ullos
nec redit alterno pollice ducta salus?
scribendine labor? sed quae tam prona facultas,
carmina seu fundis seu Cicerone tonas?
cedere divitiis animi fortuna fatetur 5
et tantas oris copia vincit opes.

An rarus qui scripta ferat? quin tempore nullo
cessant Flaminiae pulverulenta viae.
cum fluat ingenium, cum sit qui dicta reportet,
quae, nisi contemnor, causa relicta tibi? 10
despicias ergo tuum, si fas est credere, vatem
perfidus, et spatio debilitatur amor.

Excidimusne tibi? lucem iam condet Hydaspes,
et Tartesiaco, Sol, oriere vado,
candescet Geticis Meroë conversa pruinis 15
claraque se vetito proluet Ursa mari,
et, si iam nostros fastidit Olybrius ignes,
constat Oresteam nil valuisse fidem.

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7. Do not despise this sphere of rock-crystal. Kings' palaces contain no rarer jewel, nor are the Red Sea's pearls of greater value. It may be shapeless ice, unpolished rock, a rough, uncarven mass, yet is it accounted among the most precious of riches.

XL. (XLI.)

Letter to Olybrius.

What am I to think, that you send me no greeting, that no "Good wishes" traced by your fingers come back to me in turn? Is writing so difficult? Nay, who so eloquent as thou whether thou dost compose verses or, a second Cicero, thunder forth thy speeches? Greater even than thy riches is thy genius, greater thine eloquence even than thy wealth. Are the posts infrequent? Nay, couriers' feet never allow the dust to lie on the Flaminian Way. If, then, thou hast the power to write and messengers in plenty to carry thy letters what reason hast thou for thy silence unless indeed thou wish to slight me? I take it thou hast abandoned thy poet and wilt have none of him (though I can scarce believe it); or distance has made thy heart less fond. Dost thou forget me? Now shall Hydaspes lay the day to rest, and thou, O sun, rise from out the seas of Spain; now shall Egypt change her nature and glisten with Getic frost and the Bear bathe him in forbidden waters. No, if Olybrius now disdains my love then 'tis sure Orestes' loyalty availed nought. Nay come, banish

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Quin age rumpe moras solaturusque sodalem
absens eloquio fertilior doce, ²⁰
crebraque facundo festinet littera cursu
libris atque animis insinuanda meis.
dignatus tenui Caesar scripsisse Maroni,
nec tibi dedecori Musa futura. vale.

XLI. (XLII.)

Ad Probinum.

Quem, precor, inter nos habitura silentia finem?
quando dabit caras littera grata vices?
me timidum vel te potius dixisse superbum
convenit? alterius crimen utrumque tenet.
transfluxere dies et, dum scripsisse priorem 5
paenitet, aeternas itur in usque moras.
sed quid agam? coepisse vetat reverentia vestri;
hinc amor hortatur scribere. vincat amor.
“fors iuvat audentes” prisci sententia vatis.
hac duce non dubitem te reticente loqui; 10
audax aut si quid penitus peccasse videbor,
arguar, ingrati non subiturus onus.
Romanos bibimus primum te consule fontes
et Latiae accessit Graia Thalia togae,
incipiensque tuis a fascibus omina cepi 15
fataque debebo posteriora tibi.
ergo lacessitus tandem rescribe roganti
et patria florens sorte, Probine, vale.

* * * * *

delay and to console thy friend speak to him from far away with richer eloquence; hither let many a letter hasten with winged speech, to find its way to my shelves and to my heart. Augustus disdained not to write to poor Vergil and my muse shall never bring thee shame. Farewell.

XLI.

*Letter to Probinus.*¹¹⁰

How long, pray, shall there be silence between us? When shall a welcome letter win a dear return? Is it right to call me timid or rather thee proud? Surely each shares the other's fault. The days slip away and while each is ashamed to be the first to write our hesitation leads to an unbroken silence. Yet what am I to do? Respect forbids me to write first; love encourages me to do so. Let love have his way. Fortune favours the brave, as the old poet sang. Under her guidance I could not hesitate to speak, though thou still keep silence. If I shall seem overbold or guilty of some grave fault, thou mayst blame but I shall not bear the burden of ingratitude. 'Twas when thou wert consul that I first drank of the stream of Latin song and that my Muse, deserting Hellas, assumed the Roman toga.¹¹¹ From thy consulship my youth

drew its omens and to thee I shall owe my future destiny. Be moved by my importunity and after so long a delay answer my letter. Farewell, Probinus; be thy father's fortune thine.

¹¹⁰ See note on i. 8 and Introduction, p. xiii.

¹¹¹ See Introduction, p. xiii.

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XLII. (LIII.)

De apro et leone.

Torvus aper fulvusque leo coiere superbis
viribus, hic saeta saevior, ille iuba;
hunc Mars, hunc laudat Cybele. dominatur uterque
montibus; Herculeus sudor uterque fuit.

XLIII. (LXXV.)

In Curetium.

Fallaces vitreo stellas componere mundo
et vaga Saturni sidera saepe queri
venturumque Iovem paucis promittere nummis
Cureti genitor noverat Uranius.
in prolem dilata ruunt periuria patris 5
et poenam merito filius ore luit.
nam spurcos avidae lambit meretricis hiatus
consumens luxu flagitiisque domum
et, quas fallacis collegit lingua parentis,
has eadem nati lingua refundit opes. 10

XLIV. (LXXVI.)

In eundem Curetium.

Si tua, Cureti, penitus cognoscere quaeris
sidera, patre tuo certius ipse loquar.
quod furis, adversi dedit inclementia Martis;
quod procul a Musis, debilis Arcas erat;

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XLII. (LIII.)

The Wild Boar and the Lion.

A dark boar and a tawny lion met once in battle, each exulting in his strength: the one shook his cruel bristles, the other his dreadful mane. One was Mars' favourite, the other Cybele's: both are kings of the mountains, both engaged the labours of Hercules.

XLIII. (LXXV.)

*Against Curetius.*¹¹²

Uranus, Curetius' father, could set deceptive stars in a sphere of glass, gloomily shake his head over the errant course of Saturn, or ensure for a trifle the favourable influence of Jupiter. The father's chicanery meets with its punishment, so long deferred, in the son whose mouth needs must pay the just penalty. For filthy are his delights and he wastes all his substance in wantoning and debauchery. And so the tongue of the son has squandered all the riches which that of his lying father gathered together.

XLIV. (LXXVI.)

The Same.

Wouldst thou, Curetius, have sure knowledge of thy horoscope, I can give it thee better than even thy father. Thy madness thou owest to the evil influence of Mars; thine ignorance of poetry to

¹¹² We know nothing further of Curetius.

* * * * *

quod turpem pateris iam cano podice morbum, 5
femineis signis Luna Venusque fuit;
attrivit Saturnus opes. hoc prorsus in uno
haereo: quae cunnum lambere causa facit?

XLV. (LV.)

De concha.

Transferat huc liquidos fontes Heliconia Nais
et patulo conchae divitis orbe fluat.
namque latex doctae qui laverit ora Serenae,
ultra Pegaseas numen habebit aquas.

XLVI. (LXXII.)

De chlamyde et frenis.

Non semper clipei metuendum gentibus orbem
dilecto studiosa parens fabricabat Achilli,
Lemnia nec semper supplex ardentis adibat
antra dei nato galeam factura comantem,
sed placidos etiam cinctus et mitia pacis 5
ornamenta dabat, bello quibus ille peracto
conspicuus reges inter fulgeret Achivos.
ipsa manu chlamydes ostro texebat et auro,
frenaque, quae volucrem Xanthum Baliumque decerent,
aequore quaesitis onerabat sedula gemmis. 10

At tibi diversis, princeps altissime, certant
obsequiis soceri. Stilicho Mavortia confert
munera, barbaricas strages Rhenique triumphos.
reginae contenta modum servare Serena
in tua sollicitas urget velamina telas. 15

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enfeebling Mercury; thy shameful disease and premature decay to lady Moon
and lady Venus; Saturn has robbed thee of thy property. But this one fact is
beyond me: — what causes thy filthy ways?

XLV. (LV.)

The Shell.

Nymph, come from Helicon and pour herein thy limpid waters; fill all the vast extent of this wondrous shell. Surely the water that has bathed the face of the poetess Serena will have more virtue than all the streams of Castalia.

XLVI. (LXXII.)

On a Cloak and a Bridle.

His loving mother did not always fashion for her dear son Achilles those round shields that did affright the world; she did not constantly approach the fiery caverns of the god of Lemnos, begging a plumèd helmet for her son. She gave him, besides these, garments of peace and unwarlike adornments wherewith, after the toils of war, he might shine conspicuous among the chiefs of the Achaeans. With her own hand she wove him cloaks of purple and gold and with patient care studded with ocean gems bridles to adorn his fleet steeds, Xanthus and Balius.

On thee, most puissant emperor, thy wife's parents bestow diverse presents. Stilicho gives thee warlike gifts — slaughter of barbarians and victories on the Rhine; Serena, content to do such work as befits a queen, plies her busy loom to weave thee raiment.

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XLVII. (LXXIII.)

De equo dono dato.

O felix sonipes, tanti cui frena mereri
numinis et sacris licuit servire lupatis,
seu tua per campos vento iuba lusit Hiberos,
seu te Cappadocum gelida sub valle natantem
Argaeae lavere nives, seu laeta solebas 5
Thessaliae rapido perstringere pascua cursu:
accipe regales cultus et crine superbus
erecto virides spumis perfunde smaragdos.
luxurient tumido gemmata monilia collo,
nobilis auratos iam purpura vestiat armos, 10
et medium te zona liget variata colorum
floribus et castae manibus sudata Serenae,
Persarum gentile decus. sic quippe laborat
maternis studiis nec dedignatur equestres
moliri phaleras genero latura decorem. 15

XLVIII. (LXX.)

De zona equi regii missa Honorio Augusta a Serena.

Accipe parva tuae, princeps venerande, sororis
munera, quae manibus texuit ipsa suis,
dumque auro phalerae, gemmis dum frena renident,
hac uterum zona cinge frementis equi,
sive illum Armeniis aluerunt gramina campis 5
turbidus Argaea seu nive lavit Halys,
sanguineo virides morsu vexare smaragdos
et Tyrio dignum terga rubere toro.

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XLVII. (LXXIII.)

On a Gift to a Horse.

Happy steed, whose good fortune it is to obey the directing hand of a god and to be guided by a sacred bit. Whether on the plains of Spain the wind tossed thy mane in sport, or thou didst bathe in the melted snows of Mount Argæus, in some fertile valley of Cappadocia, or thou didst scour the rich pasture-lands of Thessaly in wind-swift course, receive this royal harness and, tossing thy proud mane, fleck with foam the bridle studded with emeralds. Arch thy haughty neck beneath its collar of pearls; let cloth of purple and gold clothe thy shoulders and a belt of many colours worked by Serena's chaste hands pass beneath thy belly. 'Tis an ornament worthy the kings of Persia. Such is her motherly love that to enhance her son-in-law's glory she disdains not to embroider the very harness of his horses.

XLVIII. (LXX.)

On a Strap embroidered by Serena for Honorius' Horse.

Receive at a sister's hand a small gift, revered prince, a gift embroidered by her own hand; the bridle of thy champing steed is of gold, his head-harness studded with jewels; use now this strap to pass beneath his belly. Whether his home was the grassy plain of Armenia, or by the Halys, swollen with the melted snows of Mount Argaeus wherein he was wont to bathe, he well deserves an emerald-encrusted bit to champ in his blood-flecked mouth and cloth of Tyrian purple to adorn his back. How

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o quantum formae sibi conscius erigit armos
spargit et excussis colla superba iubis! 10
augescit brevis doni pietate Serenae,
quae volucres etiam fratribus ornat equos.

De torpedine.

Quis non indomitam dirae torpedinis artem
audiit et merito signatas nomine vires?

Illa quidem mollis segnique obnixa natatu
reptat et attritis vix languida serpit harenis.
sed latus armavit gelido natura veneno, 5
et frigus, quo cuncta rigent animata¹¹³, medullis
miscuit et proprias hiemes per viscera duxit.
naturam iuvat ipsa dolis et conscia sortis
utitur ingenio longeque extenta per algas
attactu confisa subit. immobilis haeret: 10
qui tetigere iacent. successu laeta resurgit
et vivos impune ferox depascitur artus.

Si quando vestita cibus incautior aera
hauserit et curvis frenari senserit hamis,
non fugit aut vano conatur vellere morsu, 15
sed proprius nigrae iungit se callida saetae
et meminit captiva sui longeque per undas
pigra venenatis effundit flamina venis.
per saetam vis alta meat fluctusque relinquit
absentem victura virum: metuendus ab imis 20

¹¹³ MSS. *armata* which Birt prints, suggesting *afflata* in a note; *animata* is Scaliger's emendation.

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conscious he is of his own beauty as he steps high and shakes his flowing
mane over his proud neck! The slight nature of the present is dignified by the
affection of Serena who for her brothers decks even their swift steeds.

XLIX. (XLVI.)

The Electric Ray.

Who has not heard of the invincible skill of the dread torpedo and of the powers that win it its name?

Its body is soft and its motion slow. Scarcely does it mark the sand o'er which it crawls so sluggishly. But nature has armed its flanks with a numbing poison and mingled with its marrow chill to freeze all living creatures, hiding as it were its own winter in its heart. The fish seconds nature's efforts with its own guilefulness; knowing its own capabilities, it employs cunning, and trusting to its power of touch lies stretched full length among the seaweed and so attacks its prey. It stays motionless; all that have touched it lie benumbed. Then, when success has crowned its efforts, it springs up and greedily devours without fear the living limbs of its victim.

Should it carelessly swallow a piece of bait that hides a hook of bronze and feel the pull of the jagged barbs, it does not swim away nor seek to free itself by vainly biting at the line; but artfully approaches the dark line and, though a prisoner, forgets not its skill, emitting from its poisonous veins an effluence which spreads far and wide through the water. The poison's bane leaves the sea and creeps up the line; it will soon prove too much for the distant fisherman.

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emicat horror aquis et pendula fila secutus
transit harundineos arcano frigore nodos
victricemque ligat concreto sanguine dextram.
damnosum piscator onus praedamque rebellem
iactat et amissa redit exarmatus avena. 25

L. (LXXVII.)

In Iacobum magistrum equitum.

Per cineres Pauli, per cani limina Petri,
ne laceres versus, dux Iacobe, meos.
sic tua pro clipeo defendat pectora Thomas
et comes ad bellum Bartholomaeus eat;
sic ope sanctorum non barbarus inruat Alpes, 5
sic tibi det vires sancta Susanna suas;
sic quicumque ferox gelidum transnaverit Histrum,
mergatur volucres ceu Pharaonis equi;
sic Geticas ultrix feriat romphaea catervas
Romanasque regat prospera Thecla manus; 10
sic tibi det magnum moriens conviva triumphum
atque tuam vincant dolia fusa sitim;
sic numquam hostili maculetur sanguine dextra:
ne laceres versus, dux Iacobe, meos.

LI. (LXVIII.)

In sphaeram Archimedis.

Iuppiter in parvo cum cerneret aethera vitro,
risit et ad superos talia dicta dedit:

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The dread paralysing force rises above the water's level and climbing up the drooping line, passes down the jointed rod, and congeals, e'er he is even aware of it, the blood of the fisherman's victorious hand. He casts away his dangerous burden and lets go his rebel prey, returning home disarmed without his rod.

L. (LXXVII.)

*Against James Commander of the Cavalry.*¹¹⁴

By the ashes of S. Paul and the shrine of revered S. Peter, do not pull my verses to pieces, General James. So may S. Thomas prove a buckler to protect thy breast and S. Bartholomew bear thee company to the wars; so may the blessed saints prevent the barbarians from crossing the Alps and Suzanna¹¹⁵ endow thee with her strength; so, should any savage foe seek to swim across the Danube, let him be drowned therein like the swift chariots of Pharaoh; so may an avenging javelin strike the Getic hordes and the favour of Thecla¹¹⁶ guide the armies of Rome; so may thy guests dying in their efforts to out-drink thee assure thy board its triumph of hospitality and the broached casks o'ercome thy thirst; so may thy hand ne'er be red with an enemy's blood — do not, I say, pull my verses to pieces.

LI. (LXVIII.)

Archimedes' Sphere.

When Jove looked down and saw the heavens figured in a sphere of glass he laughed and said to

¹¹⁴ Nothing is known of this man. Birt dates the poem 401.

¹¹⁵ Suzanna was martyred under Diocletian.

¹¹⁶ There were several virgins, saints, and martyrs of this name. Claudian probably means the proto-martyr of Iconium, the friend and companion of S. Paul.

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“hucine mortalis progressa potentia curae?
iam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor?
iura poli rerumque fidem legesque deorum 5
ecce Syracusius transtulit arte senex.
inclusus variis famulatur spiritus astris
et vivum certis motibus urget opus.
percurrit proprium mentitus Signifer annum,
et simulata novo Cynthia mense redit, 10
iamque suum volvens audax industria mundum
gaudet et humana sidera mente regit.
quid falso insontem tonitru Salmonea miror?
aemula naturae parva reperta manus.”

LII. (XXXVII.)

Gigantomachia.

Terra parens quondam caelestibus invida regnis
Titanumque simul crebros miserata dolores
omnia monstrifero complebat Tartara fetu
invisum genitura nefas Phlegramque retexit
tanta prole tumens et in aethera protulit hostes. 5
fit sonus: erumpunt crebri necdumque creati
iam dextras in bella parant superosque lacessunt
stridula volventes gemino vestigia lapsu.
pallescunt subito stellae flectitque rubentes
Phoebus equos docuitque timor revocare meatus. 10
Oceanum petit Arctos inocciduique Triones
occasum didicere pati. tum fervida natos
talibus hortatur genetrix in proelia dictis:
“O pubes domitura deos, quodcumque videtis,

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the other gods: “Has the power of mortal effort gone so far? Is my handiwork now mimicked in a fragile globe? An old man of Syracuse has imitated on earth the laws of the heavens, the order of nature, and the ordinances of the gods. Some hidden influence within the sphere directs the various courses of the stars and actuates the lifelike mass with definite motions. A false zodiac runs through a year of its own, and a toy moon waxes and wanes month by month. Now bold invention rejoices to make its own heaven revolve and sets the stars in motion by human wit. Why should I take umbrage at harmless Salmoneus and his mock thunder? Here the feeble hand of man has proved Nature’s rival.”

LII. (XXXVII.)

The Battle of the Giants.

Once upon a time mother Earth, jealous of the heavenly kingdoms and in pity for the ceaseless woes of the Titans, filled all Tartarus with a monster brood, thus giving birth to that which proved a very bane. Her womb swollen with this monstrous birth she opened Phlegra's side and brought forth foes against heaven. With a noise as of thunder they burst forth in profusion and, scarce born, prepare their hands for war, as with twofold trail¹¹⁷ they writhe their hissing course. Suddenly the stars grow pale, Phoebus turns his rosy steeds and, impelled by fear, retraces his steps. The Bear takes refuge in the Ocean, and the unsettling Triones learned to endure setting. Then their angry mother stirred up her sons to war with words such as these: "Children, ye shall conquer

¹¹⁷ They were twiform; cf. l. 81.

* * * * *

pugnando dabitur; praestat victoria mundum. 15
sentiet ille meas tandem Saturnius iras,
cognoscet, quid Terra potest, si viribus ullis
vincor, si Cybele nobis meliora creavit!
cur nullus Telluris honos? cur semper acerbis
me damnis urgere solet? quae forma nocendi 20
defuit? hinc volucrem vivo sub pectore pascit
infelix Scythica fixus convalle Prometheus;
hinc Atlantis apex flammantia pondera fulcit
et per canitiem glacies asperrima durat.
quid dicam Tityon, cuius sub vulture saevo 25
viscera nascuntur gravibus certantia poenis?
sed vos, o tandem veniens exercitus ultor,
solvite Titanas vinclis, defendite matrem.
sunt freta, sunt montes: nostris ne parcite membris;
in Iovis exitium telum non esse recuso. 30
ite, precor, miscete polum, rescindite turres
sidereas. rapiat fulmen sceptrumque Typhoeus;
Enceladi iussis mare serviat; alter habenas
Aurorae pro Sole regat: te Delphica laurus
stringet, Porphyryon, Cirrhaeaeque templa tenebis." 35

His ubi consiliis animos elusit inanes,
iam credunt vicisse deos mediisque revinctum
Neptunum traxisse fretis; hic sternere Martem
cogitat, hic Phoebi laceros divellere crines;

hic sibi promittit Venerem speratque Dianae 40
coniugium castamque cupit violare Minervam.

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heaven: all that ye see is the prize of victory; win, and the universe is yours. At last shall Saturn's son feel the weight of my wrath; shall recognize Earth's power. What! can any force conquer me? Has Cybele born sons superior to mine? Why has Earth no honour? Why is she ever condemned to bitter loss? Has any form of injury passed me by? There hangs luckless Prometheus in yon Scythian vale, feeding the vulture on his living breast; yonder, Atlas supports the weight of the starry heavens upon his head, and his grey hair is frozen stiff with cruel cold. What need to tell of Tityus whose liver is ever renewed beneath the savage vulture's beak, to contend with his heavy punishment? Up, army of avengers, the hour is come at last, free the Titans from their chains; defend your mother. Here are seas and mountains, limbs of my body, but care not for that. Use them as weapons. Never would I hesitate to be a weapon for the destruction of Jove. Go forth and conquer; throw heaven into confusion, tear down the towers of the sky. Let Typhoeus seize the thunderbolt and the sceptre; Enceladus, rule the sea, and another in place of the sun guide the reins of dawn's coursers. Porphyryion, wreath thou thy head with Delphi's laurel and take Cirrha for thy sanctuary."

This exhortation filled their minds with vain hopes. They think themselves already victors o'er the gods, imagine they have thrown Neptune into chains and dragged him a prisoner from Ocean's bed. One thinks to lay Mars low, one to tear Phoebus' locks from his head; one assigns Venus to himself, another anticipates in thought his marriage with Diana, and another is all aflame to do violence to chaste Minerva.

* * * * *

Interea superos praeunntia convocat Iris.
qui fluvios, qui stagna colunt, cinguntur et ipsi
auxilio Manes; nec te, Proserpina, longe
umbrosae tenuere fores; rex ipse silentum 45

Lethaeo vehitur curru lucemque timentes
insolitam mirantur equi trepidoque volatu
spissas caeruleis tenebras e naribus efflant.
ac velut hostilis cum machina terruit urbem,
undique concurrunt arcem defendere cives: 50
haud secus omnigenis coeuntia numina turmis
ad patris venere domos. tum Iuppiter infit:

"O numquam peritura cohors, o debita semper
caelo progenies, nullis obnoxia fati:

cernitis ut Tellus nostrum coniuret in orbem 55
prole nova dederitque alios interrita partus?
ergo, quot dederit natos, tot funera matri
reddamus: longo maneat per saecula luctu
tanto pro numero paribus damnata sepulcris.”

Iam tuba nimborum sonuit, iam signa ruendi 60
his Aether, his Terra dedit confusaque rursus
pro domino Natura timet. discrimina rerum
miscet turba potens: nunc insula deserit aequor,
nunc scopuli latuere mari. quot litora restant
nuda! quot antiquas mutarunt flumina ripas! 65
hic rotat Haemonium praeduris viribus Oeten;
hic iuga conixus manibus Pangaea coruscat;
hunc armat glacialis Athos; hoc Ossa movente
tollitur; his Rhodopen Hebri cum fonte revellit

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Meanwhile Iris, messenger of the gods, summons the immortal council. There come the deities of river and lake; the very ghosts were there in heaven's defence. Hell's shady portals could not hold Proserpine afar; the king of the silent himself advances in his Lethaeon chariot. His horses fear the light which hitherto their astonished eyes have never looked upon and, swerving this way and that, they breathe forth thick vapour from their soot-black nostrils. As, when an enemy's siege-engine affrights a town, the citizens run together from all sides to defend their citadel, so gods of all shapes and forms came together to protect their father's home. Them Jove thus addressed: "Deathless army, whose dwelling-place is, and must ever be, the sky, ye whom no adverse fortune can ever harm, mark ye how Earth with her new children conspires against our kingdom and undismayed has given birth to another brood? Wherefore, for all the sons she bore, let us give back to their mother as many dead; let her mourning last through the ages as she weeps by as many graves as she now has children."

The clouds echo the blast of heaven's trumpets; on this side Heaven, on that Earth, sounds the attack. Once more Nature is thrown into confusion and fears for her lord. The puissant company of the giants confounds all differences between things; islands abandon the deep; mountains lie hidden in the sea. Many a river is left dry or has altered its ancient course. One giant brandishes Thessalian Oeta in his mighty hand, another gathers all his strength and hurls Pangaeus at the foe, Athos with his snows arms another; this one roots up Ossa, that tears out Rhodope and Hebrus' source, dividing the

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et socias truncavit aquas summaque levatus 70
rupe Giganteos umeros inrorat Enipeus:
subsedit patulis Tellus sine culmine campis
in natos divisa suos.

Horrendus ubique

it fragor et pugnae spatium discriminat aër.
primus terrificum Mavors non segnis in agmen 75
Odrysius impellit equos, quibus ille Gelonos
sive Getas turbare solet: splendentior igni
aureus ardescit clipeus, galeamque nitentes
adrexere iubae. tum concitus ense Pelorum
transigit adverso, femorum qua fine volutus 80
duplex semifero conecitur ilibus anguis,
atque uno ternas animas interficit ictu.
tum super insultans avidus languentia curru
membra terit multumque rotae sparsere cruorem.

Occurrit pro fratre Mimas Lemnumque calentem 85
cum lare Vulcani spumantibus eruit undis
et prope torsisset, si non Mavortia cuspis
ante revelato cerebrum fudisset ab ore.
ille, viro toto moriens, serpentibus imis
vivit adhuc stridore ferox et parte rebeli 90
victorem post fata petit.

Tritonia virgo

prosilit ostendens rutila cum Gorgone pectus;
adspectu contenta suo non utitur hasta
(nam satis est vidisse semel) primumque furentem
longius in faciem saxi Pallanta reformat. 95
ille procul subitis fixus sine vulnere nodis
ut se letifero sensit durescere visu
(et steterat iam paene lapis) “quo vertimur?” inquit,

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waters that before were one; Enipeus, gathered up with its beetling crags, scatters its waters over yon giant's shoulders: robbed of her mountains Earth sank into level plains, parted among her own sons.

On all sides a horrid din resounds and only the air divides the rival armies. First impetuous Mars urges against the horrid band his Thracian steeds that oft have driven in rout Getae or Geloni. Brighter than flame shines his golden shield, high towers the crest of his gleaming helmet. Dashing into the fray he first encounters Pelorus and transfixes him with his sword, where about the groin the two-bodied serpent unites with his own giant form, and thus with one blow puts an end to three lives. Exulting in his victory he drives his

chariot over the dying giant's limbs till the wheels ran red with blood.

Mimas ran forward to avenge his brother. He had torn Lemnos and with it Vulcan's fiery house from out the foaming main, and was on the point of hurling it when Mars' javelin prevented him, scattering the brain from his shattered skull. What was giant in him died, but the serpent legs still lived, and, hissing vengeance, sought to attack the victor after Mimas' death.

Minerva rushed forward presenting her breast whereon glittered the Gorgon's head. The sight of this, she knew, was enough: she needed not to use a spear. One look sufficed. Pallas drew no nearer, rage as he might, for he was the first to be changed into a rock. When, at a distance from his foe, without a wound, he found himself rooted to the ground, and felt the murderous visage turn him, little by little, to stone (and all but stone he was) he called out, "What is happening to me? What

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"quae serpit per membra silex? qui torpor inertem
marmorea me peste ligat?" vix pauca locutus, ¹⁰⁰
quod timuit, iam totus erat; saevusque Damastor,
ad depellendos iaculum cum quaereret hostes,
germani rigidum misit pro rupe cadaver.

Hic vero interitum fratris miratus Echion
inscius, auctorem dum vult temptare nocendo, ¹⁰⁵
te, Dea, respexit, solam quam cernere nulli
bis licuit. meruit sublata audacia poenas
et didicit cum morte deam. sed turbidus ira
Palleneus, oculis aversa tuentibus atrox,
ingreditur caecasque manus in Pallada tendit. ¹¹⁰
hunc mucrone ferit dea comminus; ac simul angues
Gorgoneo riguere gelu corpusque per unum
pars moritur ferro, partes periire videndo.

Ecce autem medium spiris delapsus in aequor
Porphyriion trepidam conatur rumpere Delon, ¹¹⁵
scilicet ad superos ut torqueat improbus axes.
horruit Aegaeus; stagnantibus exilit antris
longaevo cum patre Thetis desertaque mansit
regia Neptuni famulis veneranda profundis.
exclamant placidae Cynthi de vertice Nymphae, ¹²⁰
Nymphae, quae rudibus Phoebum docuere sagittis
errantes agitare feras primumque gementi
Latonae struxere torum, cum lumina caeli
parturiens geminis ornaret fetibus orbem.
implorat Paeana suum conterrita Delos ¹²⁵

auxiliumque rogat: “si te gratissima fudit

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is this ice that creeps o’er all my limbs? What is this numbness that holds me prisoner in these marble fetters?” Scarce had he uttered these few words when he was what he feared, and savage Damastor, seeking a weapon wherewith to repel the foe, hurled at them in place of a rock his brother’s stony corpse.

Then Echion, marvelling, all ignorant, at his brother’s death, even as he seeks to assail the author of the deed, turned his gaze upon thee, goddess, whom alone no man may see twice. Beaten audacity well deserved its punishment and in death he learned to know the goddess. But Palleneus, mad with anger, turning his eyes aside, rushed at Minerva, striking at her with undirected sword. Nigh at hand the goddess smote him with her sword, and at the same time the snakes froze at the Gorgon’s glance, so that of one body a part was killed by a weapon and a part by a mere look.

Impious Porphyryon, carried by his serpents into the middle of the sea, tries to uproot trembling Delos, wishing to hurl it at the sky. The Aegean was affrighted; Thetis and her aged sire fled from their watery caverns; the palace of Neptune, regarded with awe by all the denizens of the deep, lay deserted. The summit of Cynthus rang with the cries of the gentle nymphs who had taught Phoebus’ unpractised hand to shoot at the wandering beasts with his bow, they who first had prepared the bed for weeping Latona when, in labour with the lights of heaven, she blessed the world with twin offspring. Delos in terror called her lord Phoebus to help her and begged him for aid. “In remembrance of the

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in nostros Latona sinus, succurre precanti.
en iterum convulsa feror.”

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time when Latona entrusted thine infant life to my care, help me who thus call upon thee. Behold, once more they seek to uproot me....”¹¹⁸

¹¹⁸ Like the *De raptu Proserpinae*, the *Gigantomachia* was probably never completed. S. Jerome in his commentary on Isaiah (viii. 27) quotes from a *Gigantomachia*, not giving the name of its author. It is possible that the lines, which do not occur in Claudian’s poem as we possess it, belong to a final portion which has been lost. But it is more likely that they come from some other poet’s work and that the abrupt end of Claudian’s poem is due not to loss but to the poet’s sudden death.

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**DE RAPTU PROSERPINAE — RAPE OF
PROSERPINE**

LIBRI PRIMI

PRAEFATIO

(XXXII.)

Inventa secuit primus qui nave profundum
et rudibus remis sollicitavit aquas,
qui dubiis ausus committere flatibus alnum
quas natura negat praebuit arte vias:
tranquillis primum trepidus se credidit undis 5
litora securo tramite summa legens;
mox longos temptare sinus et linquere terras
et leni coepit pandere vela Noto.
ast ubi paulatim praeceps audacia crevit
cordaque languentem dedidicere metum, 10
iam vagus inrumpit pelagus caelumque secutus
Aegaeas hiemes Ioniumque domat.

LIBER PRIMUS

(XXXIII.)

Inferni raptoris equos adflataque curru
sidera Taenario caligantesque profundae
Iunonis thalamos audaci promere cantu

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BOOK I

PREFACE

(XXXII.)

He who first made a ship and clave therewith the deep, troubling the waters with roughly hewn oars, who first dared trust his alder-bark to the uncertain winds and who by his skill devised a way forbidden of nature, fearfully at the first essayed smooth seas, hugging the shore in an unadventurous course. But soon he began to attempt the crossing of broad bays, to leave the land and spread his canvas to the gentle south wind; and, as little by little his growing courage led him on, and as his heart forgot numbing fear, sailing now at large, he burst upon the open sea and, with the signs of heaven to guide him, passed triumphant through the storms of the Aegean and the Ionian main.

BOOK I

(XXXIII.)

My full heart bids me boldly sing the horses of the ravisher from the underworld and the stars darkened by the shadow of his infernal chariot

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mens congesta iubet. gressus removete profani.
iam furor humanos nostro de pectore sensus 5
expulit et totum spirant praecordia Phoebum;
iam mihi cernuntur trepidis delubra moveri
sedibus et claram dispergere limina lucem
adventum testata dei; iam magnus ab imis
auditur fremitus terris templumque remugit 10
Cecropium sanctasque faces extollit Eleusis.
angues Triptolemi strident et squamea curvis
colla levant attrita iugis lapsuque sereno
erecti roseas tendunt ad carmina cristas.
ecce procul ternis Hecate variata figuris 15
exoritur, levisque simul procedit Iacchus
crinali florens hedera, quem Parthica velat
tigris et auratos in nodum colligit ungues:
ebria Maeonius firmat vestigia thyrsus.
Di, quibus innumerum vacui famulatur Averni 20
vulgus iners, opibus quorum donatur avaris
quidquid in orbe perit, quos Styx liventibus ambit
interfusa vadis et quos fumantia torquens
aequora gurgitibus Phlegethon perlustrat anhelis —
vos mihi sacrarum penetralia pandite rerum 25
et vestri secreta poli: qua lampade Ditem
flexit Amor; quo ducta ferox Proserpina raptu
possedit dotale Chaos quantasque per oras
sollicito genetrix erraverit anxia cursu;
unde datae populis fruges et glande relictas 30
cesserit inventis Dodonia quercus aristis.
Dux Erebi quondam tumidas exarsit in iras

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and the gloomy chambers of the queen of Hell. Come not nigh, ye uninitiate. Now has divine madness driven all mortal thoughts from my breast, and my heart is filled with Phoebus' inspiration; now see I the shrine reel and its foundations totter while the threshold glows with

radiant light telling that the god is at hand. And now I hear a loud din from the depths of the earth, the temple of Cecrops re-echoes and Eleusis waves its holy torches. The hissing snakes of Triptolemus raise their scaly necks chafed by the curving collar, and, uptowering as they glide smoothly along, stretch forth their rosy crests towards the chant. See from afar rises Hecate with her three various heads and with her comes forth Iacchus smooth of skin, his temples crowned with ivy. There clothes him the pelt of a Parthian tiger, its gilded claws knotted together, and the Lydian thyrsus guides his drunken footsteps.

Ye gods, whom the numberless host of the dead serves in ghostly Avernus, into whose greedy treasury is paid all that perishes upon earth, ye whose fields the pale streams of intertwining Styx surround, while Phlegethon, his rapids tossed in spray, flows through them with steaming eddies — do you unfold for me the mysteries of your sacred story and the secrets of your world. Say with what torch the god of love overcame Dis, and tell how Proserpine was stolen away in her maiden pride to win Chaos as a dower; and how through many lands Ceres, sore troubled, pursued her anxious search; whence corn was given to man whereby he laid aside his acorn food, and the new-found ear made useless Dodona's oaks.

Once on a time the lord of Erebus blazed forth

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proelia moturus superis, quod solus egeret
conubiis sterilesque diu consumeret annos
impatiens nescire torum nullasque mariti 35
inlecebras nec dulce patris cognoscere nomen.
iam quaecumque latent ferali monstra barathro
in turmas aciemque ruunt contraque Tonantem
coniurant Furiae, crinitaque sontibus hydrys
Tesiphone quatiens infausto lumine pinum 40
armatos ad castra vocat pallentia Manes,
paene reluctatis iterum pugnantia rebus
rupissent elementa fidem penitusque revulso
carcere laxatis pubes Titania vinclis
vidisset caeleste iubar rursusque cruentus 45
Aegaeon positus aucto de corpore nodis
obvia centeno vexasset fulmina motu.

Sed Parcae vetuere minas orbique timentes
ante pedes soliumque ducis fudere severam
canitiem genibusque suas cum supplice fletu 50
admovere manus, quarum sub iure tenentur
omnia, quae seriem fatorum pollice ducunt

longaque ferratis evolvunt saecula fusis.
prima fero Lachesis clamabat talia regi
incultas dispersa comas:

“O maxime noctis 55

arbiter umbrarumque potens, cui nostra laborant
stamina, qui finem cunctis et semina praebes
nascendique vices alterna morte rependis,
qui vitam letumque regis (nam quidquid ubique
gignit materies, hoc te donante creatur 60
debeturque tibi certisque ambagibus aevi

* * * * *

in swelling anger, threatening war upon the gods, because he alone was unwed and had long wasted the years in childless state, brooking no longer to lack the joys of wedlock and a husband's happiness nor ever to know the dear name of father. Now all the monsters that lurk in Hell's abyss rush together in warlike bands, and the Furies bind themselves with an oath against the Thunderer. Tisiphone, the bloody snakes clustering on her head, shakes the lurid pine-torch and summons to the ghostly camp the armed shades. Almost had the elements, once more at war with reluctant nature, broken their bond; the Titan brood, their deep prison-house thrown open and their fetters cast off, had again seen heaven's light; and once more bloody Aegaeon, bursting the knotted ropes that bound his huge form, had warred against the thunderbolts of Jove with hundred-handed blows.

But the dread Fates brought these threats to naught, and, fearing for the world, gravely laid their hoary locks before the feet and throne of the lord of Hell, and with suppliant tears touched his knees with their hands — those hands beneath whose rule are all things set, whose thumbs twist the thread of fate and spin the long ages with their iron spindles. First Lachesis, her hair unkempt and disordered, thus called out upon the cruel king: “Great lord of night, ruler over the shades, thou at whose command our threads are spun, who appointest the end and origin of all things and ordainest the alternation of birth and destruction; arbiter thou of life and death — for whatsoever thing comes anywhere into being it is by thy gift that it is created and owes its life to thee, and after a fixed

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rursus corporeos animae mittuntur in artus):
ne pete firmatas pacis dissolvere leges,
quas dedimus nevitque colus, neu foedera fratrum
civili converte tuba. cur impia tollis 65
signa? quid incestis aperis Titanibus auras?

posce Iovem; dabitur coniunx.”

Vix illa¹¹⁹: pepercit

erubuitque preces, animusque relanguit atrox
quamvis indocilis flecti: ceu turbine rauco
cum gravis armatur Boreas glacieque nivali 70
hispidus et Getica concretus grandine pennas
disrumpit pelagus, silvas camposque sonoro
flamine rapturus; si forte adversus aënos
Aeolus obiecit postes, vanescit inanis
impetus et fractae redeunt in claustra procellae. 75

Tunc Maia genitum, qui fervida dicta reportet,
imperat acciri. Cyllenius adstitit ales
somniaferam quatiens virgam tectusque galero.
ipse rudi fultus solio nigraque verendus
maiestate sedet: squalent inmania foedo 80
sceptra situ; sublime caput maestissima nubes
asperat et dirae riget inclementia formae;
terrorem dolor augebat. tunc talia celso
ore tonat (tremefacta silent dicente tyranno
atria: latratum triplicem compescuit ingens 85
ianitor et presso lacrimarum fonte resedit
Cocytos tacitisque Acheron obmutuit undis
et Phlegethonteae requierunt murmura ripae):

¹¹⁹ *illa* c; Birt reads *ille* with the better MSS.

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cycle of years them sendest souls once more into mortal bodies — seek not to break the stablished treaty of peace which our distaffs have spun and given thee, and overturn not in civil war the compact fixed ‘twixt thee and thy two brothers. Why raisest thou unrighteous standards of war? Why freest the foul band of Titans to the open air? Ask of Jove; he will give thee a wife.”

Scarce had she spoken when Pluto stopped, shamed by her prayer, and his grim spirit grew mild though little wont to be curbed: even so great Boreas, armed with strident blasts and tempestuous with congealed snow, his wings all frozen with Getic hail as he seeks battle, threatens to overwhelm the sea, the woods, and the fields with sounding storm; but should Aeolus chance to bar against him the brazen doors idly his fury dies away and his storms retire baulked to their prison-house.

Then he bids summon Mercury, the son of Maia, that he may carry these flaming words to Jove. Straightway the wingèd god of Cyllene stands at his

side shaking his sleepy wand, his herald cap upon his head. Pluto himself sits propped on his rugged throne, awful in funereal majesty; foul with age-long dust is his mighty sceptre; boding clouds make grim his lofty head; unpitying is the stiffness of his dread shape; rage heightened the terror of his aspect. Then with uplifted head he thunders forth these words, while, as the tyrant speaks, his halls tremble and are still; the massy hound, guardian of the gate, restrains the barking of his triple head, and Cocytus sinks back repressing his fount of tears; Acheron is dumb with silent wave, and the banks of Phlegethon cease their murmuring.

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“Atlantis Tegeae nepos, commune profundis
et superis numen, qui fas per limen utrumque 90
solus habes geminoque facis commercia mundo,
i celer et proscinde Notos et iussa superbo
redde Iovi: ‘tantumne tibi, saevissime frater,
in me iuris erit? sic nobis noxia vires
cum caelo Fortuna tulit? num robur et arma 95
perdidimus, si rapta dies? an forte iacentes
ignavosque putas, quod non Cyclopia tela
stringimus aut vanas tonitru deludimus auras?
nonne satis visum, grati quod luminis expers
tertia supremæ patior dispendia sortis 100
informesque plagas, cum te laetissimus ornet
Signifer et vario cingant splendore Triones;
sed thalamis etiam prohibes? Nereia glauco
Neptunum gremio complectitur Amphitrite;
te consanguineo recipit post fulmina fessum 105
Iuno sinu. quid enim narrem Latonia furta,
quid Cererem magnamque Themis? tibi tanta creandi
copia; te felix natorum turba coronat.
ast ego deserta maerens inglorius aula
implacidas nullo solabor pignore curas? 110
non adeo toleranda quies. primordia testor
noctis et horrendae stagna intemerata paludis:
si dicto parere negas, patefacta ciebo
Tartara, Saturni veteres laxabo catenas,
obducam tenebris solem, compage soluta 115
lucidus umbroso miscebitur axis Averno.’”

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“Grandchild of Atlas, Arcadian-born, deity that sharest hell and heaven, thou who alone hast the right to cross either threshold, and art the intermediary

between the two worlds, go swiftly, cleave the winds, and bear these my behests to proud Jove. 'Hast thou, cruel brother, such complete authority over me? Did injurious fortune rob me at once of power and light? Because day was reft from me, lost I

therefore strength and weapons? Thinkest thou me humble and cowed because I hurl not bolts forged by the Cyclops and fool not the empty air with thunder? Is it not enough that deprived of the pleasant light of day I submit to the ill-fortune of the third and final choice and these hideous realms, whilst thee the starry heavens adorn and the Wain surrounds with twinkling brilliance — must thou also forbid our marriage? Amphitrite, daughter of Nereus, holds Neptune in her sea-grey embrace; Juno, thy sister and thy wife, takes thee to her bosom when wearied thou layest aside thy thunderbolts. What need to tell of thy secret love for Lato or Ceres or great Themis? How manifold a hope of offspring was thine! Now a crowd of happy children surrounds thee. And shall I in this empty palace, sans joy, sans fame, know no child's love to still instant care? I will not brook so dull a life. I swear by elemental night and the unexplored shallows of the Stygian lake, if thou refuse to hearken to my word I will throw open Hell and call forth her monsters, will break Saturn's old chains, and shroud the sun in darkness. The framework of the world shall be loosened and the shining heavens mingle with Avernus' shades.'"

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Vix ea fatus erat, iam nuntius astra tenebat.
audierat mandata Pater secumque volutat
diversos ducens animos, quae tale sequatur
coniugium Stygiosque velit pro sole recessus. 120
certa requirenti tandem sententia sedit.

Hennae Cereri proles optata virebat
unica, nec tribuit subolem Lucina secundam
fessaque post primos haeserunt viscera partus
infecunda quidem; sed cunctis altior extat 125
matribus et numeri damnum Proserpina pensat.
hanc fovet, hanc sequitur: vitulam non blandius ambit
torva parens, pedibus quae nondum proterit arva
nec nova lunatae curvavit germina frontis.
iam matura toro plenis adoleverat annis 130
virginitas, tenerum iam pronuba flamma pudorem
sollicitat mixtaque tremit formidine votum.
personat aula procis: pariter pro virgine certant
Mars clipeo melior, Phoebus praestantior arcu;
Mars donat Rhodopen, Phoebus largitur Amyclas 135
et Delon Clariosque lares; hinc aemula Iuno,
hinc poscit Latona nurum. despexit utrumque
flava Ceres raptusque timens (heu caeca futuri!)

commendat Siculis furtim sua gaudia terris

[infidus Laribus natam commisit alendam, 140aethera deseruit Siculasque relegat in oras]¹²⁰ingenio confisa loci.
Trinacria quondam Italiae pars iuncta fuit; sed pontus et aestus mutavere situm. rupit confinia Nereus victor et abscissos interluit aequore montes, 145

¹²⁰ *Heinsius bracketed these lines as spurious, and neither D nor V has l. 140.*

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Scarce had he spoken when his messenger trod the stars. The Father heard the message and, communing with himself, debated long who would dare such a marriage, who would wish to exchange the sun for the caves of Styx. He would fain decide and at length his fixed purpose grew.

Ceres, whose temple is at Henna, had but one youthful daughter, a child long prayed for; for the goddess of birth granted no second offspring, and her womb, exhausted by that first labour, became unfruitful. Yet prouder is the mother above all mothers, and Proserpine such as to take the place of many. Her mother's care and darling is she; not more lovingly does the fierce mother cow tend her calf that cannot as yet scamper over the fields and whose growing horns curve not yet moonwise over her forehead. As the years were fulfilled she had grown a maiden ripe for marriage, and thoughts of the torch of wedlock stir her girlish modesty, but while she longs for a husband she yet fears to plight troth. The voice of suitors is heard throughout the palace; two gods woo the maiden, Mars, more skilled with the shield, and Phoebus, the mightier bowman. Mars offers Rhodope, Phoebus would give Amyclae, and Delos and his temple at Claros; in rivalry Juno and Latona claim her for a son's wife. But golden-haired Ceres disdains both, and fearing lest her daughter should be stolen away (how blind to the future!) secretly entrusts her jewel to the land of Sicily, confident in the safe nature of this hiding-place.

Trinacria was once a part of Italy but sea and tide changed the face of the land. Victorious Nereus brake his bounds and interflowed the cleft mountains

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parvaeque cognatas prohibent discrimina terras.
nunc illam socia ruptam tellure trisulcam
opposuit Natura mari: caput inde Pachyni
respuat Ionias praetentis rupibus iras;
hinc latrat Gaetula Thetis Lilybaeaeque pulsat 150
brachia consurgens; hinc indignata teneri
concutit obiectum rabies Tyrrhena Pelorum.
in medio scopulis se porrigit Aetna perustis,
Aetna Giganteos numquam tacitura triumphos,
Enceladi bustum, qui saucia terga revinctus 155
spirat inexhaustum flagranti vulnere sulphur

et, quotiens detractat onus cervice rebeli
in laevum dextrumque latus, tunc insula fundo
vellitur et dubiae nutant cum moenibus urbes.

Aetnaeos apices solo cognoscere visu, 160
non aditu temptare licet, pars cetera frondet
arboribus; teritur nullo cultore cacumen.
nunc movet indigenas nimbos piceaque gravatum
foedat nube diem, nunc motibus astra lacessit
terrificis damnisque suis incendia nutrit. 165
sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet aestu,
scit nivibus servare fidem pariterque favillis
durescit glacies tanti securo vaporis,
arcano defensa gelu, fumoque fideli
lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas. 170
quae scopulos tormenta rotant? quae tanta cavernas

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with his waves whereby a narrow channel now separates these kindred lands. Nature now thrusts out into the sea the three-cornered island, cut off from the mainland to which it once belonged. At one extremity the promontory of Pachynum hurls back with jutting crags the furious waves of the Ionian main, round another roars the African sea that rises and beats upon the curving harbour of Lilybaeum, at the third the raging Tyrrhenian flood, impatient of restraint, shakes the obstacle of Cape Pelorus. In the midst of the island rise the charred cliffs of Aetna, eloquent monument of Jove's victory over the Giants, the tomb of Enceladus, whose bound and bruised body breathes forth endless sulphur clouds from its burning wounds. Whene'er his rebellious shoulders shift their burden to the right or left, the island is shaken from its foundations and the walls of tottering cities sway this way and that.

The peaks of Aetna thou must know by sight alone; to them no foot may approach. The rest is clothed with foliage but the summit no husbandman tills. Now it sends forth native smoke and with pitch-black cloud darkens and oppresses the day, now with awful stirrings it threatens the stars and feeds its flame with the dread fruit of its own body. But though it boils and bursts forth with such great heat yet it knows how to observe a truce with the snow, and together with glowing ashes the ice grows hard, protected from the great heat and secured by indwelling cold, so that the harmless flame licks the neighbouring frost with breath that keeps its compact. What huge engine hurls those rocks; what vast force piles rock on

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vis glomerat? quo fonte ruit Vulcanius amnis?
sive quod obicibus discurrens ventus opertis
offenso rimosa furit per saxa meatu,
dum scrutatur iter, libertatemque reposita 175
putria multivagis populatur flatibus antra;
seu mare sulphurei ductum per viscera montis
oppressis ignescit aquis et pondera librat.

Hic ubi servandum mater fidissima pignus
abdedit, ad Phrygios tendit secura penates 180
turrigeramque petit Cybelen sinuosa draconum
membra regens, volucris qui pervia nubila tractu
signant et placidis umectant frena venenis:
frontem crista tegit; pingunt maculosa virentes
terga notae; rutilum squamis intermicat aurum. 185
nunc spiris Zephyros tranant; nunc arva volatu
inferiore secant, cano rota pulvere labens
sulcatam fecundat humum: flavescit aristis
orbita; surgentes condunt vestigia fruges;
vestit iter comitata seges.

Iam linquitur Aetna 190
totaque decrescit refugo Trinacria visu.
heu quotiens praesaga mali violavit oborto
rore genas! quotiens oculos ad tecta retorsit
talibus voce movens: "salve, gratissima tellus,
quam nos praetulimus caelo, tibi gaudia nostri 195
sanguinis et caros uteri commendo labores.
praemia digna manent: nullos patiēre ligones
et nullo rigidi versabere vomeris ictu.
sponte tuus florebit ager; cessante iuvenco

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rock? Whence flows forth that fiery stream? Whether it be that the wind, forcing its way past hidden barriers, rages amid the fissured rocks that seek to bar its passage and, seeking a way of escape, sweeps the crumbling caverns with its wandering blasts in its bid for freedom, or that the sea, flowing in through the bowels of the sulphurous mountain, bursts into flame when its waters are compressed and casts up great rocks, I know not.

When the loving mother had entrusted her charge to the secret keeping of Henna she went freed from care to visit tower-crowned Cybele in her Phrygian home, driving a car drawn by twining serpents which cleave the pervious clouds on their wingèd course and fleck the bit with harmless poison. Their heads are crested and spots of green mottle their backs while sparkling gold glints amid their scales. Now they swim circling through the air, now

they skim the fields with low-driven course. The passing wheels sow the plough-land with golden grain and their track grows yellow with corn. Sprouting stalks cover their traces and attendant crops clothe the path of the goddess.

Now is left behind Aetna, and all Sicily sinks lessening into the distance. Ah, how often, foreknowing of coming ill, did she mar her cheek with welling tears; how often look back upon her home with words like these: "Be happy, dear land, dearer than heaven to me, into thy safe keeping I commend my daughter, my sole joy, loved fruit of my labour. No despicable reward shall be thine, for thou shalt suffer no hoe nor shall the cruel iron of the ploughshare know thy soil. Untilled thy fields shall bear fruit, and though thine oxen plough not, a richer

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ditior oblatas mirabitur incola messes." 200

sic ait et fulvis tetigit serpentibus Idam.

Hic sedes augusta deae templique colendi
relligiosa silex, densis quam pinus obumbrat
frondibus et nulla lucos agitante procella
stridula coniferis modulatur carmina ramis. 205

terribiles intus thiasi vesanaque mixto
concentu delubra gemunt; ululatibus Ide
bacchatur; timidas inclinant Gargara silvas.
postquam visa Ceres, mugitum tympana frenant;
conticuere chori; Corybas non impulit ensem; 210
non buxus, non aera sonant blandasque leones
summisere iubas. adytis gavis a Cybebe
exilit et pronas intendit ad oscula turres.

Viderat haec dudum summa speculatus ab arce
Iuppiter ac Veneri mentis penetralia pandit: 215

"curarum, Cytherea, tibi secreta fatebor.
candida Tartareo nuptum Proserpina regi
iam pridem decreta dari: sic Atropos urget;
sic cecinit longaeva Themis. nunc matre remota
rem peragi tempus. fines invade Sicanos 220
et Cereris prolem patulis inludere campis,
crastina puniceos cum lux detexerit ortus,
coge tuis armata dolis, quibus urere cuncta,
me quoque, saepe soles, cur ultima regna quiescunt?
nulla sit inmundis regio nullumque sub umbris 225
pectus inaccensum Veneri. iam tristis Erinys

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husbandman shall view with wonder the self-sown harvest.” So spake she and reached Mount Ida, drawn by her yellow serpents.

Here is the queenly seat of the goddess and in her holy temple the sacred statue, o’ershadowed by the thick leaves of the pine wood which, though no storm wind shakes the grove, gives forth creakings with its cone-bearing branches. Within are the dread bands of the initiate with whose wild chantings the shrine rings; Ida is loud with howlings and Gargarus bends his woods in fear. As soon as Ceres appears the drums restrain their rattle; the choirs are silent and the Corybantes stay the flourish of their knives. Pipes and cymbals are still, and the lions sink their manes in greeting. Cybele¹²¹ rejoicing runs forth from the shrine and bends her towered head to kiss her guest.

Long had Jove seen this, watching from his lofty seat, and to Venus he thus enfolded the secrets of his heart: “Goddess of Cythera, I will impart to thee my hidden troubles; long ago I decided that fair Proserpine should be given in marriage to the lord of Hell; such is Atropos’ bidding, such old Themis’ prophecy. Now that her mother has left her is the time for action. Do thou visit the confines of Sicily, and armed with thy wiles, lead Ceres’ daughter to sport in the level meads what time to-morrow’s light has unfolded the rosy dawn; employ those arts with which thou art wont to inflame all things, often even myself. Why should the nether kingdoms know not love? Let no land be free and no breast even amid the shades unfired by Venus. At last let the gloomy Fury

¹²¹ Cybele and Cybebe are alternative forms in Latin. The normal English form is Cybele.

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sentiāt ardōres; Acheron Ditisque severi
ferrea lascivis mollescant corda sagittis.”

Accelerat praecepta Venus; iussuque parentis
Pallas et inflexo quae terret Maenala cornu 230
addunt se comites. divino semita gressu
claruit, augurium qualis laturus iniquum
praepes sanguineo dilabitur igne cometes
prodigiale rubens: non illum navita tuto,
non impune vident populi, sed crine minaci 235
nuntiat aut ratibus ventos aut urbibus hostes.
devenere locum, Cereris quo tecta nitebant
Cyclopum firmata manu: stant ardua ferro
moenia, ferrati postes, immensaue nectit
claustra chalybs. nullum tanto sudore Pyragmon 240
nec Steropes construxit opus: non talibus umquam
spiravere Notis animae nec flumine tanto

incoctum maduit lassa cervice metallum.
atria cingit ebur; trabibus solidatur aënis
culmen et in celsas surgunt electra columnas. 245

Ipsa domum tenero mulcens Proserpina cantu
inrita texebat rediturae munera matri.
hic elementorum seriem sedesque paternas
insignibat acu, veterem qua lege tumultum
discrevit Natura parens et semina iustis 250
discessere locis: quidquid leve, fertur in altum;
in medium graviora cadunt; incanduit aër;
legit flamma polum; fluxit mare; terra pependit.
nec color unus erat: stellas accendit in auro,

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feel the sting of passion and Acheron and the steely heart of stern Dis grow
tender with love's arrows."

Venus hastes to do his bidding; and at their sire's behest there join her Pallas
and Diana whose bent bow affrights all Maenalus' slopes. Neath her divine
feet the path shone bright, even as a comet, fraught with augury of ill, falls
headlong, a glowing portent of blood-red fire; no sailor may look on it and
live, no people view it but to their destruction; the message of its threatening
tail is storm to ships and an enemy's attack to cities. They reached the place
where shone Ceres'

palace, firm-built by the Cyclops' hands; up tower the iron walls, iron stand
the gates, and steel bars secure the massy doors. Neither Pyragmon nor
Steropes e'er builded a work with toil so great as that, nor ever did bellows
breathe forth such blasts nor the molten mass of metal flow in a stream so
deep that the very furnaces were weary of heating it. The hall was walled with
ivory; the roof strengthened with beams of bronze and supported by lofty
columns of electron.

Proserpine herself, soothing the house with sweet song, was sewing all in vain
a gift against her mother's return. In this cloth she embroidered with her
needle the concourse of atoms and the dwelling of the Father of the gods and
pictured how mother Nature ordered elemental chaos, and how the first
principles of things sprang apart, each to his proper place — those that were
light being born aloft, the heavier ones falling to a centre. The air grew bright
and fire chose the pole as its seat. Here flowed the sea; there hung the earth
suspended. Many were the colours she employed, tricking the stars with gold
and flooding the sea

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ostro fundit aquas, attollit litora gemmis 255
filaque mentitos iamiam caelantia fluctus
arte tument: credas inlidi cautibus algam
et raucum bibulis inserpere murmur harenis.
addit quinque plagas: mediam subtegmine rubro
obsessam fervore notat; squalebat inustus 260
limes et adsiduo sitiebant stamina sole.
vitales utrimque duas, quas mitis oberrat
temperies habitanda viris; in fine supremo
torpentes traxit geminas brumaeque perenni
foedat et aeterno contristat frigore telas. 265
nec non et patru pingit sacraria Ditis
fatalesque sibi Manes; nec defuit omen,
praescia nam subitis maduerunt fletibus ora.

Cooperat et vitreis summo iam margine texti
Oceanum sinuare vadis; sed cardine verso 270
cernit adesse deas imperfectumque laborem
deserit et niveos infecit purpura vultus
per liquidas succensa genas castaeque pudoris
inluxere faces: non sic decus ardet eburnum,
Lydia Sidonio quod femina tinxerit ostro. 275

Merserat unda diem; sparso nox umida somno
languida caeruleis invexerat otia bigis,
iamque viam Pluto superas molitur ad auras
germani monitu. torvos invisa iugales
Allecto temone ligat, qui pascua mandunt 280
Cocyti pratisque Erebi nigrantibus errant

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with purple. The shore she embossed with precious stones and cunningly employed raised threadwork to imitate the swelling billows. You might have thought you saw the seaweed dashed against the rocks and heard the murmur of the hissing waves flooding up the thirsty sands. Five zones she added; indicating that the centre was the torrid zone by embroidering it with red yarn: its desert confines are parched and the thread she used was dried by the sun's unfailing heat. On either side lay the two habitable zones, blessed with a mild climate fit for the life of man. At the top and bottom she set the two frozen zones, portraying eternal winter's horror in her weaving and the gloom of never-ceasing cold. Further she embroidered the accursed seat of her uncle, Dis, and the nether gods, her destined fellows. Nor did the omen pass unmarked, for prophetic of the future her cheeks grew wet with sudden tears.

Next she began to trace Ocean's glassy shallows at the tapestry's farthest edge, but at that moment the doors opened, she saw the goddesses enter, and

left her work unfinished. A glowing blush that mantled to her clear cheeks suffused her fair countenance and lit the torches of stainless purity. Not so beautiful even the glow of ivory which a Lydian maid has stained with Sidon's scarlet dye.

Now the sun was dipped in Ocean and misty night scattering sleep had brought for mortals ease and leisure in her black two-horsed chariot; when Pluto, warned by his brother, made his way to the upper air. The dread fury Allecto yokes to the chariot-pole the two fierce pairs of steeds that grace Cocytus' banks and roam the dark meads of Erebus, and,

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stagnaque tranquillae potantes marcida Lethes
aegra soporatis spumant oblivia linguis:
Orphnaeus crudele micans Aethonque sagitta
ocior et Stygii sublimis gloria Nycteus ²⁸⁵
armenti Ditisque nota signatus Alastor.
stabant ante fores iuncti saevumque fremebant
crastina venturae spectantes gaudia praedae.

LIBRI SECUNDI

PRAEFATIO

(XXXIV.)

Otia sopitis ageret cum cantibus Orpheus
neglectumque diu deposuisset opus,
lugebant erepta sibi solacia Nymphae,
quaerebant dulces flumina maesta modos.
saeva feris natura redit metuensque leonem 5
implorat citharae vacca tacentis opem.
illius et duri flevere silentia montes
silvaeque Bistoniam saepe secuta chelyn.

Sed postquam Inachiis Alcides missus ab Argis
Thracia pacifero contigit arva pede 10
diraque sanguinei vertit praesaepia regis
et Diomedeos gramine pavit equos,
tunc patriae festo laetatus tempore vates
desuetae repetit fila canora lyrae

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drinking the rotting pools of sluggish Lethe, let dark oblivion drip from their slumbrous lips — Orphnaeus, savage and fleet, Aethon, swifter than an arrow, great Nyctaeus, proud glory of Hell's steeds, and Alastor, branded with the mark of Dis. These stood harnessed before the door and savagely champed the bit all eager for the morrow's enjoyment of their destined booty.

BOOK II

PREFACE

(XXXIV.)

When Orpheus sought repose and, lulling his song to sleep, had long laid aside his neglected task, the Nymphs complained that their joy had been reft from them and the sad rivers mourned the loss of his tuneful lays. Nature's savagery returned and the heifer in terror of the lion looked in vain for help from the now voiceless lyre. The rugged mountains lamented his silence and the woods that had so often followed his Thracian lute.

But after that Hercules, setting forth from Inachian Argos, reached the plains of Thrace on his mission of salvation, and destroying the stables of Diomede, fed the horses of the bloody tyrant on grass, then it was that the poet, o'erjoyed at his country's happy fate, took up once more the tuneful strings of his lute long laid aside, and touching its

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et resides levi modulatus pectine nervos 15
pollice festivo nobile duxit ebur.
vix auditus erat: venti frenantur et undae,
pigrior adstrictis torpuit Hebrus aquis,
porrexit Rhodope sitientes carmina rupes,
excussit gelidas pronior Ossa nives; 20
ardua nudato descendit populus Haemo
et comitem quercum pinus amica trahit,
Cirrhæasque dei quamvis despexerit artes,
Orpheis laurus vocibus acta venit.
securum blandi leporem fovere Molossi 25
vicinumque lupo praebuilt agna latus.
concordes varia ludunt cum tigride dammae;
Massylam cervi non timuere iubam.

Ille novercales stimulos actusque canebat
Herculis et forti monstra subacta manu, 30
quod timidae matri pressos ostenderit angues
intrepidusque fero riserit ore puer:
“te neque Dictæas quatiens mugitibus urbes
taurus nec Stygii terruit ira canis,
non leo sidereos caeli rediturus ad axes, 35
non Erymanthei gloria montis aper.
solvis Amazonios cinctus, Stymphalidas arcu
adpetis, occiduo ducis ab orbe greges
tergeminique ducis numerosos deicis artus

et totiens uno victor ab hoste redis. 40
non cadere Antaeo, non crescere profuit hydrae;
nec cervam volucres eripuerunt pedes.
Caci flamma perit; rubuit Busiride Nilus;
prostratis maduit nubigenis Pholoë.

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idle chords with the smooth quill, plied the famed ivory with festal fingers. Scarce had they heard him when the winds and waves were stilled; Hebrus flowed more sluggishly with reluctant stream, Rhodope stretched out her rocks all eager for the song, and Ossa, his summit less exalted, shook off his coat of snow. The tall poplar and the pine, accompanied by the oak, left the slopes of treeless Haemus, and even the laurel came, allured by the voice of Orpheus, though erstwhile it had despised Apollo's art. Molossian dogs fawned playfully on fearless hares, and the lamb made room for the wolf by her side. Does sported in amity with the striped tiger and hinds had no fear of the lion's mane.

He sang the stings of a step-dame's ire¹²² and the deeds of Hercules, the monsters overcome by his strong right arm; how while yet a child he had shown the strangled snakes to his terrified mother, and had laughed, fearlessly scorning such dangers. "Thee nor the bull that shook with his bellowing the cities of Crete alarmed, nor the savagery of the hound of Hell; thee not the lion, soon to become a constellation in the heavens, nor the wild boar that brought renown to Erymanthus' height. Thou hast stripped the Amazons of their girdles, shot with thy bow the birds of Stympthalus, and driven home the cattle of the western clime. Thou hast o'erthrown the many limbs of the triple-headed monster and returned thrice victorious from a single foe. Vain the falls of Antaeus, vain the sprouting of the Hydra's new heads. Its winged feet availed not to save Diana's deer from thy hand. Cacus' flames were quenched and Nile ran rich with Busiris' blood. Pholoë's slopes reeked with the slaughter of the

¹²² Juno is called the stepmother of Hercules.

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te Libyci stupuere sinus, te maxima Tethys 45
horruit, imposito cum premerere polo:
firmior Herculea mundus cervice pependit;
lustrarunt umeros Phoebus et astra tuos."

Thracius haec vates. sed tu Tirynthius alter,
Florentine, mihi: tu mea plectra moves 50

antraque Musarum longo torpentia somno
excutis et placidos ducis in orbe choros.

LIBER SECUNDUS

(XXXV.)

Impulit Ionios praemisso lumine fluctus
nondum pura dies; tremulis vibratur in undis
ardor et errantes ludunt per caerula flammae.
iamque audax animi fidaeque oblita parentis
fraude Dionaea riguos Proserpina saltus 5
(sic Parcae iussere) petit. ter cardine verso
praesagum cecinere fores; ter conscia fati
flebile terrificis gemuit mugitibus Aetna,
nullis illa tamen monstribus nulloque tenetur
prodigio. comites gressum iunxere sorores. 10

Prima dolo gaudens et tanto concita voto
it Venus et raptus metitur corde futuros,
iam dirum flexura chaos, iam Dite subacto
ingenti famulos Manes ductura triumpho.

* * * * *

cloud-born Centaurs. Thee the curving shore of Libya held in awe; thee the mighty Ocean gazed at in amaze when thou laidst the world's bulk on thy back; on the neck of Hercules the heaven was poised more surely; the sun and stars coursed over thy shoulders."

So sang the Thracian bard. But thou, Florentinus,¹²³ art a second Hercules to me. 'Tis thou causest my quill to stir, 'tis thou disturbest the Muses' cavern long plunged in sleep and leadest their gentle bands in the dance.

BOOK II

(XXXV.)

Not yet had bright day with herald beams struck the waves of the Ionian main; the light of dawn shimmered on the waters and the straying brilliance flickered over the deep blue sea. And now bold Proserpine, forgetful of her mother's jealous care and tempted by the wiles of Venus, seeks the stream-fed vale. Such was the Fates' decree. Thrice did the doors sound a warning note as the hinges turned; thrice did prophetic Aetna rumble mournfully with awful thunders. But her can no portent, no omen detain. The sister goddesses bore her company.

First goes Venus exulting in her trickery and inspired by her great mission. In her heart she takes account of the coming rape; soon she will rule dread Chaos, soon, Dis once subdued, she will lead the subject ghosts. Her hair, parted into many

¹²³ See Introduction, p. xiv.

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illi multifidos crinis sinuatur in orbes ¹⁵

Idalia divisus acu; sudata marito

fibula purpureos gemma suspendit amictus.

Candida Parrhasii post hanc regina Lycaeï

et Pandionias quae cuspide protegit arces,

utraq; virgo, ruunt: haec tristibus aspera bellis, ²⁰

haec metuenda feris. Tritonia casside fulva

caelatum Typhona gerit, qui summa peremptus

ima parte viget, moriens et parte superstes;

hastaque terribili surgens per nubila ferro

instar habet silvae; tantum stridentia colla ²⁵

Gorgonis obtentu pallae fulgentis inumbrat.

at Triviae lenis species et multus in ore

frater erat, Phoebique genas et lumina Phoebi

esse putes, solusque dabat discrimina sexus.

brachia nuda nitent; levibus proiecerat auris ³⁰

indociles errare comas, arcuque remisso

otia nervus agit; pendent post terga sagittae.

crispatur gemino vestis Gortynia cinctu

poplite fusa tenus, motoque in stamine Delos

errat et aurato trahitur circumflua ponto. ³⁵

Quas inter Cereris proles, nunc gloria matris,

mox dolor, aequali tendit per gramina passu

nec membris nec honore minor potuitque videri
Pallas, si clipeum ferret, si spicula, Phoebe.
collectae tereti nodantur iaspide vestes. 40
pectinis ingenio numquam felicior artis
contigit eventus; nulli sic consona telae
fila nec in tantum veri duxere figuras.
hic Hyperionio Solem de semine nasci

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locks, is braided round her head and secured by a Cyprian pin, and a brooch cunningly fabricated by her spouse Vulcan supports her cloak thick studded with purple jewels.

Behind her hasten Diana, fair queen of Arcadian Lycaeus, and Pallas who, with her spear, protects the citadel of Athens — virgins both; Pallas, cruel goddess of war, Diana bane of wild creatures. On her burnished helmet the Triton-born goddess wore a carved figure of Typhon, the upper part of his body lifeless, the lower limbs yet writhing, part dead, part quick. Her terrible spear, piercing the clouds as she brandished it, resembled a tree; only the Gorgon's hissing neck she hid in the spread of her glittering cloak. But mild was Diana's gaze and very like her brother looked she; Phoebus' own one had thought her cheeks and eyes, her sex alone disclosed the difference. Her shining arms were bare, her straying locks fluttered in the gentle breeze, and the chord of her unstrung bow hung idle, her arrows slung behind her back. Her Cretan tunic, gathered with girdles twain, flows down to her knees, and on her waving dress Delos wanders and stretches surrounded by a golden sea.

Between the two Ceres' child, now her mother's pride, so soon to be her sorrow, treads the grass with equal pace, their equal, too, in stature and beauty; Pallas you might have thought her, had she carried a shield, Diana, if a javelin. A brooch of polished jasper secured her girded dress. Never did art give happier issue to the shuttle's skill; never was cloth so beautifully made nor embroidery so lifelike. In it she had worked the birth of the sun from the seed of Hyperion, the birth, too, of the moon,

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fecerat et pariter, forma sed dispare, Lunam, 45
aurorae noctisque duces; cunabula Tethys
praebet et infantes gremio solatur anhelos
caeruleusque sinus roseis radiatur alumnis.
invalidum dextro portat Titana lacerto
nondum luce gravem nec pubescentibus alte 50
cristatum radiis: primo clementior aevo

fingitur et tenerum vagitu despuat ignem.
laeva parte soror vitrei libamina potat
uberis et parvo signatur tempora cornu.

Tali luxuriat cultu. comitantur euntem 55
Naides et socia stipant utrimque caterva,
quae fontes, Crinise, tuos et saxa rotantem
Pantagiam nomenque Gelam qui praebuit urbi
concelebrant, quas pigra vado Camerina palustri,
quas Arethusaei latices, quas advena nutrit 60
Alpheus; Cyane totum supereminet agmen:
qualis Amazonidum peltis exultat aduncis
pulchra cohors, quotiens Arcton populata virago
Hippolyte niveas ducit post proelia turmas,
seu flavos stravere Getas seu forte rigentem 65
Thermodontiacae Tanaim fregere securi;
aut quales referunt Baccho sollemnia Nymphae
Maeoniae, quas Hermus alit, ripasque paternas
percurrunt auro madidae: laetatur in antro
amnis et undantem declinat prodigus urnam. 70

Viderat herboso sacrum de vertice vulgus
Henna parens florum curvaque in valle sedentem

* * * * *

though diverse was her shape — of sun and moon that bring the dawning and the night. Tethys affords them a cradle and soothes in her bosom their infant sobs; the rosy light of her foster-children irradiates her dark blue plains. On her right shoulder she carried the infant Titan, too young as yet to vex with his light, and his encircling beams not grown; he is pictured as more gentle in those tender years, and from his mouth issues a soft flame that accompanies his infant cries. The moon, his sister, carried on Tethys' left shoulder, sucks the milk of that bright breast, her forehead marked with a little horn.

Such is the wonder of Proserpine's dress. The Naiads bear her company and on either side crowd around her, those who haunt thy streams, Criniseus, and Pantagia's rocky torrent and Gela's who gives his name to the city; those whom Camerina, the unmoved, nurtures in her shallow marshes, whose home is Arethusa's flood or the stream of Alpheus, her foreign lover; tallest of their company is Cyane. So move they as the beauteous band of Amazons, brandishing their moon-shaped shields what time the maiden warrior Hippolyte, after laying waste the regions of the north, leads home her fair army after battle, whether they have o'erthrown the yellow-haired Getae or cloven frozen Tanais with the axe of their native Thermodon; or as the Lydian Nymphs celebrate the festivals of Bacchus — the Nymphs whose sire was Hermus along whose banks they course, splashed with his golden waters: the

river-god rejoices in his cavern home and pours forth the flooding urn with generous hand.

Henna, mother of blossoms, had espied the goddess' company from her grassy summit and thus addressed

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compellat Zephyrum: "pater o gratissime veris,
qui mea lascivo regnas per prata meatu
semper et adsiduis inroras flatibus annum, 75
respice Nympharum coetus et celsa Tonantis
germina per nostros dignantia ludere campos.
nunc adsis faveasque, precor; nunc omnia fetu
pubescant virgulta velis, ut fertilis Hybla
invideat vincique suos non abnuat hortos. 80
quidquid turiferis spirat Panchaia silvis,
quidquid odoratus longe blanditur Hydaspes,
quidquid ab extremis ales longaeva colonis
colligit optato repetens exordia leto,¹²⁴
in venas disperge meas et flamine largo 85
rura fove. merear divino pollice carpi
et nostris cupiant ornari numina sertis."

Dixerat; ille novo madidantes nectare pennas
concutit et glaebas fecundo rore maritat,
quaque volat vernus sequitur rubor; omnis in herbas
turgēt humus medioque patent convexa sereno. 91
sanguineo splendore rosas, vaccinia nigro
imbuit et dulci violas ferrugine pingit.
Parthica quae tantis variantur cingula gemmis
regales vinctura sinus? quae vellera tantum 95
ditibus Assyrii spumis fucantur aëni?
non tales volucer pandit Iunonius alas,
nec sic innumeros arcu mutante colores
incipiens redimitur hiems, cum tramite flexo
semita discretis interviret umida nimbis. 100

Forma loci superat flores: curvata tumore
parvo planities et mollibus edita clivis
creverat in collem; vivo de pumice fontes

¹²⁴ *leto* Heinsius; Birt *saeclō* (FDWB1V1).

* * * * *

Zephyrus, lurking in the winding vale: "Gracious father of the spring, thou

who ever rulest over my meads with errant breeze and bringest rain upon the summer lands with thine unceasing breath, behold this company of Nymphs and Jove's tall daughters who deign to sport them in my meadows. Be present to bless, I pray. Grant that now all the trees be thick with newly-grown fruit, that fertile Hybla may be jealous and admit her paradise surpassed. All the sweet airs of Panchaea's incense-bearing woods, all the honied odours of Hydaspes' distant stream, all the spices which from furthest fields the long-lived Phoenix gathers, seeking new birth from wished for death — spread thou all these through my veins and with generous breath refresh my country. May I be worthy to be plundered by divine fingers and goddesses seek to be decked with my garlands."

So spake she, and Zephyrus shook his wings adrip with fresh nectar and drenches the ground with their life-giving dew. Wheresoe'er he flies spring's brilliance follows. The fields grow lush with verdure and heaven's dome shines cloudless above them. He paints the bright roses red, the hyacinths blue and the sweet violets purple. What girdles of Babylon, meet cincture of a royal breast, are adorned with such varied jewels? What fleece so dyed in the rich juice of the murex where stand the brazen towers of Tyre? Not the wings of Juno's own bird display such colouring. Not thus do the many-changing hues of the rainbow span young winter's sky when in curved arch its rainy path glows green amid the parting clouds.

Even more lovely than the flowers is the country. The plain, with gentle swell and gradual slopes, rose into a hill; issuing from the living rock gushing

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roscida mobilibus lambebant gramina rivis,
silvaque torrentes ramorum frigore soles 105
temperat et medio brumam sibi vindicat aestu:
apta fretis abies, bellis accommoda cornus,
quercus amica Iovi, tumulos tectura cupressus,
ilex plena favis, venturi praescia laurus;
fluctuat hic denso crispata cacumine buxus, 110
hic hederæ serpunt, hic pampinus induit ulmos.
haud procul inde lacus (Pergum dixere Sicani)
panditur et nemorum frondoso margine cinctus
vicinis pallescit aquis: admittit in altum
cernentes oculos et late pervius umor 115
ducit inoffensos liquido sub flumine visus
imaque perspicui prodit secreta profund.

[huc elapsa cohors gaudet per florida rura.]¹²⁵ Hortatur Cytherea legant. "nunc ite, sorores, dum matutinis praesudat solibus aër, 120dum meus umectat flaventes Lucifer agrosoranti praevectus equo." sic fata doloriscarpit signa sui. varios tum cetera saltusinvāsere cohors: credas examina fundiHyblaeum raptura thymum, cum cerea reges 125castra movent fagique cava dimissus ab alvomellifer electis exercitus obstrepit herbis.pratorum spoliatur honos: haec lilia fuscisintexit violis; hanc mollis amaracus ornat;haec graditur stellata rosis, haec alba ligustris. 130te quoque, flebilibus maerens Hyacinthe figuris,

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streams bedewed their grassy banks. With the shade of its branches a wood tempers the sun's fierce heat and at summer's height makes for itself the cold of winter. There grows the pine, useful for seafaring, the cornel-tree for weapons of war, the oak, friendly to Jove, the cypress, sentinel of graves, the holm filled with honeycombs, and the laurel foreknowing of the future; here the box-tree waves its thick crown of leaves, here creeps the ivy, here the vine clothes the elm. Not far from here lies a lake called by the Sicani Pergus, girt with a cincture of leafy woods close around its pallid waters. Deep down therein the eye of whoso would can see, and the everywhere transparent water invites an untrammelled gaze into its oozy depths and betrays the uttermost secrets of its pellucid gulfs. [Hither came their company well pleased with the flowery climb.]

Venus bids them gather flowers. "Come, sisters, while yet the morning sun shines through the moist air, and while Lucifer, my harbinger of dawn, yet drives his dewy steeds and waters the flower-bright field." So spake she and gathered the flower that testifies to her own woe.¹²⁶ Her companions ranged the various vales. You could have believed a swarm of bees was on the wing, eager to gather its sweetness from Hyblaeon thyme, where the king bees lead out their wax-housed armies and the honey-bearing host, issuing from the beech-tree's hollow bole, buzzes around its favourite flowers. The meadows are despoiled of their glory; this goddess weaves lilies with dark violets, another decks herself with pliant marjoram, a third steps forth rose-crowned, another wreathed with white privet. Thee also, Hyacinthus,

¹²⁶ Traditionally said to be the anemone, which is supposed to have sprung up red from the spot where Adonis was killed by the boar.

* * * * *

Narcissusque metunt, nunc inclita germina veris,
praestantes olim pueros: tu natus Amyclis,
hunc Helicon genuit; disci te perculit error,
hunc fontis decepit amor; te fronte retusa ¹³⁵
Delius, hunc fracta Cephisus harundine luget.

Aestuat ante alias avido fervore legendi
frugiferae spes una deae: nunc vimine texto
ridentes calathos spoliis agrestibus implet;
nunc sociat flores seseque ignara coronat, ¹⁴⁰
augurium fatale tori. quin ipsa tubarum
armorumque potens dextram, qua fortia turbat
agmina, qua stabiles portas et moenia vellit,

iam levibus laxat studiis hastamque reponit
insuetisque docet galeam mitescere sertis; 145
ferratus lascivit apex horrorque recessit
Martius et cristae pacato fulgure vernant.
nec, quae Parthenium canibus scrutatur odorem,
aspernata choros libertatemque comarum
iniecta voluit tantum frenare corona. 150

Talia virgineo passim dum more geruntur,
ecce repens mugire fragor, conflare turres
pronaque vibratis radicibus oppida verti.
causa latet; dubios agnovit sola tumultus
diva Paphi mixtoque metu perterrita gaudet. 155
iamque per anfractus animarum rector opacos
sub terris quaerebat iter gravibusque gementem

* * * * *

they gather, thy flower inscribed with woe, and Narcissus too — once lovely boys, now the pride of flowering spring. Thou, Hyacinthus, wert born at Amyclae, Narcissus was Helicon's child; thee the errant discus slew; him the amorous water-nymphs beguiled; for thee weeps Delos' god with sorrow-weighted brow; for him Cephissus with his broken reeds.

But beyond her fellows she, the one hope of the corn-bearing goddess, burned with a fierce desire to gather flowers. Now she fills with the spoil of the fields her laughing baskets, osier-woven; now she twines a wreath of flowers and crowns herself therewith, little seeing in this a foreshadowing of the marriage fate holds in store for her. E'en Pallas herself, goddess of the trumpets and of the weapons of war, devotes to gentler pursuits the hand wherewith she o'erwhelms the host of battle and throws down stout gates and city walls. She lays aside her spear and wreaths her helmet with soft flowers — strange aureole! The iron peak is gay, o'ershadowed the fierce martial glint, and the plumes, erstwhile levin bolts, now nod with blossoms. Nor does Diana, who scours Mount Parthenius with her keen-scented hounds, disdain this company but would fain bind her free-flowing tresses with a flowery crown.

But while the maidens so disport themselves, wandering through the fields, a sudden roar is heard, towers crash and towns, shaken to their foundations, totter and fall. None knows whence comes the tumult; Paphus' goddess alone recognized the sound that set her companions in amaze, and fear mixed with joy fills her heart. For now the king of souls was pricking his way through the dim labyrinth of the underworld and crushing Enceladus, groaning

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Enceladum calcabat equis: inmania findunt
 membra rotae pressaque Gigas cervice laborat
 Sicaniam cum Dite ferens temptatque moveri 160
 debilis et fessis serpentibus impedit axem:
 fumida sulphureo praelabitur orbita dorso.
 ac velut occultus securum pergit in hostem
 miles et effossi subter fundamina campi
 transilit inclusos arcano limite muros 165
 turbaque deceptas victrix erumpit in arces
 terrigenas imitata viros: sic tertius heres
 Saturni latebrosa vagis rimatur habenis
 devia, fraternum cupiens exire sub orbem.
 ianua nulla patet; prohibebant undique rupes 170
 oppositae duraque deum compage tenebant:
 non tulit ille moras indignatusque trabali
 saxa ferit sceptro. Sicalae sonuere cavernae;
 turbatur Lipare; stupuit fornace relictæ
 Mulciber et trepidus deiecit fulmina Cyclops. 175
 audiit et si quem glacies Alpina coercet
 et qui te, Latiis nondum præcincte tropæis
 Thybri, natat missamque Pado qui remigat alnum.
 Sic, cum Thessaliam scopulis inclusa teneret
 Peneo stagnante palus et mersa negaret 180
 arva coli, trifida Neptunus cuspidē montes
 impulit adversos: tunc forti saucius ictu
 dissiluit gelido vertex Ossæus Olympo;
 carceribus laxantur aquæ factoque meatu
 redduntur fluviusque mari tellusque colonis. 185

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beneath the weight of his massy steeds. His chariot-wheels severed the monstrous limbs, and the giant struggles, bearing Sicily along with Pluto on his burdened neck, and feebly essays to move and entangle the wheels with his weary serpents; still o'er his blazing back passes the smoking chariot. And as sappers seek to issue forth upon their unsuspecting enemy and, following a minèd path beneath the foundations of the tunnelled field, pass unmarked beyond the foe-invested walls of the city to break out, a victorious party, into the citadel of the outwitted enemy, seeming sprung from earth, even so Saturn's third son scours the devious darkness whithersoever his team hurries him, all eager to come forth beneath his brother's sky. No door lies open for him; rocks bar his egress on every side and detain the god in their escapeless prison. He brooked not the delay but wrathfully smote the crags with his beam-like staff. Sicily's caverns thundered, Lipare's isle was confounded, Vulcan left his forge in amaze and the Cyclops let drop their thunderbolts in

fear. The pent-up denizens of the frozen Alps heard the uproar and he who then swam thy wave, father Tiber, thy brows not as yet graced with the crown of Italy's triumphs; there heard it he who rows his bark down Padus' stream.

So when the rock-encircled lake, ere Peneus' wave rolled seaward, covered all Thessaly and allowed not its submerged fields to be tilled, Neptune smote the imprisoning mountain with his trident. Then did the peak of Ossa, riven with the mighty blow, spring apart from snowy Olympus; a passage was made and the waters were released, whereby the sea won back her feeding streams and the husbandman his fields.

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Postquam victa manu duros Trinacria nexus
solvit et inmenso late discessit hiatu,
adparet subitus caelo timor; astra viarum
mutavere fidem; vetito se proluit Arctos
aequore; praecipitat pigrum formido Booten; 190
horruit Orion. audito palluit Atlas
hinnitu: rutilos obscurat anhelitus axes
discolor et longa solitos caligine pasci
terrui orbis equos; pressis haesere lupatis
attoniti meliore polo rursusque verendum 195
in chaos obliquo certant temone reverti.
mox ubi pulsato senserunt verbera tergo
et solem didicere pati, torrentius amne
hiberno tortaque ruunt pernicious hasta:
quantum non iaculum Parthi, non impetus Austri, 200
non leve sollicitae mentis discurrit acumen.
sanguine frena calent; corrumpit spiritus auras
letifer; infectae spumis vitiantur harenae.

Diffugiunt Nymphae: rapitur Proserpina curru
imploratque deas. iam Gorgonis ora revelat 205
Pallas et intento festinat Delia telo
nec patruo cedunt: stimulat communis in arma
virginitas crimenque feri raptoris acerbatur.
ille velut stabuli decus armentique iuvenecam
cum leo possedit nudataque viscera fodit 210
unguibus et rabiem totos exegit in armos:
stat crassa turpis sanie nodosque iubarum
excudit et viles pastorum despicit iras.

"Ignavi domitor vulgi, deterrime fratrum,"

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When Trinacria beneath Pluto's stroke loosed her rocky bonds and yawned wide with cavernous cleft, sudden fear seized upon the sky. The stars deserted their accustomed courses; the Bear bathed him in forbidden Ocean; terror hurried sluggish Boötes to his setting; Orion trembled. Atlas paled as he heard the neighing coursers; their smoky breath obscures the bright heavens and the sun's orb affrighted them, so long fed on darkness. They stood biting the curb astonished at the brighter air, and struggle to turn the chariot and hurry back to dread Chaos. But soon, when they felt the lash on their backs and learned to bear the sun's brightness, they gallop on more rapidly than a winter torrent and more fleet than the hurtling spear; swifter than the Parthian's dart, the south wind's fury or nimble thought of anxious mind. Their bits are warm with blood, their death-bringing breath infects the air, the polluted dust is poisoned with their foam.

The Nymphs fly in all directions; Proserpine is hurried away in the chariot, imploring aid of the goddesses. Now Pallas unveils the Gorgon's head, Diana strings her bow and hastes to help. Neither yields to her uncle's violence; a common virginity compels them to fight and enrages them at the crime of the fierce ravisher. Pluto is like a lion when he has seized upon a heifer, the pride of the stall and the herd, and has torn with his claws the defenceless flesh and has sated his fury on all its limbs, and so stands all befouled with clotted blood and shakes his tangled mane and scorns the shepherds' feeble rage.

"Lord of the strengthless dead," cries Pallas,

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Pallas ait "quae te stimulis facibusque profanis 215
Eumenides movere? tua cur sede relictā
audes Tartareis caelum incestare quadrigis?
sunt tibi deformes Dirae, sunt altera Lethes
numina, sunt tristes Furiae, te coniuge dignae.
fratris linque domos, alienam desere sortem; 220
nocte tua contentus abi. quid viva sepultis
admisces? nostrum quid proteris advena mundum?"

Talia vociferans avidos transire minaci
cornipedes umbone ferit clipeique retardat
obice Gorgoneisque premens adsibilat hydrys 225
praetentaque operit crista; libratur in ictum
fraxinus et nigros inluminat obvia currus
missaque paene foret, ni Iuppiter aethere summo
pacificas rubri torsisset fulminis alas
confessus socerum: nimbis hymenaeus hiulcis 230
intonat et testes firmant conubia flammae.

Invitae cessere deae. compescuit arcum

cum gemitu talesque dedit Latonia voces:

“Sis memor o longumque vale. reverentia patris
obstitit auxilio, nec nos defendere contra ²³⁵
possumus: imperio vinci maiore fatemur.
in te coniurat genitor populoque silenti
traderis, heu! cupidas non adspectura sorores
aequalemque chorum. quae te fortuna supernis
abstulit et tanto damnavit sidera luctu? ²⁴⁰

* * * * *

“wickedest of thy brothers, what Furies have stirred thee with their goads and accursed torches? Why hast thou left thy seat and how darest thou pollute the upper world with thy hellish team? Thou hast the hideous Curses, the other deities of Hell, the dread Furies — any of them would be a worthy spouse for thee. Quit thy brother’s realm, begone from the kingdom allotted to another. Get thee hence; let thine own night suffice thee. Why mix the quick with the dead? Why treadest thou our world, an unwelcome visitant?”

So exclaiming she smote with her threatening shield the horses who sought to advance and barred their way with the bulk of her targe, thrusting them back with the hissing snake-hair of Medusa’s head and o’ershadowing them with its outstretched plumes. She poised for throwing her beechen shaft whose radiance met and illumed Pluto’s black chariot. Almost had she cast it had not Jove from heaven’s height hurled his red thunderbolt on peaceful wings, acknowledging his new son; mid the riven clouds thunders the marriage-paeon and attesting fires confirm the union.

All unwilling the goddesses yielded, and weeping Diana laid aside her weapons and thus spake: “Fare well, a long farewell; forget us not. Reverence for our sire forbade our help, and against his will we cannot defend thee. We acknowledge defeat by a power greater than our own. The Father hath conspired against thee and betrayed thee to the realms of silence, no more, alas! to behold the sisters and companions who crave sight of thee. What fate hath reft thee from the upper air and condemned the heavens to so deep mourning? Now no more

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iam neque Partheniis innectere retia lustris
nec pharetram gestare libet: securus ubique
spumet aper saevique fremant impune leones.
te iuga Taygeti, posito te Maenala flebunt
venatu maestoque diu lugebere Cyntho. ²⁴⁵
Delphica quin etiam fratris delubra tacebunt.”

Interea volucris fertur Proserpina curru
 caesariem diffusa Noto planctuque lacertos
 verberat et questus ad nubila tendit inanes:
 “Cur non torsisti manibus fabricata Cyclopus 250
 in nos tela, pater? sic me crudelibus umbris
 tradere, sic toto placuit depellere mundo?
 nullane te flectit pietas nihilumque paternae
 mentis inest? tantas quo crimine movimus iras?
 non ego, cum rapido saeviret Phlegra tumultu, 255
 signa deis adversa tuli; non robore nostro
 Ossa pruinosa vexit glacialis Olympus.
 quod conata nefas aut cuius conscia culpae
 exul ad inmanes Erebi detrudor hiatus?
 o fortunatas alii quascumque tulere 260
 raptores! saltem communi sole fruuntur.
 sed mihi virginitas pariter caelumque negatur,
 eripitur cum luce pudor, terrisque relictis
 servitum Stygio ducor captiva tyranno.
 o male dilecti flores despectaque matris 265
 consilia! o Veneris deprensae serius artes!
 mater, io! seu te Phrygiis in vallibus Idae
 Mygdonio buxus circumsonat horrida cantu,

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can we rejoice to set Parthenius' steep with nets nor wear the quiver; at large
 as he lists let the wild boar, raven and the lion roar savagely with none to say
 him nay. Thee, Taygetus' crest, thee Maenalus' height shall weep, their
 hunting laid aside. Long shalt thou be food for weeping on sorrowing
 Cynthus' slopes. E'en my brother's shrine at Delphi shall speak no more."

Meanwhile Proserpine is borne away in the winged car, her hair streaming
 before the wind, beating her arms in lamentation and calling in vain
 remonstrance to the clouds: "Why hast thou not hurled at me, father, bolts
 forged by the Cyclops' hands? Was this thy will to deliver thy daughter to the
 cruel shades and drive her for ever from this world? Does love move thee not
 at all? Hast thou nothing of a father's feeling? What ill deed of men has
 stirred such anger in thee? When Phlegra raged with war's madness I bore no
 standard against the gods; 'twas through no strength of mine that ice-bound
 Ossa supported frozen Olympus. For attempt of what crime, for complicity
 with what guilt, am I thrust down in banishment to the bottomless pit of Hell?
 Happy girls whom other ravishers have stolen; they at least enjoy the general
 light of day, while I, together with my virginity, lose the air of heaven; stolen
 from me alike is innocence and daylight. Needs must I quit this world and be
 led a captive bride to serve Hell's tyrant. Ye flowers that I loved in so evil an

hour, oh, why did I scorn my mother's warning? Too late did I detect the wiles of Venus. Mother, my mother, whether in the vales of Phrygian Ida the dread pipe sounds about thine ears with Lydian

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seu tu sanguineis ululantia Dindyma Gallis
incolis et strictos Curetum respicis enses: 270
exitio succurre meo! compesce furentem!
comprime ferales torvi praedonis habenas!"

Talibus ille ferox dictis fletuque decoro
vincitur et primi suspiria sensit amoris.
tunc ferrugineo lacrimas deterget amictu 275
et placida maestum solatur voce dolorem:

"Desine funestis animum, Proserpina, curis
et vano vexare metu. maiora dabuntur
sceptra nec indigni taedas patiēre mariti.
ille ego Saturni proles, cui machina rerum 280
servit et inmensum tendit per inane potestas.
amisum ne crede diem: sunt altera nobis
sidera, sunt orbes alii, lumenque videbis
purius Elysiumque magis mirabere solem
cultoresque pios; illic pretiosior aetas, 285
aurea progenies habitat, semperque tenemus
quod superi meruere semel. nec mollia desunt
prata tibi; Zephyris illic melioribus halant
perpetui flores, quos nec tua protulit Henna.
est etiam lucis arbor praedives opacis 290
fulgentes viridi ramos curvata metallo:
haec tibi sacra datur fortunatumque tenebis
autumnū et fulvis semper ditabere pomis.
parva loquor: quidquid liquidus complectitur aër,
quidquid alit tellus, quidquid maris aequora verrunt, 295
quod fluvii volvunt, quod nutrivēre paludes,
cuncta tuis pariter cedent animalia regnis
lunari subiecta globo, qui Septimus auras
ambit et aeternis mortalia separat astris.

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strains, or thou hauntest mount Dindymus, ahowl with self-mutilated Galli, and beholdest the naked swords of the Curetes, aid me in my bitter need; frustrate Pluto's mad lust and stay the funereal reins of my fierce ravisher."

Her words and those becoming tears mastered e'en that rude heart as Pluto

first learned to feel love's longings. The tears he wiped away with his murky cloak, quieting her sad grief with these soothing words:
 "Cease, Proserpine, to vex thy heart with gloomy cares and causeless fear. A prouder sceptre shall be thine, nor shalt thou face marriage with a husband unworthy of thee. I am that scion of Saturn whose will the framework of the world obeys, whose power stretches through the limitless void. Think not thou hast lost the light of day; other stars are mine and other courses; a purer light shalt thou see and wonder rather at Elysium's sun and blessed habitants. There a richer age, a golden race has its home, and we possess for ever what men win but once. Soft meads shall fail thee not, and ever-blooming flowers, such as thy Henna ne'er produced, breathe to gentler zephyrs. There is, moreover, a precious tree in the leafy groves whose curving branches gleam with living ore — a tree consecrate to thee. Thou shalt be queen of blessed autumn and ever enriched with golden fruit. Nay more; whatsoever the limpid air embraces, whatever earth nourishes, the salt seas sweep, the rivers roll, or the marsh-lands feed, all living things alike shall yield them to thy sway, all, I say, that dwell beneath the orb of the moon that is the seventh of the planets and in its ethereal journey separates things mortal from the deathless

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sub tua purpurei venient vestigia reges 300
 deposito luxu turba cum paupere mixti
 (omnia mors aequat); tu damnatura nocentes,
 tu requiem latura piis; te iudice sontes
 improba cogentur vitae commissa fateri.
 accipe Lethaeo famulas cum gurgite Parcas, 305
 sitque ratum quodcumque voles."

Haec fatus ovantes
 exhortatur equos et Tartara mitior intrat.
 conveniunt animae, quantas violentior Auster
 decutit arboribus frondes aut nubibus imbres
 colligit aut frangit fluctus aut torquet harenas; 310
 cunctaque praecipiti stipantur saecula cursu
 insignem visura nurum. mox ipse serenus
 ingreditur facili passus mollescere risu
 dissimilisque sui. dominis intrantibus ingens
 adsurgit Phlegethon: flagrantibus hispida rivis 315
 barba madet totoque fluunt incendia vultu.

Occurrunt properi lecta de plebe ministri:
 pars altos revocant currus frenisque solutis
 vertunt emeritos ad pascua nota iugales;
 pars aulaea tenent; alii praetexere ramis 320
 limina et in thalamum cultas extollere vestes.
 reginam casto cinxerunt agmine matres

Elysiae teneroque levant sermone timores
et sparsos religant crines et vultibus addunt
flammea sollicitum praevelatura pudorem. 325
Pallida laetatur regio gentesque sepultrae

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stars. To thy feet shall come purple-clothed kings, stripped of their pomp, and mingling with the unmoneyed throng; for death renders all equal. Thou shalt give doom to the guilty and rest to the virtuous. Before thy judgement-throne the wicked must confess the crimes of their evil lives. Lethe's stream shall obey thee and the Fates be thy handmaidens. Be thy will done."

So speaking he urges on his triumphant steeds and enters Tartarus in gentler wise. The shades assemble, thick as the leaves the stormy south wind shakes down from the trees, dense as the rainclouds it masses, countless as the billows it curls or the sand it scatters. The dead of every age throng with hastening foot to see so illustrious a bride. Soon Pluto himself enters with joyful mien submitting him to the softening influence of pleasant laughter, all unlike his former self. At the incoming of his lord and mistress huge Phlegethon rises; his bristly beard is wet with burning streams and flames dart o'er all his countenance.

There hasten to greet the pair slaves chosen from out the number. Some put away the lofty chariot, take the bits from the mouths of the toil-freed horses and turn them out to graze in their accustomed pastures. Some hold back the curtains, others decorate the doorway with branches and fasten broidered hangings in the bridal chamber. In chaste bands the matrons of Elysium throng their queen, and with sweet converse banish her fear; they gather and braid her dishevelled hair and place the wedding-veil upon her head to hide her troubled blushes.

Joy fills that grey land, the buried throng holds

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luxuriant epulisque vacant genialibus umbrae.
grata coronati peragunt convivia Manes;
rumpunt insoliti tenebrosa silentia cantus;
sedantur gemitus. Erebi se sponte relaxat 330
squalor et aeternam patitur rarescere noctem,
urna nec incertas versat Minoia sortes.
verbera nulla sonant nulloque frementia luctu
impia dilatis respirant Tartara poenis:
non rota suspensum praeceps Ixiona torquet; 335

non aqua Tantaleis subducitur invida labris.
solvitur Ixion et Tantalus invenit undas
et Tityos tandem spatiosos erigit artus
squalentisque novem detexit iugera campi
(tantus erat), laterisque piger sulcator opaci 340
invitus trahitur lasso de pectore vultur
abreptasque dolet iam non sibi crescere fibras.

Oblitae scelerum formidatique furoris
Eumenides cratera parant et vina feroci
crine bibunt flexisque minis iam lene canentes 345
extendunt socios ad pocula plena cerastas
et festas alio succendunt lumine taedas.
tunc et pestiferi pacatum flumen Averni
innocuae transistis, aves, flatumque repressit
Amsanctus: fixo tacuit torrente vorago. 350
tunc Acheronteos mutato gurgite fontes
lacte novo tumuisse ferunt, hederisque virentem
Cocytus dulci perhibent undasse Lyaeo.
stamina nec rumpit Lachesis; nec turbida sacris
obstrepitant lamenta choris. mors nulla vagatur 355

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high festival, and the ghosts sport them at the nuptial feast. The flower-crowned Manes sit at a joyous banquet and unwonted song breaks the gloomy silence; wailing is hushed. Hell's murk gladly disperses and suffers the darkness of age-long night to grow less impenetrable. Minos' urn of judgement throws no ambiguous lots; the sound of blows is stilled, and Tartarus, the prison of the wicked, is hushed and still, for punishments are intermitted. No longer is Ixion tortured by the ever-turning wheel to which he is bound; from Tantalus' lips no more is the flying water withdrawn. Ixion is freed, Tantalus reaches the stream, and Tityus at length straightens out his huge limbs and uncovers nine acres of foul ground (such was his size), and the vulture, that burrows lazily into the dark side, is dragged off from his wearied breast sore against its will, lamenting that no longer is the devoured flesh renewed for it.

The Furies, forgetful of crimes and dread wrath, make ready the wine-bowl and drink therefrom for all their snaky hair. Nay, with gentle song, their threatenings laid aside, they stretch out their snakes to the full cups and kindle the festal torches with unusual flame. Then, too, the birds flew unhurt over the now appeased stream of poisonous Avernus, and Lake Amsanctus checked his deadly exhalations; the stream was stayed and the whirlpool grew still. They say that then the springs of Acheron were changed and welled up with new milk, while Cocytus, enwreathed with ivy, flowed along in streams of sweet

wine. Lachesis slit not the thread of life nor did funeral dirge sound in challenge to the holy chant. Death walked not

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in terris, nullique rogum planxere parentes.
navita non moritur fluctu, non cuspidē miles;
oppida funerei pollent inmunia leti,
impexamque senex velavit harundine frontem
portitor et vacuos egit cum carmine remos. 360

Iam suus inferno processerat Hesperus orbi:
ducitur in thalamum virgo. stat pronuba iuxta
stellantes Nox picta sinus tangensque cubile
omina perpetuo genitalia foedere sancit;
exultant cum voce pii Ditisque sub aula 365
talīa pervigili sumunt exordia plausu:

“Nostra potens Iuno tuque o germane Tonantis
et gener, unanimi consortia discite somni
mutuaque alternis innectite vota lacertis.
iam felix oritur proles; iam laeta futuros 370
expectat Natura deos. nova numina rebus
addite et optatos Cereri proferte nepotes.”

LIBER TERTIUS

(XXXVI.)

Iuppiter interea cinctam Thaumantida nimbis
ire iubet totoque deos arcessere mundo.
illa colorato Zephyros illapsa volatu
numina conclamat pelagi Nymphasque morantes
increpat et Fluvios umentibus evocat antris. 5

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on earth and no parents wept beside the funeral pyre. The wave brought not destruction to the sailor nor the spear to the warrior. Cities flourished and knew not death, the destroyer. Charon crowned his uncombed locks with sedge and singing plied his weightless oars.

And now its own evening-star had shone upon the underworld. The maiden is led into the bridal chamber. Night, clad in starry raiment, stands by her as her brideswoman; she touches the couch and blesses the union of marriage with a bond that cannot be broken. The blessed shades raise their voices and beneath the palace roof of Dis thus begin their song with sleepless acclaim: "Proserpine, queen of our realm, and thou, Pluto, at once the brother and the son-in-law of Jove, the Thunderer, be it yours to know the alliance of conjoined sleep; pledge mutual troth as ye hold each other in intertwining arms. Happy offspring shall be yours; joyous Nature awaits gods yet to be born. Give the world a new divinity and Ceres the grandchildren she longs for."

BOOK III

(XXXVI.)

Meanwhile Jove bids cloud-girt Iris go gather the gods from the whole universe. She, outstripping the breezes in her rainbow flight, calls to the sea-deities, chides the Nymphs for their delay, and summons forth the river-gods from their moist

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ancipites trepidique ruunt, quae causa quietos
excierit, tanto quae res agitanda tumultu.
ut patuit stellata domus, considerare iussi,
nec confusus honor: caelestibus ordine sedes
prima datur; tractum proceres tenuere secundum 10
aequorei, placidus Nereus reverendaque Phorci
canities; Glaucum series extrema biformem
accipit et certo mansurum Protea vultu.
nec non et senibus Fluviis concessa sedendi
gloria; plebeio stat cetera more iuventus, 15
mille Amnes. liquidis incumbunt patribus udae
Naides et taciti mirantur sidera Fauni.

Tum gravis ex alto genitor sic orsus Olympo:
“abduxere meas iterum mortalia curas
iam pridem neglecta mihi, Saturnia postquam 20
otia et ignavi senium cognovimus aevi;
sopitosque diu populos torpore paterno
sollicitae placuit stimulis impellere vitae,
incultis ne sponte seges grandesceret arvis,
undaret neu silva favis, neu vina tumerent 25
fontibus et totae fremerent in pocula ripae
(haud equidem invideo — neque enim livescere fas est
vel nocuisse deos — sed, quod dissuasor honesti
luxus et humanas oblimat copia mentes),
provocet ut segnes animos rerumque remotas 30
ingeniosa vias paulatim exploret egestas
utque artes pariat sollertia, nutriat usus.

“Nunc mihi cum magnis instat Natura querellis

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caverns. Out they haste in doubt and fear what this disturbance of their peace may signify or what has caused so great an upheaval. The starry heaven is thrown open and the gods are bidden take their seats as merit, not chance,

dictates. The first places are accorded to the heavenly powers, next come the ocean-deities, calm Nereus and grey-haired Phorcus, last twiform Glaucus and Proteus, for once of unvarying shape. The aged river-gods, too, are privileged to take their seats; the other rivers, a thousand strong, stand as stands the youth of an earthly assembly. Dripping water-nymphs lean on their moist sires and Fauns in silence marvel at the stars.

Then the grave Father from his seat on high Olympus thus began: "Once more the affairs of men have won care from me, affairs long neglected since I looked upon the repose of Saturn's reign and knew the torpor of that stagnant age, when I had fain urged the race of man, long sunk in lethargy by reason of my sire's sluggish rule, with the goads of anxious life, whereby their crops should no more grow to maturity of their own accord in the untilled fields nor yet the forest trees drip with honey nor wine flow from springs nor every stream course sounding into cups. 'Twas not that I grudged their blessings — gods may not envy nor hurt — but because luxury is a foe to a godly life, and plenty dulls the mind of men; therefore I bade necessity, invention's mother, provoke their sluggish spirits and little by little search out the hidden tracks of things; bade industry give birth to civilization and practice nourish it.

"Nature now with ceaseless complaint bids me

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humanum relevare genus, durumque tyrannum
inmitemque vocat regnataque saecula patri 35
commemorat parcumque Iovem se divite clamat,
qui campos horrere situ dumisque repleri
rura velim, nullis exornem fructibus annum.
se iam, quae genetrix mortalibus ante fuisset,
in dirae subito mores transisse novercae; 40
'quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
erexisse caput, pecudum si more pererrant
avia, si frangunt communia pabula glandes?
haecine vita iuvat silvestribus abdita¹²⁷ lustris,
indiscreta feris?' tales cum saepe parentis 45
pertulerim questus, tandem clementior orbi
Chaonio statui gentes avertere victu:
atque adeo Cererem, quae nunc ignara malorum
verberat Idaeos torva cum matre leones,
per mare, per terras avido discurrere luctu 50
decretum, natae donec laetata repertae
indicio tribuat fruges, currusque feratur
nubibus ignotas populis sparsurus aristas
et iuga caerulei subeant Actaea dracones.

quodsi quis Cereri raptorem prodere divum 55
 audeat, imperii molem pacemque profundam
 obtestor rerum, natus licet ille sororve
 vel coniunx fuerit natarumve agminis una,
 se licet illa meo conceptam vertice iactet:
 sentiet iratum procul aegide, sentiet ictum 60
 fulminis et genitum divina sorte pigebit
 optabitque mori: tunc vulnere saucius ipsi

¹²⁷ *abdita* ζ; Birt reads *addita*, following the other MSS.

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succour the race of man, calls me cruel and implacable tyrant, calls to mind the centuries of my sire's empery and dubs me miser of her riches, for that I would have the world a wilderness and the land covered with scrub and would beautify the year with no fruits. She complained that she, who was erstwhile the mother of all living things, had suddenly taken upon her the hated guise of a stepmother. 'Of what avail that man derived his intelligence from above, that he has held up his head to heaven, if he wander like the beasts through trackless places, if with them he crushes acorns for food? Can such a life as this bring him happiness, hid in the forest glades, indistinguishable from the life of animals?' Since I bore so often such complaints from the lips of mother Nature, at length I took pity on the world and decided to make man to cease from his oak-tree food; wherefore I have decreed that Ceres, who now, ignorant of her loss, lashes the lions of Mount Ida, accompanying her dread mother, should wander over sea and land in anxious grief, until, in her joy at finding the traces of her lost daughter, she grant man the gift of corn and her chariot is borne aloft through the clouds to scatter among the people ears before unknown and the steel-blue serpents submit them to the Attic yoke.¹²⁸ But if any of the gods dare inform Ceres who is the ravisher, I swear by the immensity of mine empire, by the firm-established peace of the world, be he son or sister, spouse or daughter, vaunt he his birth as from mine own head, he shall feel afar the wrath of mine arms, the thunderbolt's blow, and be sorry he was born a god and pray for death. Then, sore wounded, he shall be handed

¹²⁸ Attic, because Ceres in her wanderings came to Eleusis whereshe instructed Triptolemus, son of Celeus, King of Eleusis, in theart of agriculture.

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tradetur genero, passurus prodita regna,
 et sciet an propriae conspirent Tartara causae.
 hoc sanctum; mansura fluant hoc ordine fata.” 65
 dixit et horrendo concussit sidera motu.
 At procul armisoni Cererem sub rupibus antri

securam placidamque diu iam certa peracti
terrebant simulacra mali, noctesque timorem
ingeminant omnique perit Proserpina somno. 70
namque modo adversis invadi viscera telis,
nunc sibi mutatas horret nigrescere vestes,
nunc steriles mediis frondere penatibus ornos.
stabat praeterea luco dilectior omni
laurus, virgineos quondam quae fronde pudica 75
umbrabat thalamos: hanc imo stipite caesam
vidit et incompertos foedari pulvere ramos
quaesivitque nefas. Dryades dixere gementes
Tartarea Furias debellavisse bipenni.

Sed tunc ipsa sui iam non ambagibus ullis 80
nuntia materno facies ingesta sopori:
namque videbatur tenebroso oblecta recessu
carceris et saevis Proserpina vincta catenis,
non qualem Siculis olim mandaverat arvis
nec qualem roseis nuper convallibus Aetnae 85
suspexere deae: squalebat pulchrior auro
caesaries et nox oculorum infecerat ignes
exhaustusque gelu pallet rubor, ille superbi
flammeus oris honos, et non cessura pruinis
membra colorantur picei caligine regni. 90

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over to my son-in-law, Pluto himself, for punishment in those regions he had fain betray. There he shall learn whether Hell is true to her own monarch's cause. Such is my will; thus let the unchangeable fates fulfil my decree." He spake and shook the stars with his dread nod.

But, far from Sicily, no uncertain suspicions of the loss she had suffered alarmed Ceres, where long she had dwelt peaceful and secure beneath the rocky roof of the cave resounding with arms. Dreams doubled her dread and a vision of Proserpine lost troubled her every sleep. Now she dreams that an enemy's spear is piercing her body, now (oh horror!) that her raiment is changed and is become black, now that the infecund ash is budding in the midst of her house. Moreover, there stood a laurel, loved above all the grove, that used with maiden leaf to o'ershadow the virgin bower of Proserpine. This she saw hewn down to the roots, its straggling branches fouled with dust, and when she asked the cause of this disaster weeping dryads told her that the Furies had destroyed it with an axe of Hell.

Next her very image appeared in the mother's dreams, announcing her fate in no uncertain manner. She saw Proserpine shut in the dark confines of a prison-

house and bound with cruel chains. Yet not so had she entrusted her to the fields of Sicily, not so had the wondering goddesses beheld her in Etna's flowery meadows. Foul was now that hair, more beauteous erstwhile than gold; night had dimmed the fire of her eyes and frost banished the roses from her pale cheeks. The gracious flush of her skin and those limbs whose whiteness matched the hoar-frost are alike turned to hell-tinctured

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ergo hanc ut dubio vix tandem agnoscere visu
evaluit: "cuius tot poenae criminis?" inquit
"unde haec informis macies? cui tanta potestas
in me saevitiae? rigidi cur vincula ferri
vix aptanda feris molles meruere lacerti? 95
tu mea, tu proles? an vana fallimur umbra?"

Illa refert: "heu dira parens nataeque peremptae
immemor! heu fulvas animo transgressa leaenas!
tantane te nostri tenuere oblivia? tantum
unica despicior? certe Proserpina nomen 100
dulce tibi, tali quae nunc, ut cernis, hiatu
suppliciis inclusa terror! tu saeva choreis
indulges? Phrygias vel nunc interstrepis urbes?
quodsi non omnem pepulisti pectore matrem,
si tua nata, Ceres, et non me Caspia tigris 105
edidit, his, oro, miseram defende cavernis
inque superna refer, prohibent si fata reverti,
vel tantum visura veni."

Sic fata trementes

tendere conatur palmas. vis improba ferri
impedit et motae somnum solvere catenae. 110
obriguit visis; gaudet non vera fuisse;
complexu caruisse dolet. penetralibus amens
prosilit et tali compellat voce Cybeben:

"Tam non ulterius Phrygia tellure morabor,
sancta parens: revocat tandem custodia cari 115
pignoris et cunctis obiecti fraudibus anni.

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grain. When, therefore, she was at last able to recognize her daughter, albeit with doubtful gaze, she cried: "What crime hath merited these many punishments? Whence comes this dreadful wasting away? Who hath power to wreak such cruelty upon me? How have thy soft arms deserved fetters of stubborn iron, scarce fitted for beasts? Art thou my daughter or does a vain shadow deceive me?"

Thus she answered: “Cruel mother, forgetful of thy daughter’s fate, more hard of heart than the tawny lioness! Could’st thou be so heedless of me? Didst thou hold me cheap for that I am thy sole daughter? Dear indeed to thee must be the name of Proserpine who now, shut in this vast cavern, as thou seest, am plagued with torment! Hast thou heart to dance, cruel mother? Canst thou revel through the cities of Phrygia? If thou hast not banished the mother from thy breast, if thou, Ceres, art really my mother and ’twas no Hyrcanian tiger gave me birth, save me, I pray thee, from this prison and restore me to the upper world. If the fates forbid my return come thou down at least and visit me.”

So spake she and strove to hold out her trembling hands. The iron’s ruthless strength forbade it, and the clangour of the chains awoke her sleeping mother. Ceres lay stiff with terror at the vision, rejoices that it was not true, but grieves that she cannot embrace her daughter. Maddened with fear she rushes out of the cavern and thus addresses Cybele: “No longer now will I tarry in the land of Phrygia, holy mother; the duty of protecting my dear daughter calls me back after so long an absence, for she is of an age that is exposed to many dangers. I put not

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nec mihi Cyclopum quamvis extructa caminis
culmina fida satis. timeo ne fama latebras
prodiderit leviusque meum Trinacria celet
depositum. terret nimium vulgata locorum 120
nobilitas. aliis sedes obscurior oris
exquirenda mihi; gemitu flammisque propinquis
Enceladi nequeunt umbracula nostra taceri.
somnia quin etiam variis infausta figuris
saepe monent, nullusque dies non triste minatur 125
augurium. quotiens flaventia sarta comarum
sponte cadunt! quotiens exundat ab ubere sanguis!
larga vel invito prorumpunt flumina vultu
iniussaeque manus mirantia pectora tundunt.
si buxus inflare velim, ferale gemiscunt; 130
tympana si quatiam, planctus mihi tympana reddunt.
ah vereor, ne quid portentand omnia veri!
hae longae nocuere morae!”

“Procul inrita venti
dicta ferant” subicit Cybele; “nec tanta Tonanti
segnities, ut non pro pignore fulmina mittat. 135
i tamen et nullo turbata revertere casu.”

Haec ubi, digreditur templis. sed nulla ruenti
mobilitas: tardos queritur non ire dracones

inmeritasque movens alterno verberare pennas
Sicaniam quaerit, cum necdum absconderit Idam. 140
cuncta pavet speratque nihil. sic aestuat ales,
quae teneros humili fetus commiserit orno
adlatura cibos, et plurima cogitat absens:
ne gracilem ventus decusserit arbore nidum,
ne furtum pateant homini, ne praeda colubris. 145

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complete trust in my palace, though built with iron from the Cyclops' furnace. I fear lest rumour disclose her hiding-place and Sicily too lightly guard my trust. The fame of that place too widely bruited abroad alarms me; needs must I find elsewhere some obscurer abode. Our retreat must be on all men's tongues by reason of the groanings of Enceladus and the neighbour flames. Ill-omened dreams, too, with diverse visions often give me pause, and no day passes but brings some inauspicious hap. How often has my crown of golden ears fallen of itself! How often blood flowed from my breast! In mine own despite streams of tears course down my cheeks and unbidden my hands beat my astonished breast. Would I blow up the flute, funereal is the note; do I shake the cymbals, the cymbals echo a sound of mourning. Alas! I fear there is some trouble in these portents. This long sojourn, has wrought me woe."

"May the wind carry far away thy vain words," replies Cybele; "not such the Thunderer's want of care that he would not hurl his bolt in his daughter's defence. Yet go and return, dismayed by no evil hap."

This said, Ceres left the temple; but no speed is enough for her haste; she complains that her sluggish dragons scarce move, and, lashing the wings now of this one and now of that (though little they deserved it), she hopes to reach Sicily e'er yet out of sight of Ida. She fears everything and hopes nothing, anxious as the bird that has entrusted its unfledged brood to a low-growing ash and while absent gathering food has many fears lest perchance the wind has blown the fragile nest from the tree, lest her young ones be exposed to the theft of man or the greed of snakes.

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Ut domus excubiis incustodita remotis
et resupinati neglecto cardine postes
flebilis et tacitae species adparuit aulae,
non expectato respectu cladis amictus
conscidit et fractas cum crine avellit aristas. 150
haeserunt lacrimae; nec vox aut spiritus oris
redditur, atque imis vibrat tremor ossa medullis;

succidui titubant gressus; foribusque reclusis,
dum vacuas sedes et desolata pererrat
atria, semirutas confuso stamine telas 155
atque interceptas agnoscit pectinis artes.
divinus perit ille labor, spatiumque relictum
audax sacrilego supplebat aranea textu.

Nec deflet plangitve malum; tantum oscula telae
figit et abruptit mutas in fila querellas; 160
attritosque manu radios proiectaque pensa
cunctaque virgineo sparsa oblectamina ludo
ceu natam pressat gremio; castumque cubile
desertosque toros et, sicubi sederat olim,
perlegit: attonitus stabulo ceu pastor inani, 165
cui pecus aut rabies Poenorum inopina leonum
aut populatrices infestavere catervae;
serus at ille redit vastataque pascua lustrans
non responsuros ciet imploratque iuencos.

Atque ibi secreta tectorum in parte iacentem 170
conspicit Electram, natae quae sedula nutrix
Oceani priscas inter notissima Nymphas.
par Cereri pietas; haec post cunabula dulci
ferre sinu summoque Iovi deducere parvam
sueverat et genibus ludentem aptare paternis. 175

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When she saw the gate-keepers fled, the house unguarded, the rusted hinges, the overthrown doorposts, and the miserable state of the silent halls, pausing not to look again at the disaster, she rent her garment and tore away the shattered corn-ears along with her hair. She could not weep nor speak nor breathe and a trembling shook the very marrow of her bones; her faltering steps tottered. She flung open the doors and wandering through the empty rooms and deserted halls, recognized the half-ruined warp with its disordered threads and the work of the loom broken off. The goddess' labours had come to naught, and what remained to be done, that the bold spider was finishing with her sacrilegious web.

She weeps not nor bewails the ill; only kisses the loom and stifles her dumb complaints amid the threads, clasping to her bosom, as though it had been her child, the spindles her child's hand had touched, the wool she had cast aside, and all the toys scattered in maiden sport. She scans the virgin bed, the deserted couch, and the chair where Proserpine had sat: even as a herd, whose drove the unexpected fury of an African lion or bands of marauding beasts have attacked, gazes in amaze at the vacant stall, and, too late returned, wanders through the emptied pastures, sadly calling to the unreplying steers.

And there, in the innermost parts of the house, she saw lying Electra, loving nurse of Proserpine, best known among the old Nymphs of Ocean; she who loved Proserpine as did Ceres. 'Twas she who, when Proserpine had left her cradle, would bear her in her loving bosom and bring the little girl to mighty Jove and set her to play on her father's

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haec comes, haec custos, haec proxima mater haberi.
tunc laceras effusa comas et pulvere cano
sordida sidereae raptus lugebat alumnae.

Hanc adgressa Ceres, postquam suspiria tandem
laxavit frenosque dolor: "quod cernimus" inquit ¹⁸⁰
"excidium? cui praeda feror? regnatne maritus
an caelum Titanes habent? quae talia vivo
ausa Tonante manus? rupitne Typhoia cervix
Inarimen? fractane iugi compage Vesevi
Alcyoneus Tyrrhena pedes per stagna cucurrit? ¹⁸⁵
an vicina mihi quassatis faucibus Aetna
protulit Enceladum? nostros an forte penates
adpetiit centum Briareia turba lacertis?
heu, ubi nunc es, nata, mihi? quo, mille ministrae,
quo, Cyane? volucres quae vis Sirenas abegit? ¹⁹⁰
haecine vestra fides? sic fas aliena tueri
pignora?"

Contremuit nutrix, maerorque pudori
cedit, et adspectus miserae non ferre parentis
emptum morte velit longumque inmota moratur
auctorem dubium certumque expromere funus. ¹⁹⁵
vix tamen haec:

"Acies utinam vesana Gigantum
hanc dederit cladem! levius communia tangunt.
sed divae, multoque minus quod rere, sorores
in nostras (nimium!) coniuravere ruinas.
insidias superum, cognatae vulnera cernis ²⁰⁰
invidiae. Phlegra nobis infensor aether.
"Florebat tranquilla domus; nec limina virgo

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knee. She was her companion, her guardian, and could be deemed her second mother. There, with torn and dishevelled hair, all foul with grey dust, she was lamenting the rape of her divine foster-child.

Ceres approached her, and when at length her grief allowed her sighs free

rein: “What ruin is here?” she said. “Of what enemy am I become the victim? Does my husband yet rule or do the Titans hold heaven? What hand hath dared this, if the Thunderer be still alive? Have Typhon’s shoulders forced up Inarime or does Alcioneus course on foot through the Etruscan Sea, having burst the bonds of imprisoning Vesuvius? Or has the neighbouring mountain of Etna oped her jaws and expelled Enceladus? Perchance Briareus with his hundred arms has attacked my house? Ah, my daughter, where art thou now? Whither are fled my thousand servants, whither Cyane? What violence has driven away the winged Sirens? Is this your faith? Is this the way to guard another’s treasure?”

The nurse trembled and her sorrow gave place to shame; fain would she have died could she so escape the gaze of that unhappy mother, and long stayed she motionless, hesitating to disclose the suspected criminal and the all too certain death. Scarce could she thus speak: “Would that the raging band of Giants had wrought this ruin! Easier to bear is a common lot. ’Tis the goddesses, and, though thou wilt scarce credit it, her own sisters, who have conspired to our undoing. Thou seest the devices of gods and wounds inflicted by sisters’ jealousy. Heaven is a more cruel enemy than Hell.

“All quiet was the house, the maiden dared not

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linquere nec virides audebat visere saltus
praeceptis obstricta tuis. telae labor illi;
Sirenes requies. sermonum gratia mecum, 205
mecum somnus erat cautique per atria ludi:
cum subito (dubium quonam monstrante latebras
rescierit) Cytherea venit suspectaque nobis
ne foret, hinc Phoeben comites, hinc Pallada iunxit.
protinus effuso laetam se fingere risu 210
nec semel amplecti nomenque iterare sororis
et dura de matre queri, quae tale recessu
maluerit damnare decus vetitamque dearum
colloquio patriis procul amandaverit astris.
nostra rudis gaudere malis et nectare largo 215
instaurare dapes. nunc arma habitumque Dianae
induitur digitisque attemptat mollibus arcum,
nunc crinita iubis galeam, laudante Minerva,
implet et ingentem clipeum gestare laborat.

“Prima Venus campos Aetnaeaeque rura maligno 220
ingerit adflatu. vicinos callida flores
ingeminat meritumque loci velut inscia quaerit
nec credit, quod bruma rosas innoxia servet,

quod gelidi rubeant alieno genuine menses
verna nec iratum timeant virgulta Booten. 225
dum loca miratur, studio dum flagrat eundi,
persuadet; teneris heu lubrica moribus aetas!
quos ego nequidquam planctus, quas inrita fudi

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o'erstep the threshold nor visit the grassy pastures, close bound by thy
commands. The loom gave her work, the Sirens with their song relaxation —
with me she held pleasant converse, with me she slept; safe delights were hers
within the halls. Then suddenly Cytherea came
(who showed her the way to our hid abode I know not), and, that she might
not rouse our suspicions, she brought with her Diana and Minerva, attending
her on either side. Straightway with beaming smiles she put on a pretence of
joy, kissed Proserpine many a time, and repeated the name of sister,
complaining of that hard-hearted mother who chose to condemn such beauty
to imprisonment and complaining that by forbidding her intercourse with the
goddesses she had removed her far from her father's heaven. My unwitting
charge rejoiced in these evil words and bade a feast be spread with plentiful
nectar. Now she dons Diana's arms and dress and tries her bow with her soft
fingers. Now crowned with horse-hair plumes she puts on the helmet, Minerva
commending her, and strives to carry her huge shield.

"Venus was the first with guileful suggestion to mention fields and the vale of
Henna. Cunningly she harps upon the nearness of the flowery mead, and as
though she knew it not, asks what merits the place boasts, pretending not to
believe that a harmless winter allows the roses to bloom, that the cold months
are bright with flowers not rightly theirs, and that the spring thickets fear not
there Boötes' wrath. So with her wonderment, her passion to see the spot, she
persuades Proserpine. Alas! how easily does youth err with its weak ways!
What tears did I
not shed to no purpose, what vain

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ore preces! ruit illa tamen confisa sororum
paesidio; famulae longo post ordine Nymphae. 230
"Itur in aeterno vestitos gramine colles
et prima sub luce legunt, cum rore serenus
albet ager sparsosque bibunt violaria sucos.
sed postquam medio sol altior institit axi,
ecce polum nox foeda rapit tremefactaque nutat 235
insula cornipedum pulsu strepituque rotarum.
nosse nec aurigam licuit: seu mortifer ille

seu Mors ipsa fuit. livor permanat in herbas;
 deficiunt rivi; squalent rubigine prata
 et nihil adflatum vivit: pallere ligustra, 240
 expirare rosas, decrescere lilia vidi.
 ut rauco reduces tractu detorsit habenas,
 nox sua prosequitur currum, lux redditur orbi.
 Persephone nusquam. voto rediere peracto
 nec mansere deae. mediis invenimus arvis 245
 exanimem Cyanen: cervix redimita iacebat
 et caligantes marcebant fronte coronae.
 adgredimur subito et casus scitatur eriles
 (nam propior cladi steterat): quis vultus equorum?
 quis regat? illa nihil, tacito sed laesa veneno 250
 solvitur in laticem: subrepat crinibus umor;
 liquitur in roremque pedes et brachia manant
 nostraque mox lambit vestigia perspicuus fons.
 discedunt aliae. rapidis Acheloides alis
 sublatae Siculi latus obsedere Pelori 255

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entreaties did my lips not utter! Away she flew, trusting to the sisters' protection; the scattered company of attendant nymphs followed after her.

"They went to the hills clothed with undying grass and gather flowers 'neath the twilight of dawn, when the quiet meads are white with dew and violets drink the scattered moisture. But when the sun had mounted to higher air at noon, behold! murky night hid the sky and the island trembled and shook beneath the beat of horses' hoofs and the rumble of wheels. Who the charioteer was none might tell — whether he was the harbinger of death or it was Death himself. Gloom spread through the meadows, the rivers stayed their courses, the fields were blighted, nor did aught live, once touched with those horses' breath. I saw the bryony pale, the roses fade, the lilies wither. When in his roaring course the driver turned back his steeds the night it brought accompanied the chariot and light was restored to the world. Proserpine was nowhere to be seen. Their vows fulfilled, the goddesses had returned and tarried not. We found Cyane half dead amid the fields; there she lay, a garland round her neck and the blackened wreaths faded upon her forehead. At once we approached her and inquired after her mistress's fortune, for she had been a witness of the disaster. What, we asked, was the aspect of the horses; who their driver? Naught said she, but corrupted with some hidden venom, dissolved into water. Water crept amid her hair; legs and arms melted and flowed away, and soon a clear stream washed our feet. The rest are gone; the Sirens, Achelous' daughters, rising on rapid wing, have occupied the coast of Sicilian Pelorus,

and in wrath

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accensaeque malo iam non impune canoras
in pestem vertere lyras: vox blanda carinas
adligat; audito frenantur carmine remi.
sola domi luctu senium tractura relinquitur.”

Haeret adhuc suspensa Ceres et singula demens 260
ceu nondum transacta timet; mox lumina torquens
vultu ad caelicolas furiato pectore fertur.
arduus Hyrcana quatitur sic matre Niphates,
cuius Achaemenio regi ludibria natos
advexit tremebundus eques: fremit illa marito 265
mobilior Zephyro totamque virentibus iram
dispergit maculis timidumque hausura profundo
ore virum vitreae tardatur imagine formae.

Haud aliter toto genetrix bacchatur Olympo
“reddite” vociferans. “non me vagus edidit amnis; 270
non Dryadum de plebe sumus. turrita Cybebe
me quoque Saturno genuit. quo iura deorum,
quo leges cecidere poli? quid vivere recte
proderit? en audet noti Cytherea pudoris
ostentare suos post Lemnia vincula vultus! 275
hos animos bonus ille sopor castumque cubile
praebuit! amplexus hoc promeruerunt pudici!
nec mirum, si turpe nihil post talia ducit.
quid vos expertes thalami? tantumne relictus

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at this crime now turned their lyres to man's destruction, tuneful now for ill.
Their sweet voices stay ships, but once that song is heard the oars can move
no more. I alone am left in the house to drag out an old age of mourning.”

Ceres is still a prey to anxiety; half distraught she fears everything as though
all were not yet accomplished. Anon she turns her head and eyes to heaven
and with raging breast inveighs against its denizens; even as lofty Niphates
shakes to the roaring of the Hyrcan tigress whose cubs the terrified horseman
has carried off to be the playthings of Persia's king. Speedier than the west
wind that is her paramour¹²⁹

rushes the tigress, anger blazing from her stripes, but just as she is about to
engulf the terrified hunter in her capacious maw, she is checked by the
mirrored image of her own form¹³⁰: so the mother of Proserpine rages over all
Olympus crying: “Give her back; no wandering stream gave me birth; I spring

not from the Dryad rabble. Towered Cybele bare me also to Saturn. Where are the ordinances of the gods, where the laws of heaven? What boots it to live a good life? See, Cytherea dares show her face (modest goddess!) even after her Lemnian¹³¹ bondage! 'Tis that chaste sleep and a loverless couch have given her this courage! This is, I suppose, the reward of those maidenly embraces! Small wonder that after such infamy she account nothing disgraceful. Ye goddesses that have known not marriage, is it thus that ye neglect the honour due to virginity?

¹²⁹ *marito Zephyro* (ll. 265, 266) refers to the theory of impregnation by wind commonly accepted by the ancients (see Arist.*H.A.* vi. 19; Verg. *Georg.* iii. 275, etc.).

¹³⁰ It was supposed that the robbed tigress on being confronted with a convex mirror supposed the reduced image to be her cub and contentedly retired with the mirror in her mouth. Another story makes the tigress vent her anger on an ordinary (not convex) mirror.

¹³¹ A reference to the binding by Hephaestus (to whom Lemnos was sacred) of Ares and Aphrodite whom he had surprised in adulterous intercourse. The story is told in Homer (*Θ* 266 *et seq.*). Statius (*Silv.* i. 2. 60) uses this very phrase "Lemnia vincula."

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virginitatis honos? tantum mutata voluntas? ²⁸⁰
iam Veneri iunctae, sociis raptoribus, itis?
o templis Scythiae atque hominem sitientibus aris
utraque digna coli! tanti quae causa furoris?
quam mea vel tenui dicto Proserpina laesit?
scilicet aut caris pepulit te, Delia, silvis ²⁸⁵
aut tibi commissas rapuit, Tritonia, pugnas.
an gravis eloquio? vestros an forte petebat
importuna choros? atqui Trinacria longe,
esset ne vobis oneri, deserta colebat.
quid latuisse iuvat? rabiem livoris acerbi ²⁹⁰
nulla potest placare quies."

His increpat omnes
vocibus. ast illae (prohibet sententia patris)
aut reticent aut nosse negant responsaque matri
dant lacrimas. quid agat? rursus se victa remittit
inque humiles devector preces:

"Ignoscite, si quid ²⁹⁵
intumuit pietas, si quid flagrantius actum
quam miseros decuit. supplex miserandaque vestris
advolvor genibus: liceat cognoscere sortem:
hoc tantum liceat — certos habuisse dolores.
scire peto, quae forma mali; quamcumque dedistis ³⁰⁰
fortunam, sit nota: feram fatumque putabo,
non scelus. adspectum, precor, indulgete parenti;
non repetam. quaesita manu securus habeto

quisquis es; adfirmo praedam; desiste vereri.
quodsi nos aliquo praevenit foedere raptor, 305
tu certe, Latona, refer; confessa Diana
forte tibi. nosti quid sit Lucina, quis horror

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Have ye so changed your counsel? Do ye now go allied with Venus and her accomplice ravishers? Worthy each of you to be worshipped in Scythian temples and at altars that lust after human blood. What hath caused such great anger? Which of you has my Proserpine wronged even in her slightest word? Doubtless she drove thee, Delian goddess, from thy loved woods, or deprived thee, Triton-born, of some battle thou hadst joined. Did she plague you with talk? Break rudely upon your dances? Nay, that she might be no burden to you, she dwelt far away in the solitudes of Sicily. What good hath her retirement done her? No peace can still the madness of bitter jealousy.”

Thus she upbraids them all. But they, obedient to the Father’s word, keep silence or say they know nothing, and make tears their answer to the mother’s questionings. What can she do? She ceases, beaten, and in turn descends to humble entreaty. “If a mother’s love swelled too high or if I have done aught more boldly than befitted misery, oh forgive! A suppliant and wretched I fling me at your feet; grant me to learn my doom; grant me at least this much — sure knowledge of my woes. Fain would I know the manner of this ill; whatsoever fortune ye have visited upon me that will I bear and account it fate, not injustice. Grant a parent the sight of her child; I ask her not back. Whosoever thou art, possess in peace what thine hand has taken. The prey is thine, fear not. But if the ravisher has thwarted me, binding you by some oath, yet do thou, at least, Latona, tell me his name; to thee mayhap Diana hath confessed her knowledge. Thou hast known childbirth, the anxiety

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pro genitis et quantus amor, partusque tulisti
tu geminos: haec una mihi. sic crine fruaris
semper Apollineo, sic me felicior aevum 310
mater agas.”

Largis tunc imbribus ora madescunt.
“quid? tantum dignum fleri dignumque taceri?
hei mihi, discedunt omnes. quid vana moraris
ulterius? non bella palam caelestia sentis?
quin potius natam pelago terrisque requiris? 315
accingar lustrare diem, per devia rerum
indefessa ferar. nulla cessabitur hora,
non requies, non somnus erit, dum pignus ademptum

inveniam, gremio quamvis mergatur Hiberæ
Tethyos et Rubro iaceat vallata profundo. 320
non Rheni glacies, non me Rhiphaea tenebunt
frigora; non dubio Syrtis cunctabitur aestu.
stat finem penetrare Noti Boreaeque nivalem
vestigare domum; primo calcabitur Atlas
occasu facibusque meis lucebit Hydaspes. 325
impius errantem videat per rura, per urbes
Iuppiter; extincta satiatur paelice Iuno.
insultate mihi, caelo regnate superbi,
ducite praeclarum Cereris de stirpe triumphum!”
Haec fatur notaeque iugis inlabitur Aetnae 330
noctivago taedas informatura labori.

Lucus erat prope flumen Acin, quod candida praefert
saepe mari pulchroque secat Galatea natatu,
densus et innexis Aetnaea cacumina ramis
qua licet usque tegens. illic posuisse cruentam 335

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and love for children; to offspring twain hast thou given birth; this was mine only child. So mayest thou ever enjoy Apollo's locks, so mayest thou live a happier mother than I.”

Plenteous tears then bedewed her cheeks. She continued: “Why these tears? why this silence? Woe is me; all desert me. Why tarriest thou yet to no purpose? Seest thou not 'tis open war with heaven? were it not better to seek again thy daughter by sea and land? I will gird myself and scour the world, unwearied I will penetrate its every corner, nor ever stay my search, nor rest nor sleep till I find my reft treasure, though she lie whelmed in the Spanish Ocean bed or hedged around in the depths of the Red Sea. Neither ice-bound Rhine nor Alpine frosts shall stay me; the treacherous tides of Syrtes shall not give me pause. My purpose holds to penetrate the fastnesses of the North and to tread the snowy home of Boreas. I will climb Atlas on the brink of the sunset and illumine Hydaspes' stream with my torches. Let wicked Jove behold me wandering through towns and country, and Juno's jealousy be sated with her rival's ruin. Have your sport with me, triumph in heaven, proud gods, celebrate your illustrious victory o'er Ceres' conquered daughter.”

So spake she and glides down upon Etna's familiar slopes, there to fashion torches to aid her night-wandering labours.

There was a wood, hard by the stream of Acis, which fair Galatea oft chooses in preference to Ocean and cleaves in swimming with her snowy breast — a

wood dense with foliage that closed in Etna's summit on all sides with interwoven branches. "Tis there that Jove is said to have laid down his

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aegida captivamque pater post proelia praedam
advexisse datur. Phlegraeis silva superbit
exuviis totumque nemus victoria vestit.
hic patuli rictus et prodigiosa Gigantum
tergora dependent, et adhuc crudele minantur 340
adfixae truncis facies, inmaniaque ossa
serpentum passim cumulis exanguibus albert,
et rigidae multo suspirant fulmine pelles;
nullaque non magni iactat se nominis arbor:
haec centumgemini strictos Aegaeonis enses 345
curvata vix fronde levat; liventibus illa
exultat Coei spoliis; haec arma Mimantis
sustinet; hos onerat ramos exutus Ophion.
altior at cunctis abies umbrosa que late
ipsius Enceladi fumantia gestat opima, 350
summi terrigenum regis, caderetque gravata
pondere, ni lassam fulciret proxima quercus.
inde timor numenque loco, nemorisque senectae
parcitur, aetheriisque nefas nocuisse tropaeis.
pascere nullus oves nec robora laedere Cyclops 355
audet et ipse fugit sacra Polyphemus ab umbra.

Non tamen hoc tardata Ceres. accenditur ultro
relligione loci vibratque infesta securim
ipsum etiam feritura Iovem: succidere pinus
aut magis enodes dubitat prosternere cedros 360
exploratque habiles truncos rectique tenorem
stipitis et certo pertemptat brachia nisu.
sic, qui vecturus longinqua per aequora merces
molitur tellure ratem vitamque procellis
obiectare parat, fagos metitur et alnos 365

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bloody shield and set his captured spoil after the battle. The grove glories in trophies from the plain of Phlegra and signs of victory clothe its every tree. Here hang the gaping jaws and monstrous skins of the Giants; affixed to trees their faces still threaten horribly, and heaped up on all sides bleach the huge bones of slaughtered serpents. Their stiffening sloughs smoke with the blow of many a thunderbolt, and every tree boasts some illustrious name. This one scarce supports on its down-bended branches the naked swords of hundred-

handed Aegaeon; that glories in the murky trophies of Coeus; this bears up the arms of Mimas; spoiled Ophion weighs down those branches. But higher than all the other trees towers a pine, its shady branches spread wide, and bears the reeking arms of Enceladus himself, all powerful king of the Earth-born giants; it would have fallen beneath the heavy burden did not a neighbouring oak-tree support its wearied weight. Therefore the spot wins awe and sanctity; none touches the aged grove, and 'tis accounted a crime to violate the trophies of the gods. No Cyclops dares pasture there his flock nor hew down the trees, Polyphemus himself flies from the hallowed shade.

Not for that did Ceres stay her steps; the very sanctity of the place inflames her wrath; with angry hand she brandishes her axe, ready to strike Jove himself. She hesitates whether to cut down pines or lay low knotless cedars, scans likely trunks and lofty trees and shakes their branches with vigorous hand. Even so when a man, fain to carry merchandise over distant seas, builds a ship on dry land and makes ready to expose his life to the tempest, he hews down

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et varium rudibus silvis accommodat usum:
quae longa est, tumidis praebebit cornua velis;
quae fortis, clavo potior; quae lenta, favebit
remigio: stagni patiens aptanda carinae.

Tollebant geminae capita inviolata cupressus 370

caespite vicino: quales non rupibus Idae
miratur Simois, quales non divite ripa
lambit Apollinei nemoris nutritor Orontes.
germanas adeo credas; sic frontibus aequis
adstant et socio despectant vertice lucum. 375

hae placuere faces. pernix invadit utramque
cincta sinus, exerta manus, armata bipenni
alternasque ferit totisque obnixa trementes
viribus impellit. pariter traxere ruinam
et pariter posuere comas campoque recumbunt, 380

Faunorum Dryadumque dolor. complectitur ambas,
sicut erant, alteque levat retroque solutis
crinibus ascendit fastigia montis anheli
exuperatque aestus et nulli pervia saxa
atque indignantes vestigia calcat harenas: 385

qualis pestiferas animare ad crimina taxos
torva Megaera ruit, Cadmi seu moenia poscat
sive Thyesteis properet saevire Mycenis:
dant tenebrae manesque locum plantisque resultant
Tartara ferratis, donec Phlegethontis ad undam 390

constitit et plenos excepit lampade fluctus.

Postquam perventum scopuli flagrantis in ora,
protinus arsuras aversa fronte cupressus
faucibus iniecit mediis lateque cavernas
texit et undantem flammaram obstruxit hiatum. 395

* * * * *

beech and elm and marks the diverse utility of the yet growing forest; the lofty tree he selects as yardarms for the swelling sail; the strong he prefers as a mast; the pliant will make good oars; the waterproof is suitable for the keel.

Two cypresses in the grass hard by raised their inviolate heads to heaven; Simois looks not on such in amaze amid the crags of Ida, nor does Orontes water their like, Orontes that feeds Apollo's grove and harbours rich cities on his banks. You would know them for sisters for they tower equal in height and look down upon the wood with twin tops. These she would have as torches; she attacks each with vigorous blows, her gown girt back, her arms bared and armed with the axe. First one she strikes, then the other, and rains blows upon their trembling trunks with might and main. Together they crash to the ground, lay their foliage in the dust and lie upon the plain, wept of Fauns and wood-nymphs. She seizes both just as they are, uplifts them and, with hair out-streaming behind her, climbs panting the slopes of the mountain, passes beyond the flames and inaccessible precipices, and treads the lava that brooks no mortal footstep: even as the grim Megaera hastens to kindle yew-trees to light her to crime, speeding her journey to the walls of Cadmus' city or meaning to work her devilment in Thyestean Mycenae; darkness and the shades give her passage, and Hell rings to her iron tread, till she halts beside Phlegethon's wave and fires her torch from its brimming waves.

When she had climbed to the mouth of the burning rock, straightway, turning aside her head, she thrust the kindling cypresses into its inmost depths, thus closing in the cavern on all sides and stopping up the

* * * * *

compresso mons igne tonat claususque laborat
Mulciber: obducti nequeunt exire vapores.
coniferi micuere apices crevitque favillis
Aetna novis: strident admissis sulphure rami.
tum, ne deficerent tantis erroribus, ignes 400
semper innocuos insopitosque manere
iussit et arcano perfudit robora suco,
quo Phaëthon inrorat equos, quo Luna iuencos.
Iamque soporiferas nocturna silentia terris

explicuere vices: laniato pectore longas 405

incohat illa vias et sic ingressa profatur:

“Non tales gestare tibi, Proserpina, taedas
sperabam; sed vota mihi communia matrum
et thalami festaeque faces caeloque canendus
ante oculos hymenaeus erat. sic numina fatis 410
volvitur et nullo Lachesis discrimine saevit?
quam nuper sublimis eram quantisque procorum
cingebar studiis! quae non mihi pignus ob unum
cedebat numerosa parens! tu prima voluptas,
tu postrema mihi; per te fecunda ferebar. 415
o decus, o requies, o grata superbia matris,
qua gessi florente deam, qua sospite numquam
inferior Iunone fui: nunc squalida, vilis.
hoc placitum patri. cur autem adscribimus illum
his lacrimis? ego te, fateor, crudelis ademi, 420
quae te deserui solamque instantibus ultro
hostibus exposui. raucis secura fruebar
nimirum thiasis et laeta sonantibus armis

* * * * *

blazing exit of the flames. The mountain thunders with repressed fire and Vulcan is shut in a grievous prison; the enclosed smoke cannot escape. The cone-bearing tops of the cypresses blaze and Etna grows with new ashes; the branches crackle, kindled with the sulphur. Then, lest their long journey should cause them to fail, she bids the flames never die nor sleep and drenches the wood with that secret drug¹³²

wherewith Phaëthon bedews his steeds and the Moon her bulls.

Silent night had now in her turn visited upon the world her gift of sleep. Ceres, with her wounded breast, starts on her long journey and, as she sets out, speaks as follows: “Little thought I, Proserpine, to carry for thee such torches as these. I had hoped what every mother hopes; marriage and festal torches and a wedding-song to be sung in heaven — such was my expectation. Are we divinities thus the sport of fate? does Lachesis vent her spleen on us as on mankind? How lofty was but now mine estate, surrounded with suitors innumerable for my daughter’s hand! What mother of many children but would have owned her my inferior by reason of my only daughter! Thou wast my first joy and my last; I was called prolific for that I bare thee. Thou wert my glory, my comfort, dear object of a mother’s pride; with thee alive I was goddess indeed, with thee safe I was Juno’s equal. Now am I outcast, beggared. ’Tis the Father’s will. Yet why make Jove answerable for my tears? ’Twas I who so cruelly undid thee, I confess it, for I deserted thee and heedlessly exposed thee to threatening foes. Too deeply was

I enmeshed in careless enjoyment of shrill-voiced revel, and, happy amid the
din of arms,

¹³² A magic drug or herb on which the sun is said to have fed his horses in order to render them non-inflammable. Ovid tells how Phaëthon was treated by his father in a like way (*Met.* ii. 122).

* * * * *

iungebam Phrygios, cum tu raperere, leones.
accipe quas merui poenas. en ora fatiscunt ⁴²⁵
vulneribus grandesque rubent in pectore sulci.
immemor en uterus crebro contunditur ictu.

“Qua te parte poli, quo te sub cardine quaeram?
quis monstrator erit? quae me vestigia ducent?
qui currus? ferus ipse quis est? terraene, marisne ⁴³⁰
incola? quae volucrum deprendam signa rotarum?
ibo, ibo quocumque pedes, quocumque iubebit
casus; sic Venerem quaerat deserta Dione.

“Efficietne labor? rursus te, nata, licebit
amplecti? manet ille decor, manet ille genarum ⁴³⁵
fulgor? an infelix talem fortasse videbo,
qualis nocte venis, qualem per somnia vidi?”

Sic ait et prima gressus molitur ab Aetna
exitique reos flores ipsumque rapinae
detestata locum sequitur dispersa viarum ⁴⁴⁰
indicia et pleno rimatur lumine campos
inclinatque faces, omnis madet orbita fletu;
omnibus admugit,¹³³ quocumque it in aequore, sulcis.¹³⁴
adnatat umbra fretis extremaque lucis imago
Italiam Libyamque ferit: clarescit Etruscum ⁴⁴⁵
litus et accenso resplendent aequore Syrtes.
antra procul Scyllaea petit canibusque reductis
pars stupefacta silet, pars nondum exterrita latrat.

¹³³ Birt *omnibus admugit. quocumque it in aequore, fulvis adnatat....*

¹³⁴ *sulcis* G; *fulvis* FSV; *silvis* W.

* * * * *

I was yoking Phrygian lions whilst thou wast being carried off. Yet see the
punishment visited upon me. My face is seared with wounds and long gashes
furrow my bloody breast. My womb, forgetful that it gave thee birth, is beaten
with continual blows.

“Where under heaven shall I find thee? Beneath what quarter of the sky? Who
shall point the way, what path shall lead me? What chariot was it? Who was

that cruel ravisher? A denizen of earth or sea? What traces of his wingèd wheels can I discover? Whithersoever my steps lead me or chance direct, thither will I go. Even so may Dione be deserted and seek for Venus!

“Will my labours be successful? Shall I ever again be blest with thine embrace, my daughter? Art thou still fair; still glows the brightness of thy cheeks? Or shall I perchance see thee as thou cam’st in my nightly vision; as I saw thee in my dreams?”

So spake she and from Etna first she drags her steps, and, cursing its guilty flowers and the spot whence Proserpine was ravaged, she follows the straying tracks of the chariot-wheels and examines the fields in the full light of her lowered torch. Every rut is wet with her tears; she weeps at each trace she espies in her wanderings over the plain. She glides a shadow o’er the sea and the farthest ray of her torches’

gleam strikes the coasts of Italy and Libya. The Tuscan shore grows bright and the Syrtes gleam with kindled wave. The light reaches the distant cave of Scylla, of whose dogs some shrink back and are still in dumb amaze, others, not yet horrified into silence, continue to bark.¹³⁵

¹³⁵ For the unfinished state of the poem see Introduction, p. xiv.

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The Biography



Ravenna, northern Italy — Claudian appears to have died in AD 404, four years before the murder of Stilicho by the jealous Honorius. Stilicho had retired to Ravenna, where he was taken into captivity. He had not resisted and was executed on 22 August, 408 – as was his son, Eucherius, shortly afterwards.

INTRODUCTION TO CLAUDIAN by Maurice Platnauer



Claudius Claudianus may be called the last poet of classical Rome. He was born about the year 370 A.D. and died within a decade of the sack of the city by Alaric in 410. The thirty to forty odd years which comprised his life were some of the most momentous in the history of Rome. Valentinian and Valens were emperors respectively of the West and the East when he was born, and while the former was engaged in constant warfare with the northern tribes of Alamanni, Quadi and Sarmatians, whose advances the skill of his general, Theodosius, had managed to check, the latter was being reserved for unsuccessful battle with an enemy still more deadly.

It is about the year 370 that we begin to hear of the Huns. The first people to fall a victim to their eastward aggression were the Alans, next came the Ostrogoths, whose king, Hermanric, was driven to suicide; and by 375 the Visigoths were threatened with a similar fate. Hemmed in by the advancing flood of Huns and the stationary power of Rome this people, after a vain attempt to ally itself with the latter, was forced into arms against her. An indecisive battle with the generals of Valens (377) was followed by a crushing Roman defeat in the succeeding year (August 9, 378) at Adrianople, where Valens himself, but recently returned from the Persian war, lost his life.

Gratian and his half-brother, Valentinian II, who had become Augusti upon the death of their father, Valentinian I, in 375, would have had little power of themselves to withstand the victorious Goths and Rome might well have fallen thirty years before she did, had it not been for the force of character and the military skill of that same Theodosius whose successes against the Alamanni have already been mentioned. Theodosius was summoned from his retirement in Spain and made Augustus (January 19, 379). During the next three years he succeeded, with the help of the Frankish generals, Bauto and Arbogast, in gradually driving the Goths northward, and so relieved the barbarian pressure on the Eastern Empire and its capital. In 381 Athanaric, the Gothic king, sued in person for peace at Constantinople and there did homage to the emperor. In the following year the Visigoths became allies of Rome and, for a time at least, the danger was averted.

Meanwhile the West was faring not much better. Gratian, after an uneasy reign, was murdered in 383 by the British pretender, Magnus Maximus. From 383 to 387 Maximus was joint ruler of the West with Valentinian II, whom he had left in command of Italy rather from motives of policy than of clemency; but in the latter year he threw off the mask and, crossing the Alps, descended upon his colleague whose court was at Milan. Valentinian fled to Thessalonica

and there threw himself on the mercy of Theodosius. Once more that general was to save the situation.

Maximus was defeated by him at Aquileia and put to death, while Arbogast recovered Gaul by means of an almost bloodless campaign (388).

The next scene in the drama is the murder at Vienne on May 15, 392, of the feeble Valentinian at the instigation of Arbogast. Arbogast's triumph was, however, short-lived. Not daring himself, a Frank, to assume the purple he invested therewith his secretary, the Roman Eugenius, intending to govern the West with Eugenius as a mere figure-head. Once more, and now for the last time, Theodosius saved the cause of legitimacy by defeating Eugenius at the battle of the Frigidus in September 394. Eugenius was executed but Arbogast made good his escape, only to fall a few weeks later by his own hand.

Theodosius himself died on January 17, 395, leaving his two sons, Arcadius and Honorius, emperors of the East and West respectively. Arcadius was but a tool in the hands of his praetorian prefect, Rufinus, whose character is drawn with such venomous ferocity in Claudian's two poems. Almost equally powerful and scarcely less corrupt seems to have been that other victim of Claudian's splenetic verses, the eunuch chamberlain Eutropius, who became consul in the year 399. Both these men suffered a violent end: Eutropius, in spite of the pleadings of S. John Chrysostom, was put to death by Gainas, the commander of the Gothic troops in the East; Rufinus was torn to pieces in the presence of Arcadius himself by his Eastern troops. The instigator of this just murder was Claudian's hero, Stilicho the Vandal.

Stilicho, who had been one of Theodosius' generals, had been put in command of the troops sent to oppose Alaric, the Visigoth, when the latter had broken away from his allegiance to Rome and was spreading devastation throughout Thrace, Macedonia and Thessaly. He was successful in his campaign, but, upon his marching south into Greece, in order to rid that country also of its Gothic invaders, he was forbidden by Rufinus to advance any farther. There can be little doubt that the murder of Rufinus was Stilicho's answer.

In spite of a subsequent victory over Alaric near Elis in the year 397, Stilicho's success can have been but a partial one, for we find the Visigoth general occupying the post of Master of the Soldiery in Illyricum, the withholding of which office had been the main cause of his defection. Possibly, too, the revolt of Gildo in Africa had something to do with the unsatisfactory termination of the Visigothic war. It is interesting to observe the dependence of Italy on African corn,^o a dependence of which in the first century of the Christian era Vespasian, and right at the end of the second the pretender Pescennius Niger, threatened to make use. If we can credit the details of Claudian's poem on the war (No. XV), Rome was very shortly reduced to a state of semi-starvation by Gildo's holding up of the corn fleet, and, but for Stilicho's prompt action in sending Gildo's own brother, Mascezel, to put down the rebellion, the situation might have become even

more critical. The poet, it may be remarked, was in an awkward position with regard to the war for, though the real credit of victory was clearly due to Mascezel (*cf.* XV.380 *et sqq.*), he nevertheless wished to attribute it to his hero Stilicho, and, as Stilicho had Mascezel executed later in that same year (Gildo had been defeated at Tabraca July 31, 398), he prudently did not write, or perhaps suppressed, Book II.

Stilicho, who had married Serena, niece and adoptive daughter of Theodosius, still further secured his position by giving his daughter, Maria, in marriage to the young Emperor Honorius in the year 398. This “father-in-law and son-in-law of an emperor,” as Claudian is never wearied of calling him, did the country of his adoption a signal service by the defeat at Pollentia on Easter Day (April 6), 402, of Alaric, who, for reasons of which we really know nothing, had again proved unfaithful to Rome and had invaded and laid waste Italy in the winter of 401-402.

The battle of Pollentia was the last important event in Claudian’s lifetime. He seems to have died in 404, a four years before the murder of Stilicho by the jealous Honorius and six before the sack of Rome by Alaric — a disaster which Stilicho alone, perhaps, might have averted.

So much for the historical background of the life of the poet. Of the details of his career we are not well informed. Something, indeed, we can gather from the pages of the poet himself, though it is not much, but besides this we have to guide us only Hesychius of Miletus’ short article in Suidas’ lexicon, a brief mention in the Chronicle of 395, and (a curious survival) the inscription under the statue which, as he himself tells us, emperor and senate had made in his honour and set up in the Forum of Trajan. We are ignorant even of the date of his birth and can only conjecture that it was about the year 370. Of the place of his birth we are equally uninformed by contemporary and credible testimony, but there can be little doubt that he came from Egypt, probably from Alexandria itself. We have, for what it is worth, the word of Suidas and the lines of Sidonius Apollinaris, which clearly refer to Claudian and which give Canopus as the place of his birth. (Canopus is almost certainly to be taken as synonymous with Egypt.) But besides these two statements we have only to look at his interest in things Egyptian, *e.g.* his poems on the Nile, the Phoenix, etc., at such passages as his account of the rites at Memphis, at such phrases as “nostro cognite Nilo,” to see that the poet is an Egyptian himself. It is probable that, whether or not he spent all his early life in Egypt, Claudian did not visit Rome until 394. We know from his own statement that his first essays in literature were all of them written in Greek and that it was not until the year 395 that he started to write Latin. It is not unlikely, therefore, that his change of country and of literary language were more or less contemporaneous, and it is highly probable that he was in Rome before January 3, 395, on which days his friends the Anicii (Probinus and Olybrius) entered upon their consulship. Speaking, moreover, of Stilicho’s consulship in 400 Claudian mentions a five years’ *absence*. Not long after January 3, 395,

Claudian seems to have betaken himself to the court at Milan, and it is from there that he sends letters to Probinus and Olybrius. Here the poet seems to have stayed for five years, and here he seems to have won for himself a position of some importance. As we see from the inscription quoted above, he became *vir clarissimus*, *tribunus et notarius*, and, as he does not continue further along the road of honours (does not, for instance, become a *vir spectabilis*) we must suppose that he served in some capacity on Stilicho's private staff. No doubt he became a sort of poet laureate.

It is probable that the "De raptu" was written during the first two years of his sojourn at the court of Milan. The poem is dedicated, or addressed, to Florentinus, who was *praefectus urbi* from August 395 to the end of 397 when he fell into disgrace with Stilicho. It is to this circumstance that we are to attribute the unfinished state of Claudian's poem.

The Emperor Honorius became consul for the third time on January 3, 396, and on this occasion Claudian read his Panegyric in the emperor's presence.

Some five weeks before this event another of greater importance had occurred in the East. This was the murder of Rufinus, the praetorian prefect, amid the circumstances that have been related above. The date of the composition of Claudian's two poems "In Rufinum" is certainly to be placed within the years 395-397, and the mention of "tenuem moram" makes it probable that Book II was written considerably later than Book I; the references, moreover, in the Preface to Book II to a victory of Stilicho clearly point to that general's defeat of the Goths near Elis in 397.

To the year 398 belong the Panegyric on the fourth consulship of Honorius and the poems celebrating the marriage of the emperor to Stilicho's daughter, Maria. We have already seen that the Gildo episode and Claudian's poem on that subject are to be attributed to this same year.

The consuls for the year 399 were both, in different ways, considered worthy of the poet's pen. Perhaps the most savage of all his poems was directed against Eutropius, the eunuch chamberlain, whose claim to the consulship the West never recognized, while a Panegyric on Flavius Manlius Theodorus made amends for an abusive epigram which the usually more politic Claudian had previously levelled at him.

At the end of 399, or possibly at the beginning of 400, Claudian returned to Rome where, probably in February, he recited his poem on the consulship of Stilicho; and we have no reason for supposing that the poet left the capital from this time on until his departure for his ill-starred journey four years later. In the year 402, as has already been mentioned, Stilicho defeated Alaric at Pollentia, and Claudian recited his poem on the Gothic war sometime during the summer of the same year. The scene of the recitation seems to have been the *Bibliotheca Templi Apollinis*. It was in this year, too, that the poet reached the summit of his greatness in the dedication of the statue which, as we have seen, was accorded to him by the wishes of the emperor and at the demand of the senate.

The last of Claudian's datable public poems is that on the sixth consulship of Honorius. It was composed probably towards the end of 403 and recited in Rome on (or after) the occasion of the emperor's triumphant entry into the city. The emperor had just returned after inflicting a defeat on the Goths at Verona in the summer of 403. It is reasonable to suppose that this triumphant entry (to which the poem refers in some detail, ll. 331-639) took place on the day on which the emperor assumed the consular office, viz. January 3, 404.

In the year 404 Claudian seems to have married some protégée of Serena's. Of the two poems addressed to her the "Laus Serenae" is clearly the earlier, and we may take the other, the "Epistola ad Serenam," to be the last poem Claudian ever wrote. It is a poem which seems to have been written on his honeymoon, during the course of which he died.

It is not easy to arrive at any just estimate of Claudian as a writer, partly because of an inevitable tendency to confuse relative with absolute standards, and partly (and it is saying much the same thing in other words) because it is so hard to separate Claudian the poet from Claudian the manipulator of the Latin language. If we compare his latinity with that of his contemporaries (with the possible exception of Rutilius) or with that of such a poet as Sidonius Apollinaris, who came not much more than half a century after him, it is hard to withhold our admiration from a writer who could, at least as far as his language is concerned, challenge comparison with poets such as Valerius Flaccus, Silius Italicus, and Statius — poets who flourished about three centuries before him. I doubt whether, subject matter set aside, Claudian might not deceive the very elect into thinking him a contemporary of Statius, with whose *Silvae* his own shorter poems have much in common.

Even as a poet Claudian is not always despicable. His descriptions are often clever, e.g. the Aponus, and many passages in the "De Raptu." His treatment of somewhat commonplace and often threadbare themes is not seldom successful — for example, the poem on the Phoenix and a four-line description of the horses of the dawn in the Panegyric on Honorius' fourth consulship — and he has a happy knack of phrase-making which often relieves a tedious page:

ille vel aerata Danaën in turre latentem
eliceret

he says of the pander Eutropius.

But perhaps Claudian's forte is invective. The panegyrics (with the doubtful exception of that on Manlius, which is certainly brighter than the others) are uniformly dull, but the poems on Rufinus and Eutropius are, though doubtless in the worst of taste, at least in parts amusing.

Claudian's faults are easy to find. He mistook memory for inspiration and so is often wordy and tedious, as for instance in his three poems on Stilicho's consulship. Worse than this he is frequently obscure and involved — witness

his seven poems on the drop of water contained within the rock crystal. The besetting sin, too, of almost all post-Virgilian Roman poets, I mean a “conceited” frigidity, is one into which he is particularly liable to fall. Examples are almost too numerous to cite but the following are typical: “nusquam totiensque sepultus” of the body of Rufinus, torn limb from limb by the infuriated soldiery; “caudamque in puppe retorquens Ad proram iacet usque leo” of one of the animals brought from Africa for the games at Stilicho’s triumph; “saevusque Damastor, Ad depellendos iaculum cum quaereret hostes, Germani rigidum misit pro rupe cadaver” of the giant Pallas turned to stone by the Gorgon’s head on Minerva’s shield. Consider, too, the remarkable statement that Stilicho, in swimming the Addua, showed greater bravery than Horatius Cocles because, while the latter swam away from Lars Porsenna, the former “dabat . . . Geticis pectora bellis.”

Two of the poems are interesting as touching upon Christianity (Carm. min. corp. XXXII. “De salvatore,” and L. “In Iacobum”). The second of these two poems can scarcely be held to be serious, and although the first is unobjectionable it cannot be said to stamp its author as a sincere Christian. Orosius and S. Augustine both declare him to have been a heathen, but it is probable that, like his master Stilicho, Claudian rendered the new and orthodox religion at least lip-service.

It seems likely that after the death of Claudian (404) and that of his hero, Stilicho, the political poems (with the exception of the Panegyric on Probinus and Olybrius, which did not concern Stilicho) were collected and published separately. The “Carmina minora” may have been published about the same time. The subsequent conflation of these two portions came to be known as “Claudianus maior,” the “De raptu” being “Claudianus minor.”

The MSS. of Claudian’s poems fall into two main classes:

(1) Those which Birt refers to as the *Codices maiores* and which contain the bulk of the poems but seldom the “De raptu.”

(2) Those which Birt calls the *Codices minores* and which contain (generally exclusively) the “De raptu.”

Class (1) may be again divided into (a) MSS. proper; (b) excerpts. I give Birt’s abbreviations.

(a) The most important are:

Co~~R~~ Veronensis 163. 9th century.

Contains only the “Carmina minora.”

Co~~G~~ Sangallensis S n. 429. 9th century.

Contains only the (Latin) “Gigantomachia.”

Co~~G~~ ~~R~~eginensis 123. 11th century.

Contains only “De Nilo.”

Co~~d~~. Vaticanus 2809. 12th century.

Co~~P~~. Parisinus lat. 18,552. 12th or 13th century.

Contains all the “Carmina maiora” except (as usual) the “De raptu” and “Pan.

Prob. et Olyb.”

No “minora.”

Cod. Bruxellensis 5380-4. (?) 12th-13th century.

Co~~ll~~ Parisinus lat. 8082. 13th century.

This is Heinsius’ “Regius.” The MS. once belonged to Petrarch and still bears his name.

Cod. Neapolitanus Borbonicus 1111 E 47. 13th century.

Co~~A~~ Ambrosianus S 66. 15th century.

Contains all the “maiora” except the “De raptu” and “Pan. Prob. et Olyb.”

Cod. Cantabrigensis coll. Trinitatis 0.3.22. 13th century.

Besides these are many inferior MSS. referred to collectively by Birt as ζ .

(b) Consists of:

Excerpta Florentina. 15th century.

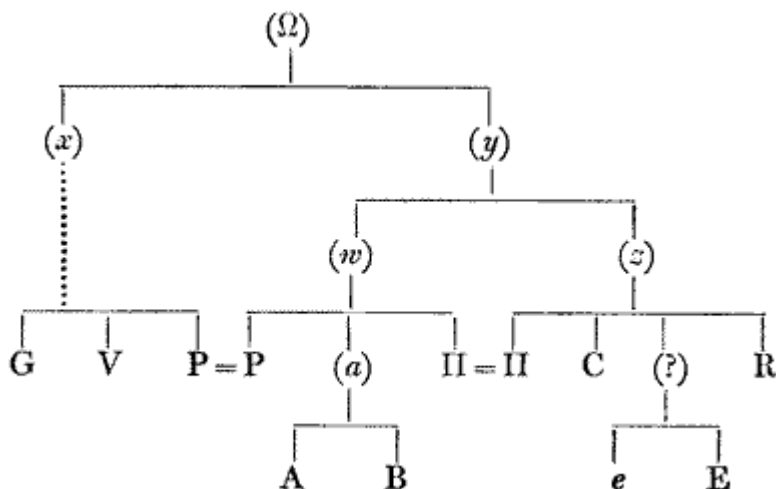
Excerpta Gyraldina. 16th century.

Each of them resembles the other closely and both come from a common parent.

Under (b) may further be mentioned the Basel edition of Isengrin (1534), which preserves an independent tradition.

Birt postulates an archetype (Ω), dating between 6th and 9th centuries, and two main “streams,” x and y ; y being again subdivided into w and z .

The following is the family “tree.” Letters enclosed in brackets refer to non-existent MSS.



Of class (2) may be mentioned:

Cod. Parisinus lat. 15,005. 13th or 14th century.

Cod. Cantabrigensis coll. corp. Christi 228. 13th century.

Dod. Musei Britannici 6042. 13th century.
~~Cod.~~ Antverpiensis iii.59. 12th or 13th century.
 Eod. Florentinus bibl. St. Crucis. 12th century.
~~Cod.~~ Oxonienses Bodleiani. (?) 13th century.
 Cod. Antverpiensis N. 71. 14th century.

It is to be observed that in Birt's edition, and in any other that accepts his "sigla," A B C and V stand for different MSS. according to whether they refer, or do not refer, to the "De raptu."

Some MSS. contain scholia but none of these go back before the 12th or even the 13th century.

The chief editions of Claudian are as follows:

Ed. princeps:

Celsanus, Vicenza, 1482.

Ugolentus, Parma, 1500.

Parrhasius, Milan, 1500.

Camers, Vienna, 1510.

Aldine ed. (Asulanus), 1523.

Isengrin ed. (Michael Bentinus), Basel, 1534.

Claverius, Paris, 1602.

Like Bentinus, Claverius used certain MSS. (in his case those of the library of Cuiacius) unknown to us.

Plantin ed. (Scaliger), 1603.

Elzevir ed. (Heinsius), Leyden, 1650.

Amsterdam, 1665.

Barth, Hanau, 1612.

Frankfort, 1650.

Delphin ed. (Pyrrho), Paris, 1677.

Burmman, Amsterdam, 1760.

König, Göttingen, 1808.

These last three have good explanatory notes.

The first critical edition is that of L. Jeep (Leipzig, 1876-79).

In 1892 Birt published what must be considered as the standard edition of Claudian — vol. X. in the *Monumenta Germaniae historica* series. Birt was the first to put the text of Claudian on a firm footing, and it is his edition that I have followed, appending critical notes only where I differ from him.

The latest edition of Claudian is that of Koch (Teubner, Leipzig, 1893). Koch was long associated with Birt in his researches into textual questions connected with Claudian, and his text is substantially the same as that of Birt.

So far as I know, there is no English prose translation of Claudian already in the field, though various of his poems, notably the "De raptu," have found many verse translators, and in 1817 his complete works were put into English verse by A. Hawkins. An Italian version was published by Domenico Grillo in Venice in 1716, a German one by Wedekind in Darmstadt in 1868, and there exist two French prose translations, one by MM. Delatour and Geruzez (éd. Nisard, Paris, 1850) and one by M. Héguin de Guerle (Garnier frères, Collection Panckoucke, Paris, 1865).

Of Claudiana may be mentioned Vogt, *De Claudiani carminum quae Stilichonem praedicant fide historica* (1863); Ney, *Vindictae Claudianae* (1865); T. Hodgkin's *Claudian, the last of the Roman Poets* (1875); E. Arens' *Quaestiones Claudianae* (1894); two studies by A. Parravicini, (1) *Studio di retorica sulle opere di Claudio Claudiano* (1905), and (2) *I Panegirici di Claudiano* (1909); J. H. E. Crees' *Claudian as an Historical Authority* (Cambridge Historical Essays, No. 17, 1908); Professor Postgate's article on the editions of Birt and Koch in the *Class. Rev.* (vol. IX pp162 *et sqq.*), and the same scholar's Emendations in the *Class. Quarterly* of 1910 (pp257 *et sqq.*). Reference may also be made to Professor Bury's appendix to vol. III of his edition of Gibbon (1897, under "Claudian") and to Harvard Studies in Classical Philology, vol. XXX *The Encomiums of Claudius Claudian.*° Vollmer's article in Pauly-Wissowa's Lexicon is a mine of information, but for completeness Birt's introduction (over 200pp long) stands alone.

The curious may find an interesting light thrown on Claudian and his circle by Sudermann's play, *Die Lobgesänge des Claudian* (Berlin, 1914).

All Claudian's genuine works are translated in the present volumes with the exception of the two-line fragment "De Lanario" (Birt, c.m.c. LII [LXXXVIII.]); The appendix "vel spuria vel suspecta continens" has been rejected both by Birt and Koch, and I have in this followed their example. The eight Greek poems attributed to Claudian are at least of doubtful authenticity, though Birt certainly makes out a good case for the "Gigantomachia" (a fragment of 77 lines). The remainder consists of short epigrams, two on the well-worn theme of the water enclosed in the crystal and two Christian ones. These last are almost certainly not the work of Claudius Claudianus but of Claudianus Mamertus, presbyter of Vienne *circ.* 474 A.D. We know from Sidonius (*Ep.* IV.3.8) that this Claudian was a writer of sacred poetry both in Greek and Latin — indeed the famous "Pange lingua" is attributed to him.

A word should perhaps be said as to the numbering of the poems.

It is much to be regretted that Birt did not cut adrift from Gesner's system, or at least that he only did so in the "Carmina minora." The resultant discrepancy in his (and Koch's) edition between the order of the poems and their numbering is undoubtedly a nuisance, but I have not felt justified, in so slight a work as the present one, in departing from the now traditional arrangement.

I wish, in conclusion, to express my thanks to my colleagues, Mr. R. L. A.

Du Pontet and Mr. E. H. Blakeney: to the first for valuable suggestions on several obscure points, and to the second for help in reading the proofs.

Maurice Platnauer.

WINCHESTER, *September* 1921.

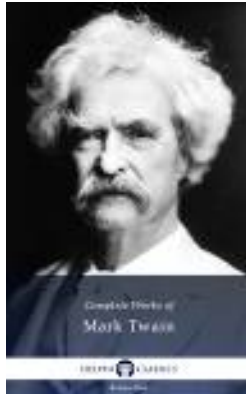
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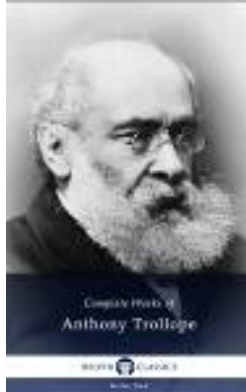
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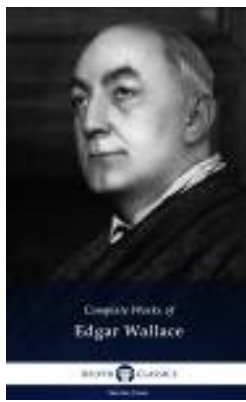
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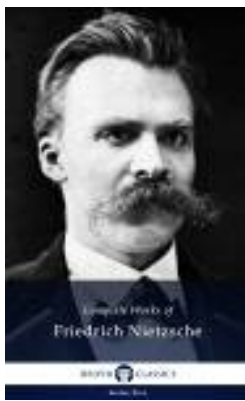
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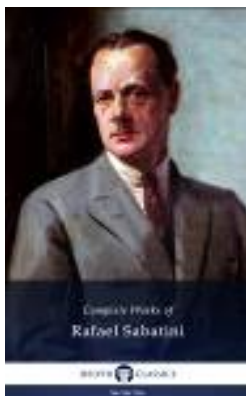
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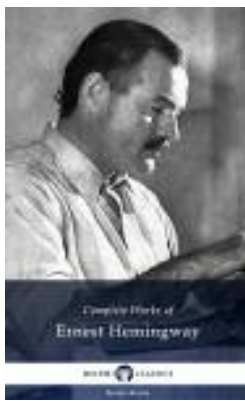
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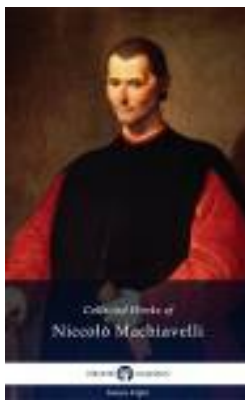
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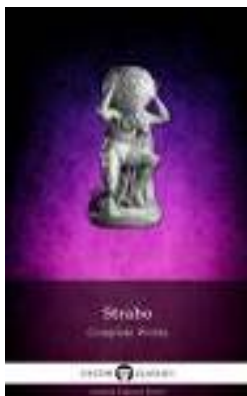
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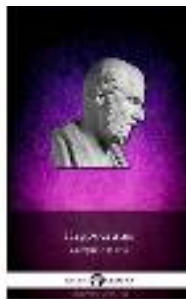


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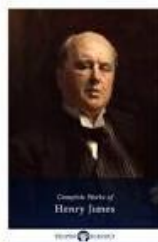
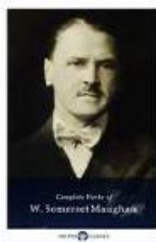
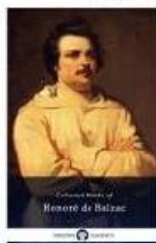
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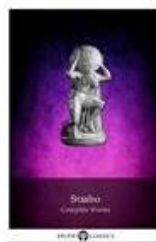
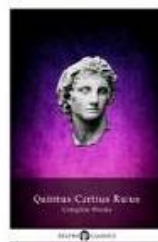
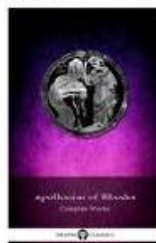
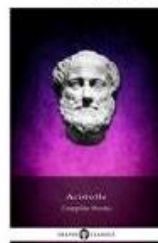
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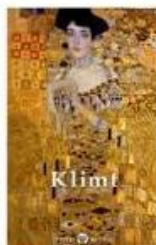
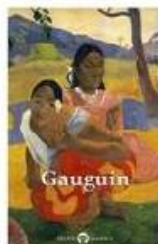
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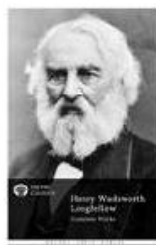
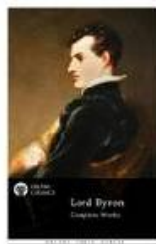
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Alexandria — believed to be where Claudian spent his final days